



SHOWING BABY.



VOL. I.—No. 1.

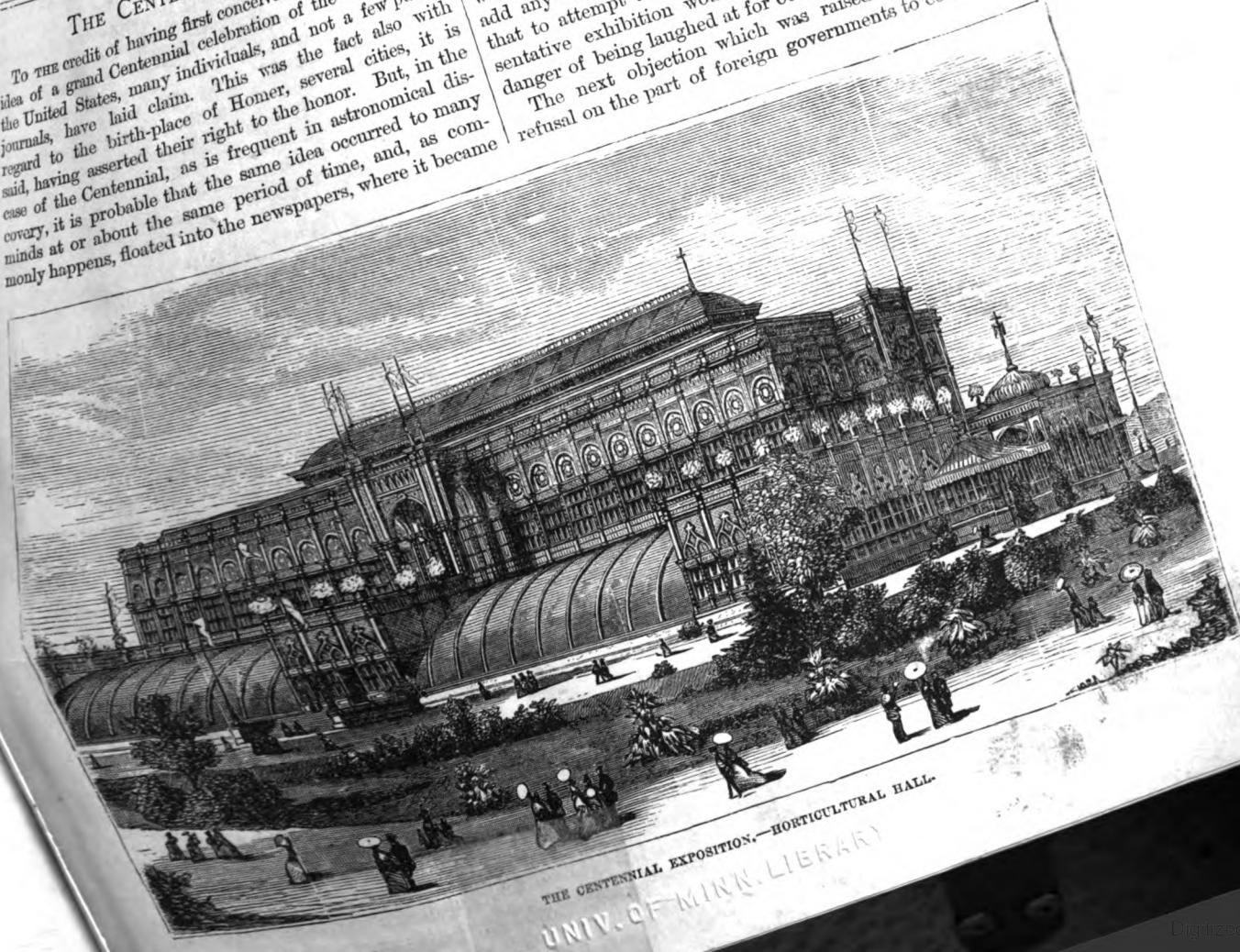
THE CENTENNIAL OF 1876.

To the credit of having first conceived and suggested the idea of a grand Centennial celebration of the birth day of the United States, many individuals, and not a few public journals, have laid claim. This was the fact also with regard to the birth-place of Homer, several cities, it is said, having asserted their right to the honor. But, in the case of the Centennial, as is frequent in astronomical discovery, it is probable that the same idea occurred to many minds at or about the same period of time, and, as commonly happens, floated into the newspapers, where it became

manipulated into shape through the exigencies of journalism and thence impressed itself upon certain individuals possessing influence, political or social, from which point it is easy to trace its course.

In the beginning the idea of an International Exposition was ridiculed, as a suggestion whose carrying out could not add any weight to our Centennial display. It was argued that to attempt to compete with foreign nations in a representative exhibition would be to expose ourselves to the danger of being laughed at for our pains.

The next objection which was raised contemplated the refusal on the part of foreign governments to combine with



us in the proposed undertaking. And then it was alleged that every International Exhibition thus far attempted had proven a financial failure, and it was argued that we were not in any condition to risk such a result in our own case.

Finally, the entire force of the objectors was thrown into condemnation of the judgment which had chosen Philadelphia as the *locale* of our grand birth-day celebration, and that unhappy city discovered all at once how many hitherto unknown enemies she had to contend with—when local interests all over the country were aroused against her.

Well, five years have nearly passed since the inception of the Centennial, and, by a course which commands the admiration of the world, the managers of the undertaking have silenced, one by one, every objection.

And, as unfortunately, in a great degree, these objections took tangible shape in the matter of tacit refusal to aid the undertaking financially—this at least in a measure much larger than should reasonably have been expected—it has followed that to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania we are now indebted solely that the Exposition has reached its present state of advancement.

Beginning by drawing enormously on the resources of Pennsylvania, without regard to what might or might not come through the liberality or parsimoniousness of others, the members of the Centennial Commission proceeded in the carrying out of their plans with a degree of wise judgment and forethought which has become in its representative value an honor to the entire country.

The necessary grounds were obtained, locating the exhibition on one of the most eligible and picturesque spots in the United States, with the great city behind it, and the beautiful Schuylkill river skirting its shores, and where the vast artery of the Pennsylvania railroad stands ready to tap the entire country, and bring its contributions to the doors of the great structures which are to contain them.

With a spirit of determination which cannot be too highly commended, the Centennial Commission proceeded, at a period early in its existence, to place itself *en rapport* with the people of the United States of America.

Sending out emissaries in all directions, scattering all over the land innumerable printed documents explaining and setting forth the real meaning of the new idea and its promise, finally engaging the powerful arm of the press in its favor—by these means, quietly, but very impressively, the Centennial Commission succeeded in establishing their bantering in the public favor, and, finally, in overcoming every jealous doubt and capricious cavil with regard to it. Meanwhile, the details of this grand enterprise were being forwarded through their incipient stages with the same observant care, and under the same judicious controlling influence, which have marked every step of its progress from the beginning.

Innumerable plans for the mammoth buildings which were to comprise the exhibition in Fairmount Park were received and considered; the acceptance of those finally adopted having commended itself to the good sense and taste of all who have considered the subject.

The financial management of the enormous sums which now began to pour into the Centennial treasury, and the wise economy which was manifestly necessary in the disbursement of these, have been incidents in the direction of the undertaking which may be set forth as worthy examples for the world to admire and follow.

Again, the wisdom which has directed the intercourse of the Commission with foreign nations has been sound and well-balanced, and has resulted in the reception of the Centennial idea abroad in a manner which is highly gratifying to our national pride, and chiefly because it has not involved any lowering of our national dignity.

It has been unnecessary to plead for recognition and co-operation. In the few cases where a temporary coldness seemed to cast a shadow upon our project, this state has been replaced by a warmth of sympathy, which is the more satisfactory by contrast.

Last of all, but last only on account of local and not diplomatic reasons, as was at first surmised, Russia, our ancient and tried friend, has entered into the spirit of our national festival with a degree of warmth and good feeling which will necessarily bring her into the foreground of the great association of nations which will presently assemble at Fairmount.

And as regards the impulse which has been aroused and sustained in our own country and among our own people, in favor of the Centennial, it is only necessary to refer—and we do so with pride—to the unanimity which has finally marked the popular interest in its welfare.

And this interest will be so displayed, in the presentment of our products and our industries before the world in 1876, that no captious critic shall be in a position to censure either our intention or our action.

Already the space allotted to the different States—as is the case also with that offered to foreign competitors—has been fully absorbed, while the daily recurring applications for “more room” show how wide-spread, earnest, and thorough is the determination to make this Exposition no unworthy or failing rival of those which have preceded it.

In fact, under the impetus of this sentiment of national pride, the work of the Centennial Commission has progressed with a degree of rapidity which was not anticipated. And this, too, under circumstances which are peculiarly flattering to the management of affairs. For while the enormous sum of seven and one-half millions of dollars (\$7,500,000) has been expended in organization, construction and adaptation, there have been absolutely neither waste nor stealage—an incident almost unheard of in the recent management of large pecuniary interests of a similar character in this country.

Furthermore, the Centennial is at present absolutely out of debt, and the funds which have yet to be collected—amounting to about \$1,500,000—will be devoted to pushing forward the work of completion, without embarrassing circumstances of arrears to interfere with the prosecution of this object.

The personal construction of the United States Centennial Commission—the Commissioners having been designated, according to Act of Congress, by the President of the United States—is as follows :

OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

President: Joseph R. Hawley; *Vice-Presidents:* Alfred T. Osborn, Orestes Cleveland, John D. Creigh, Robert Lowry, Robert Mallory; *Director-General:* Alfred T. Goshorn; *Secretary:* John L. Campbell; *Counselor and Solicitor:* John L. Shoemaker, Esq.

Subordinate to the Commission proper are a multitude of bureaus and committees having charge of various departments of duty, forming altogether an organization of complicated structure, yet possessing the element of simplicity in its working to a remarkable degree, and as a system reflecting great credit on the Commission as an organizing body.

The rapidity with which the construction of the Centennial buildings has been prosecuted is truly wonderful, when it is considered that their erection had not been commenced, or the grading of the grounds even begun, until July, 1874.

That the Exposition will be a pronounced success—at least so far as lies in liberal contribution of articles for exhibition is concerned—is a foregone conclusion; since the entire

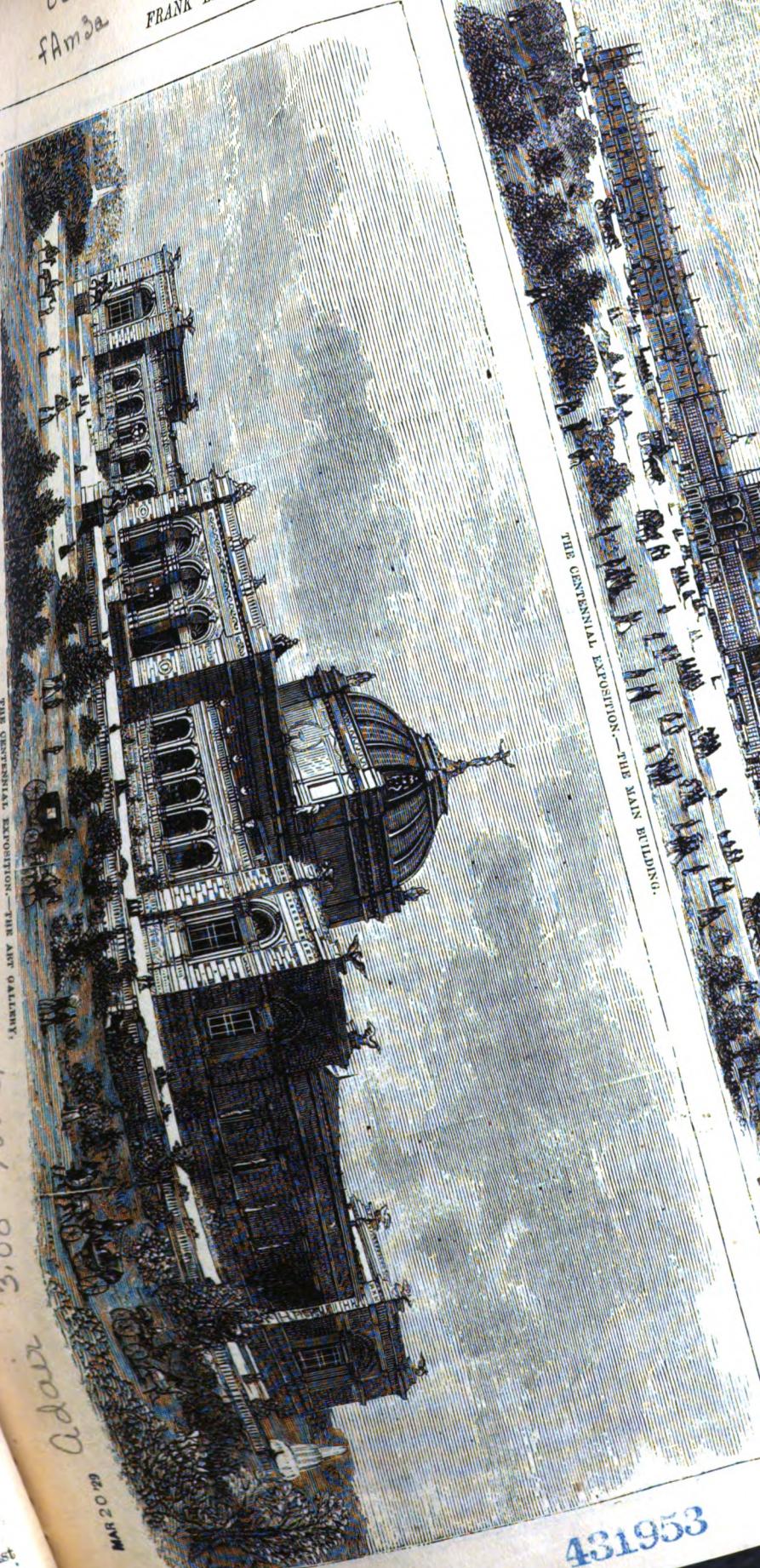
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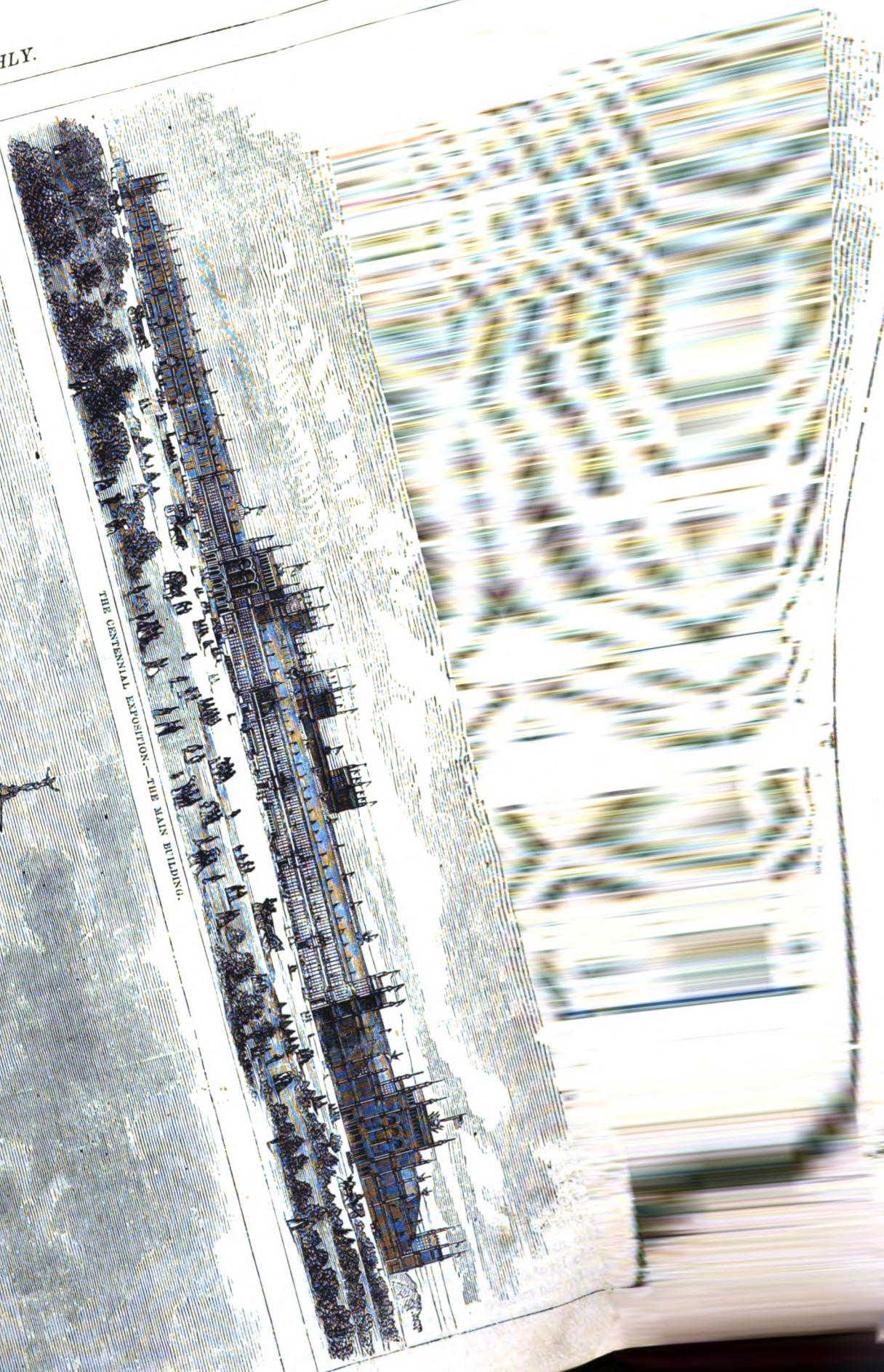
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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE MAIN BUILDING.



space allotted to exhibitors, both foreign and domestic, has been eagerly taken up.

Foreign countries have come forward with unexampled interest and warmth, the two or three which were at first lukewarm having finally united with the rest in application for space and in very emphatic effort to make up for lost time in procuring creditable representation. The following countries will be represented at the Exposition in their products, manufactures, and works of art, as well as by commissions appointed by their several Governments to protect the interests of exhibitors, and—not less—to suitably endorse the movement by the presence of the latter. In nearly all cases the appointees are high functionaries of the Governments from which they are accredited.

Official List of Foreign Countries sending Commissioners to the Centennial Exposition.

1. Africa (Orange Free State); 2. Argentine Confederation; 3. Austria; 4. Belgium; 5. Brazil; 6. China; 7. Ecuador; 8. Egypt; 9. France; 10. German Empire. 11. Great Britain and Colonies:—12. Canada; 13. New South Wales; 14. South Australia; 15. Victoria. 16. Honduras; 17. Japanese Empire; 18. Liberia; 19. Mexico; 20. Norway; 21. Peru; 22. Russia; 23. Sandwich Islands; 24. Siam; 25. Spain; 26. Sweden; 27. Switzerland; 28. Tunis; 29. Turkey; 30. Venezuela,

A visit to the Centennial grounds, and a view of the scene as presented to an observer standing, for instance, on George's Hill, are calculated to impress the eye-witness with an approximation to a just idea of the immensity of the undertaking which has been carried through thus far by the Centennial Commission. From the point named the eye meets first the magnificent proportions of the "machinery building," which lies in a direction running east and west, and extends nearly from the extreme western end of the grounds to the point where Belmont and Elm avenues—as they are termed—come to a junction and intersect each other.

This building consists of the main hall, 360 feet wide by 1,402 feet long, and an annex about the centre of the south side, of 208 feet by 210 feet. The entire area covered by the main hall and annex is 558,440 square feet, or 12.82 acres. Including the upper floors, the building provides fourteen acres of floor space.

The principal portion of the structure is one story in height, showing the main cornice upon the outside at 40 feet from the ground, the interior height to the top of the ventilators in the avenues being 70 feet, and in the aisles 40 feet. To break the long lines upon the exterior, projections have been introduced upon the four sides, and the main entrances finished with façades, extending to 78 feet in height. The east entrance will form the principal approach from the street cars, from the main exhibition building, and from the railroad depot. Along the south side will be placed the boiler houses and such other buildings for special kinds of machinery as may be required. The west entrance affords the most direct communication with George's Hill, which point offers the best view of the entire exhibition grounds.

The arrangement of the ground plan shows two main avenues 90 feet wide by 1,360 feet long, with a central aisle between and an aisle on either side. Each aisle is 60 feet in width; the two avenues and three aisles making the total width of 360 feet. At the centre of the building is a transept of 90 feet in width, which at the south end is prolonged beyond the main hall. This transept, beginning at 36 feet from the main hall and extending 208 feet, is flanked on either side by aisles of 60 feet in width, and forms the annex for hydraulic machinery. The promenades in the avenues are 15 feet in width; in the transept 25 feet, and in the aisles 10

feet. All other walks extending across the building are 10 feet in width, and lead at either end to exit doors.

Carrying the eye onward toward the east, the main exhibition building comes next in view.

If the structure just described strikes the observer as surprising in its vastness and comprehensiveness, the one we are now considering is still more imposing in size and appearance.

Stretching onward in an unbroken width of 464 feet to an extreme length of 1,880 feet, the characteristics of the main exhibition building, with its tall towers in the centre and at either end, are striking and effective in an architectural sense as well as almost confusing in their presentation of extraordinary and magnificent distances. These two buildings being united by a star-shaped system of small avenues running across the open space of 542 feet in length between them, we have thus a direct continuance, otherwise unbroken, of exhibition space covering 3,824 feet in length, or 3,282 of actual buildings for this purpose. When it is remembered that this is equivalent to nearly three-quarters of a mile, some approximate idea of the size of these buildings may be obtained.

The general arrangement of the ground plan of the main exhibition building shows a central avenue or nave 120 feet in width, and extending 1,832 feet in length. This is the longest avenue of that width ever introduced into an exhibition building. On either side of this nave there is an avenue 100 feet wide by 1,832 feet in length. Between the nave and side avenues are aisles 48 feet wide, and on the outer sides of the building smaller aisles 24 feet in width.

In order to break the great length of the roof lines, three cross avenues or transepts have been introduced of the same widths and in the same relative positions to each other as the nave and avenues running lengthwise, viz: a central transept 120 feet in width by 416 feet in length, with one on either side of 100 feet by 416 feet, and aisles between of 48 feet.

The intersections of these avenues and transepts in the central portion of the building result in dividing the ground floor into nine open spaces free from supporting columns, and covering in the aggregate an area of 416 feet square. Four of these spaces are 100 feet square, four 100 feet by 120 feet, and the central space or pavilion 120 feet square. The intersections of the 48-feet aisles produce four interior courts 48 feet square, one at each corner of the central space.

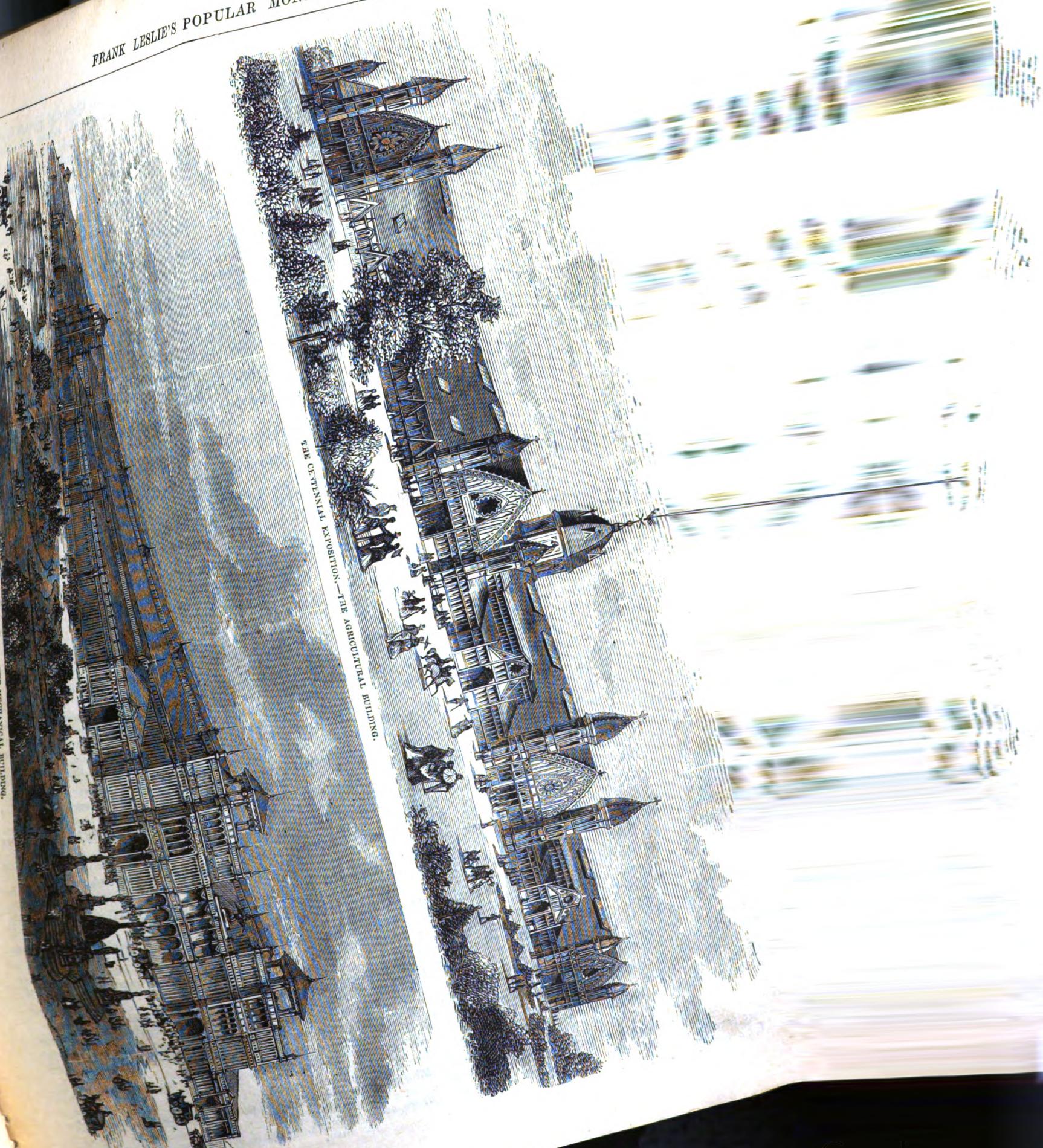
The main promenades through the nave and central transept are each 30 feet in width, and those through the centre of the side avenues and transepts 15 feet each. All other walks are 10 feet wide, and lead at either end to exit doors.

Both of the buildings just described lie between the two main thoroughfares of the Centennial grounds—the Avenue of the Republic and Elm avenue. North of the main building, and at about its centre, is the structure known as the art gallery, certainly the most attractive architectural object on the grounds, and a most artistic and pleasing work.

As this is designed to be a permanent building, and is only an affix to the exhibition, it is constructed entirely of granite, glass, and iron, and perfectly fire-proof, which is not the case with all the buildings in use for the exhibition.

It is built in the modern Renaissance style of architecture, is 365 feet in length, 210 feet in width, and 59 feet in height, over a basement 12 feet in height, and is surmounted by a dome, from the apex of which there rises a colossal statue of Columbia, springing from a point 150 feet from the ground.

The art gallery is situated on an eminence in the great Lansdowne Plateau, and commands a magnificent view of the city looking toward the south. As this eminence is 116 feet above the surface of the Schuylkill river, which lies just at its foot, a charming prospect of this beautiful stream,



and also a fine view of the building from the river itself, are among the advantages of the situation.

Still further north of the main building, and at a point about opposite its extreme western end—being located at the eastern extremity of Fountain avenue—is the horticultural building.

This building is also designed to remain a permanent ornament to Fairmount Park, and, in its design and construction, is both commodious and ornate. It is built in the Mauresque style of architecture of the twelfth century, its principal materials externally being iron and glass. The length of the building is 383 feet, width 193 feet, and height to the top of the lantern 72 feet.

The main floor is occupied by the central conservatory, 230 by 80 feet, and 55 feet high, surmounted by a lantern 170 feet long, 20 wide, and 14 high. Running entirely around this conservatory, at a height of 20 feet from the floor, is a gallery 5 feet wide. On the north and south sides of this principal room are four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, each of them 100 by 30 feet, covered with curved roofs of iron and glass. Dividing the two forcing houses in each of these sides is a vestibule 30 feet square. At the centre of the east and west ends are similar vestibules, on either side of which are the restaurants, reception-room, offices, etc. From the vestibules ornamental stairways lead to the internal galleries of the conservatory, as well as to the four external galleries, each 100 feet long and 10 feet wide, which surmount the roofs of the forcing houses. These external galleries are connected with a grand promenade, formed by the roofs of the rooms on the ground floor, which has a superficial area of 1,800 square yards.

The east and west entrances are approached by flights of blue marble steps from terraces 80 by 20 feet, in the centre of each of which stands an open kiosque 20 feet in diameter. The angles of the main conservatory are adorned with eight ornamental fountains. The corridors which connect the conservatory with the surrounding rooms open fine vistas in every direction.

North of the horticultural building, and on the eastern side of Belmont avenue, is the agricultural building. Its materials are wood and glass, and it consists of a long nave crossed by three transepts, both nave and transept being composed of truss arches of a Gothic form.

The nave is 820 feet in length by 125 feet in width, with a height of 75 feet from the floor to the point of the arch. The central transept is of the same height, and a breadth of 100 feet, the two end transepts 70 feet high and 80 feet wide.

The four courts enclosed between the nave and transepts, and also the four spaces at the corners of the building, having the nave and end transepts for two of their sides, are roofed and form valuable spaces for exhibits. Thus the ground plan of the building is a parallelogram of 540 by 820 feet, covering a space of above ten acres. In its immediate vicinity are the stock yards for the exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc.

This comprehensive system of building—viz : main building, covering 21.47 acres; art gallery, covering 1.5 acres; machinery building, covering 14 acres; horticultural building, covering 1.5 acres; agricultural building, covering 10.15 acres—provides for the accommodation of the ten departments of the classification.

There will be required, in addition to these buildings, a number of smaller structures for the administration of the exhibition, among which are the following: United States Government exhibition building, United States hospital, Woman's pavilion, British Government building, Japanese building, various State buildings, German Empire building, and other foreign buildings, and numerous structures designed for a variety of purposes.

In various parts of the Centennial grounds there have been erected fountains, memorial statues, and other ornamental structures, all of which add greatly to the beauty and finish of the surroundings, and display and emphasize the artistic taste which has controlled and directed the arrangement of the location for the purpose it is designed to fulfill.

THE DYING WRECKER.

THE parson needn't darken my door; there's time enough for him

When my hand can lift the can no more, and my sight is waxing dim.

Just put a pillow beneath my head, and hold me up the glass; For all that the sea keeps calling me, I'll not die this bout, my lass.

Thou'l sit by me a bit to-night?—'tis the tenth of March once more:

Hark how the wild winds wall and howl, and the great waves crash on the shore.

There might be a vessel out in the haze, where the reef lies under the foam;

But there's never a light in a lattice now, to wile the mariners home.

Give us hold of the watch and the golden case. I promised to-day's a year,

I'd tell their tale, so thou'd stay and keep thy grandad company here.

It's fit to scare a man so, to sit by the drift-wood fire alone, Till he hears the billows shriek for help, the gale for mercy moan.

'Twas a black and bitter night like this, just fifty years ago; The breakers churn'd and froth'd like yeast, the wind was thick with snow.

We drove the old horse with his lantern out, and we cower'd beneath the crags;

And a brave ship drove on the cruel reef, where the white surf vails the jags.

Not a plank could live, I tell thee—we knew naught of lifeboats then—

We had brains to keep, and bread to get; we were hungry, desperate men.

It didn't hurt them, dead and drown'd, if we dragg'd their chests to land,

And fought and strove mid the angry sea for the prizes on the sand.

I thought he was gone—I hope I did; yet I never can sleep and dream

But I see his bold fair face and watch, his blue eyes' opening gleam,

And the wound in his breast. I know I struck—I had snatch'd old Tommy's dirk;

And hearts were hot and hands were quick when the wreckers were at work.

His fingers were tight around the case; I hack'd them to get it free.

Don't open it, lass—it got stain'd with blood; and such stain will bide, dost see?

It's only the picture of a girl; and Bill had a purse of gold; And Black Jim had blue and yellow stones to stitch in his jersey's fold.

They all had better luck than I. I say the woman was dead, When I caught the watch and push'd her back; if the water color'd red,

There were plenty torn mid the hard sharp rocks; and plenty as keen to keep

The harvest sown by the wild north blast for hands like ours to reap.

I'll give thee case and watch, my wench, so thou'l swear to make my grave

Where never can come the call of the surf, nor the thunder of the wave;

I could not wait in my coffin, if I heard that choking cry
That in every tide, for fifty years, has rung to the gray March
sky.
Shall I see them in the other place, where the parson says is
rest—
Her with the bruise on her forehead, or him with the stab in his
breast?
If I do, mayhap they'll forgive me; for a bitter penance I've
done
Since, in the fierce March hurricane, the wrecker's prize was
won.

DUKE OF SHOREDITCH.

In a splendid shooting match at Windsor, before Henry the Eighth, when the exercise was nearly over, his Majesty observing one of his guard, named Barlow, preparing to shoot, said to him, "Beat them all, and thou shall be Duke of Archers." Barlow drew his bow, executed the king's command, and received the promised reward; he was created Duke of Shoreditch, that being the place of his residence. Several others, of the most expert marksmen, were honored with titles, as Earl of Pancridge, Marquess of Clerkenwell, etc., taken from the villages where they resided.

CHILDHOOD IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese, as a race, are gradually attracting more and more attention all over the world, for, notwithstanding their former rigid exclusiveness, not only are they now admitting much of our western civilization into their own country, but numbers of their youth are constantly being sent to Europe and this country for educational purposes. Under these circumstances, and because for many centuries the character and habits of the nation have been to the outer world a sealed book, we venture to hope that a brief account of some of their customs and usages, with respect to children, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

A Japanese baby need be constitutionally strong, for it is by no means over-delicately nurtured; its mother frequently carries it out in the open air in a state of complete nudity and with its head shaven. Amongst the lower orders, the women, when at work in the fields and on other occasions, may be seen with their infants fastened, almost like bundles, between their shoulders, so that they may be as little as possible in their way. In the houses they are left to their own devices much more than with us, and there is no need to be alarmed about their tumbling downstairs, and eternally coming to grief against fenders, coal-boxes, mantelpieces, and similar objects of terror to a fond American mother, for such things do not exist in Japan. The thick mats, which constitute almost the only furniture of a Japanese house, are a splendid playground for the small atoms of humanity, for there they can roll and sprawl about to their hearts' delight, without any risk or fear of injury. There they play about with the fat pug dogs and tailless cats, without any restraint, and to the great benefit of their tiny frames. They are freely supplied with toys and other infantine amusements, as Japanese parents have the reputation of being very kind to their offspring.

One curious custom in connection with a Japanese baby is that some of the clothes first worn by it are made from a girdle which its mother has used previous to its birth, the material being dyed sky-blue for the purpose. The Record of Ceremonies says, that "twenty-four baby robes, twelve of silk and twelve of cotton, must be prepared (for the new comer); the hems must be dyed saffron color;" and that when the child has been washed, "its body must be dried with a kerchief of fine cotton unhemmed." For the peace of mind of parents of moderate means, it is devoutly to be

hoped that baby robes are less expensive in Japan than they are here!

Accounts differ slightly as to when the Japanese baby receives its first name. Some say that it is on the seventh, while Humbert asserts that it is on the thirtieth, day after its birth. According to the latter authority, there is no baptism of the child, properly so called; it is simply, in certain cases, presented in the temple, which its parents affect, and without any ceremony of purification. The father gives three names to the priest, and he writes them on separate pieces of paper, which are mixed together, and then, with certain incantatory forms, thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the chosen name. This is written out by the priest on consecrated paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The priests, at these times, are usually very liberally dealt with by parents in the matter of presents, and they are expected to keep accurate registers of all the children who are thus presented in the temple. This is the only approach to a religious ceremony in connection with the naming of a child. The occasion is celebrated by family visits and feasts, and the child receives certain presents, "among which," says Humbert, "two fans figure, in the case of a male, and a pot of pomade in that of a female child. The fans are precursors of swords, and the pomade is the presage of feminine charms. In both cases a packet of flax thread is added, signifying good wishes for a long life."

Mr. Mitford supplies a somewhat different version of the ceremony of naming a child; for he quotes a translation of a Japanese MS., which says, that "on the seventh day after its birth the child receives its name; the ceremony is called the congratulations of the seventh night. On this day some one of the relations of the family, who holds an exalted position, either from his rank or virtues, selects a name for the child, which name he keeps until the time of the cutting of the forelock, when he takes the name which he is to bear as a man. The second name is called the 'cap-name,' which is compounded of syllables taken from an old name of the family, and from the name of the sponsor. If the sponsor afterwards change his name, his name-child must also change his name."

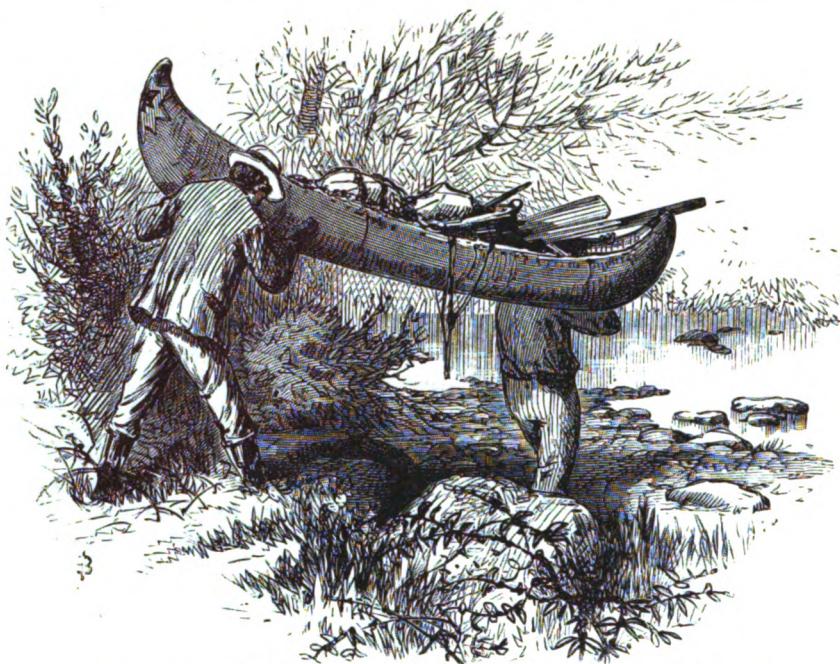
According to ancient custom, baby clothes ought to be left off on the seventy-fifth or the hundred-and-twentieth day after birth, and at the latter date the child (in theory, though not in practice) is weaned. At the ceremony which takes place on this day, "if the child be a boy, it is fed by a gentleman of the family; if a girl, by a lady." The account of the proceedings on this occasion, as given by the Japanese Record of Ceremonies, is decidedly amusing to the European mind, but is somewhat too long for quotation here.

When he is three years old, the Japanese infant is invested with a sword-belt, and four years later with two diminutive swords, if he belong to the privileged class. The child's head is completely shaved until he is close upon four years old, and then three patches are grown, one at the back and one at each side. On this occasion the Record of Ceremonies ordains that "a large tray, on which are a comb, scissors, paper-string, a piece of string for tying the hair in a knot, cotton wool, and the bit of dried fish or seaweed which accompanies presents, one of each, and seven rice straws—these seven articles must be prepared." In another year's time the child is put into the loose trousers peculiar to the privileged class, and he is then presented with a "dress of ceremony, on which are embroidered storks and tortoises (emblems of longevity; the stork is said to live a thousand years, the tortoise ten thousand), fir-trees (which being ever-green, and not changing their color, are emblematic of an unchangingly virtuous heart), and bamboos (emblematic of an upright and straight mind)." Soon after the child has reached his fifteenth year, a fortu-

nate day is chosen on which the forelock is cut off, and at this period, being considered a man, he is entrusted with swords of ordinary size ; and on this occasion great family festivities and rejoicings take place in honor of the auspicious event. The lad then comes of age, and, casting away childish things, adopts the dress of a grown-up man in every particular. Japanese youths are said to be quite equal to the occasion, and, even at this early age, to adapt themselves most readily to habits of manhood.

At the stages in his life which we have alluded to the child has a sponsor, and certain wine-drinking customs and prescribed festivities have to be carefully attended to.

Some Japanese must have a string of names awful to



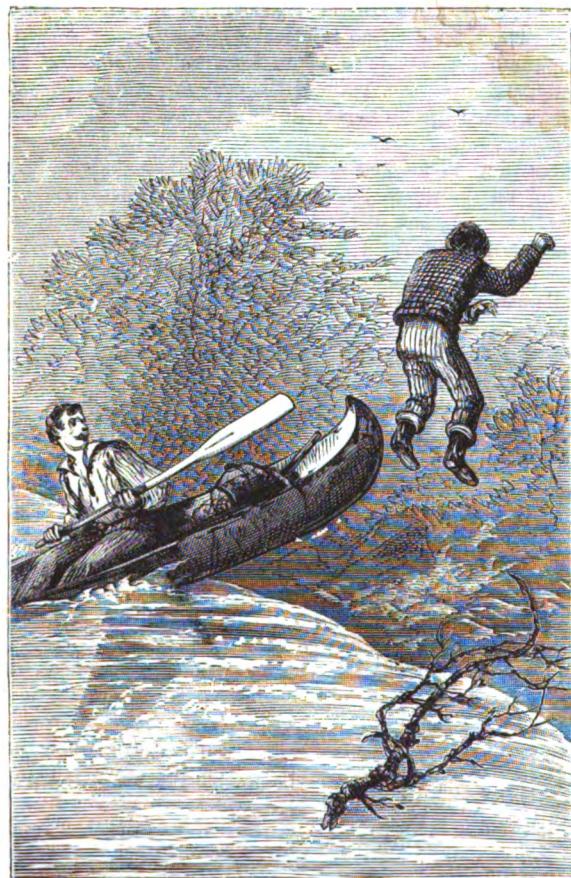
HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—“CHARLIE AND I, WITH THE LIGHTEST BOAT AND OUR FISHING-TACKLE, PUSHED DIRECTLY NORTH.”

scribed upon his tomb—that by which his memory shall be held sacred from generation to generation.”

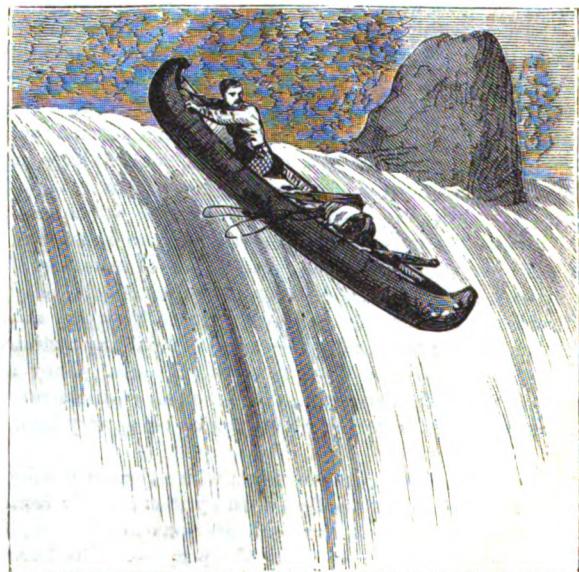
HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.

An Adirondack Story.

WE ought to have known better, for both of us were good oarsmen, and understood the management of a boat under any circumstances, but on that afternoon we were almost criminally careless in allowing our craft to get beyond control. We left Racket River two days before, and while Will and the guide moved slowly toward Long Lake, Charlie and I, with the lightest boat and our fishing-tackle, pushed



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—“I SAW CHARLIE LEAP FAR OUT, AND GO HEAVILY DOWNWARD THROUGH THE AIR.”



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—“I GAZED IN THE SEETHING WATERS BELOW.”

directly north for nearly three miles meeting our friends again at Beaver Point, on the southern shore of the lake.

The sport had been excellent, for the water was not often troubled by artificial flies or bait, being out of the usual line

contemplate, if strict custom be always adhered to; for, besides the name received soon after birth, Humbert tells us that “he will take a second on attaining his majority, a third at his marriage, a fourth when he shall be appointed to any public function, a fifth when he shall ascend in rank or in dignity, and so on until the last, the name which shall be given him after his death, and in-

of tourists, and we now had more than forty pounds of beautiful trout, cleaned and salted, snugly packed in leaves in the bow of the boat; while, with oar and current, we were hurrying on, hoping to reach the Point before dark, and eat supper with the boys again. Neither of us was at all acquainted with the stream. Even the guide, when he told us of it, admitted that he had never seen it; and as we glided rapidly along, each turn in its course brought some new and wonderful beauty of scenery to our vision, so that the journey thus far had been one of more than usual pleasure to us both.

The water, clear, blue, and deep, ran with swift but silent flow between ragged banks, whereon grew the tamarack, spruce and balsam, while often a giant pine loomed grandly up, the generalissimo of surrounding acres of timber-land.

The day was one of September's perfect ones, and, in a half-dream, our oars kept even stroke, as, chased by the golden sunlight that shimmered along our ever-lengthening wake, we glided adown the beautiful stream.

For more than an hour had silence bound us as we drank in the perfect glory of God's unaltered earth, when suddenly Charlie spoke :

"Fern, are we not moving very rapidly? It seems to me the current is swifter here than 'twas a mile or two above."

"I had hardly noticed it," I replied; "but now that you call my attention to it, I see that the shore does drift away behind with surprising speed. There may be rapids below. Had we not better land and reconnoitre a little?"

"Perhaps we had. Let us stop at the point just ahead," said Charlie, with outstretched hand; "the stream makes a sharp turn there, and we can easily land."

Our little boat went swiftly on. Easily land! The words were simple, and we both believed them then; but as we swept along our canoe seemed determined to keep the centre of the stream, and as with strong and stronger stroke we ineffectually strove to urge it



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"I SPRANG OVERBOARD, SEIZED HIS INANIMATE BODY IN MY ARMS, AND CARRIED HIM ASHORE."

men are fighting desperately, life for life.

"Charlie, must we die?" I shuddered as I spoke, and my own voice sounded faint and strangely unfamiliar. "Die! Oh! I cannot die!" I continued with a half-shriek. "Is there no release?"

"Hush, Fern!" my friend answered. "God is with us here as anywhere. Keep a quiet brain—we may save ourselves yet. But if—if you get through and I don't, tell them at home—"

He could go no further, and with one impulse we drew toward each other, and clasped hands in a long, all-meaning gasp. And still on, on we sped. The angry roar of the waterfall, for it could be nothing else, rose high and deafening in the air, a faint mist hung over all the trees, the water about us fairly flew!

All this I remember noticing with that weird coolness that sometimes precedes death or follows its sudden fear, and then I realized that our canoe stood shivering on the very verge of the precipice, while I gazed into the seething water below!

Stood there, I say, for to this day as I look back it seems as though we were motionless for several seconds ere taking the fearful plunge.

I saw everything—the whirling waters—the rainbow mist—



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"WITHIN AN HOUR CHARLIE LAY BY THE CAMP-FIRE BREATHING REGULARLY AND WELL."

the distant sunlight glinting all the trees ; saw Charlie leap far out, and go heavily downward through the air, heard his wild cry ringing in my brain, and then sank fainting in the bottom of the boat, losing knowledge of everything in the few horrible moments that followed.

May heaven grant that it shall never be my lot to endure another such hour.

And I was not drowned ? No.

Half-way down in the face of the fall a flat shelf jutted out, inclined to an angle of about forty-five degrees to the plane of the river below ; against or over this my boat rushed in its descent, and was so shot out thirty feet or more, striking the water again bow foremost, and, providentially, without dangerous strain. Providentially, for it was some time ere my senses returned, and had the boat sunk, I must have drowned then and there.

When I did come slowly back to the light and a knowledge of my surroundings, I found the canoe lodged in a mass of flood-wood, many rods below the fall.

Naturally enough my first thought, after ascertaining that I was well and sound, was for Charlie. Had he escaped ? I then remembered his leap, and knew the reason for it. He had hoped to clear the falls, trusting that the water below was deep, and so swim ashore.

I raised myself, and glanced over the rail of the boat. The bottom was clearly discernible. Unless the river was much deeper under the falls, Charlie was killed.

Seizing my paddles, with a faint heart I pushed the boat clear of the flood-wood about it, and, stemming the current, began moving up-stream. Carefully I scrutinized every inch of shore, shouting as I did so. Only the dismal echoes replied from the recesses of the forest along the river-bank. Closer and closer to the roaring water did I venture, in among the wild white foam that whirled about hither and thither, among the little whirlpools that began beneath the bow and died again at the stern of my boat, but could find nothing. The water was deeper here, and that gave me hope ; but an hour passed, and still I searched in vain.

Night was coming down. I determined to camp on shore, and continue my search in the morning if necessary. If Charlie was drowned, I must find his body.

Slowly and sadly I turned the boat's prow toward the beach. Almost there, my paddle raised for its last stroke, I saw, half in the water and half out of it, almost drifting on the sand of the shore, Charlie !

With a wild cry, I sprang overboard, seized his inanimate body in my arms, and carried him ashore. Eyes closed, heart still, hands and face cold ! Could he be dead ?

I sank upon my knees beside him, and prayed ; then, rising, began at once to put into practice all I knew of the art of resuscitating a half-drowned person ; but, doubting my abilities in that line, forced several swallows of brandy down the poor fellow's throat, the last of which he made an effort to resist. That gave me hope, and with that remedy I persevered, for in it I had confidence.

Nor was that confidence misplaced. Within an hour Charlie lay by the camp-fire breathing regularly and well, and, after a little nourishment, delared he was all right again.

In his fall he had struck sideways upon the water, so injuring him that he could not swim, which was the occasion of the condition in which I found him. Were we not a happy, thankful pair of hunters that night !

Ere noon of the day following we were at Beaver Point. Our story when told excited the most lively sympathy for Will, but John the guide seemed to somewhat doubt it. If, however, he will shoot those unnamed falls in an open canoe, himself and alone, I feel assured that he will find it no laughing matter. For myself, one such experience is enough.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

THE following adventure is told by Colonel Marcy in his "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border" :

"A naval officer, not many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that, on his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide, and mounted upon a well-trained horse, with lasso properly coiled ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

"He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrible aspect amazed him not a little ; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly in direct opposition to the advice of the guide, he resolved to show him that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose around the bear's neck at the very first cast ; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he anticipated, very deliberately set up on his haunches, faced his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it ; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it were something he could not comprehend. In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction, and commenced applying the rowels to his side most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death and drag him off in triumph ; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance.

"The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then the other ; but finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached in the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spur, but it was evidently of no avail—he had evidently 'caught a Tartar,' and in spite of all the efforts of his horse he recoiled rather than advanced.

"In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and to his horror found himself steadily backing toward the frightful monster, who sat with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending out the most terrific and deep-toned roars. He now, for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, and cut the lasso, and extricated the gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of the guide as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said it was getting so late he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day."

Without strong affection and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be attained.

PEARL MARGON'S REVENGE.

OU would never have thought that there was such a word as revenge in the girl's vocabulary, if you had looked into her face. It was such a pretty, peach-like face, so full of soft color and softer feeling, fluctuating in hue with every emotion that swept over her impressionable young soul. And she had such a generous brow, wide and honest and fearless, and such a sweet, brave mouth, and such tender eyes! They were lakes of fire and love, those deep blue eyes. They were not the pale china-blue that are fringed with amber lashes. They were "violets steeped in dew," and shaded by lashes long and dark as a Summer night. And she had a wealth of rich golden-shaded hair, that grew in pretty undulations about her brow, and cascaded behind in an arrangement that was partly chignon, partly curl, and partly defiance of any recognized method of "doing the hair." Added to these charms, she had a lithe, supple, graceful figure, "full of panther-like movement," as the sensation-writers (would that I were one!) have it. Still, she was not happy, being in love, and her love was not returned.

Poor Pearl! Her pretty name and pretty face made her the envy of every girl in Sandown. She put them all out, with her color, and her brightness, and her intense vitality. Put them all out for a season or two, and then a change came! Pearl Margon altered visibly, grew not less pretty, but less brilliant; and conjecture was rife about her, and people worried their minds with wondering what had befallen the belle of Sandown.

In truth, the belle of Sandown wondered what could have befallen herself. Here, in these her palmiest days of beauty, she was loving, and loving in vain. The hour had come, and the man! And, for some utterly incomprehensible reason, the man was indifferent to the goods the gods gave, and careless of the smiles and blushes of Pearl Margon.

He, Mr. Sutherland, had put into Sandown, some three weeks before the date at which Pearl Margon is introduced to the reader, in his yacht, the *Belle Aurore*; and Sandown had made the best of itself, in the way of balls and dinner-parties, and such like gaieties, ever since. He was an untitled aristocrat; a man of ancient lineage and large property; young, handsome, cultivated, and—cold to Pearl Margon.

The pair met, first, at a ball, the night of his arrival, and, in the language of the situation, he "seemed to be much struck with her." That is to say, he secured her for as many round-dances as she would give him, and sat out two or three quadrilles talking to her. The hours flew in a sort of rapturous whirl, and, though she was not apt to be lightly won, she was interested intensely in the man by the time he bid her good-by that night.

The next morning, Pearl went out riding early, according to her wont, and, almost without will of hers, it seemed that her horse carried her along the strand, close to which the *Belle Aurore* was lying.

The girl had never been an enthusiast about the sea or ships before; but now it seemed to her that yachting must be the most delightful of all amusements.

"If he would only ask us to go out for a few hours one day, how happy I should be!" she sighed, as she pulled up, and gazed at the thing of beauty that was resting so peacefully and buoyantly on the water; and then she was recalled to the present, for Mr. Sutherland was addressing her.

"You're admiring my yacht, Miss Margon; I hope you'll do me the honor of coming on board."

"I shall be very happy. Yachting will be a new feature in my life," she said, laughing, and, recovering her *insouciance*, in the rapid way in which women are taught by their instincts to recover it. "Papa is going to call on you to-

day," she added, "when he has found out from the 'Director' what hotel you're staying at."

He told her he was at The Royal; and he admired her pet horse Cavalier, and then their interview came to an end, and the girl rode on. He looked after her for a moment, and a half-smile played over his lips.

"I wonder what Ju will think of the lovely Pearl coming on board my yacht," he said to himself. "Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary, the women lay on their flattery so deuced thick."

Then he stepped into the boat that was waiting for him, and went on board. And Pearl rode on, her heart beating high with joyous anticipations of the happy time she would have soon, on board the *Belle Aurore*.

Three weeks passed, and during those three weeks poor Pearl learned all the gradations of hope and fear, from fell experience. Mr. Sutherland always singled her out to dance with and talk to. He had ridden out with her several times. He had sauntered on the piers with her in the moonlight; but he had not made love to her, and it was his love she yearned for. Everybody in Sandown believed that the *fête* which was coming off this night, on board the *Belle Aurore*, was entirely in honor of Pearl. Pearl believed it herself, and wondered, as he had said so much, why he did not say a little more.

He had consulted her greatly about the floral decorations to be employed, and Pearl had sent him huge baskets full of flowers from her own greenhouse. He had consulted her as to the programme of the music that his own private band was to perform; and now, on the morning of the day of the party, he came for her to "go off and see if the flowers were arranged properly." So Colonel Margon and Pearl went off; and Pearl, in a happy, hopeful flutter, made up bouquets and wreaths and festoons, until the *Belle Aurore* looked like a fairy-bower; and every one in Sandown "expected that the engagement would be announced to-night."

"I shall ask you a great favor to-night, Miss Margon," he said to her, significantly, as he was handing her over the side, when her floral labors were over.

"And any favors you ask, I shall be sure to grant," the girl said, in a low voice.

And then he pressed her hand gratefully, and Pearl went home to superintend the preparation of her toilet for the evening.

The belle of Sandown looked exquisitely lovely that night, in clouds of silvery tulle. The only color about her was in her hair and eyes and delicately rounded cheeks.

"A very Venus," was Mr. Sutherland's mental verdict on her, as he met and welcomed her. And then he led her to a seat on a raised dais, where he placed her among a group of ladies who were strangers to her; and all Sandown people on board exchanged looks, and whispered to each other: "His own family, probably; it's evidently a settled thing. What a glorious chance for Pearl!"

Presently, wine and ices and fruits were handed round; and, while he was helping her to some champagne, Mr. Sutherland said to Pearl:

"May I introduce you now to my cousin, Lady Julia Stodart?" and, at the same moment, he touched the shoulder of the lady who was seated by Pearl; the lady turned graciously, and Pearl saw a very superb beauty.

"My cousin described you so accurately," Lady Julia said, in a clear, ringing voice, "that I knew you the instant you stepped over the side. Do you like yachting?"

"I have never had any," Pearl said. "I'm rather afraid on the water, generally, but—"

"You mustn't be afraid in the *Belle Aurore*," Mr. Sutherland interrupted; "we want you to go for a trip with us, Miss Margon. My aunt, Lady Boynton, is the chaperone of

the party ; and we'll go to the Channel Islands for a blow, to-morrow, if you're ready."

Pearl, happening to glance up at the moment, saw a slow smile cross Lady Julia's face, as her cousin said these words. It was a very handsome face—a Southern face, almost, in its dark splendor ; rich brown hair, and dreary brown eyes—those eyes that can be so kind, as well as so cruel, in their fervor and their fierceness.

"I don't like his cousin," was Pearl's flashing thought. "I hope his aunt, Lady Boynton, will be nicer."

Presently, some one of the guests was asked to sing, and from that moment vocal music became the order of the night. One after another sang ; and at length, after a few low-spoken words from her cousin, Lady Julia rose, took a guitar, seated herself on a low chair that Sutherland placed for her, and began that passion-stirring song that Swinburne has written and Molloy has set—"Kissing her Hair."

She sang it wondrously ! As the last note died away in the flower-laden air, a murmur arose—one of those murmurs that show the hearts of the audience have been touched. Lady Julia moved from her seat, elated, gratified, the queen of the occasion, and Pearl experienced the first throb of jealousy, as she marked how ardently Mr. Sutherland thanked the lovely prima donna. Was it possible that it was really the man who had been devoted to her, to Pearl, for the last three weeks, who was now bending over, and bestowing a rapturous clasp on the taper fingers of the Lady Julia ? It was possible—it was a fact ! and poor Pearl sickened at the sight.

"Do you sing, Miss Margon ?" Lady Julia asked, presently.

And one of Pearl's most injudicious friends, not perceiving how utterly incapable the girl was of singing properly, of doing justice to herself just then, began wildly extolling Miss Margon's vocal powers.

"I only sing little commonplace ballads," Pearl said.

"Well, but we like commonplace ballads," the regal beauty said, putting her hand through her cousin's arm ; "don't we, Cecil ? Come ! add your persuasions to mine, and get Miss Margon to sing to us."

"Do, Pearl," he whispered, dropping his cousin's hand, and coming nearer to the girl, who was looking at him with all her soul in her eyes. "Do, Pearl ! to please me !"

She could hardly do it, but she made the effort, conquered herself, and began. A very short song ; but there was a world of passion and tenderness—of love and despair and misery—in it. She rang out the last verse with a wild wailing energy that thrilled through more than one heart there—

"Say, what can I do for thee ? Weary thee, grieve thee ?
Lean on thy shoulder, new burdens to add ?
Weep my tears over thee, making thee sad ?
Oh ! hold me not ! love me not ! let me retrieve thee !
I love thee so dear, that I can only leave thee !"

"There's a challenge, Cis," Lady Julia whispered ; and poor Pearl heard the whisper, and hated the whisperer.

"Take me home, papa," she said, presently. "I am tired, and I feel ill."

"Tired, my child ! You tired, Pearl ! You don't mean it !" her father said, looking at her wonderingly.

But Pearl reiterated her request—reiterated it hastily, petulantly almost, it appeared ; and so the puzzled father, who had, in common with others, fancied that things were on a very fair footing between Pearl and Mr. Sutherland, was obliged to humor her, and make preparations for their departure.

"Good-night ! We are going, Mr. Sutherland."

She breathed the words so softly, that only he heard them. Pearl had been standing a little apart from the rest, when he came near enough for her to speak without exciting the suspicion of the others. He answered, promptly :

"Going ! Impossible ! All this is in your honor. I shall



AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.—"HE SEIZED HIS LASSO, AND, RIDING UP NEAR THE ANIMAL, GAVE IT SEVERAL RAPID WHIRLS ABOVE HIS HEAD IN THE MOST ARTISTIC MANNER, AND SENT THE NOOSE ABOUT THE BEAR'S NECK AT THE VERY FIRST CAST."—SEE PAGE 10.



PEARL MARGON.—“A LONG AND SLENDER PLANK, WITH ONE LIVING WOMAN BOUND TO IT, AND A DEAD ONE. AND THE LIVING WOMAN WAS LADY JULIA STODART.”

feel publicly snubbed, if you withdraw yourself so early. Pearl! What is the matter?”

For a moment, only a moment, the girl felt hysterical. Then, she recovered herself, and answered:

“Is it in my honor, truly? How can you tell me that, when Lady Julia is here?”

You see, they had advanced toward intimacy sufficiently for her to utter one of those veiled approaches which women are so skilled in uttering.

“Lady Julia Stodart is my cousin,” he exclaimed, in a little mournful cadence. “Pearl! what have I done that you want to punish me by going away?” Then he began to sing (he took care to sing it in a whisper):

“Stay with me, my darling, stay!
And, like a dream, my life shall pass away.”

And poor Pearl suffered her senses once more to be steeped in the fumes of the drug called Hope, and told him gently that she “would stay—stay as long as he liked, and papa would, she knew, if she asked him, countermand the boat at once.”

“And you’ll come on board, and go on this trip with us to-morrow?” he whispered, as, late that night, he leaned over to catch her parting words, pressing her hand with a feverish clasp. “You’ll come on board early? Tell me that you will.”

Of course, she told him that she would come on board early the following morning—making, at the same time, some proper little reservation about “papa.” And then she went off home, quite happy and light-hearted again, with all her doubts and fears respecting Cecil Sutherland melting

away before the memory of the warm words and warmer looks he had given that night. Over and over again she told herself, "He will speak out to-morrow; he must see that I love him; he can't be doubtful of me; he will speak out to-morrow."

Meanwhile, on board the yacht the following brief colloquy was taking place between the cousins. The last guest was gone, the Countess of Boynton and her daughter, Lady Julia Stodart, were preparing to vanish down into the state sleeping-cabin set apart for them, when Cecil Sutherland said :

"Take one turn up and down with me, Ju."

And she, thinking there was something strange in his look and manner, obeyed him, though she was very sleepy, and not too apt to accede to any demands that interfered with her own pleasures.

"What's the matter with you, Cecil?" she said, languidly. "Is it possible that you are really spoony on that very susceptible young person?—

"Who loves thee so dear, that she can only leave thee?"

"It is possible——"

He was on the brink of saying these words, but he checked himself, he only thought it. What he said aloud was :

"Will you let me make our engagement public to-morrow, Ju?"

"Why should we undergo the tedium of listening to congratulations that we shall not value—from people whose good wishes or bad wishes are a matter of utter indifference to us? Be satisfied, Cis; I am."

"Yes; you're precious easily satisfied," he said, bitterly.

And Lady Julia laughed her clear, light laugh, and said :

"It will be known that you are tied to me quite soon enough. How ungrateful you are! Most men would appreciate the generosity which makes me leave you at perfect liberty to pick up all the Pearls that are cast in your path."

"Don't joke about Miss Margon," he said, quietly. "I am sorry you have refused my request, Ju. I won't keep you up in the cold. Good-night."

The next morning, Colonel Margon and Pearl came off early, as they had been entreated to do, and they sailed out of the fair sheltered harbor with a favoring wind. Pearl was intensely happy. It seemed to her that Cecil Sutherland was softer, more tender and lover-like than ever. This manner of his made her so happy, flooding her whole soul with hope as it did, that she scarcely noticed the calmly triumphant, amused smile with which Lady Julia regarded her.

"She thinks I am not patrician enough to marry her cousin," Pearl thought. "However, if he thinks I am, what need I care for her opinion?"

About twelve o'clock there was a diversion effected, by the introduction of champagne, and chablis, and oysters, and the little group broke up, and rearranged itself. When quiet fell again, Pearl found that Cecil Sutherland and herself were quite apart from the others; and, "Now he will speak out," her prophetic soul told her.

"Pearl!" he began, with a voice that he vainly tried to steady, "I must tell you something now, that I ought perhaps to have told you before; my cousin, Lady Julia, and I, are engaged to be married."

Can any one of our readers imagine the agony with which she listened to and took in the truth, the words which told her that the one whom she believed to be heart-pledged to herself, was honor-plighted to another? One must have passed through this furnace oneself, in order to comprehend how fiery it is. Poor Pearl! Not all her pure pride could save her from gasping, and betraying how deeply she was cut. Twice she tried to speak, and twice the words failed

her. She could only look at him with dumb agony, and her look was reflected in his face.

"Pearl," he muttered, "for God's sake, forgive me; say you forgive me, my own darling. Oh, Pearl! I am not such a blackguard as I appear. I loved you from the first, and I struggled against my love, but it has mastered me. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes," she murmured. "But you should have told me. Oh, you *should* have told me!" Then the recollection of how long, and dull, and vapid, her life would be when this love was torn out of it, flashed upon her, and she sank down on a seat, moaning : "What had I done that you should have mocked me so?"

"Pearl! Pearl! I loved you! You can never blame me as I blame myself. But these words mean nothing. Pearl, look up; it will kill me if you are crushed."

"I am not crushed," the girl said, rising up in a sudden calm way that staggered him. "Was it *her* wish that I should be kept in the dark?"

She indicated Lady Julia with a look, and Cecil Sutherland nodded assent to her interrogation.

"What a womanly thing to do!" she said, bitterly. "I wonder if I shall ever have the opportunity of paying the debt I owe her?" Then, seeing that he was looking at her anxiously, with loving concern in his eyes, she said, hastily : "Mr. Sutherland, I think I must be half mad. Don't mind my words; they mean nothing, only I'm—very miserable."

He would have given a year of his life, then, to fall on his knees before her and clasp her to his heart. But it would have been worse than crime—it would have been a blunder—to do so, for Lady Julia by this time was watching them with what would have been a sneer on a less pretty face than hers. As it was, it was only a cynical smile.

"Pearl, tell me to do something, or I shall go mad!" he muttered, hoarsely. Why do the emotions of the heart always affect the bronchial tubes in this way? "Tell me to do something," he repeated. "Pearl, don't hate me."

"I shall never hate you; and I'll ask you to do this: Let me go home; I mean, let me be landed somewhere, as soon as possible, for I feel ill—very ill. The sea always did disagree with me."

She wound up with a feeble attempt at concealing the truth from him, that would have been comic had it not been so intensely tragic.

All these sentences had been spoken in such a disjointed way—there had been so many little subterfuges in the tone and manner of their utterance—that Lady Julia, watching the conversation from afar, had made nothing of it.

"Miss Pearl is pretty enough to turn a stronger head than Cecil's, when she puts on those little airs and graces," she observed, with an utter unconsciousness of the real bearings of the case, turning to her mother as she spoke.

And Lady Boynton put up her glass, looked at Pearl, and said, kindly :

"Yes; she is pretty; but how pale she has turned! We shall be 'put back' for Miss Margon before long, if I am not very much mistaken."

And Lady Boynton was right. Before long, the yacht was put about, and Cecil Sutherland came forward, in an explanatory way, and told them that Miss Margon felt too ill to go on. They must take her back to Sandown.

"Ill-bred people always get seasick, and cause a *fiasco*," Lady Julia said, haughtily. "I can't help it, Cecil; she is ill-bred, or she would suffer all things rather than mar a pleasure-party."

And then Lady Julia huffed away, with a stately step, to the other side of the deck, where was an awning, and plenty of light literature, and the most comfortable of places reserved for her by a group of admiring friends.

A little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had come up—a speck on the horizon. The wind had risen, and now, on their homeward way, the yacht was driven before it like chaff before the wind. The girl—poor Pearl—in her new-born misery, never heeded the tempest that was rising above them. What did it matter whether the waves ran high or not? What did it matter whether the frail bark that was bearing them, tossed tremblingly on the crest of one wave for a moment, only to be engulfed the next in a bigger, more raging one? What did it matter that the clouds were lowering, and that even the sailors, who had run the gauntlet of many a storm, probably, were shaking their heads? What did anything matter, now that she knew that Cecil Sutherland and herself were divided?

How she loved him! Heavens above us! how she loved that man; and how utterly unworthy he, or any other man that ever lived, is of such wholesale devotion! The glory had gone from the sunshine, and the gloss had gone out of existence, for her, in those few minutes in which he told her how things were between his cousin and himself.

"Tis better being good than bad.
"Tis wiser being sane than sad."

But, ah, me! ah, me! how seldom one can be wise and good, when young blood is having its day!

And so the dream was wholly o'er, and she could never hope or expect to be Mrs. Cecil Sutherland. How she hated herself, poor child, for having been deficient in that so-called proper feeling which should have saved her from betraying to him how intensely dear he was to her!

"Oh, my love! my love!" she sighed to herself as she sat, silent and stony, by her father's side. "Oh, more mine than hers, even now! How can I give him up to her!"

A wild wind rose up and followed them, beating them about remorselessly; and at last Lady Boynton remonstrated, not exactly with the wind for blowing, nor with Cecil for suffering it to blow, but with both the wind and Cecil, in a polite, meaningless way, that was very pitiful at this juncture. For this was no stage-storm; no little tempest in a teapot, that would simply act as an appetizer. They were in great danger. And soon they all knew it.

How differently the thought of rapidly approaching death affects us poor creatures! For my own part, I am free to confess that the mighty awfulness of it crushes all ill-feeling toward my fellow-worms out of my heart. I am oppressed with such a magnitude of terror, that I dare not do more or less than bend beneath the weight of it.

And so, this being the case, I can sympathize with the abrupt transition Pearl made, from indifference to horror. It had come upon her. Death had come upon her! Death to her and to her rival; and, oh, how infinitely dear life was, after all!

Dumb with terror, the poor girl fell on her knees, and prayed as she had never prayed before. But an hour ago—a little hour ago—and she had almost prayed for death, for annihilation, for anything that would carry her away from the consciousness of the overwhelming evil it was, that Lady Julia should rob her of Cecil Sutherland. And now they were all in peril together. She was being revenged! And, oh! how piteously she prayed for life, and time, and grace!

Was it a cloud? Was it land? Was it the end of all things? There was a crash somewhere, and she found herself on a height, looking down on a mass of white, terrified faces. They were launching a boat, and she was refusing to go in it, because *all* could not go. Suddenly the boat was pushed off, and the yacht was beginning to settle down. And she and Lady Julia, and Sutherland were together. What frantic words were those he uttered in those supreme moments?

"I must save you both, or perish forever. I *must* save you both! Pearl, cling to me!"

How calm she felt now! How—running through the calm—was a vein of surprise at it, and the turn events were taking!

"You must save your cousin; she is to be your wife, you know," she said to the half-maddened man, as the yacht gave a few final frantic plunges, and then began to break up. "You *must* save her!" she cried. And then Cecil Sutherland found himself striking off, without either woman.

He was picked up at last by a boat, and carried to the shore, close to Sandown; and then a sympathetic crowd assembled, to watch and wait for the other hapless ones who had gone out full of life and health, and hope and happiness, in the *Belle Aurore*. The patient, hearty watchers were rewarded by-and-by, by the boat coming in, with the whole of the crew, and a damp and draggled Lady Boynton, and a bereaved-looking old man, whom his townsfolk had much difficulty in recognizing as Colonel Margon. And then the crowd broke up and dispersed, for they could not hope against hope that the tide would cast up more.

After a time, tidings reached them that the waves had rendered up something, a mile or two lower down. They went off in a wild burst, hardly knowing what they hoped to find, but longing for excitement; and when they came to the bank of sand that was the stage whereon the scene was set, they found just this:

A long and slender plank, with one living woman bound to it, and a dead one. And the living woman was Lady Julia Stodart; and the saving bonds that held her to the plank that had brought her, beaten and bruised, but in safety still, to the beach, were tresses of Pearl Margon's hair.

This was Pearl Margon's revenge. When destruction was imminent, and death was upon them, all the woman reasserted itself in her pure, brave young soul.

"I thought she was mad at first," Ju said, when describing the scene to Cecil Sutherland, "I thought she was mad at first, when she began to clip off her great coils of hair; but when she came to me and told me, so quickly and so clearly, that binding me to the plank was the only way to save me, I thought her mad no longer, but an angel."

"And so she is an angel," he said, huskily.

"Cis, did you love her very much?"

"Not so much as she loved me," he said, frankly. "But I sorrow for her more than I could have sorrowed for her, if it had been the other way."

"Ah! you're a man; there's the difference," Julia said, reflectively. "Poor Pearl! she loved you, so well, that she took the sweet revenge on you of saving me. Cecil, if I had died, instead of Pearl, what would you have done? No; don't tell me! don't tell me! Oh, Cis! if we ever have a child, let us pray that it will never enter into an engagement with a cousin for family reasons. I never thought to have carried so heavy a heart for a woman who might have cut me out, as I carry for Pearl to-day."

* * * * *

There is a little grave in Sandown churchyard that is always bright with flowers. Children come there every Autumn, and lay wreaths tenderly and reverently upon it; and a stately lady guides them to it, and tells them, standing there, in a sweet voice that is both sad and loving, the solemn story of the loss of the *Belle Aurore*. They know it by heart already, but they like to hear it afresh every year. And they gather daisies from her grave and give them to their father, and hear from him, over and over again, but always with keen interest, what a lovely girl this was who saved their mother's life.

So this was Pearl's revenge; and it was worthy of her.



A SAHARA AMBULANCE, OR ATTATICH.—SEE PAGE 21.



HULDAH'S DEFEAT.

A TALL, rugged, self-contained sort of man was Stephen Hepburn—a man whom everybody respected, but whom no one pretended to understand. As the village-folk said :

"Steve was the squarest fellow in the hull valley, but you couldn't see through him right away."

There was nothing particularly handsome about him, but, if he ever looked well, it was on horseback; and now, as he reined in his sixteen-hand bay, and looked down the road after the retreating forms of Huldah Morris and her sister, he seemed indeed the very pattern of a well-to-do farmer.

On either side of him, to right and left, spread out many a broad acre of "plow and pasture land"; the brown Autumn fields were his own, and had been his father's before him, and so was the quaint old homestead that looked out from the grove of horse-chestnuts and maples on the hillside.

All his own, and as yet he had seemed to have no thought of calling in anybody else to divide with him his comforts and responsibilities.

Just now, however, his eyes turned more than once from the women to the fields and homestead, and back again, as if in his own mind there had been suggested some sort of possible connection between them.

"They're good girls," he said to himself, aloud, "both of them, but it's hard to understand Huldah, or Hetty, either, for that matter. I wish I could ever chance in on 'em of an evening, and not find Joe Stanton on hand. Can't I make out to manage him somehow? I'll try it on."

Even as he spoke the light of some new idea arose in Steve's sunburnt face, and there must have been a comical element in it, for his hard, strong, yet not unkindly mouth, widened first into a humorous smile, and then opened in a loud and ringing laugh, which the good beast under him instantly took and acted on as an order to gallop briskly away with him in the direction of the village.

Meantime Huldah Morris and her sister had continued their walk and talk in the golden October sunshine; and it may be that both of them were thinking of Stephen Hepburn, each in her own way.

"Huldah," said Hetty, "you're the strangest girl some-
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"MEANTIME HULDAH MORRIS AND HER SISTER CONTINUED THEIR WALK AND TALK IN THE GOLDEN OCTOBER SUNSHINE."

times. You talk of money and property, and being settin' as you call it, as if that was all I or anybody else or think of. I don't see but what we've been happy enough with all our hard work, and all alone in the world, too."

Very pretty, indeed, was Hetty Morris, for her rosy, mien face looked out from an ambush of irrepressible brown hair, and there was not a line upon it that care or trouble could have made.

Huldah was taller, and a good five years older, and grave, sober, thoughtful countenance put on a deeper than usual as she replied :

"Hetty, dear, you don't know everything about my past, and it's the future I'm thinking of. You shan't treat Stephen Hepburn as carelessly as you do. He's respectable and honorable man, and his farm is the best in all the valley."

"Now, Huldah," exclaimed her sister, "you the most worldly and heartless old maid I ever saw. You may be hard and selfish, and don't I know better, Huldah, dear, don't let's spoil our walk. I want appetite. It's only two weeks to Thanksgiving."

Huldah's face was very grave and thoughtful times an expression very much like pain won't it, but she seemed willing, nevertheless, to give up Hetty's flow of spirits and say no more about his various attractions.

Not a handsome girl was Huldah, and though seven years had brought her a healthful and womanhood, there had been that in them of character which had made her feel old before her time.

In fact, while regarding herself as others did, in the light of an "old maid," Huldah's feeling for her younger sister was more motherly than anything else.

Hetty was her pet, her idol, her one treasure, and Hetty's beauty, her popularity, her "settlement in life," gave Huldah very nearly her most interesting and absorbing topics of thought and forethought.

That, on some accounts, Stephen Hepburn was decidedly the best match in the valley, there could be no question; nor would Huldah's judgment have admitted a favorable comparison to him, in any respect, on behalf of Joe Stanton, the almost penniless young lawyer, who had settled in the village during the preceding Summer.

Joe was a good fellow, no doubt; there was nothing to dislike in him, and he had good abilities, too, men said, but he was no such person as Stephen, and never would be, in Huldah's eyes; and he came to spend his evenings at the Morris cottage only too often to please the mind or heart of Hetty's careful "overseer."

Stephen Hepburn himself had of late been more and more frequently a visitor, and he knew very well how to make his company agreeable; but Hetty's persistent manner of treating "the best match in the valley" had been a subject of more than a little tribulation to Huldah.

She had, indeed, time after time, exerted her own social wiles to the very uttermost to make good her younger brother's deficiency, but she had learned to almost dread the sound of Joe Stanton's well-known knock at the cottage door.

The evening of that very day witnessed a repetition of the old story, for never before had Hetty exhibited so evident a manifestation of indifference to Stephen Hepburn's presence, or compelled Huldah to "come to the front" so promptly. It was only too clear that the matter could not go on so for any great length of time; but Huldah could hardly press her admiration of the cool self-control and apparent unconcern with which Stephen actually "sat it out," and walked off down the village street in company with his employer and, personally, more attractive rival.

"There ain't many men like him," she was saying to herself. "He's worth a ten-acre lot full of Joe Stanton's," when Jenny Hetty's voice—for she, too, had watched the distressing forms of their guests—broke rudely in upon her畅ts with:

"Huldah, I just hate Stephen Hepburn!"

"Hetty, what do you mean, in all the world?" exclaimed Huldah.

"I? Why, what do you think he's been doing to poor Joe don't see through him any more'n if he ast?"

"Well, my dear child, what has he been doing that's so

"I? why he's made arrangements with Joe Stanton to run a farm for him, and look after some business. It's about some mills and lumber, I don't know what all besides."

"A long?" quietly responded Huldah.

"How long, he says, for it will take nobody but a hard worker."

"So suppose Stephen means to pay him for

"He thinks it's a good thing for him, but—" Hetty's eyes fell a little, and a flush of rosy color came out in her cheeks as the thought came to her, that she had no special reason for quarreling with the business of her friend.

"I can see, then," said Huldah, wisely ignoring contention. "Stephen has been doing a kindly thing, and I suppose he's got his business attended to

some other way. Lawyers are as plentiful as blackberries, and better ones than Joe Stanton."

A little sparkle of temper began to flash in Hetty's eyes, as was very apt to be the case when her sister ventured on comparisons with reference to Joe, but she only said:

"Huldah, I'm as glad as anybody to have business come to Joe, but you'll have to take all of Steve's visits till Joe gets back. I don't care how often he calls."

"Very well, Hetty, we'll see," said Huldah, with a sort of sigh. "I only wish you would think a little, and try to understand your own interests."

"I understand them a good deal better than you think I do," half sharply returned Hetty; but a glance at the earnest, loving, hurt expression of Huldah's face brought her back to a kiss of reconciliation instantly, as it always did, and there was peace between the two—for that night, at least.

The next day came, but the evening, although a fine one, brought no visitors to the cottage of the two "lone women," and so with the next; but the third morning, when Hetty Morris came back from a brief errand down the village, there was a light on her face which puzzled Huldah more than anything else she had ever seen there. Nor did it lessen her perplexity that Hetty had gone straight to her own room, and had willfully shut the door behind her.

A full hour thereafter did Huldah busy herself at her window with a pretense of sewing, but at the end of it she could endure the irritation of her curious thoughts no longer, but put aside her work, and, with an air half of a Christian martyr and of a Roman matron, she opened the door, and walked in upon Hetty's extraordinary privacy.

With the noise of Huldah's entrance, Hetty had given a quick little start and a motion as if she was about to hide something under the table at which she was sitting, and Huldah saw at a glance that her sister had been writing.

And then, with a crimson glow all over her dimpled, smiling, half-weeping face, Hetty sprang and threw her arms around her sister's neck.

"No, Huldah, dear. No, no, no—not from you! I must tell it all to you. I'm so glad!"

"But, Hetty, my child, what is it? What does it all mean?" exclaimed Huldah.

"Well, I just can't let you read this letter—indeed I can't—not even you; but he has written it, Joe has, and it's so terribly hard to answer him. I've been trying ever so long."

"But what do you want to say to him, Hetty?" most sadly inquired her sister.

"Oh, Huldah, all I want to say is just 'Yes,' and it seems as if it was the longest word in all the dictionary."

"But, Hetty, what about Stephen?" asked Huldah, with a flush of unusual color slowly gaining ground in her grave-composed features.

"Oh, I don't care! I don't believe he'll be so much put out as you are. He's got his farm, and his money, and ever so much, you know, and poor Joe has nothing but me. He says, too, he don't care much for anything else, unless —. Oh, Huldah, I'm so happy!"

To save her life Huldah Morris could not have refused to sympathize with her sister's happiness, even if it so utterly upset her own sage and provident plans for the future; but later in the day it was by no means pleasant to reflect that the task of explaining matters would be very likely her own.

Now, it had happened that all day there had seemed to be a singular spell upon the spirits and conduct of Stephen Hepburn. He was like a man who concealed in his bosom, or tried to do so, the keen consciousness of triumph in some cherished plot. His heavily-bearded mouth would now and then bristle strangely in the workings of an irrepressible smile, and more than once he had laughed aloud:

"Got it all fixed this time," he muttered, as he approached the cottage that evening, "and there won't be any Joe in the way. Hope he took his best luck with him."

Perhaps Steve could scarcely have guessed the precise amount or character of the "luck" Joe had secured during his brief absence; but, in a few moments more, Huldah had admitted him to the little parlor, where, for the very first time in his life, Steve found himself unencumbered by Joe's presence.

But, on the other hand, neither was Hetty Morris there.

Steve looked around half inquiringly as he took his seat, and Huldah tried to answer the look with:

"Hetty has gone out for a walk, and I hardly know when she will be in."

"Oh, never mind—perhaps it's just as well; the fact is, I wanted really to have a little talk with you, Huldah——"

Stephen hesitated—which was an odd thing for him to do, and Huldah, as in duty bound, took up the broken thread of the talk, with a set determination to go at once to the very root of the matter, even while a strange fluttering at her heart warned her that the task she had undertaken had its difficulties.

"I suppose I know," she said, "and I think I ought to tell you all about it. You can't have any doubt how highly I—we—everybody esteem you; but the fact is—well, I may as well out with it—Stephen, Hetty's engaged to Joe Stanton. He wrote to her the night after he went away."

Huldah's face was all ablaze for the moment, and there was a very peculiar expression of pain on her lips; but Steve steadily replied:

"Well, now, that's just about as I calculated. He promised to mail it day before yesterday, and I gave plenty of time for it to get here, so I'd be sure she wouldn't be around to-night."

"Why, Stephen! what did you mean?" exclaimed Huldah. "Did you know——"

"Well, I'm not the blindest man in the world," said Steve, "even if I'm a little slow and awkward about some things. You see, Huldah, I've been trying this good while to get a chance for a talk with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Huldah.

"Yes, with you," energetically answered Steve. "I may as well right out with it. I know I ain't good enough—not the sort of feller, for such a woman as you are. I do believe you're the best in the world—but, then, Huldah——"

Steve sort of broke down just there, but so did the utterly astonished Huldah, from whose face a radiance of warm light had chased the expression of pain.

When Hetty Morris came in from her walk, long afterward, by the garden-gate, and peered for a moment into the parlor, it flashed upon her mind that her sister also had been trying to say "Yes," and that, if appearances were at all to be trusted, she had succeeded.

Out of 2,200,000 watches manufactured in Europe and America, in 1873, Switzerland alone contributed 1,600,000. The canton of Berne supplies the greater part of the ordinary watches—about 500,000 yearly. Geneva, devoted to the manufacture of the better sort, makes 150,000 a year. The canton of Vaud confines its labors generally to making the works, exported to the number of 150,000; and the canton of Neufchâtel is the most productive, alike in quantity and quality, yielding one-half of the total value. Hitherto, the observatory at Neufchâtel has done the most for the regulation of watches. The variations, which in 1862 averaged 1.61 seconds per watch per day, did not exceed 0.57 seconds in 1868. As regards chronometers, out of 99 submitted in 1868, 50 gave less than half a second of variation in twenty-four hours, and eight gave a little more than one second.

SEPARATE.

For the last time, dear, the last, let me hold your hand;
Separate forever from to-night we stand.

The flowers grew so thickly o'er the gulf below,
We never thought we heard it till to-night, you know.

Jasmine, roses, heliotrope, blossoms rich and rare,
Filled the eye with loveliness, filled the fragrant air.

Dazzled with their glory, drunken with their scent,
Hand-in-hand together to the brink we went.

Heedless where the pathway led, careless of the goal;
Sweetness, calm, and beauty lapping heart and soul.

Never from the sunny South, from the languid West,
Came the bitter blast that brought reason's searching test.

Black and keen the east wind through the blossoms blew,
Forced the clinging tendrils back from where they grew.

Crushed the gorgeous mass of bloom, broke the fairy wreath,
Showed in naked ugliness all that lurked beneath.

Dear, good-by forever, each too weak to stand
By such graceful danger, lingering hand-in-hand!

The south wind's subtle sweetness would steal the sense again,
The west wind's luscious languor lull the lazy brain.

Though the blast blow bitterly, though we shrink and shiver,
Better so than lying lost in that sullen river.

Let the lovely poison-leaves wreath and cling once more;
We have seen beneath the veil—ah, happy blindness o'er!

The parted paths lie straight and grey, the flowery dream is
broken;
Separate forever, dear; our last words are spoken.

THE SANDI, OR COW TREE.

(*Galactodendron Utile.*)

I WAS coasting along the banks of the Ucayali when the sight of a sandi tree inspired me with a sudden desire to tap its trunk and draw some of its curious sap. Taking a hatchet and gourd in hand, I pushed the pirogue to the shore and struck for the stoutest of the milk-bearers. I dealt a blow with all my strength; in a moment the milk appeared at the lips of the wound, and, after beginning to drop slowly, soon flowed in a snowy stream, contrasting as it fell with the velvety green of the moss and the reddish-brown of the soil. I admired the picture for a moment, then held my gourd to receive it, and as it filled, tasted the milky sap.

This thick, white, and creamy milk, soon turns yellowish on exposure to the air, and hardens in a few hours. Although at first very sweet to the taste, it leaves in the mouth a bitter and disagreeable taste; but the intoxicating and narcotic effects ascribed to it exists only in the imagination of wonder-lovers. We tried it several times simply to test its effects, but beyond its unpalatable after-taste, the bitterness of repentance after the allurement of sin, we perceived no inconvenience except that of a tendency to glue our mouth firmly, a tendency which induced us to rinse the mouth with water at once. As a milk for scolds, we could recommend it. It would insure silence and time for repentance.

As to the nutritious qualities, I have my grave doubts; in the interior, at all events, I saw it applied to no use except that of forming with lamp-black a kind of pitch for their canoes, although it is used successfully as an astringent in cases of dysentery.

On the whole, however, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of Humboldt's description.

Baron Humboldt gives the following description of this tree:



GIPSY WAKE AT TRIANA, A SUBURB OF SEVILLE.

"On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dried and dead; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children; and you might fancy, as the father returned home with the milk, you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the production of his kine. The milk obtained by incision made in the trunk is tolerably thick, free from all acidity, of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of a calabash tree. We drank the milk in the evening before we went to bed, and early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest effect."

THE SAHARA AMBULANCE.

MODERN civilization has brought to war some civilizing appliances, while it has added to the destructive power of weapons. If all campaigns could be as brief as that which, while defeating Austria and the Catholic supremacy in Germany, swept out of existence most of the Protestant States, to let Prussia reign alone, we might admire the progress of civilization; but we cannot rejoice in so millennial a prospect.

Meanwhile, let us study an attatich, or ambulance for the sick and wounded, such as is even now found in the Desert of Sahara. It is not just now in the active war service, yet it would seem capable of affording a retreat to the women and children, a lady's carriage in Tunis and adjacent parts not being much unlike it.



THE SANDI, OR COW-TREE.

In a force mounting eight hundred and sixty camels and one hundred and sixty horses, there were eight of these attatich or palanquins.

The covering, though fantastic and clumsy, is not heavy, and affords sufficient air to breathe, while it protects the invalid from the scorching sun.

Our illustration shows two women of Ouargia, beautiful in form, if browned in complexion, their gazelle eyes looking curiously out from amid the three crosses, that seem strange there, looking like Christian and Trinitarian marks amid those who continually cry: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet."

—o— GIPSY WAKE IN SPAIN.

SPAIN seems a paradise for gypsies. Porrow's inimitable work on the Gitanos has made most readers acquainted with this strange race as they are now to be found in the Peninsula, where, in spite of Inquisition and persecution, they thrive.

In some parts gypsies are comparatively rich and prosperous, but in Seville they occupy chiefly the miserable Triana quarter, most of them being exceptionally wretched even in the midst of misery. Here the gypsies ply only the lowest callings—horse-dealers, mule-clippers, a few bull-fighters; they are rarely blacksmiths. As for the women, they are cigar-makers, dancing-girls, and

fortune-tellers; some are street-venders, offering chestnuts, blood-puddings, dough-nuts. Some buy cheap, showy articles, and trade them from house to house in exchange for rags or old clothes. In making bargains, the gypsies show all the wonted dexterity of their race. Some called *diteras* sell goods, taking pay in monthly or weekly instalments.

The popular ballads are very often severe on the gypsies, and do not spare them even when dead.

When a gypsy dies their customs are very singular. The

dead body is exposed on a straw bed on the ground between two lighted candles. The women throw themselves on their faces on the ground, tearing wildly at their long black hair. As for the men, they frequently drown their sorrow in draughts of wine, or even brandy, in honor of the dead. The Gachés, as they call the Spaniards, always make out the gypsies to be tipsy, and in a popular ballad it is said :

Un gitano se murió,
Y dejó en el testamento
Que le enterasen en viña.
Para chupar los sarmientos.

(A gypsy came to die,
And on his will he wrote
That in a vineyard he should lie,
To tap the vines at root.)

Stories current elsewhere of knavery are ascribed to the gypsies, but in the chamber of death, even where the grief takes such unseemly forms, we may invoke a charitable feeling for this strange people.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.



THE stately old room was flooded with a soft, warm glow, and near the blazing fire sat Lady Dorothea Apton's two grand-daughters.

They were cousins, those girls, yet they embodied very different types of womanhood. One, Gertrude Galbraith, was twenty-two—a dreamy-eyed brunette—tall, magnificently formed and strikingly imposing, without being decidedly beautiful.

The other—Helena Aldcliffe, and the younger by a year—was sweet, bright and winsome, with a lily-fair skin, eyes of the darkest blue, and wavy golden hair—just such a creature, in fact, as strong men love and pet.

But now, all these pretty blandishments were forgotten; there were tears in her eyes, and she looked like an abject and broken-hearted penitent in the freshest and most becoming of toilets. Beside her, Gertrude, in her sombre tints, was nun-like, and most duenna-like were her tone and manner.

"Now, just tell me the whole truth, Helena. Tell it, I implore you."

Thus adjured, Miss Aldcliffe dried her eyes and spoke :

"The whole truth is this—simply this—I said it!"

"You called me 'a maiden all forlorn'?"

"Yes; but of course that was only in jest. I meant nothing by it. You must know that I did not dream of wounding you."

"So you have assured me a dozen times. If you please, tell me how it all came about?"

"Well, my dear darling, it came about in this way. That old Lady Lourides had been counting off all the old maids she knew, and I only just said, laughingly, 'Don't forget Gertrude Galbraith; she is and always will be 'a maiden all forlorn.' There now, that was all I did say; and I repeat, Gertrude, that no angel ever spoke more innocently. I am sure that, if I had suspected you were so near, I would have died rather than have said it. Come now, dear, do be reasonable; how could I possibly have been serious when I called you an old maid?"

"How could you, indeed! You know better than that."

"Certainly; and why should I call you 'forlorn'?"

"Am I?" demanded Miss Galbraith, fearlessly. "Am I? Why I can count a dozen offers to one of yours, not-

withstanding the fact that you are really very pretty and I am not. A dozen to one! Think of that, my love."

"Exactly, and that is the reason —"

"My dear girl," interrupted the other, "that is the reason why I pay so little attention to the matter. Ah! let us be done with it, I wish to hear no more about it."

"But I do; I want to know how you could have overheard us?"

"Very easily. You were at the window, and I chanced to be upon the balcony."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Therefore, Helena, my darling, if you desire to propitiate me, finish the confession you commenced just now."

"About those awful letters?"

"Yes, about those letters."

Helena Aldcliffe, then kneeling at her cousin's feet, was a perfect picture of sorrowful loveliness: long, dark lashes vailing downcast eyes, soft hair gleaming with sherry ripples, a dear little *nez retroussé*, and a tiny mouth, with the full, scarlet lips drawn down into a charming affectation of utter misery.

"I will tell you all," she commenced. "Yes, Gertrude, to prove to you how utterly I trust you and how little I meant to wound you by my foolish speech, I will tell you *all*. To begin, it happened ever so long ago, last Winter, in fact. If you remember, I was at Paris with Aunt Audley. It was just at the *Micarème* and we all went to a masked ball at the Embassy. And it was there that I met him."

"Met who?"

"I cannot tell you."

"You cannot tell?"

"No, dear," sobbed the girl. "I only know that he has been my *Fate*!"

"Helena Aldcliffe, do you really mean to say that you have been flirting to this shameful extent with a man whose name even you do not know?"

"Oh, Gertrude, he was so exquisite as a Neapolitan peasant! And he wrote such superb letters, too! Gertrude, it was a perfect romance, for he found out my name, but I could not learn his. I was a Watteau shepherdess that night, and how he contrived to penetrate my disguise I cannot imagine. But he did, I assure you, and the sweet mystery of the whole affair was he told me his name was Harry Selwyn, and he vowed that he would see me the very next day."

"Do you call that mystery, pray? Of course he saw you?"

"Of course he did not. The next day he was called away suddenly to the country, but he wrote to me, and I was idiot enough to answer his letter, and so the matter has been running on from bad to worse, until I am nearly wild."

"Let me understand," said Miss Galbraith. "How often have you seen him since that eventful night?"

"I have never seen him, I tell you."

"But you love him?"

"Love him!" scornfully echoed the penitent. "I am astonished at you, Gertrude; however, I suppose that you are equally astonished at me," she concluded, with a great sigh.

"I confess that I am," returned her cousin, gravely.

"Then what will you say when I tell you that he is here? Oh, darling, yes—that awful man is at the village now, and may be in this house to-morrow. He sent me a note not three hours ago."

"In that case there is but one course to pursue, for you should act with precision, and break off this affair at once. There is but one course, Helena. See him and *demand* your letters."

"Shall I?"

" You must."

" When?"

" In the morning."

" So much the better ; then we can have it all over before Sir Lionel Moncrieff arrives, can't we ?"

" Oh !" exclaimed Miss Galbraith, very slowly.

" Yes, darling," echoed the fickle one at her feet, " before Sir Lionel arrives, because— Shall I tell you another secret, Gertrude ? Ah, I know that I may, you are so sweet and good. Well, dear, because I have quite made up my mind to become Lady Moncrieff. Now, don't judge me harshly, please. I am not mercenary, and you know that, for I am not poor. But I am ambitious, I confess it, very ambitious, and one of these days he will be the peer of the realm. Am I not right, Gertrude ? Of course, I speak very frankly to you about this matter, and, as I have already said, I prove my friendship by revealing the secrets of my inmost heart, for somehow, you, dear girl, I am convinced that you will never marry, so by taking Sir Lionel I interfere with none of your plans, do I ?"

" No, indeed ! And you are quite right about taking Sir Lionel, and to prove my friendship I promise to assist you. Now, in the first place, he must not be permitted to come here—that Harry Selwyn, I mean."

" Exactly ; but how are we to prevent it ?"

" Easily enough. You must ride to the village in the morning and see him."

" Very well ; and I shall ask him to go away immediately."

" Ask him ?" Miss Galbraith's tone was full of lofty sarcasm. " Do you fancy that he will go for the asking ? Oh, no, my love, you must command him to do so."

" Very well, I shall command him, then."

" And do it in no measured terms. Take care to disenchant him. Be rude, if need be. Remember how much depends upon your firmness."

" Never fear, I shall remember. But if he should chance to be out when I get there ? I can't risk waiting, you know."

" Then leave a note for him—a very peremptory note ; do you understand ?"

" Yes, I will, Gertrude—I will. Oh, my darling, what brilliant ideas you have, and what a tower of strength you are ! You are my savior, Gertrude ; but what if he won't mind the note ?"

" Then I shall see him—he will mind me. Now, dear, get up, and trouble yourself no more. I would be an idiot, indeed, if I could not manage this matter satisfactorily."

" And—Gertrude—"

" Well ?"

" You'll forgive me for having called you a ' maiden all forlorn ' ?"

" Forgive you ? Silly child ! I have forgotten it already."

It was morning, clear and cold, and for twenty minutes Helena Aldcliffe had been riding at a break-neck pace along the path that skirted the park wall. Now, however, the hoof-beats slackened, for before her, just in a curve of the road, and under a gigantic oak, was a little cottage from whose lowly chimneys curled the thin smoke of turf-fire.

At the gate of this cottage Miss Aldcliffe drew rein, and to a woman, standing in the doorway, she spoke :

" Jane, is a Mr. Selwyn staying with you ?"

" Yea, miss, he is. He's stoppin' here, only he's not in. Out for a bit of a walk, he said ; but if you'll be good enough to come right in, Miss Helena, an' take a seat by the fire in his own private parlor, I'm sure he'll be pleased, and he'll be here inside of ten minutes now—so he will, Miss."

" Very well." The young lady sprang to the ground, and threw her bridle to the woman who had come running to the gate. " Very well. Fasten my horse, and show me to the private parlor. I will wait."

The apartment thus loftily designated was, in fact, a portion of Mr. Selwyn's bedroom, which had been curtained off with gaudy-colored calico, and, despite the low walls and general air of neglect and smuttiness, presented a very magnificent appearance. True, the floor was uncarpeted, and the chairs were of the hardest, but there was a glorious fire on the wide stone hearth, and, by way of adornment, there was a meerschaum stuck conspicuously in the gilt frame of the little mirror over the mantelpiece.

" I wonder where he keeps his letters ?" thought Helena, who, from her seat by the fire, was anxiously surveying the room. " If I could only find them, I would. Yes, I declare I would. I'd steal them. Ah, those horrid curtains ! I shall certainly go mad if I have to sit staring at them much longer. How do I know that some one is not behind them now, watching me ?"

But some one was not behind them, for in a few moments a light step came bounding upstairs, the door opened suddenly, and a gentleman stood before her.

A man of thirty, perhaps—tall and slim, dark, black-eyed, and clean-shaven, with the exception of a black, flossy moustache.

As this person approached, Miss Aldcliffe arose, pale as death, but as resolved as Fate.

" Mr. Selwyn ?" she asked, composedly.

" He is not," he returned, bowing. " Mr. Selwyn has not yet arrived. I expect him to-morrow or next day."

" Not yet arrived ! Why they told me downstairs that he was here ?"

" Exactly ! I asked the woman to admit any one who might desire to see him."

" But you, sir ?"

" I am John Darrall, a friend of his, and awaiting him here. Perhaps, miss, I may be able to serve you ; if so, I shall be truly happy."

" What ? is he really not here, then ?" cried Helena, her courage rising with the certainty that the dreaded interview might be postponed, and possibly altogether avoided.

" Assuredly he is not."

" Then, sir, will you permit me to leave a note for him ?"

" A dozen, if you desire. Pray take this chair, and here, at this table, you will find all you need."

" Thanks."

" And I will leave you undisturbed. You will find me below, however, and I shall be delighted to charge myself with the personal delivery of your letter."

So below went Mr. Darrall, and then Miss Aldcliffe's white fingers flew over the paper. And this is what she wrote—with much underscoring, of course, after the manner of young ladies in general :

" SIR—I am here to implore you to cease writing to me, or even attempting to see me. You must understand—any gentleman should understand—that this clandestine correspondence is now becoming awkward to a degree. It positively must end. In fact, it will ruin me, and I am sure that your good heart will not permit you to cause annoyance to any lady."

" If I could have seen you to-day, I would have demanded my letters, and you would have returned them. As it is, I must entreat you to send them to me immediately. Should you persevere in your unmanly persecution, I will reveal the whole affair to my relatives, and seek their protection."

" I may as well tell you that I regard your behavior in coming here as unwarrantable impertinence as well as an

outrageous intrusion on one who, however kindly disposed she may once have been, yet never had, nor can have, the slightest affection for you.

"H."

"P. S.—Please send the letters immediately, and I will yours by the same messenger."

This precious missive, sealed and addressed, was borne by the writer to the courteous gentleman awaiting it.

In less than half an hour the mistress of the little cottage, by Apton Park, was startled by the appearance of a second young equestrienne, who asked for Mr. Selwyn.

The bewildered creature recognized the anxious inquirer, and answered one question by asking another.

"Miss Gertrude, do you know who's been here this blessed mornin', already, to see that gentleman?"

"Yes; my cousin, I suppose."

"So she has, Miss. Well, he's in luck for company, anyhow, an' he's up in his parlor, miss. So if you'll jump off, an' come, I'll show you the way—so I will."

As Miss Galbraith entered, the gentleman seated arose quickly, and threw upon the table a letter that he had been reading; then stood quite still, apparently as much surprised as delighted at this second unexpected visit. "Mr. Henry Selwyn?" commenced the lady.

"Darrall," corrected the gentleman—"John Darrall. My friend, Mr. Selwyn, has not yet arrived."

"That is decidedly unfortunate, for I desired to see him upon business of vital importance."

"In that case I would take the liberty of suggesting a few lines be left for him, and to be delivered immediately upon his arrival," said the gentleman, with great civility.

"A few lines! Dear me! No, sir."

"But your cousin would be better satisfied."

"My cousin?" opening her dark eyes very wide, and looking earnestly at him. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Pardon me, I know Henry Selwyn intimately."

"Henry Selwyn is no relation of mine. Indeed, I have never even seen him."

"Oh! I understood—"

"You misunderstood," interrupted the young lady, with dignity, "for I certainly have said nothing that could lead

you to entertain such a ridiculous idea. No; Mr. Selwyn is a stranger to me, and yet I earnestly desire to see him just as soon as possible." For a moment she stood gazing reflectively into the fire. Then she turned suddenly, and asked: "Sir, are you Mr. Selwyn's friend? Does he confide in you?"

"I know every secret of his heart."

"And have you any influence over him?"

"Unbounded influence."

"Do you know why he is coming here?"

"Yes; to see the woman who will one day, be his wife."

"And her name?"

"Pardon me, that is not my secret."

"You are right, sir; it is Helena Aldcliffe, my cousin. I am Gertrude Galbraith and I was totally unaware of this wretched entanglement until last night, when Helena, in an agony of tears, implored my assistance to free her from it. Now, Mr. Darrall, I implore you, as a gentleman, to exert that influence in Miss Aldcliffe's behalf. You have seen her, for I understand that she was here just now. I hoped to meet Mr. Selwyn; but, failing in that, I trust that I have met a friend."

"You may believe that, I assure you."

"You are very kind. You have seen my cousin, and you have divined her real character, have you not? You



"SEPARATE."—SEE PAGE 19.



DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—“HELENA HAD BECOME AS PALE AS DEATH, AND STOOD STARING AT THE GUEST IN A MANNER THAT BETOKENED FAR MORE ASTONISHMENT THAN DELIGHT.”

have judged her to be what she really is—an innocent, romantic girl—far too pure-hearted to be guilty of an actual wrong, far too honest to attempt deception, and far too timid to fight her own battles."

"Exactly," assented the gentleman, with an involuntary glance at the letter still lying open upon the table.

"Yes," pursued Miss Galbraith, "that is my cousin—a poor child, almost brokenhearted at the thought of what she has done."

"But I understand Miss Aldcliffe loves my friend."

"She does *not* love your friend!" cried the girl, impetuously, her eyes flashing, her cheeks aflame. "She never loved him, I tell you; nor shall he tyrannize over her in this cowardly manner. *Lore him!* why she loves another, who worships her—one who will soon come and claim her. Oh, you need not look so surprised, it is true. Nor need you attempt to blame her—she shall not be blamed."

"But, my dear young lady, do you mean to tell me that the person coming is one of her favored admirers?"

"She has told me so, and he is madly devoted to her, sir."

"Then, representing my friend, as I now do, I demand the name of the man who has won her heart."

"And I refuse to give it."

"Then I shall take immediate measures to ascertain it."

"Ah, sir, you would not—you could not—do that! Think of the misery that you would surely bring upon an honorable family. Mr. Darrall, I will go upon my knees to—"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" cried Mr. Darrall, softened—as any man would have been—at the sight of that beautiful face all bathed in tears. "Nothing of the sort, I assure you. Calm yourself, Miss Galbraith. I will see that it is done. Nor shall she ever be annoyed by my friend. I am not so despicable as I have pretended to be."

"Ah, you are not despicable—you are good and kind and honorable!" declared Miss Galbraith, trying to force a smile.

"There—that is right. I like to see you looking happy—indeed I do."

"I thank you with all my heart." She held out her hand to him in a frank, girlish way. "You have made me very happy, Mr. Darrall."

"I am glad of that," he answered, warmly. "And, trust me, I shall never make you unhappy, if I can help it."

He accompanied her down-stairs, and assisted her to mount. Then he suddenly startled her with this question:

"Is that fortunate fellow, my friend's rival, so very rich?"

"Very rich, indeed. Why do you ask?"

"My friend is poor—that is all."

A look of annoyance swept over her face.

"Do not say that," she pleaded. "You wrong her."

"Do I? Ah, I fancy not." Then, in a tone full of tender meaning: "You are going, and I have seen you for the first and last time."

"But I shall never forget your goodness," she shyly answered.

And he cried, boldly: "Nor shall I ever forget *you*."

In the drawing-room were Lady Dorothea Apton and Sir Lionel Moncrieff. My lady was a woman of sixty, with silvery hair put smoothly back beneath a widow's cap.

Leaning upon the mantelpiece, in an attitude of careless grace, was her ladyship's guest, rich Sir Lionel Moncrieff, who owned half the county, and was now looking for a wife to share his possessions. He had, like every Moncrieff before him—a true, noble heart, pure honor, and a firm will.

"Wait until you see my granddaughters together," her ladyship was saying. "You will see then that one is a beauty and the other is not; that one can charm and the other cannot. In fact, you will be convinced that your

father and I have chosen wisely, and that Helena is the wife for you, but Gertrude is not."

"Very well," acquiesced the gentleman; "I will see. But I know that you must be right, for I have heard—"

"What, sir?" looking at him with an expression of haughty surprise—"tell me what!"

"Oh, nothing—except that one is noble-hearted and the other is not."

"And which is not, if you please?"

"Miss Galbraith, madame."

"If you have heard that," cried the dowager, "you have heard an infamous scandal, for Gertrude Galbraith is as far above all other women as Heaven is above earth. Noble-hearted? Well, find one who can compare with her, sir, and I will tell you that you have discovered a treasure."

"Then I am to understand that it is Miss Aldcliffe who will not make a desirable wife."

Lady Apton was caught in her own toils. She quickly endeavored to redeem herself.

"Miss Aldcliffe has not an unlovely character—far from it; but she is younger than her cousin, and less thoughtful. Otherwise—Ah, here they come." This, as her two granddaughters entered the room: "Sir Lionel," she continued, graciously, "permit me to present you to Miss Galbraith and Miss Aldcliffe. My dear children, welcome Sir Lionel Moncrieff. What is the matter, Helena?"

For Helena, pale as death, stood staring at the guest.

"What ails you, girl?" repeated the dowager, sharply.

"I—I am not well," came the faltering answer. "Oh, grandmamma!—oh, Gertrude—" Here she stopped, and burst into tears!

"In the name of Heaven—" commenced her ladyship. But Sir Lionel interrupted her.

"Miss Aldcliffe is suffering," said he, politely. "Pray use no ceremony with me, madame. But before you leave us, my dear young lady, permit me to redeem my promise and return this to you." And he laid upon the table a packet, which Helena caught up with a glad cry. Then my lady, puzzled, frowning, and silent, led the still sobbing girl from the room.

Sir Lionel turned to Gertrude, who, throughout all this strange scene, had not spoken a word.

"Will you forgive me, Miss Galbraith?" he asked.

"Mr. Selwyn—"

"For Heaven's sake, do not call me Mr. Selwyn!"

"Sir Lionel, then. And you ask if I forgive you? Oh, I cannot—you ask too much. This is terrible! This is terrible! How could you be so cruel, so unmanly?"

"It was not unmanly—and I have gained by it the knowledge I most desired, and for which I humbly thank God with all my heart and soul."

"But why should you pretend to be what you were not?"

"I confess that I desired to be loved for myself alone. That is the only excuse for my using an assumed name."

"Loved for yourself alone?" echoed Miss Galbraith, scornfully. "It certainly appears to me that you expected far more affection than you gave; for if you had ever cared for her—"

"But I never cared for her!" he cried. "Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude, I care for *you*!—I love *you*! I have loved you since the day you came to me and pleaded so nobly for Helena. Ah, blessed one—you do not frown—you forgive me! Gertrude, sweet, I love you! Madam, come here."

This to Lady Apton, who was entering the room.

"Madam, come here. See—this is the woman whom I choose from all others to be my own—my wife. Ah, I see that you know all now; and you told me she was far above other women as Heaven is above earth. And she is, my lady—an angel of goodness and mercy, and sweetest charity."

Helena Aldcliffe bore her disappointment gracefully. She even forgave Sir Lionel, and was heartily ashamed of herself.

Yet she could not resist giving this sly thrust upon Gertrude's wedding morning :

"My pet, just fancy how bad it would have been for you if I had not snubbed Harry Selwyn!"

"It would, indeed," was the frank acknowledgment—"otherwise I might be forever '*a maiden all forlorn.*'"

"Gertrude," cried the other, I thought you had forgiven that."

"So I did, dear, long and long ago, Helena."

That morning Gertrude destroyed a letter, received months before, by a former schoolmate. Here is an extract :

"You know, dearest Gertrude, that, strive as I might, I could never like your cousin Helena, although she is such a clever girl ; and I like her even less than ever now, for I find that she has been for some time carrying on a scandalous flirtation with some one whom she knows as Harry Selwyn. *Harry Selwyn is really Sir Lionel Moncrieff.* He was brother Edward's chum at college, and so what one knows the other knows. Now, Gertrude, I do implore you, never, *never* to say that I told you all this. There would be awful trouble if you should."

"'A clever girl'? Why, yes," assented the future Lady Moncrieff, as she threw this important paper into the fire, "Helena certainly is a very clever girl; but I fancy it has been diamond cut diamond. Poor Helena!"

SCENES IN THE CITY OF NAPLES.

In the great street called "The Toledo," one of the principal thoroughfares in the city of Naples, the people sit on each side exposing their goods for sale, as if in the utmost quiet and security. Here, you are nearly treading upon one who lies asleep in the street; there a cripple is making his way through the crowd; further on sits a beggar. A gardener exposes his delicious flowers, which scatter perfumes as you pass; when lo, comes by a fisherman, declaiming aloud on the merits of his fish. A seller of lemonade makes the air sweet with the fragrance of the citron, till a fellow thrusts between your nose and the lemons his ill savored oil cakes for Lent. Rival melon dealers shout across the street denunciations of each other, mingled with praises of his own fruit, given in all the luxuriance of Southern Italian. A vender of ices is succeeded by a vender of oysters and other shellfish; and these by a butcher—a baker—a dealer in glassware—a woman crying porcelain, to the accompaniment of a screaming child—a barterer—a linendraper—venders of cherries, figs, citrons, peaches, and apricots—another beggar—book and picture-dealers—open-air cooks—boot-cleaners—and all in your way. Equipages do not, as with us, monopolize the streets, or threaten the lives of the pedestrians. The now almost forgotten corricolo is sometimes seen, with the grand coaches of the great, but the life in Naples is in those who throng its streets afoot.

All business seems to be done, here, out of doors. Think, too, of the buyers whom there must be for all these sellers;—ladies, dandies, gentlemen, officers, travelers, sailors, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, friars and clergymen, of all classes, scavengers collecting ordure and screaming its merits, beggar-women with children half naked, or wholly *au naturel*, begging aloud or in pantomime, children playing, mothers suckling, groups of wretched lazzaroni, soldiers in various uniforms, day thieves—I cannot name them as fast as they come!

Maidens make their toilet in the street; yea, through the

open doors you may see the people getting out of bed! Here's a shoemaker or a tailor is taking the measure of a customer's foot or buck—there a monk is solemnly probing the conscience of a poor woman; here is a girl dictating a love-letter in the crowded street—and there they are taking tickets for a lottery. One fellow is picking up the ends of cigars, to sell again. Then, there passes by a procession of nuns, proceeding to perform their offices at the houses of the sick, and chanting their litany through all this hubbub. An altar follows, carried by four men, and bearing the head of a dying Madonna. The people around take off their caps, assume a moment's aspect of devotion—and then the noise begins again.

This scene in the Toledo looks like a satire—a caricature on human life, and all its doings and strivings. 'Tis a masquerade, like that of the Roman Corso, in Carnival time. A favorite mask is that of the beggar "dying of hunger." One woman, with an infant in her arms, fell down at my feet as if dead. I was terrified and disgusted, because no one seemed to regard such a spectacle of misery; nor could I believe it to be a deception until I saw the same performance repeated twice, in one day, by the same woman.

The Palometta di Santa Lucia, less of a business street, shows less of the street-venders and more domestic out-door life groups, chiefly of women, of all ages and conditions, from the lady who looks down from her balcony to the beggar's child.

After all the fine forms and features that I had seen in Rome, I was astonished that I could discover so few fine women in Naples. I can venture to affirm that, for some days, I gazed through the masses of people around me without observing a single handsome woman.

We issued on the Molo; and here you might imagine all the business and amusements of Naples to be concentrated. The place was crowded with men not quite half-clad—lazzaroni, who offended the ears of the passer-by with coarse jests. They stood, lay, and sat at the theatre door, delighting themselves with the drolleries as of Punchinello. A company in a booth ate maccaroni as fast as it came out of the kettle; a family of beggars were grouped together on a dirty coverlet. Sailors and young women were confessing the secrets of their affections to the letter-writer—a hump-backed, old-fashioned fellow, in most instances. On the stone-work of the Molo sat an old sailor, with an oil-skin hat and a jacket swung over his shoulder, holding a manuscript and reading; and near him a company of cooks, with white caps and aprons—sailors, with white trousers, their straw-hats flung knowingly on their heads—soldiers—and other Neapolitans—all listening with the utmost eagerness. We stepped into a boat, and were rowed over the water. The city presented a new spectacle as the night darkened—that of an illumination extending all along the margin of the bay. The stationary lights of the city shone through a tremulous haze of golden red—marking the outlines of the streets and open places, while the moving lights of carriages went sparkling to and fro—and all was reflected on the deep water of the bay. The scene was fairy-like. I could have fancied myself in a world of glow-worms—or that some spell had transformed the crowd into a people of will-o'-the-wisps. Before I had sufficiently enjoyed the vision, or reduced the manifold and wondrous impressions made upon my fancy to order, the notes of Naples were again sounding in my ears as we approached the Molo. We landed mid its hurry and confusion; and, after the sublime quietude enjoyed on the bay, the scene here, with its wild groups in the torchlight, had something of a demoniac aspect. I could have fancied myself in some Pandemonian kitchen, when I saw the dark-brown, half-clad cooks, with their hocus-pocus, by their fires and tables with flambeaus stuck all around. Wild-looking



VIEW IN THE STREET PALOMETTA DI SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES.



WATER-CARRIERS, FRIARS AND CLERGY AS THEY WERE IN NAPLES.

men, with black snaky locks, and eyes that shone like the torches, were devouring their maccaroni ; while a troop of lazaroni went singing by, and the shouts from the booths and houses rivaled the cries of the open place. It seemed an Inferno—not Dante's, but one where some jocose demon ruled the riot. A wretched cripple of a beggar followed me, with abjurations so terrible, that I almost fled from him as from a spectre.

FROG STRATEGY.

A WELL-KNOWN naturalist, who has recently returned from Egypt, sends us a queer account of frog strategy. He says : "The liking of water-snakes for frogs is as ancient as the days of Elian. With that wonderful instinct which nature endows all its creatures with, frogs are ever on their guard. It is curious to watch a meeting between the marauder and his would-be victim, if it were not for its cunning. The water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the intentions of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the hydra. The latter now makes for the frog with open jaws ; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much-desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast to the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again ; he glides around his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view ; and the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried

by his anticipatory victim lying across his open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The hydra, at length, gives up in despair, and 'frogsy,' plumping into a safe spot where he knows his kindred to be assembled, no doubt tells his exciting tale, raising a very din of croaking congratulations."

A CHINESE SURGEON-BARBER'S HAND.

THE young lady who wondered what people did with their nails before scissors were invented could find her mental question answered in our illustration. They let them grow. Savage tribes may rub them down on stones or shells, and so prevent undue growth, or the necessity of using the hands as digging implements may have prevented the nails extending too rapidly. The teeth, or rather tusks of rabbits, rats, and other rodents, would, but for their constant gnawing, grow so long as to be a serious inconvenience, and even cause death by starvation. Instances of abnormal growth may be seen in museums, where the tooth has grown into a long curled tusk that prevented the animal from eating.

If the growth of the nails was checked by groveling labor, it would be a matter of distinction to show nails not deprived of their natural growth by any such degrading occupation. Long nails would be aristocratic, or at least professional, as distinguished from plebeian, mechanical, and the like. This is actually the case in India, and especially in China. There the length, delicacy, and purity of the nail is a matter of highest import, and how grand a gentleman our barber-surgeon was our readers may infer from the very aristocratic length of his nails, as shown in the illustration.



THE CORICCOLO OR PUBLIC CONVEYANCE AT NAPLES.

ONE NIGHT.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.



OMING along the corridor, jingling a bunch of keys, was a turnkey. By his side walked a woman, shabby in dress, graceful in figure. A heavy veil concealed her face; but some tresses of dead-gold hair rolled from under her hat, and lay coiled like sunshine against the sombre black of her shawl.

Here and there a white face appeared at the gratings, and stared blankly out on the two as they passed. Now and then an oath was hurled after them, or a vile word from wild-eyed, dishevelled women, beating the bars with desperate hands. Once, a shrill, horrible peal of laughter followed down the narrow passage, and died in a hollow echo at its farthest end. The turnkey's companion shuddered.

"That's the fellow brought in last night for stabbing his wife," said the officer. "Cause—jealousy. It's plain he's going quite out of his senses. You ain't used to this sort of thing, ma'am; it makes you a little faint. Well, no wonder!"

She did not answer. Their footsteps echoed drearily along the stone floor. Suddenly the turnkey paused at a door, fitted a key in the lock, and moved back that his companion might pass through.

"I'll come for you in half an hour," he said.

Hope North nodded, and stepped into the cell. Its heavy door closed upon her, the key grated in the lock, the turnkey went off alone down the corridor.

"My darling!"

Up from an iron camp-bed in a corner started the tall figure of a man, and sprang across his narrow prison to meet her. She cast herself silently into his arms. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a sinewy frame, and a quiet, dark face, full of grit and endurance. He pressed his visitor convulsively to his heart, kissing her, over and over, with passionate tenderness.

"My dear girl! my dear girl! Take off this veil—I want to see your face."

She obeyed. A lovely face it was—dimpled like a baby's, with little rings and clusters of dead-gold hair clinging around the low forehead, and wide, long-lashed, brown eyes, wet now with tears. She seemed quite unable to speak.

"It is fortunate," he said, cheerfully, sustaining her with his arm, "that you came to-day, my darling, for to-morrow I am to be removed to the State Prison. We must consider this our last meeting for five years."

A shudder shook her from head to foot. Her arms tightened around him.

"Oh, Silas—oh, my husband!" she sobbed.

He pressed her face into his breast, patting her head as he might have done some grieved child's.

"I wonder why they did not make it ten," he said, with the same forced cheerfulness with which he had before spoken, "for the case was clear against me. I knew that night when they went down to the factory and found the duplicate of the forged check in my desk—put there, God only knows by what hand—and the blotting-paper, with every letter still clear on it, that there was really nothing that any one could say for me, Hope!"

She clinched her hands. Silas North, though but the superintendent of a cotton-mill, had always managed to keep his young wife so daintily that those same hands of hers were white and delicate as lilles of the field.

"Oh," she cried, in her quick woman's wrath, "how can God see such wicked things done? How can He see your ruin planned and executed, and not put out His hand to save you?"

A curious look passed over his strong face.

"Well, as to that, my darling, innocent men have suffered for guilty ones ever since the world began. There's a mystery about such things not easily to explain. I had enemies, no doubt, at the mill. The operatives were an unruly set when Dudley put me there. I kept a tight rein on them for a spell; they didn't relish it. More than one owed me a grudge. I would be willing to serve the term for which I am sentenced if, at the end of the time, Dudley and his son and the mill people would believe me innocent; but they never will. I have been thinking, not only all this day, but for weeks, my dear girl, what are you to do—you and the boy—in these five years."

The tears welled slowly into her big eyes; but she put on a brave front and smiled up at him as she stood with the light of the grated window falling on her face.

"I have found a home, Silas," she answered, "and work—work in the mill, with pay enough to keep baby and I. We lodge with Dorcas Teale, in her little black house by the river."

A groan which his own fate could not wring from him escaped his lips.

"You in the mill, Hope—among those people! My God!" She drew up her small figure, sturdily.

"Indeed, it was very good of Mr. Dudley to offer me the chance. I am strong and well. And I must work; I must have no time to think. Otherwise I might go mad."

By the blanching face that quivered to his kiss, by the velvety eyes dilating slowly as she spoke, there was truth in his words. He smoothed down her hair with his quiet, dark hand.

"My precious girl! my precious girl!"

They stood for a long time silent. Her arms were around his neck, her head rested on his breast.

"I see, night and day," she murmured, "that dreadful court-room, Silas—the Judge on his bench; the lawyers and clerks writing at the table in the bar; the stolid faces of the jurors as they listened to the evidence against you; Mr. Dudley, proud and cold, believing in your guilt, though you had served him so long and well; Mr. Otto, standing apart by the door, giving me a shiver whenever I looked that way—the whole world banded against you and I, my darling."

He kissed her, slowly, solemnly. A dark flush stained his face.

"When I think of what your life will be for the next five years, Hope, I wish from my heart that it had never been linked with mine—that you had been spared such shame, such sorrow, at any cost—that you had married Otto Dudley."

"Silas!"—her voice rising to a cry told how the words hurt her—"I would rather bear any pain, die any death with you, than live in luxury and ease with him. If you love me in the least, never, never, speak like that again."

He leaned his forehead against the bars of the window as he held her pressed to his side. Presently a key turned in the lock, the door of the cell opened, and the turnkey looked in upon the hapless pair.

"Time is up, ma'am," he said, not unkindly.

They stood gazing at each other. God only knew when they would stand thus again. In silence they embraced. She was quite tearless, but white as death.

"Don't let the boy forget me, Hope," he whispered. "There—go, go; and God keep you, my own!"

"Good-by. We will wait for you faithfully."

She lowered her veil with a shaking hand, cast one look

backward towark the bowed, motionless figure at the grating, then followed the turnkey slowly out. The door closed betwixt her and the prisoner. She stood in the long, cold corridor, parted from him—whether for five years, or for all time, God only knew.

Day was already declining as she left the jail. It was Autumn weather—cold, sunless, dreary. The road connecting the upper town, where the county jail and court-house stood, with the lower one, crowded with factories and the swarming population whose centre they were, was a long and lonely one. As she passed through the darkening streets Hope North had thought enough left to look around her for some familiar face—some farmer who would give her a seat in his wagon, or a mill-hand friendly to the former superintendent—for there were those among the operatives who had loved as well as feared Silas North—but she saw no one. Drawing her vail closer over her face, she set forth upon her homeward way alone.

The road wound by lonely farms and desolate fallow lands. It was empty of all life save the solitary crews skimming over the turnip fields, or groups of cattle—their hairy coats ruffled and stiff with cold—huddled together in sheltered places. Tramp, tramp, through the mud and frost, went Hope, seeing, hearing nothing—her arms hanging listlessly by her side—goaded on only by the thought of a dimpled, baby face waiting for her in Dorcas Teale's cottage by the river.

Lights were already shining from door and casement when she reached the lower town. The cotton-mills—a long, black, indistinct mass—stretched along the banks of the stream. Hope North turned into a lane, very dark, very narrow, very crooked. The wash, wash of the water could be heard not far away. She had walked a dozen yards of its length, perhaps—her small, neutral-tinted figure blended indistinguishably with the darkness—when a loud clatter of hoofs rang suddenly on the ground behind her. She turned to look back. As she did so she saw a flash of fiery eyes, heard a quick snort. Then something strong as a sledge-hammer struck her in the side, flung her forward to the earth, trampled over her, and she knew no more.

"Hope! Hope!"

What voice was this—loud, almost impassioned—which called her back to life?

She stirred on a supporting arm, started and looked around. She had been carried to the nearest doorway, that of a dingy shop, whose owner, a wizened old woman, stood over her now with a candle in hand.

"Lord bless us!" she burst out, "it's Miss North, sir; wife of the superintendent."

The person addressed—he upon whose arm Hope lay—was bathing, with a perfumed cambric handkerchief, a cut in her white temple. A dark, mud-bespattered horseman's cloak fell back from his square shoulders. His face was dark, thin, handsome, with a full, sensual mouth and a hollow, restless look to his long, dark eyes.

"Hope!" He called her again. "Look up! tell me I have not killed you. God forgive me! How could I see you in the dark there?"

Her brown eyes opened wide on his face. As she saw who it was, a look of alarm, mingled with great embarrassment and pain, filled her face. She sprang up from his arm.

"Something struck me," she said, confusedly. "It was my own fault; I ought to have heard you coming. Many thanks for your kindness, and good-night."

He held her fast, rising also, tall and straight, with his large cloak slipping back from his shoulders.

"Wait! you must not go alone!" he said, "you are not able. I have given you a great shock—hurt you, too. I will walk with you. Farewell, Mrs. M'Grath."

The old woman with the candle moved back into the shop.

"I could give her a drop of liquor, maybe," she muttered. "She looks pretty well spent, poor thing. Been up to the jail, most likely."

"No, no, I want nothing," said Hope, "and, indeed, you must not come with me, Otto Dudley. I have but a few steps farther to go."

For answer he drew her hand through his arm.

"Lean on me! Not come? I must and shall! Don't tremble—that is my horse following us; he will not trample you down a second time. Have you indeed come from that accursed jail, Hope?"

"Yes."

As the syllable fell piteously from her lips she felt, rather than saw, that he turned his face from her.

"My poor child!"

He drew her out of the lane, along the river's bank, through the black shadow of the mills, on to Dorcas Teale's door.

"My father told me that you had taken refuge here," he said, and even in the dark she could see his eyes glow. "Hope, I pity you from my soul."

With her hand on the latch, she lifted her pale face to answer:

"Could I, could mine, have but *justice*, we should need no pity from you nor any other."

With that she pushed back the door of the low, river-side cottage, and entered. The room within was small and stifled; but it had a floor scrubbed white as snow, a cheerful fire, a little table with cups and saucers twinkling on it, and a presiding deity in the shape of a lean, deformed woman, with a handkerchief, twisted like a turban, round her head, cooking potatoes in an iron skillet. On a settee near the fire some pillows were placed, and among them, with long, sleek lashes sweeping his rose-leaf cheek, lay a two-year-old baby, fast asleep.

At the opening of the door, Dorcas Teale looked up from her potatoes.

"Lord be thanked! Are you here at last? I began to be worrit about you," she cried out at sight of Hope; then, as Dudley's swart figure appeared behind her in the doorway, the misshapen creature recoiled briskly. "You come back in queer company, Mrs. North," she added, in a shrill, cracked voice; "isn't it enough, Otto Dudley, that you and yours have ruined the husband—what would you have now of the wife? If you step across my threshold with her, it will not be because I asked or wanted you."

He laughed.

"What! vixenish as ever, Dorcas?" he said, gayly. "however, it doesn't signify. I haven't time to intrude on you to-night."

His eyes followed Hope as she went up to the settee, and, snatching the child from his pillow, strinched him to her heart.

"My darling! my darling!" she cried out, wildly, standing there in her rich, young beauty, with the hat falling back from her riotous gold hair, and the shining head of the boy drooping like a blossom on her breast.

In that cry all the desolation of her heart spoke.

"By your leave, Mr. Otto, I'll shut the door now," said Dorcas Teale, hobbling betwixt him and the girl-mother, hiding the picture which the latter made from his sight. "I've no mind to let the whole town see her trouble."

He moved back from the threshold slowly, mechanically, his eyes the while directed straight over her misshapen figure to the mother and child beyond.

Dorcas shut the door upon him with an angry snap; then stood a moment listening to hear him ride away;

withered face full of mingled wrath and fear.

"Hope North," he cried, turning about to where the girl had sunk upon the settee, with her sturdy, fair-haired boy clasping her neck in his rosy arms, "I wish to the Lord that I could put the length and breadth of the world betwixt you and him."

Hope did not seem to hear. She made no answer. Her face was hidden in her boy's flaxen curls.

"Come now, and have a bite and a sup," said Dorcas. "So long as we have bodies they must be taken care of."

She drew the table to the fire, dished the potatoes, poured the tea, and brought a mug of milk for Robin.

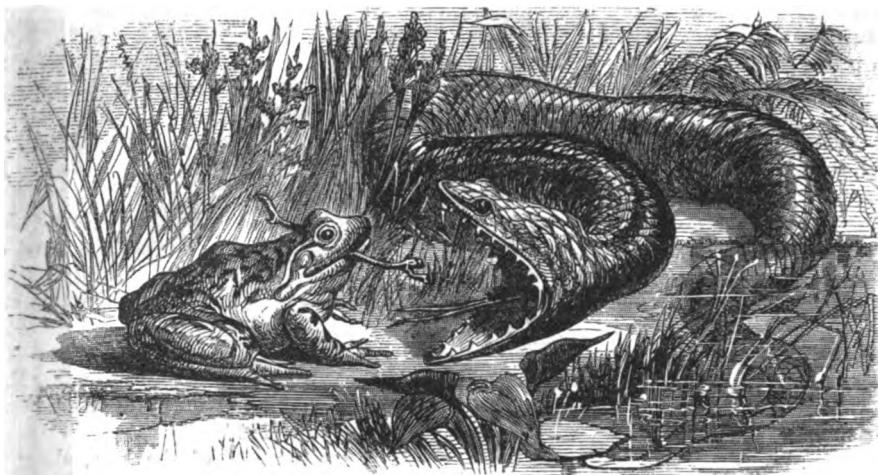
"Give me the child," she said, holding out her arms for him; "thank the Lord, nothing can spoil *his* appetite. I saw you, Hope, when you went to church with Silas North, and a handsome couple you were that day, and Otto Dudley stood in the church porch, and threw roses under your feet as you passed out—a bride—and his face was smiling, and pale as ashes. Do you remember it? These three years I've marked how Silas has watched over and petted and indulged you, and I've said more than once to myself, 'That girl is *too* happy,' for you see there ain't happiness enough in this world to go round—some folks have to do without it altogether; and so, when I see one or two getting a deal more than their reasonable share, I tremble for 'em. They *are* pretty sure not to keep it a great while."

Hope flung up her clinched hands.

"If you have never had my happiness, Dorcas, neither have you had my sorrow."

The deformed woman—common, withered, old—stooped suddenly to lift Robin to her knee. She kissed his fair hair, solemnly.

"The young think none can suffer but themselves," she said—a strange, gray look falling on her face. "Do you see this crooked back, Hope? It was once as straight and handsome as yours. I had a lover, too—rich, well-born, young—one who could and who meant to make a lady of me, poor work-girl as I was. And I loved him—loved him better than my heart's blood; and my own happiness used to scare me in those days just as that of some other people scares me now—it was too good to be true. Well, one morning I made a misstep, fell from a loft, and went down through an open scuttle, and was taken up for dead. That fall made me what you see me now. My beauty went like morning-dew. And my rich, handsome lover? He done just what plenty of other men would—what could he want of a poor, scarred, ruined creature like me?—married another woman, lovelier than I ever was, and better born.



A FROG'S STRATEGY.—SEE PAGE 32.

And I, who thirty years ago was his plighted wife, take my bread now, in old age, from his hand, work at his looms for it from year's end to year's end."

Hope, sitting with hands clasped listlessly round her knees, looked up. "What?"

"Yes; it was John Dudley, the mill-owner

—the father of the man who came here to-night."

Not another word was spoken. Robin finished his supper, and, slipping from Dorcas's knee, ran to his beautiful mother to be made ready for bed. She took off his little garments silently, put on his white night-dress and rose up, he clinging to her neck.

"Good-night, Dorcas," she said, and, taking up her candle, with heavy, tearless eyes, she went off up the stairs.

"Five years!" groaned Dorcas, listening to the retreating footsteps of the girl. "She will be dead before the time is over."

Loud called the great bell of the factory on the following morning. In answer to it the operatives came pouring like a stream into the yard. Hope North walked with the others, and took her place at a loom in the weaving-room. At her right hand Dorcas Teale's misshapen figure moved about before the busy shuttles.

"You look ready to faint," said the woman, disapprovingly; "what is it—the noise, the smell of the oil, or the other hands staring at you? Don't mind them. You will hear them talking in the yard—don't listen."

Down the long room two figures advanced: one—a tall, florid old man, with a high-bred face and haughty bearing; the other—young, dark, thin of feature, supercilious of air. They came slowly by the looms, the murmur of their voices drowned in the noise of the shuttles.

Hope felt a hand touch her shoulder. She looked up into the face of the proud old mill-owner.

"I am glad to see you at your post," he said, kindly. "So long as you need work you will find it here."

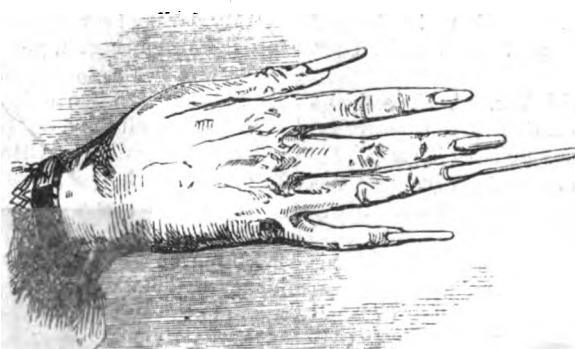
She bowed silently.

Otto Dudley gave her a long look, but said nothing.

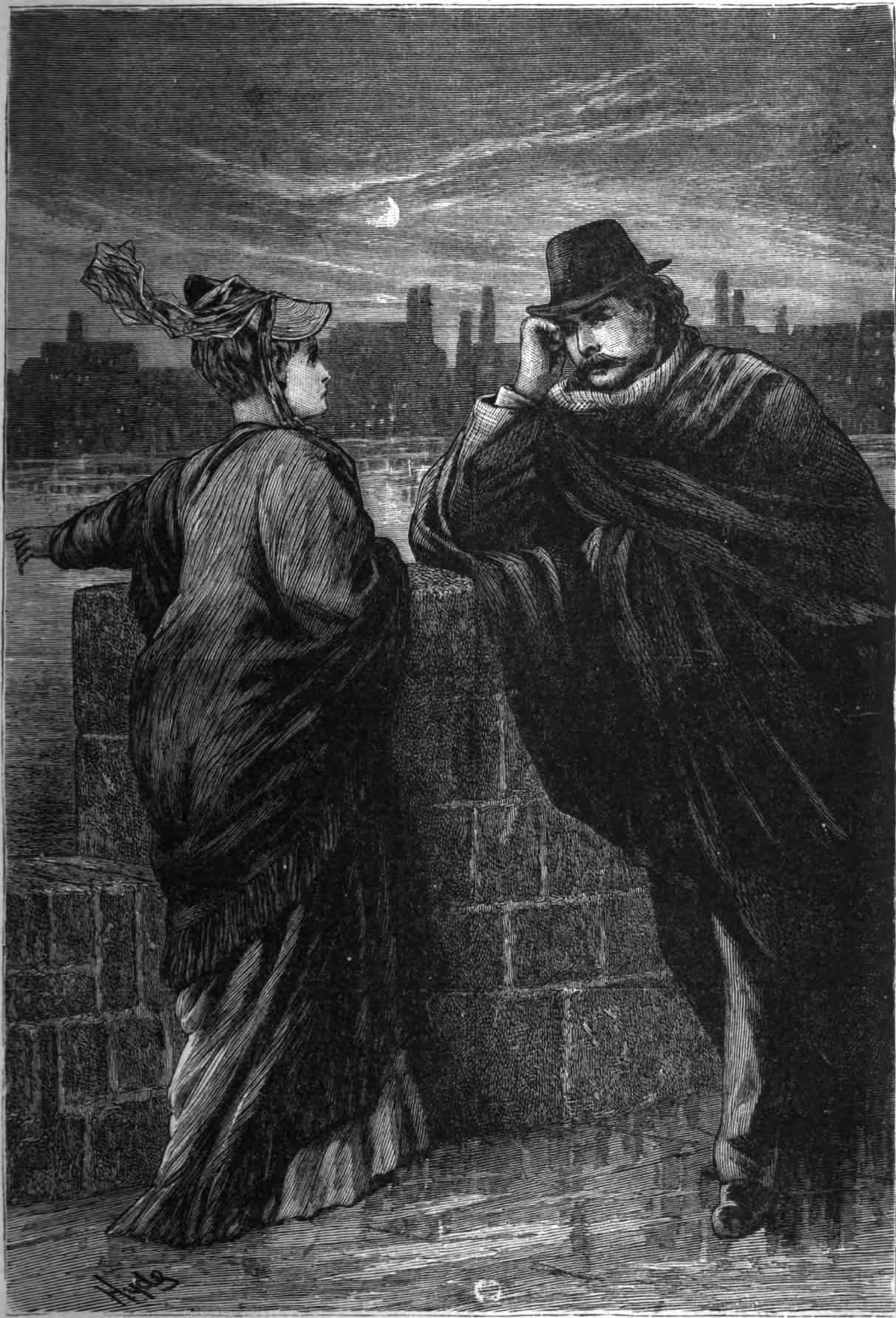
The two passed on by the misshapen figure of the woman at Hope's right hand, by the whirring looms, and disappeared together through a door beyond.

With a quickened breath Hope looked up at Dorcas. Back and forth, back and forth—her steady eyes upon the threads, her face as expressionless as stone—paced the deformed old creature.

Had she not seen him come and go thus before her eyes for years? Hope might have looked long before finding in that Spartan face a betrayal of anything like emotion.



CHINESE SURGEON-BARBER'S HAND.—SEE PAGE 32.



ONE NIGHT.—“I WOULD SOONER THROW MYSELF INTO THAT RIVER THAN WALK ANOTHER STEP WITH YOU,” SHE CRIED. “I FEEL ACCURSED
ALREADY IN LISTENING TO YOU—HONORABLE OR OTHERWISE, YOUR LOVE IS ABOMINABLE TO MY EARS. LEAVE ME!!”

VOL. I., No. 1—2.

She stood at her work all the interminable day—this hopeless Hope—with the roar of the machinery in her ears, with the garish light falling on her from a row of windows opposite, with the sharp glances of the other operatives piercing her like so many knives.

At the ringing of the six o'clock bell, she put on her bonnet and shawl, walked out with Dorcas through the crowd of men, women, and children, back through dirty, narrow alleys to the river-side cottage, and Robin.

Dorcus built a fire, dismissed the fourteen-year-old girl of a neighbor, who had been left in charge of the child, and prepared the supper. When it was over, Hope took her sturdy boy in her arms, and, sitting down on the sill of the low door, looked out across the fast darkening river.

The day had been a rare one, even for Indian Summer. A few stars were out already in the deep purple sky. Lights moved like floating fires in the moving current. The dead flowers of Dorcas's little garden sent up a damp, pleasant odor in their decay. With her head resting against the frame of the door, Hope sat silent, motionless. She wore a dress of solemn black. The rippling masses of her gold hair fell away on either side from her dimpled, babyish face. There was a purple tint of suffering round her eyes, and a tired droop to her languid red mouth.

She held the boy on her knee, her warm, white arms clasped fast around him. His face was upturned in wonder to hers.

"Papa has gone away," she was saying in answer to his questioning; "gone where Robbie will not see him again for a long time. Dead? No, no! God forbid, my blossom! only parted for a time from you and I. And we must remember him always, and pray for him, and love him now, as we never did before, darling!"

Some unaccountable impulse compelled her suddenly to lift her eyes. A few yards from her—tall, dark, devouring her with a singularly intense gaze—she saw a man standing in the mud and mire of the river-side street. It was Otto Dudley. He spoke no word—made no movement—even when he saw that she had discovered him, only stood there, with unwavering eyes fixed covetously upon her, till, rising swiftly, with a white, startled face, she took a step backward across the threshold, closed the cottage door, and drew the bolt across it.

Day after day, week after week passed. Whirr! whirr! sleeping and waking, Hope's brain was full of the noise of the great looms. Every morning she knelt by Robin's bed and prayed!

"Oh, God, give me back my husband! Let him no longer suffer for the guilt of another. Clear his innocent name of the shame which covers it. Pity him—pity me—pity our child."

And every night she knelt again and said:

"The day is done and still he is a despised felon, and still I am wretched. Give me patience till another night."

She was crossing the mill-yard one day with Dorcas, when Mr. Dudley descended the steps of the office, just opposite the door through which they passed. She ran toward him, breathlessly, snatched at his rich cloak, and peered up into his face.

"Surely you could help him, if you would," she gasped; "will you not? How long must he suffer for a crime which he never committed?"

The mill-owner looked down in amazement on the young operative.

"My poor girl, how can I help him?" he answered. "He was fairly tried in a court of justice, what more would you have?"

She held him fast. Her thin nostrils expanded.

"Justice! Great God! How can you so abuse the world?"

But, even now, if you would but intercede for him, as you ought—as, before Heaven, you *ought*; for he never forged the check—he is bearing the guilt of another—he might be saved."

He drew his cloak from her hand, and smiled down half in pity, half in incredulity, upon her.

"Poor child! there is nothing that I can do—nothing. I hope you are satisfied with your work in the mill. Believe me, I feel for you—would help you more, if possible; but as it is, good-day."

He bowed to her like the high-bred gentleman he was, and departed straightway from the yard. Dorcas Teale seized her arm.

"Foolish girl to appeal to a rock like that! As if he would help you, even if he could! Somebody forged the check—do you think it makes such a great difference to him who suffers for it? What is the common herd of his work-people to him? I know him better than you do. I have known him longer. Now, come home."

She suffered Dorcas to draw her out into the muddy street, and along the river-side. The sad, dejected day was dead in the west.

A biting wind blew through the alleys. As they approached the cottage, Hope stopped.

"I cannot go in now," she said, feverishly. "I must walk on—down the river—somewhere! I should suffocate in there."

"Very well," answered Dorcas; "walk the pain out of your heart if you can," and she turned into the cottage.

Hope saw the door close on her. Then started off alone down the empty street. She walked as if trying to escape from herself. Her head was bent, her arms hung listlessly at her side. Her face was as wan as the dead day.

She left the vicinity of the mills, and passing on to the better portion of the town came, at last, to a pretty white cottage, glimmering among the grey bales of leafless trees, with the sign "To Let," placed conspicuously on its door.

To this house Silas North had brought her, three years before, a bride. Perhaps she found some sort of poor comfort in seeing that it still stood empty—that no other heart had found happiness in her forsaken nest.

She stood for a long time leaning on the gate, looking over into the garden plots which she had once tended, to the little porch where Silas used to sit with her on balmy Summer nights.

The neighborhood was a secluded one. No sign of life was visible anywhere around.

Hope, standing by the grave of her dead happiness, saw the night fall, and darkness gather, and a round white moon rise from the blue east and cast a track of silver light across the river. Suddenly a step falling near by among the rustling dead things of the road, shattered the spell which bound her.

She turned and saw by her side, with his cloak waving back from his broad shoulders, and the moonlight falling on his dark face, Otto Dudley.

"I knew where to find you," he said, making a quick gesture. You will get your death standing here in the damp and chill. Come back to Dorcas Teale's cottage—I have something to say to you."

She was too startled and bewildered to make any resistance as he drew her hand through his arm. He turned her from the gate.

"Why do you come here at all, Hope?" he said, through his teeth. "As God hears me, you can do better. Yes, I will say it—do better than to cling to that felon, to martyrize yourself for him in the way you are now doing. No man was ever worth such devotion, Hope—surely not a low-bred boor like Silas North."

She started back—cast the tangled shadow of yellow hair from her face—stared blankly at him for a moment with her great skittish, brown eyes.

"Will you be so good as to leave me, Mr. Dudley?" she said, in a low, firm voice. "I have not asked your advice, nor yet your opinion of my husband. Go your own way, and leave me to mine."

His eyes flashed.

"By Heaven, Hope, that is just what I cannot do! Do you remember the day when you chose that fellow to a gentleman's son—gave me the only refusal I ever received from woman's lips. That is why I take it so much to heart, perhaps. It is the nature of man to covet that which is refused him. I loved you that day, Hope—I love you still—madly, passionately!"

She grew red with shame, then pale with anger.

"How dare you say this to me?" she cried; "to me—Silas North's wife?"

"Were you ten times his wife I would speak!" he answered, boldly; and there was a look on his dark, thin face which drove the blood from her cheek to her heart. "Nothing shall keep me silent longer. I have watched you at your work in the mill till it seemed as if I must snatch you then and there, and fly with you to the world's end. Hope, you are desolate, but I love you! You are friendless—no! for I am your friend, your lover, your slave. My love for you to-night is a thousand times deeper than it ever was before. Come to me—hide in me from all the troubles that assail you. It is monstrous for anything so young, so beautiful, to suffer. Now that all the world has deserted you, now that you are left alone, can you afford, for the second time, to cast away such love as mine?"

They were walking now by the river. Black and sullen it rolled under the light of the large white moon. Hope then stopped.

"If there was one thing needed to complete my misery," she said, slowly, "I have surely found it now. Your love, which even three years ago I despised from my heart, I trample, as I would fain trample you, if I could—under my feet!"

He looked at her in her fierce anger, not abashed, not defeated, only smiling, as if at her weakness and his own power.

"Little Puritan, I expected as much, and I may say, also, that I love you no whit the less for it. But the passion I offer you is what the world calls an honorable one. You can easily be freed from Silas North now—his crime will free you. Then, as God hears me, I will make you my wife. You shall forget in my arms all that has passed. I have been a devil for the last three years—now take and make of me a saint. Somewhere abroad we will begin a new life of love—of luxury—the life you were born for, Hope. Good God! how I love you! What spell have you laid on me to bring me thus to your feet?"

The white terror in her face grew steadily with his words.

"I would sooner throw myself into that river than walk another step with you," she cried. "I feel accursed already in listening to you. Honorable or otherwise, your love is abominable to my ears. Even were Silas North the criminal that you and yours have called him, I would rather die with him in all his shame and poverty than live to share a throne with you. Leave me!"

His face, flushed a moment before with passion, now whitened visibly.

"You talk boldly. Who would dream that a little Hebe like you had so much spirit? Foolish Hope! Can neither your own interest, nor pity for me, move you? Faith, not every woman would be thus callous to the pleadings of an

impassioned lover! Good-night, then—good-night—since you will have it so."

He snatched her hands before she was aware, and covered them with hot kisses: he made as if he would do the same with her soft body, but recoiled before the look in her eyes.

With a cry, Silas North's wife turned from that bad, dark face—from the moonlight gleam of the river, and fled along the muddy street—away, away, as if fiends pursued her—as one did, in heart—away to Dorcas Teale's cottage, hiding among the smoky lanes of the factory precincts.

She did not mention the matter to Dorcas. A day or two after, as she watched her noisy shuttles side by side with her deformed neighbor, the mill-owner entered the weaving-room, and, passing near, paused for a moment to look at her work. He drew from his pocket a slip of soiled paper.

"I was requested to give you this, Mrs. North," a well-bred surprise showing in his proud face; "I trust you will find it of pleasant import."

She took the slip mechanically. He walked on. Hope opened the paper, and read scrawled upon it, in an unsteady hand, the following words:

"If Mrs. North will come down to the tavern to-night at nine o'clock, she'll find a person there who knows more about the Dudley forgery business than any other man living."

No signature. With quickened breath, Hope turned to look after the mill-owner. He had already left the weaving-room.

"Dorcas!" She thrust the slip into her neighbor's hand. Her brown eyes shone with a faint, half-kindled hope. "What can it mean?"

"Go and see," answered Dorcas, and went on with her work.

A man who really knew about the forgery—that is, who could bear witness to Silas's innocence, for the two things were synonymous in Hope's eyes. Go? Surely. She looked across to the mill-windows. The Winter afternoon was already waning. It was storming violently, also. The whole prospect of river and low-lying town was blotted out in clouds of rain. Thank God, the night was near at hand!

Never did a sweeter sound fill her ears than the strokes of the great bell which released her. She put on her hat and shawl with eager hands, and hurried after Dorcas out of the mill-yard into the wild, wind-swept street.

"The tavern is up at the head of the bridge—a long walk for you on such a night," said Dorcas.

Hope laughed out wildly, wringing the wet from her hair as they entered the little black cottage.

"As if distance would keep me, or rain, or wind, or anything in the world!" she cried.

"It is very odd. I am afraid, after all, that some of the mill-hands are playing a trick on you. They will do it quick enough, no doubt."

"Can I do less than go and see? Stay here with Robbie. I will come back as soon as possible."

The storm, blowing directly from the northeast, grew and grew in violence as the evening advanced.

"Don't go, Hope," Dorcas still grumbled.

She might as well have talked to the wind. As nine o'clock struck from the steeples, Hope kissed her sleeping boy, and, stepping out into the night, set her face toward the tavern far up at the head of the bridge.

The walk was a long and lonely one. The wind blew a gale, beating and buffeting like a ruffian the small, patient figure which toiled along the wet and dubious road. Everybody had retreated in-doors. The noisy operatives, to whom evening meant freedom and license, had, for once, deserted the storm-swept streets. The lights, which twinkled here and there from curtained windows, and glimmered in deep gutters and wayside pools, alone guided Hope—they and the

steadfast love which filled and warmed her heart.

Half-way betwixt the upper and lower towns—dividing them, as it were, stretched the bridge. At its head the tavern stood, looking unusually dark and silent upon this night.

Struggling along through the wind and rain, Hope approached it in some trepidation. The river roared angrily in her ears. She was pressing past the bridge, where the rain beat harder, and the darkness seemed thicker than elsewhere, when she heard, over the noise of the storm, a stamping, as of the feet of restive horses, and then a voice, altogether unfamiliar, called out close to her ear: "Is it you, ma'am?"

Hope stopped. By the side of the miry road she saw a large, dark object—a carriage, evidently, with horses attached. At the same moment, a man advanced toward her through the darkness.

"Are you the lady as got the letter?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"Yes," answered Hope, checking a sudden impulse to turn and fly. "Who are you? What do you want of me?"

He came close up to her—a fiery breath, full of the fumes of liquor, was wafted across her face. He did not speak, but, seizing her silently in a pair of strong arms, lifted her off her feet. A handkerchief, reeking with some deadly, sickening odor, was pressed to her nostrils. Her brain reeled. She struggled wildly for a moment, then, fainting—dying, as it seemed—fell back, and knew no more.

When her senses returned, Hope North found herself lying on the soft cushions of a carriage, rolling rapidly along a rough road.

* * * * *

She opened her eyes upon total darkness. For a moment she lay, trying to realize her predicament, then leaped to her feet with a scream.

"Hope!"

The voice came from the opposite seat. As she stretched out her hand, searching for the carriage door, another hand caught and held it fast.

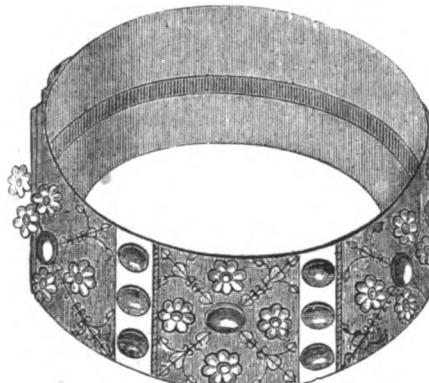
"Hope!" Horror! It was the voice of Otto Dudley.

"Be quiet! It will do no good to make an uproar here. We are on a byway where there are no dwellings. Do not force me to use the chloroform again, but sit down and listen to me."

Faint and sick she fell back in her seat.

"It was I who wrote the note," he continued, his voice full of cruel, exultant passion, "and begged my father to deliver it. He did so, ignorant alike of the writer and his plans. I was sure you would fall into a trap like that. Hope, I intreat you to be calm."

Shriek after shriek broke from her lips. Frantic with terror,



THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY.—SEE PAGE 38.

she struggled to rise, but he held her fast.

"Do not be frightened, you shall not be harmed. Loving you as I do, how could I harm you, Hope?"

"What would you do? Where are you taking me?" she cried.

"I would bring you to your senses," he answered—"save you from the dreary future you have marked out for yourself. I am taking you to a hermitage of my own out here among the quarries. Should the gossips track you to it—and I shall take good care that they do—you will never dare go back to the world till you have sued for your divorce from Silas North—till you have taken shelter beneath my name."

She slipped down to the floor of the carriage, clasping his knees in her frantic arms.

"No! no! For the love of God, no! My child! my child! He will die without me—I shall die parted from him. Mercy—for his sake! Stop the carriage—let me go back! I pray God—I pray Him from my heart—to curse you if you do this thing."

He leaned over her, kissed with passionate eagerness her white, writhing face,

"Let us go now? Impossible. I fear I am a trifle hard-hearted, since I cannot feel the least pity either for Silas North or his child. What was that low-bred boor, that he should step betwixt me and the woman I loved—that he should snatch from me the thing I most coveted? But I have had my revenge. Absurd, child! Spare your breath; you do not know for what you plead. I will yet make you happier than you ever dreamed of being. You must—you shall love me, Hope! Why struggle longer against it? 'Tis written in your fate."

She flung herself back into the farthest corner of the carriage.

"My child! my child!"

"Hush! We shall soon reach our destination; I can talk better with you there, my dear, unreasonable girl."

She sat like a statue. Her hands lay clinched on her lap. Her face was wild and white, but in the darkness he could not see this.

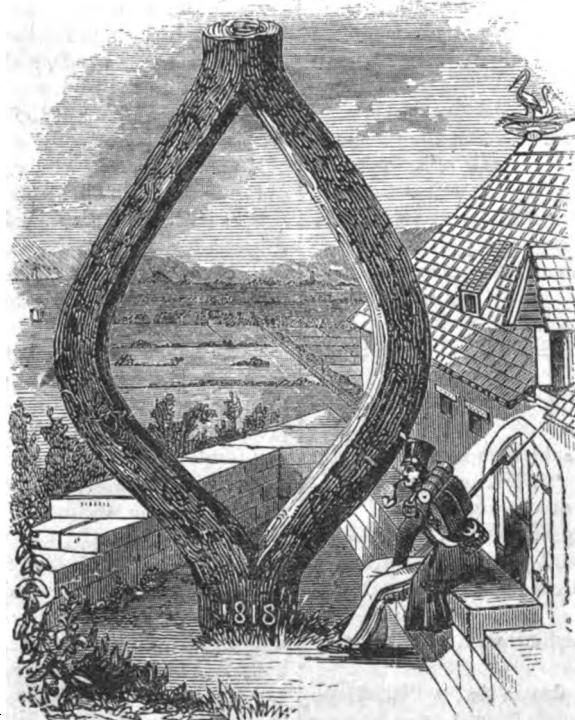
Away, away! How the wheels flew over the rough road! How the storm raved and roared around them! It was a fitting night, indeed, for the atrocious deed which Otto Dudley had planned. He raised the window to call passionately to his driver:

"Faster! What the devil ails you? We do not move."

"Yes, yes," came in answer from the box.

Dudley fell back in a corner, and drew his cloak around him.

On, on! They came to a tall hill where a tall derrick rose like a mast in the thick air. The carriage wheels bumped



CURIOS OAK TREE AT BADEN-BADEN.—SEE PAGE 38.

violently against blocks of granite lying, bleached and gleaming, along the way.

"We are ten miles distant from the river," said Dudley, exultingly ; "the Hermitage is close before us. It stands quite alone, as I have told you ; our only neighbors are the quarrymen, who hold no communication with their betters. You will be as secure here as your husband behind his bars. Talk of Heaven, Hope ! Has it not prospered me rarely ?"

His wicked eyes gleamed in the darkness ; his wicked arms were outstretched to clasp her ; his wicked face leaned low to touch her own. Then there was a sudden swerve, a cry, a horrible, dizzy, reeling backward and forward, as on some steep brink.

"God, have mercy !" she heard a voice from without shriek.

Then followed a fall, a terrific shock. She seemed hurled through endless space. The roar of oceans filled her ears. Heaven and earth crashed together, and—that was all.

The rain falling, the wind blowing on her face, aroused her at last. She raised herself from what seemed to be a mass of débris. At the bottom of a quarry lay the shattered carriage, its horses dead in the harness. Under the door, wrenched from the hinges and half covered with water, the body of a man was pinned, black and long, to the earth.

Hope, extricating herself as best she could from the ruin, bruised and terribly shaken, but not otherwise harmed, went over to this body, and bent over it. Dark as the night was, she recognized her abductor, Otto Dudley.

Under the pouring sky she looked around for the driver, whose drunken recklessness, further increased by his master's urgency, had brought the mischief.

Even as she did so, the red spark of a lantern glimmered along the hill. She heard voices approaching and footsteps. She heard, also, a faint moan from the man lying there in the water at her feet. Deeply as he had wronged her, her woman's heart thrilled. She leaned over him a second time, and with her two slim hands, pulled him out from beneath the shattered carriage.

"Are you hurt ?" she faltered.

"Yes, yes," he answered, and raised his hand to his breast, struggled to rise up, but sank again unconscious.

The lantern-light drew nearer. The now sober and frightened driver advanced out of the darkness, followed by half a dozen quarrymen brought from the nearest cottages.

They lifted Dudley from the mud and water, and carried him to a sheltered place by the roadside.

"I'm beat if I expected to see either of you alive," said the driver. "A leap, when I found the carriage going, was all that saved me. By the Lord, I believe he is dying !"

Hope North knelt by Dudley's side. The light of the lantern fell on them both. He was conscious. As his wild gaze wandered to her face, he raised himself up.

"Hope," he gasped, "what was it I told you in that false note ? That you should hear about the forgery ? You shall—you shall, though, God knows, when I wrote the words I meant nothing but a treacherous lie."

A few drops of blood from some internal hemorrhage, welled over his lips. He sank back exhausted.

Pale and disheartened she leaned down to him.

"Otto Dudley ! you know the truth then ? Speak, and I will forgive you all that you have done this night."

He flung up his arms.

"I cannot breathe. Give me air. Raise my head to your breast, Hope."

She obeyed. He seemed to struggle for a moment with the enemy whose hand was on him. Then from his bruised and bleeding chest his voice broke strong and resolute :

"It was I, and not Silas North, who forged my father's name to that accursed check," he cried ; "do you hear—all of you ? I—I who cleverly imitated the superintendent's hand, wrote that other duplicate check found in his desk on the night of his arrest—put there by me to damn him with its false evidence. He is innocent—hear me ! I swear it, dying—innocent ! I planned his ruin, Hope, partly in revenge, partly to shield myself. I had a two-fold purpose, for I needed the money, and hated him. Did I tell you that



A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN THE FOREST OF BAVARIA.—SEE PAGE 38.

Heaven had prospered me? I ought to have said Hell, instead!"

A shriek broke from her lips.

"You—you!" she cried, wringing her hands; "is it possible I hear aright? Oh, you must not—shall not die till you have established his innocence. Live, live! For your soul's sake, make him some reparation!"

A groan escaped his lips.

"Write down what I have said," he answered, feebly; "these men will bear witness to my signature, and to what they have heard to-night. But hasten, for love of Heaven! I can last but a few moments."

They carried him to the nearest cottage. Pen and paper were produced, and Hope, with a trembling hand, took word by word from his lips—the dying man's confession.

A messenger had been dispatched for a surgeon, but long before his arrival, Otto Dudley raised himself on his pillow—turned upon Hope his dark, despairing eyes.

"Do you forgive me now?" he murmured.

"I do—I do!" she answered.

His hand pressed hers—then fell powerless. His head sank on the pillow. The light of the cottage candle wavered across his ghastly face. Hope bent over him. He was dead!

A week after, Silas North, with his calm face and resolute manner, walked quietly into the factory, and took his place again at the superintendent's desk. Not in his old character of servant, though, for John Dudley, aged and broken with shame and remorse and grief unutterable, had that day made him a partner in the business of the great mills.

"God be praised for this hour!" said Dorcas Teale, softly, as from her loom in the noisy weaving-room she saw him pass by.

CURIOS OAK-TREE AT BADEN-BADEN.

THE outline sketch on page 36 may interest arboriculturists and foresters. It represents two branches of an oak-tree, which, reuniting above, again forms one single trunk, as undivided and complete as at the base. Nature, and not art, has produced this junction. The tree was, for the first time, observed, in 1818, by woodcutters in the Kaiserswald (now Mahlbergwald), Grand Duchy of Baden. Being considered a great curiosity, this portion of the tree was cut off and fixed in a part of the grounds surrounding Mahlberg Schloss, a late residence of the Grand Ducal family, and built on the foundations of a Roman fortress.

The circumference of the trunk, where it was cut, is at present, after having been barked and smoothed by the axe, four feet six inches; its height above ground is eight feet nine inches, and the width of the space between the branches four feet nine inches.

Between the branches is seen the village of Orschweier; beyond are the vinebearing hills of the Kaiserstahl; and more distant still, on the right, the mountains of the Vosges in France; the Rhine flowing between these two ranges.

THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY.

THE Iron Crown of Italy is composed of a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. The jewels and embossed gold exhibit a very close resemblance to the workmanship of an enamelled gold ornament, inscribed with the name of Alfred the Great, which was found in the island of Athelney, in Somersetshire, about the close of the seventeenth century, and is now carefully preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, England.

The portion of the crown, however, which is of the greatest traditional interest, is a narrow band of iron, about

three-eighths of an inch broad, and one-tenth of an inch in thickness, attached to the inner circumference of the circle. This iron band, according to legendary report, was made out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, given by the Empress Helena—who was said to be the discoverer of the Cross—to her son Constantine, as a miraculous protection from the dangers of the battle-field.

The priests who exhibit the crown, point out, as a permanent miracle, that there is not a single speck of rust upon the iron, although it has now been exposed more than fifteen hundred years! The earliest real historical notice of this crown is, that it was used at the coronation of Agilulfus, King of Normandy, in 591.

When the Emperor Napoleon I was crowned King of Italy, at Milan, May 23, 1805, he, with his own hands, placed the ancient iron crown of Lombardy on his own head, saying, "God has given it to me, let those beware who would touch it," thus assuming, as Sir. Walter Scott observes, the haughty motto attached to the crown by its early possessors.

A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN BAVARIA.



ATTERS of the chase are come to rather tame pass in our day. Daring has given place to dodging in this as in so many other things, and the cunning of the arm with the spear has become supplanted by the cunning of the eye with the rifle.

Thanks to the genius of a Snyder, we can more than imagine the boar hunt of former times, otherwise the powers of fancy might have stretched in vain from our present mode of giving such a brute the quietus to that period when, in his gnashing fury, a course was rent through besetting assailants, or a breathing-space secured by strewing the ground with their mangled bodies.

Let us start, then, at Aschaffenberg—the Fontainebleau of his Bavarian Majesty—and even speak of the warning injunctions our Frankfort host gave about the great forest that lay in our way.

On we went, and at last—oh, welcome sound!—the barking of a dog proclaimed man's dwelling-place, and then the glimmering of a light created quite a glow of satisfaction within me. It was the half-way inn of which I had been told, and for which I had been looking out most longingly.

In the morning I found the party reinforced, and some large hounds made their appearance in coupling-chains, whilst schnapps was going the rounds, and, the better to enlist the stalwart hounds, I directed an additional round to be served out on my account.

Many roguish, rough-looking attendants were also lounging about and sipping the early dram; for, though not of a very gentle order themselves, these Jägers formed a class of superiors, as the doffed hat and abashed look of these their serving-men plainly told. The dress of this Jäger corps, though varying in some instances, was of dark-gray, faced with green, tunic form, and caught in at the waist with a girdle, from which hung the trenchant *couteau de chasse*. Most of them wore small felt hats of dark-green, fitting closely, and with a tuft of black feathers in the band. Some had whistles made of the boar's tusk, and I observed one with a boar's sconce in brass on his shoulders, from which distinction I set him down as a sort of head-keeper or lieutenant of the force. But what struck me most in this really fine body of rangers was the enormous mustache nearly every one exhibited.

The chief Nimrod made his appearance at a point about an hour's walk off, where there was a large ring of lofty beeches, with such a gateway as, no doubt, led to some woodland château. His party mustered about half a dozen, and, though I could see they were all men of rank, there was nothing that denoted style or superiority.

There was a score of good rifles at least, besides a respectable contingent of muskets, and, as nearly all carried the *couteau de classe* as well, I thought the turnout must have little in it, or the boar be, of a truth, a very curious customer, if we came to grief.

After a short chat, and a cursory survey of arms and appliances, the force broke up into detachments, and certain instructions were given to each petty leader as they moved off one after the other for their respective beats, or, as I concluded, to form so many segments in the great starting circle. Each party also took off its contingent of followers, and, my eye being on my old friend, he beckoned me as his own particular recruit, and I fell in and followed a portion of his company. I began, however, to review the matter in my own mind *de nouveau*; and, certes, the chance of an awkward rip did not appear quite so remote, under this detailed order of movement, as if it had been *en gros*.

But I was now in for it, and, "being in," you know what Shakespeare says about getting out, though, as guidance for others, I would just here recommend a traveler to keep his onward path, and not volunteer into strange service, or get into positions which may lead either to danger or difficulty.

The mast and dead leaves became drifted into such dells and hollows as the ground offered, and, with a crisp covering of snow, we very soon found ourselves ploughing our own path knee-deep, and with a gentle intimation that the animals might turn up at any moment.

Indeed, my own especial corporal gave me a nod to this effect, and was just adding, "Now we hit on something," when a sonorous "Guff!" that would have startled the seven sleepers, broke on my ear, and beneath a kick-up of leaves and snow I beheld a snout and grizzly mane, cutting along at a furious rate in the foreground. "Bang!" went my old friend's rifle. "Guff! guff!" A bang left and another right were followed by a loud "Guffee!" and, in the next minute, one of the Jägers was drawing the dead animal our way, with a short bit of stick passed through the snout, and a trail of blood in the rear. It was a sow of about two years old, with but little of the formidable, and not much of anything else that I could see save bristles and a loose, flabby carcass—hideous, however, withal—and such a strange disproportion of head, and so malignant the grin even in death, that it hardly looked like any earthly creature.

They are of a dingy iron-gray, these wild swine, inclining to rust-color about the belly and the inner side of the legs, but there is a pricking up of the bridge of the snout caused by the tusks, which gives them a most diabolical expression of ferocity, and their coating stands out sharp as wire, and shows shaggy as they lie upon the snow.

We now heard the rifles cracking away in more than one direction, so that the forest forces were beginning to concentrate; and, from a little variation in the "guff" notes, the grunters were evidently becoming alive to their position, and whatever the other parties to these presents might feel, I, on my own part and behalf, began to entertain certain feelings of anxiety about the probable upshot of these boorish battle-notes when the full herd got into grand chorus, and were driven to a last desperate stand. Nor was my concern any less for the assurance that we had two or three first-rate boars in the circle, and might look forward to a smart battue.

The plot was certainly thickening, and its *dénouement* not far off, since the converging powers were making their progress

distinctly audible, and the lesser fauna began to squib about in our front as though the ends of the earth were coming together.

There appeared also a blank in the circle, one segment short of the round, but I could hear its approach; and, from a show of activity in that quarter, the leading actors were doubtless about to make their *début* there. And so it proved, and so the ring became complete, the entire force presenting about fifty men armed, who took up ground at about the same number of paces from each other, whilst attendants, followers, and a few straggling fools like myself might count a hundred. These showed front in the rear, and between the intervals; though, for my part, I made up my mind to show no front at all if it came to anything serious, since, with my equipment, I might as well maintain front before Beelzebub with a bulrush in my hand. Most of the other secondaries bore some sort of weapon, and one near me held an axe over his shoulder, and was evidently a woodman.

I had from my very boyhood a horror, and I may say a mortal fear, of the whole hog species, and would at any time sooner confront a lion or tiger than a savage boar of even the ordinary kind; and yet, here was I forming a stop-gap before a whole herd of the wildest and most ferocious class.

Preparatory to action there was, of course, a round of schnapps—nothing in the way of venture being done in Germany without this whet—and though I came quite unprovided, my old friend was true to me in my extremity, and never came a whet of *Kimmel* more timely to my lips. He moreover took the opportunity of giving me a little final instruction, and pointedly dwelt on the worst, by saying:

"Now mind you bear to my left if there be any dash through on the right, and the reverse, you understand, if menaced from the opposite side;" an injunction which I promised strictly to obey, and, involving the precise line of conduct I had already hit on in my own mind, he might assuredly count on its most scrupulous fulfillment.

But a short bugle-call from headquarters ended our debate, and this was followed by a *laissez-aller* of some half a dozen dogs that went off, all eye, ear, and protruding tongue, right into the cover-plot. Some of the Jägers, and no doubt such as constituted the best shots, stepped out of the circle a few paces in advance at that same time.

Old Zieten, with his fierce hussar attendant, could not have issued from the wood more suddenly than a huge boar, with his bristly staff, now did from the cover into which the eager hounds had dashed. Nor could any of your boasted generals cast a more knowing glance, or present a more defiant mien, than this porcine chief did, as, with mane erect, the circling foe was surveyed, and then, with a clashing of tusks only to be remembered with a shudder, on he came.

I have no clear recollection as to what immediately followed, but perfectly remembered how those eyes of fire bore point-blank towards me, and what a rattle of rifles, din of shouts, dog yells, and indescribable sounds burst forth at the very moment I made for my fugleman's support, and in my flurry tumbled over that tree-stump, and became immersed in a snow-drift. This served so to complete my bewilderment that, although unmistakable splashings of the brute's very foam and blood were on my shoes when I got up, I could not for my life say in which direction or how he passed me; but, as there was an impression that I had actually been under dental treatment, I felt down both my sides, and examined both legs, inside as well as out, for the satisfaction of those who pressed about me, as well as to clear the matter in my own mind, for, without feeling hurt, they made me fancy that I must have had a slight rip somewhere.

A drop more "*kimmel*" accomplished the rest, and, as the battue was pretty well over, I went to the spot where this fearful monster lay stretched on the frozen ground, with



MARAT DECLAIMING IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

blood oozing from some half-dozen bullet-holes and a gash in the throat, from which the last of the fierce tide of life was slowly ebbing.

The woodman with his axe must have been equally taken aback, for, in place of striking at the right moment, he never struck at all, but flung his formidable weapon after his flying foe, and for aught it had done he might have flung it aside altogether. I heard this as they were laughing at him ; whilst I, whose performance had been most laughable of all, seemed to stand well in general estimation as one who had

been simply knocked over by the boar, and escaped his tusk miraculously.

They counted eighteen head, two boars of the first order, which were to be dispatched forthwith to King Ludwig at Munich ; three of the second class, four sows, and the rest young fry under six months old.

The main trophy was the very brute that had figured as commander-in-chief and led the charge so desperately in the direction I occupied, and certainly as he there lay dapppling his snowy resting-place with blood, a more hideous or a more

fiend-like object never met my eyes. The head, from snout to ear-point, could not have been much under two feet in length, and in one of the ears was a bullet-hole of long standing to settle the point of his being an old campaigner. Indeed the forest *frères* recognized him as a former acquaintance, who had run the gauntlet, and probably expected to do so here again; but wiser heads get wrong in their calculations, and men fall under them as well as hogs. For the rest, the large main bristles were nearly eight inches long, tusks about seven, and his hoofs almost as strong as a donkey's. Yet there was nothing like the fleshy character of the hog race as we know it, and, with ample framework for sustaining a quarter of a ton, I very much doubt if the entire weight of this fine specimen of the wild hog reached two hundred pounds.

MARAT.

"The Delirium of the Revolution."

In stature short, big-boned, but emaciated by disease; high cheek-bones, deeply-set yet prominent eyes, bold and insolent in expression but shrinking cat-like from daylight; a cavernous mouth, twisted by a perpetual sneer, short broad nose, with expanded nostrils, that seemed forever sniffing, hyena-like, for blood; a livid skin marked with leprous-like blotches; hair cut short over a low re-

ceding forehead, worn long behind and tied with a leather thong. Dirty shirt, open at the breast, exposing the cadaverous chest; cotton-velvet trousers, stained with ink, and rolled up at the bottoms; blue worsted stockings; workman's boots, the soles studded with nails; a filthy rag tied round the head. Such is the portrait of Marat.

France is spared the disgrace of numbering this ghoul among her sons. Jean Paul Marat was born at Neuchâtel in 1744. Of his parentage, or of his early life, but little has been bequeathed to history. Here is his own account, extracted from one of the numbers of *L'Ami du Peuple*:

"Born with a sensitive heart, a fiery imagination, a frank and impetuous character, a right mind, a heart that drank in all exalted passions, especially the love of glory, brought up in my father's house with the tenderest care, I arrived at manhood without ever having abandoned myself to the fury of my passions.

"I owed to nature the stamp of my disposition, but it is to my mother I owe the development of my character. She it was who implanted in my heart love of justice and humanity. All the alms she bestowed upon the poor passed through my hands. At eight years old I could not bear the sight of any ill-treatment exercised towards my fellow-creatures, and the sight of cruelty or injustice excited my anger as though it had been a personal outrage.

"In early youth my health was bad; I never knew the pleasures and games of boyhood. Tractable and studious,



MARAT BORNE IN TRIUMPH BY THE POPULACE.

my masters could do anything with me by kindness. I was never punished but once ; I was then eleven years old ; I was shut up in my room ; the punishment was unjust—I jumped out of the window into the street.

"At this age the love of glory was my principal passion. At five, I should have chosen to be a schoolmaster ; at fifteen, a professor ; at eighteen, an author ; at twenty, a creative genius ; as I now am ambitious of the glory of immolating myself for my country. . . . I wrote eight volumes of metaphysics, twenty of physical science. . . . The quacks of the Corps Scientifique, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Laplace, Lalande, Monge, and Lavoisier wish to be alone, and I could not even pronounce the titles of my works. *During five years I groaned beneath this cowardly oppression.* When the Revolution was announced by the convocation of the States-General I soon perceived whither things were tending ; and I began to entertain the hope of at length beholding humanity avenged, in aiding to burst her fetters, *and of mounting to my right place.*"

Could this man ever have possessed a sensitive heart, a love of humanity, a horror of cruelty ? Could he ever have been a docile child fondled by a mother ? Yet even in these confessions we can trace how the hopeful child developed into the monstrous man. The restless fever of mind creating a burning thirst for fame, now in one thing, now in another, ultimately in all. Then came a life of wandering through Switzerland, England, and France ; now an author, now an empiric vending an universal medicine, then a stable doctor. Feeble in health, of mediocre abilities, yet with a profound belief in the greatness of his talents, ever pursuing the phantom of glory, never approaching it ; eternal disappointment and thwarted hopes fretting the acrid humors of a bilious temperament. At forty every better feeling of his nature was absorbed by its gall. Every being richer or more fortunate than himself was, to his jaundiced vision, leagued to crush him. Envy and the bruises inflicted upon intense vanity engendered a monomania of hatred against all aristocracy of wealth or intellect, against every human being who could pretend to the shadow of superiority over himself.

The two most sanguinary leaders of the Revolution were martyrs to bile. What if their crimes were due rather to the humors of the stomach than to the humors of the brain ? What a satire it would be upon psychology !

At forty years of age he was a veterinary surgeon to the Comte d'Artois. Five years afterward the Revolution burst forth. Into this he threw himself at once with the fury of a wild beast. *L'Ami du Peuple* appeared, preaching its crusade of blood. After the unhappy affair of the Champ de Mars, when Lafayette fired upon the people, he sent forth the first yell for massacre. *L'Ami du Peuple* demanded two hundred and sixty thousand heads ! Lafayette, and other members of the Assembly, demanded his arrest, and he was compelled to fly. Then commenced a life of concealment. At one time hidden by Legendre, the butcher, in a cave ; at another hidden by Danton in the subterraneous cells of the convent of the Cordeliers. Forth from these tiger dens issued fierce pamphlets, denouncing king, queen, aristocracy, generals, officers, ministers, priests, members of the National Assembly—people of whom he had no knowledge, good or bad—clamoring for their indiscriminate slaughter.

After the arrest of the royal family and the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the 10th of August, he fearlessly emerged from his lair, and marched through the streets with a crown of laurel upon his head and a drawn sabre in his hand, amidst the acclamations of the mob. But again and again he sought those lairs at the first shadow of danger. In the damp and darkness of his subterraneous abodes he

had contracted the seeds of a hideous leprous-like disease. When he again appeared upon the upper earth he was scarcely recognizable, so frightful had he become !

A small chamber in the Rue St. Honoré was his future abode. His companion was a young and beautiful woman, the wife of his printer, who had abandoned all for this monster, whom she adored as the benefactor of the human race ! Here, except when absent at the Convention or the Jacobins, he was always to be found. On a table, within his reach, was a pair of loaded pistols—he lived in constant dread of assassination—around him piles of newspapers and pamphlets, letters, lists of proscriptions, and all the litter of an editor's office ; and, of all things in the world, a Bible usually lay open before him ! Yes, this man professed religion. He never spoke the name of Jesus Christ without reverentially bowing his head "The Revolution is in the Gospel," he used to say. "Nowhere is the cause of the people more energetically pleaded, or more maledictions heaped upon the heads of the rich and powerful of this world." In these things, to him, as to the Puritans and Covenanters of old, lay the charm of the Gospel. Strange, that the two most ruthless heroes of the Revolution, Marat and Robespierre, alone professed tenderness for human life in the abstract, and reverence for religion. Both wrote books to condemn capital punishment ; both wrote books to prove the immortality of the soul. Incredible as it may read, this man had a certain superstitious belief that his fury was the result of supernatural promptings—that he was an instrument in the hands of God.

Barbaroux, whose instructor he had once been in some branch of philosophy, visited him soon after the arrival of the Marseillaise in Paris. He afterwards reported to one of his colleagues the conversation that passed between them.

"Give me," cried Marat, "two hundred Neapolitans, armed with daggers, and I will raise the revolution through France. Anarchy cannot cease until two hundred thousand heads have fallen. . . Let all the moderatists, constitutionalists, and partisans of the foreigner be collected in the streets, and then slaughtered."

"But good patriots might fall in such an indiscriminative massacre," urged Barbaroux.

"What if ten such fall in every hundred ? Ninety traitors will have been destroyed. But cut down all those who possess carriages and servants and wear fine clothes, and you cannot be far wrong. The dagger is the only weapon suitable to the free man ; with that he can destroy his enemy at the corner of a street or in the midst of an army."

The king, the queen, the court were overthrown ; the rich were falling beneath the guillotine or flying from Paris, and yet the people still cried for bread. The misery increased daily. Gold and silver almost disappeared ; paper money called "assignats" took their places, with the usual results that attend an artificial currency—continued depreciation of value. Artisans who lived by the luxurious wants of the rich could get no employment. No person would invest capital, the fields were ill-cultivated, no new buildings were erected, trade was utterly prostrated, and provisions rose enormously in price. Now the aristocrats had grown scarce, *L'Ami du Peuple* fulminated its thunders against the bourgeoisie. "Pillage the shops ! hang the shopkeepers at their doors !" was its cry.

In vain did the moderate party endeavor to silence these appeals to assassins ; Marat had become the idol of the mob, the most powerful man of the Revolution. Boldly, to their faces, he demanded the heads of the Plainé and the Gironde. Appalled by his audacity, in sheer desperation, the members voted, by a large majority, that he should be cited before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The movement served only to secure him a further triumph. Crowds of the vilest off-

scourings of Paris filled the streets, shouting "*Vive l'ami du peuple! A bas les modérés!*" The assassins of September surrounded the building, pressed round the entrance, upon the stairs, into the assembly, brandishing their knives and howling down his accusers. In this free republican court of justice but one side must be heard—the popular one.

The accusers tremble for their lives, and—*honorably* acquit him of all charges! His friends raise him upon their shoulders, crown him with garlands of oak, form a procession, and with howls of rejoicing bear him through the streets. The citizens, terror-stricken, close their shops and shut themselves up in their houses. To proclaim their contempt for constituted authority, the mob carry him to the Convention and place him in the tribune; all the Girondists rise and leave the hall, to express their disapprobation of the proceedings. After uttering an inflammatory speech he is borne to the Jacobins. His reception is tremendous, they rise *en masse*, cheering until the gloomy walls re-echo their voices; they fawn and they flatter and bow down in worship before their filthy Moloch. The streets of Paris are illuminated—anarchy goes mad with joy.

From that day none dared dispute with him in the Convention; to oppose his decrees, though ever so mildly, was to evoke the wrath and threats of death from his bravoes. Whenever he appeared, even Danton and Robespierre ceded the tribune to him. He spoke out with a hardihood that not even the latter dared to imitate. He was the only man who dared to propose a dictatorship. (Marat from the first persistently advocated the election of a dictator; to this he was secretly urged by Danton and Robespierre, both of whom desired to grasp it.) When the Commune murmured, and threatened him with arrest as a traitor to the Republic, he drew a dagger and threatened to plunge it into his own heart if a finger were laid upon him. The mob uttered a fierce shout, and pressed forward to support its idol. The Commune shrank back dismayed.

But day by day his terrible disease grew upon him, constantly inflamed by the tumults of his life; the mob-idol was passing away, his very hours were numbered. A bath afforded the only assuagement to his torture, and in that he passed the greater portion of both day and night. But as death came nearer his thirst for blood grew more insatiable; he dreaded its approach only because it would snatch from him the power of immolating more victims. Lying in his bath, with a book, supported on a plank, open before him, he unceasingly inscribed fresh names for the guillotine. He had already marked down two thousand five hundred of Lyons, three thousand of Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand of Paris, and three hundred thousand of Brittany and Calvados, when the vengeance of God closed his horrible career.

Let us turn aside for a time from the foul details of this monstrous life—from the scent of blood, which fills our nostrils and oppresses like a nightmare—to the contemplation of one of the fairest, most beautiful, and touching images that history has bequeathed us.

Of the many admirable episodes that Lamartine has given us in his "History of the Girondists," not one perhaps is so exquisite as that which tells the story of Charlotte Corday. It seems almost presumptuous to touch the subject after him.

Charlotte Corday was by descent doubly noble; her lineage was aristocratic, and she was the granddaughter of Pierre Corneille, the great dramatist. But, like many scions of the old French nobility, her father was a poor man—a petty farmer, tilling his own ground, living by the daily labor of his hands. He was at the same time a man of parts, an adorer of liberty, an enthusiastic admirer of the new ideas. Her childhood differed little from that of a Norman

peasant girl; her garb was the same; and at haymaking and harvest-time she helped in the field-work. Later in life an old maiden lady, a relation, adopted her. Henceforth her life was more worthy of her birth. Here is Lamartine's description of her new home:

"Off an old-fashioned secluded street in Caen stood an ancient habitation, with gray walls, weather-stained, and dilapidated by time. It was called Le Grand Manoir. A fountain covered with moss stood in an angle of the courtyard. A narrow low doorway, with fluted lintels uniting in an arch over the top, showed the worn steps of a winding staircase which led to the upper story. Two windows, with octagonal panes of glass framed in leadwork, dimly lit the staircase and the empty chambers. The misty daylight in this antique obscure abode impressed on it the character of vagueness, mystery, and melancholy, which the human fancy delights to see folded like a shroud over the cradle of deep thoughts and the homes of strongly imaginative minds."

Here, in this dreamy solitude, in the deep shadows of the old courtyard, sat Charlotte in the Summer days, dreaming over the pages of Plutarch or Rousseau; no sound of rude actual life to jar upon her meditations; only the rustle of the leaves, and the flowers shaking their perfume into the sunlit air, or the sweet songs of the birds and the sleepy monotonous music of the old fountain. Her soul was filled with the spirit of the antique world, as her features were molded in the finest form of Greek beauty—the oval face, the delicately-chiselled nose, the ripe lips. "Her hair," writes Lamartine, "seemed black when fastened in masses around her head, but golden at the points of the tresses, like ears of ripe corn; her eyes of a color variable as the wave of the ocean, which borrows its tint from the shadow or the sunbeam—blue when she reflected, almost black when called into animated play."

Out of the books of Greece and Rome she had created for her contemplation a beautiful Utopia, in which there should be no more oppression, no more kings and princes, no more cruel distinctions of rank, no more poverty, no more suffering; but in which there should be an universal brotherhood between all men—all happy and equal in the sight of God and man. Alas! how many noble souls have wasted in such visions! In the first tidings of the Revolution that burst upon her quiet home she beheld the realization of her romance.

Formed by nature for love, her poverty, dependent position, and modest pride closed her heart against such thoughts; and those noble virtues and that exquisite tenderness of soul that would have made of man's home a paradise were wholly concentrated upon a pure unselfish adoration of liberty and her country. It was to the Girondists that she gave all her sympathies, for in them she beheld the reflection of those ancient republican virtues at whose shrine she worshipped.

But soon dark and terrible images begin to break in upon her fair visions. Over the length and breadth of France roll the echoes of the September massacres; like the mutterings of a distant tempest come the shrieks of the slaughtered, and athwart the bright horizon, that was but now illumined by the glorious sun of liberty, gather the bloody clouds from Paris. Mingled with those echoes come the name of Marat as the demon who has let loose the storm—the arch-murderer. All other actors in the terrible drama (so say the echoes) are but subordinates to this evil star. The Girondists are fugitives; Madame Roland is in prison; day by day the influence of anarchists and murderers grows stronger.

A terrible blow is this news to Charlotte. Is the tyranny of kingcraft to be superseded only by a tyranny yet more cruel and revolting? Is there no way to save the republic of her dreams, that day by day is vanishing in a mist of

blood? Sitting in the shadow of the dark gray walls, with the moss-grown fountain whispering the story of some Norman Arethusa in her ears, Plutarch lying open upon her knees, with dejected face and saddened eyes, thus ponders the beautiful enthusiast. In that grand old book, from which so many heroes of the Revolution drew their inspiration, she is seeking the answer to her questions. Again and again she reads the immortal stories of self-sacrifice that tell how often the immolation of one man saved a country; how one opposed himself single-handed to an army; how one plunged into a gulf; how another died upon the field of battle, and another smote the tyrant with his dagger.

Brooding thus by day and dreaming thus by night, her mind grows pregnant, and out of the chaos of her thoughts rises a shadowy idea; undefined, unacknowledged for a time, but hourly perfecting its form and growing in strength, until it masters its creator and bends her to its will. Beneath its power she grows pale and ill; her friends grow alarmed, and question her; but she evades their solicitude and prepares herself by secret meditation for her terrible self-imposed task.

War has been declared, and the youth of France flock eagerly to the frontiers. From Caen go forth six thousand volunteers; among them is one whose whole soul is devoted to Charlotte; she has given him her portrait; did she allow her heart free play she would give him that, but her pride will not permit her to become a portionless wife, and so she stifles the feeling. From one of the windows of Le Grand Manoir she sees him march down the street, waves him an adieu, and turns aside to hide her tears. Their eyes will never meet again in this world. She knows it; happily for him he does not.

Her terrible idea now fully matured, she takes steps for its execution. Barbaroux is at Caen; he will assist her to the first step of her design; she seeks an introduction to him, eagerly questions him upon the state of Paris, upon the prospects of his party; his gloomy answers strengthen her resolution. The gossips smile and whisper at these interviews with the handsome young Girondist. Alas! they little think how speedy and how sad will be her vindication. It is not love that is in her soul, but martyrdom—for him and for his party.

One day she astonished her friends by informing them that she was going to Paris to lay before the Convention the claims of an exiled friend. In vain they attempted to dissuade her from her purpose; she bade them a tender adieu, wrote a farewell to her father, and with a letter to a M. Duperret, a Girondist, obtained from Barbaroux, started in the diligence for Paris. Accident frustrated her plan as she had at first conceived it, and obliged her to depend upon her own efforts to gain admission to Marat's presence.

She wrote Marat a letter in which she told him she was the bearer of momentous intelligence concerning the affairs of Cuen, and requested an interview. To this she received no reply. She then wrote a second, as follows:

"Did you have my letter? I cannot believe it, as they refused admittance to me. I hope to-morrow you will grant the interview I request. I repeat, I have secrets to disclose to you most important for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and that I am so should give me a claim upon your patriotism."

The false pretences under which she gained admission to the tyrant occasioned the only remorse she ever felt. To her exalted imagination such subterfuges were a blot upon her early mission.

On the afternoon of the day appointed she sallies forth

from the house of M. Perretier, whose hospitality she has accepted during her sojourn in Paris. Alas! it will cost him and all his family their lives. She is dressed in pure white, a scarf is thrown across her shoulders, a Normandy cap is upon her head, and her hair is bound with broad green ribbon. Her first act is to buy a long, keen knife; concealing this beneath her dress she walks quickly toward the Rue St. Honoré. The sun has set, the evening is closing in, the light in the streets is growing dim, when she presents herself at Marat's house. She walks into the outer room; all is bustle and business; the *Journal de la République*, the successor of *L'Ami du Peuple*, has just come from the press; people are busy folding the copies, which messengers are waiting to carry to their destinations. But little attention is vouchsafed to the stranger. She requests to see Marat. Albertine, the woman with whom he cohabits, comes forward; she eyes the beautiful face and form of the visitor with anything but favor. She fears a rival! She is jealous of her hideous lover! She informs Charlotte, in no gentle accents, that she cannot see him—he is in his bath. They are standing close to the door of the inner room. Marat overhears the discussion, and calls to Albertine to ask what it is about. She goes to him, closes the door behind her, but returns in a few seconds, with a lowering visage, to bid the intruder enter. The next instant Charlotte is standing in the lion's den; the door is again closed, but Albertine stands without, with her ear against the crevice, to catch the business of this importunate woman.

It is a small room, dimly lit even at noonday, now more than half dark; in the centre is a huge bath, nearly filled with water. Out of it rises the head, shoulders, and arms of the man she seeks. In a book, supported upon a plank placed across the two sides of the bath, he is busily writing down the names of new victims for the guillotine. He calls her to stand beside him. Appalled by the horror of her coming act, but with no thought of receding, no quiver of irresolution, she advances like one in a dream and stands close against the bath. He asks her if she has just come from Caen; she answers quietly in the affirmative. He then asks the names of the deputies who have taken refuge there. She repeats them while he notes them down. Her opportunity is slipping away, yet she cannot summon the impulse to strike. "Before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine!" he cries exultingly.

Those words are his last; the impulse is given, and the long, keen knife is buried in his heart. With one cry he expires, and his murderer stands rooted to the spot, gazing fascinated upon her victim, with the bloody weapon in her hand.

The cry has reached those without; in an instant they are in the room, a man strikes her down with a chair, and Albertine, uttering terrible shrieks, tramples upon her senseless body. And there lies Marat, hanging half way out of the bath, looking as though life had been extinguished *in a bath of blood*.

Like lightning the cry is carried through the streets—"Marat has been assassinated!" From every quarter rush scared and vengeful crowds. At the peril of their lives the gendarmes guard the prisoner from their frantic rage—they would tear her limb from limb. To the mob this news sounds like the knell of its reign. To the friends of order it is as though new life had been given them. But all Paris is agitated to its centre, consternation is stamped upon every countenance. A sense of terror and foreboding is upon the city.

Her trial was a mere form; she confessed her guilt and the motive which actuated her; calm and serene in aspect, she betrayed neither exultation nor remorse. Only one circumstance distressed her—having involved in her fate the



ASSASSINATION OF MARAT BY CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

excellent M. Perretier and his family. For them she pleaded earnestly, asserting in the most solemn terms that they knew nothing of her purpose, that she alone had planned and executed it, without accomplice or even confidant. But the judges were inexorable and incredulous. A young advocate pleaded for her, but he could plead only on behalf of her sex and misguided enthusiasm. Her condemnation was a foregone conclusion from the first. Nothing could save her.

They attired her in a red chemise, the garb of assassins,

and thus, with her long, bright hair flowing over her head and shoulders like a vail, the tumbril bore her on to the guillotine, the brilliant sunshine bathing her in its golden light. Her dazzling beauty, and, above all, the pure, sublime soul that shone through her eyes and irradiated her whole countenance, subdued even the rough mob that followed her; their execrations died in their throats, and many savage eyes were bedewed with tears of pity for her youth and beauty. The women, the furies of the guillotine, were merciless;

as was their wont to all, they assailed her last moments with yells, imprecations, and obscenities. But these sounds fell unheeded upon her ears. With an unfaltering step she mounted to the scaffold, stood for an instant looking down calmly upon the multitude, with the full glare of the sun-light playing around her head, threading it with gold, and reflecting upon her face with a bright flash the crimson hues of her robe ; then, with the serenity of a martyr, she laid her head in the groove, the knife descended, and all was over. The brutal executioner held up his hideous trophy by the hair, and struck it upon the cheek.

It has been said that a blush followed the blow, as though life survived long enough to feel the insult. Its transient gleam of humanity passed away ; the mob received the act with a yell of delight.

Two touching romances marked her death. Among the spectators of her trial was a young German, named Adam Lux ; fascinated by her extraordinary beauty and sublime self-devotion, he conceived for her on the spot an intense and passionate love. Even in that terrible hour his pale earnest face attracted her attention, and, though her eyes had never fallen upon him before, though she was destined never to hear his voice, his gaze revealed to her his secret. He followed her to the guillotine, and saw the end. After her death he wrote and published a " Defence of Charlotte Corday." He was seized by the Revolutionary Tribunal, and condemned to death. His last words were, " Thank God, I shall die for her !" When the young Norman, who had marched away with the volunteers of Caen, heard of her execution, he returned broken-hearted to his native village. A few months, and his soul had departed to seek hers whom he had so truly loved. His last request was that her portrait and letters should be buried in the coffin with him. Need I say that his behest was fulfilled ?

There is one portrait of her still extant. She appears in it as she was attired for execution. The head alone is perfect, the body is only sketched. The impatience of a fraternal government prevented its completion. It is in the possession of the descendants of M. Hauer, the artist.

Of all the heroes and heroines of the French Revolution, Charlotte Corday was the purest and most sublime ; of all those who drew their inspiration from the pages of Plutarch, and their number was legion, she alone caught the pure fire of ancient republican virtue ; in the others it was dimmed and sullied by envy, by malice, by selfishness, self-interest, or timidity ; but in her it burned only for liberty, for love of country. Not even the annals of Greece and Rome record a nobler example of self-devotion. Of the *Christian* morality of her act it is superfluous to speak ; of its *legality*—if the executions of Louis XVI. and his queen were justifiable, the execution of Murat was trebly so ; the forms of justice were as much regarded in the one case as in the other. Her object signally failed of its attainment. Her immolation utterly destroyed those for whom she died—the Girondists and Moderatists—secured the triumph of the Jacobins whom she abhorred, and led the way for the Reign of Terror. But amidst the hideous horrors of the Revolution the sad image of the beautiful enthusiast must ever be to the ardent and poetical as that of an angel strayed and lost in the halls of Pandemonium.

The Assembly decreed Marat an altar, and that he should be worshipped as a god ! His heart was taken out, embalmed, and placed in an urn, which was suspended from the roof of the Hall of Convention.

The character of such a man affords but little scope for analysis. He was essentially the representative of the mob ; the only one who really sympathized with the lowest stratum of society ; who recognized its position in the Republic. He was of it by nature, fierce, turbulent, hating the shadow

even of coercion or superiority, insatiate for blood, happy only in anarchy, unreasoning, swayed by every impulse that led to destruction, ever destroying, never creating, merciless, pitiless, a slave to every evil passion. He imitated it in his dress, in his habits, in his filth, and it was his glory to do so. To this condition he would have levelled all mankind. His passion for levelling was a monomania ; he would have razed the mountains of the earth, and with a gigantic roller have smoothed down the inequalities of matter as he would those of society. Like all demagogues, from Cleon to M——, well, we need not mention names—he was a coward, brave only with his pen and in his words ; while inciting others to revolt, he fled at the first approach of personal danger, leaving his dupes to bear the brunt. He was once flogged in the streets by Westermann, an officer of Dumouriez, whose head he had been constantly demanding ; and he took his chastisement very tamely until he found himself surrounded by his bullies ; then he hectored and shrieked and foamed and howled for blood like a demoniac. He was a brave man behind a sheet of paper or when the mob was behind him. He was at once the most extreme of democrats, and the most absolute of tyrants. Liberty, to him, bore but one signification—the propagandism and enforcement of his own principles. No man should have spoken, lived, or thought but as he directed ; he would have controlled not only the actions, but the very hearts of men. Every mind should have been remodelled, cut, trimmed, and exactly fitted to his own. All humanity should have been but multiplied and inferior images of himself—should have borne but one aspect—MARAT. In that hideous body was enshrined the perfect type of unlimited democracy, which, from the times of Greece and Rome unto the Paris Commune of to-day, and so on to all ages to come, has been, is, and will be, the bloodiest, narrowest, blindest, most besotted, and most bigoted of despotisms.

With all his omnipotence he was at times simply the mouth-piece of Danton, through which the latter sounded the Convention and the people upon the practicability of his designs—the hand by which he felt his way to the dictatorship.

Marat is the darkest blot upon the history of the Republic. Each one of his fellow-assassins possessed some redeeming virtue ; but this man, like the hyena, loved blood for blood's sake. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, have their apologists, their admirers ; but did ever any man, except, perhaps, a French Communist or an English Socialist, write or utter one word in praise or extenuation of Marat ? Bloody was his life, bloody was his death, and so let him rest.

ADROITNESS OF A LAWYER.

In geographical science, the Irish bar were once amused at a mistake made by one of their body, and nearly made by another—a mistake amongst the learned that can find a parallel in the " Winter's Tale," where Shakespeare speaks (Act iii., scene 6) of the sea-shores of Bohemia. It appears that the owner of a vessel, sailing between some of the ports of the Black Sea and one of the Irish ports, brought an action against an insurance company to recover an insurance effected on the vessel and its cargo, all of which were lost on the homeward voyage. The captain was examined, and swore that the ship had been properly navigated, and that the crew behaved with " seaman-like sobriety " ; that the vessel did not delay a moment, and, save that they put into Malta, they touched at no other place. The captain, on the cross-examination, reiterated what he had said on the direct, and he added that they just spent a night in Valetta.

" Oh," said the leading counsel for the plaintiff, in a stage whisper, to his junior, " he has us there ; the plaintiff, I'm afraid, is hit, for on the direct examination he told me lie

only spent one night at Malta, and now he admits he was at Valetta!"

"But," replies his junior, "is not Valetta the capital of Malta?"

"Now, are you sure of that?"

"Of course I am."

"My goodness!" said the other, "I'm so delighted to hear that!"

Hardly had this conversation terminated when the leading counsel for the defendant asked: "Did you not say to the counsel for the plaintiff, that you only called at Malta? Answer me, sir."

The witness replied, "I did."

"How, then, do you reconcile that statement with the statement that you are now making, that you called at Valetta?"

"Oh, my lord," said his opponent, springing in triumph to his feet, "I thought (as if he had not got the information himself at the moment) that every child in court knew that Valetta was the capital of Malta;" and he sat down, and the counsel for the defendant sat down too, for he saw the mistake into which he had fallen.

The story was told at dinner on that evening, when the plaintiff's counsel's acting was declared to be inimitable, and was laughed at by all parties, for, be it remembered, that whatever feelings of jealousy or irritation are stirred up by their morning's zeal are invariably allayed at their evening meetings.

USEFULNESS OF INSECTS.

If insects speak to us neither by the voice, nor by their physiognomy, by what do they appeal to us? By their energies; by the prodigious destruction which they effect in the over-productiveness of nature; by their colors, fires, and poisons, and by their arts. In all these manifestations, if properly understood, there is nothing but wisdom and beneficence. Even the persecution of domestic animals by flies constitutes their safety. Without the stimulus given by these tiny persecutors, cattle would remain at times stupidly resigned till, no longer capable of movement, they would perish on the spot. Flies drive them to running waters, or more salubrious places.

In Central Africa, the man regulates the migration of whole herds. The *tsese*, it is to be supposed, is sent by some such similar provisions of nature. Even the terrible ant, when it invades a house, and expels the inhabitants, does so for wise purposes. They destroy every living thing; mice, toads, snakes, are all devoured; not an insect, not even an insect's egg, is left. The house is thoroughly cleansed, and then the visitors leave it to its master, going on to another. The spiders of the Antilles are such good servants, and so useful in the destruction of flies, that they are sold in the market as birds are with us.

Among the other auxiliaries of man are the dragon-fly—that kills its thousands of insects in a day; the cicindale, which, with its two sabres for jaws, is immensely destructive to insect life; the carabi, a tribe of warriors armed to the teeth, real *garde champêtres*. It is cruel to destroy these useful little creatures; they should, on the contrary, be much respected.

Of auxiliaries of another description, we have worms, which digest, cleanse, and renew the soil. In a similar manner, the necrophori are ever busy in removing putridity. Gardeners are often exasperated at the presence of insects in tubercles, as of the dahlia, when they are really there only to remove the dead or diseased parts. Nothing would be more advantageous to all who are interested in gardens than to know how to distinguish useful from hurt-

ful insects. People would not then be daily committing violence to the harmonies of nature.

Some insects are edible; a learned entomologist tells us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds, and spiders of nuts. The Roman ladies used to eat the cossai, as the Eastern ladies still do the blaps, and the Portugese of Brazil, ants, "at the moment when their wings raise them in the air like an aspiration of love."

ABOUT BEARDS.

The indecision which characterizes men to-day concerning the manner in which they shall wear their beards, or discard them altogether, would seem to be hereditary, as we find, by consulting history, that few fashions have been so capricious as those connected with the hair of men's faces.

Looking back for several ages, we ascertain that the custom of shaving has frequently been introduced, and as frequently discontinued. Alexander the Great, before an engagement, commanded Parmenio to have all his soldiers shaved, and gave as his reason that a long beard affords a handle for the enemy. We suppose that the Normans held the same view of the inconvenience of a beard, for they shaved close and deceived their enemies. Harold's spies reported that William the Conqueror's army was composed not of soldiers but of priests. After the conquest, however, when the Normans settled in England, they began to wear beards, and, in order to make a distinction between them, orders were given that the English should shave.

Kings—judging by their portraits—each adopted a special fashion of his own. Henry I wore a beard trimmed round, and Richard Cœur de Lion, a short beard. Henry III. shaved, but his son, Edward I., wore a curled beard. There is a touching story of Edward II., in his misery, which illustrates our subject. When he was at Carnarvon, Maltravers ordered the king to be shaved with dirty cold water, at which he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Here, at least, is warm water on my cheek, whether you will or no." Edward III. wore a noble beard, but Richard II.'s was short.

During the fourteenth century, close shaving became prevalent with young men, and the old men wore forked beards, as Chaucer describes the merchants: "A merchant was there with a forked beard." Henry IV. wore a beard, but Henry VI. and Edward VI. all shaved. Henry VIII. shaved until he heard that Francis I., of France, wore a beard, and then he allowed his to grow. Francis did not approve of all his subjects wearing nature's covering for the face, and he, therefore, obtained from the Pope a brief by which all the ecclesiastics through France were compelled to shave, or pay a large sum. Bishops and richly beneficed clergy paid the fine, but the poor priests were forced to comply with the requirements of the law.

Some men have been so proud of their beards that they have taken their loss greatly at heart. Duprat, son of the celebrated Chancellor Legate, possessed a very fine beard. He distinguished himself at the Council of Trent, and was soon after appointed to the Bishopric of Clermont. On Easter Sunday he appeared at his cathedral; but, to his dismay, he found three dignitaries of his chapter waiting to receive him, with razors, scissors, and the statutes of the Church in their hands. He argued without avail, and, to save his beard, he fled, and abandoned his bishopric. A few days afterward he died of grief.

FRIENDSHIP is, strictly speaking, reciprocal benevolence, which inclines each party to be solicitous for the welfare of the other as for his own. This equality of affection is created and preserved by a similarity of disposition and manners.



MARAT.—PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—SEE PAGE 41.



PAUL'S CHOICE.—“JANE FELT THE LIMB BEND DOWN, AS PAUL, BY ITS AID, DREW HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER.”

PAUL'S CHOICE.

CHAPTER I.



HE charming little room was as bright as lamp-light could make it, and, with her feet thrust into velvet slippers, and stretched comfortably near a bed of glowing coals, sat Celeste Clyde. Before her was a sheet of perfumed satin note-paper, and she held a pen in her hand, which she occasionally nibbled at the end, as if for inspiration—it was a trick she had learned at boarding-school; then again she would draw marginal heads and faces, with the most irresistible waxed mustaches imaginable.

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Little pyramids of snow were being constantly piled on the window-sill outside, just a few inches from the heavy purple curtains, and then whisked suddenly away by the wind; while the ghostly sycamore boughs rapped drearily against the window-panes, as if seeking admittance into the cozy little nest.

Celeste's mind was, however, on other things intent, and not for the wind and snow cared she.

After tapping impatiently with her crimson-slipped foot, and stirring the fire more than once, she glanced over a little rose-colored note, and then wrote :

“DEAREST HERBERT: Why did you not have patience with Zitelto? Mamma has not been able to endure the sound of your name since you crippled him and called him ‘monstrosity.’ She vows you shall not be admitted here, and that I am not to speak to you again.”

"My odious cousin Paul, whom the 'powers that be' decreed for my lord and master ever since I was ten years old, has at last returned from his travels, and wrote mamma word that he would soon be here to claim his fiancée—me, you know. That was the first of mamma's match-making whims, since when she has mated me fully a dozen times."

"You were such a favorite, dear Herbert, before you kicked the dog. Don't venture here till I send you word, but ever trust your

CELESTE."

"Now, how am I to send it?" she said, aloud. "I might inclose in a letter to Kate, only I don't trust girls any further than I can see them, and though she is my dearest friend, if I am not mistaken, she is slightly fond of my Herbert herself, and might accidentally on purpose forget to deliver it. Ah! I know what I shall do!" she continued; and folding the note, addressed it to "Captain Herbert Lorimer, at Colchester Lodge."

She laughed aloud as she said:

"Mamma would have let Zitello make a dinner off my Herbert's legs, and cannot forgive him for kicking the brute. But I'll out-scheme her yet. "Cousin Paul, indeed!" she added, as she wrapped a shawl around her shoulders. "Ugh! I detest him, and shall make myself so disagreeable to him, that he will give up the idea of 'fair brides' and 'fiancées,' as far as I am concerned." She crossed the dark passage, and rapped softly at a door.

"Come in," said a clear voice, as she entered.

"Jane Glenn," said Celeste, mysteriously, "I have a favor to ask of you."

A delicate, black-eyed girl looked up in surprise as she said:

"A favor! What can it be?"

"It is to be a secret! I want you to take this letter yourself to Colchester Lodge to-morrow, and give it to Captain Lorimer, who is staying there. You know mamma is angry with him just now."

Jane's face flushed scarlet as she hesitated a moment, then she answered, bravely:

"Celeste, I cannot do it. Aunt Agnes has given me a home, and I cannot do what I know would displease her. If there is anything else I can——"

"Oh, don't apologize, I beg," cried Celeste. "If I had requested you to go to the North Pole, you would have done it at once, no doubt, but to take a note to a neighbor's is asking too much, I perceive. Good-night!" she said, shortly, as she slammed the door after her.

"That is all the gratitude one may expect from 'poor relations,'" she muttered, scornfully; "as if she had a right to have any opinion about things! But Herbert shall have his note in spite of her. I'll contrive it some way."

Bitter tears fell on the little collar Jane Glenn was stitching, and she covered her face and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, how hard it is," she murmured, "to do right, even when you are happy; but how much harder when miserable and lonely!"

CHAPTER II.

If Celeste Clyde could have looked ugly, it would have been as she sat one morning at the piano, strumming idiotic little waltzes, and rattling off marches in jig-time.

She wore her lovely blonde hair drawn up on the top of her head, as tightly as if she expected to be swallowed and was prepared for it; it was also covered with an odious black net. In spite of her orange-colored dress and green ribbons, however, she was not a disagreeable picture. With such teeth, eyes, and complexion as she possessed, she could not make a fright of herself.

Her brother Robert, a school-boyish youth, was begging her to get up a skating party.

"Hush, Robert," said Celeste; I am practising. How can I sing while you worry so?"

Then she began in a shaky, quavering voice:

"No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness."

She broke down with a laugh.

"What is the matter, sister?" said Robert. "I never heard you sing so badly!"

"Go away, child," said his sister; "you know nothing about it." And she finished her song in the same unnatural style.

Jane Glenn, with her hands full of embroidery, sat off in a corner. Her face was pale, and her black eyes had a stony look about them, as she listened to the song.

"What mockery in her to sing that," she said to herself, "when everything is at her feet! She means it for me! She means it for me!"

The white fingers trembled, but she sewed for life on the collarette her aunt had given her to make for Celeste.

Paul Clyde came whistling into the room.

"I can't hear myself whistle for your din, Celeste," he called out; "you are punishing us dreadfully. Miss Jane, you look tortured, and it is nothing but my cousin's musical infatuation."

"Not mine, Paul," cried Celeste, resisting a strong inclination to laugh, "but mamma's. She's made me promise to practise over this overture from 'Fra Diavolo' three times, and you know I must obey."

"That is because she is up-stairs, and will not be compelled to hear you."

Rattle-de-bang—trill—l—ll! drowned his voice, and with hands over his ears he turned to leave the room. His eyes fell on Jane Glenn.

She looked so small, so miserable, and lonesome, but still stitching away.

"You shall put this down, and take a walk with me through the snow," he said, and began cramming work and cotton into a minute basket at her side.

"Oh, please! I don't want to go!" and the nervous white fingers were extended for the work.

"But you shall;" and with his cane he hung the basket far out of her reach, on the knob of a portrait.

"Why do you wish me to go, Mr. Clyde?" she said, mournfully. "I add to no one's pleasure!"

"*Le roi le reut*, Miss Jane." And Paul leaned over and gazed mischievously in her downcast face, till the blood came flushing up over cheek and brow. "There, that makes you look grand! And now go put on your things."

Angrily, almost fiercely, she tied on her black hood, and wrapped a long scarf around her slender figure.

"How utterly absurd!" she muttered to herself. "Why do I care for him, when Aunt Agnes told me the very day he came that he had been engaged to Celeste for years?"

"What! pale again, little Snowdrop?" said Paul, as he drew her hand through his arm. "I shall keep you out till the roses bloom again in your cheeks."

With a smile of triumph Celeste rose from the piano, and looked out at the two passing down the long avenue.

"I declare," she said, "I do believe he likes her! Well, she is a good little creature, after all, and may have Paul as a reward of merit! Herbert little knows," she continued, "how I have sacrificed the becoming for his sake."

She walked to a mirror, and burst out laughing as she looked at herself.

"Good gracious! what a fright I am! Herbert should not see me looking so for the world. I believe my cousin Paul scarcely gives me credit for three grains of sense! It is certainly a great deal to do for a man, to wear the most unbecoming clothes one has, and allow one's own private

property to be walked off without a murmur. Herbert will never know how much he is indebted to me. But it was my own choice, so I will let Jane be happy Mrs. Clyde, and go up and see after mamma."

"Oh, my dear child," cried a sharp voice, as she opened the door, "shut it! quick—quick! They will fly out!"

"What will fly out, mamma?"

"Oh, the Java sparrows—the darling little Javas!"

In the middle of the floor was a wreck of wire and pasteboard, which had once been a Chinese bird-cage, while Zitello, the author of the mischief, had retreated under a stuffed miniature elephant which served as a footstool. And Mrs. Clyde and the housekeeper were in full chase after the escaped sparrows.

Secretly pleased at finding the misguided dog at the bottom of it all, Celeste took it upon herself to administer sundry raps upon his little damp nose, mingled with many reproaches.

"Oh, my lovely cage!" groaned Mrs. Clyde; I will have to send it to town to be repaired. Ah, you beast!" to the dog.

The beast frisked playfully up to be caressed.

The housekeeper was dispatched to hunt up another cage, in which to deposit the birds when caught; and mother and daughter were alone.

Mrs. Clyde had two hobbies—one was match-making for Celeste, and the other a mania for collecting curiosities. Celeste was very patient with "the rubbish," as she called the latter, but rebelled in spirit against the first.

"You never know what you will come across in Aunt Agnes's curiosity shop," Paul said once, after a visit to her room by special permission. "It keeps one continually guessing riddles."

On her toilet was a Chinaman's head; you touched the queue—it opened and revealed an ink-bottle. By its side a little rack held a cane and umbrella, which were respectively a pen-wiper and pen. A jolly farmer in bronze on the mantel told the hour; a little coffee-mill on the table held a yard measure; a pearl beehive, cough lozenges; and a crocodile contained a pair of scissors. Uncouth teapots, and sancers of the Tang dynasty, figured upon her side-board, with a marvelously ugly tureen of Palissy ware, which was her chief pride and glory.

Seated in a wavering, quavering spring chair, she addressed Celeste:

"Now, child, tell me all about your affairs. How are you getting on with Paul? Were you tenderly deferential in your manner to him, and did you leave off that bold stare, as I bade you? And, oh, Celeste! did you sing as I desired you for him—gently raising your eyes at the sentimental places? Tell me, child, did you? Paul adores music—at least, his father did."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I sang for him!"

"My dear Celeste, I am so glad to see you have gotten over that fancy of yours for the unfeeling wretch Lorimer. Now, Paul is an admirable catch. He will have at least fifty thousand, in addition to his present property, and he is quite a charming young man, I hear."

"Quite so," smiled Celeste.

"As I thought Jane might take a fancy to him, I told her that you two had been engaged a long time."

"Oh, mamma! engaged?"

"Why, to be sure you are, after a fashion. It was settled before you were born that the estates must be united, and so—but, dear me, Celeste! why will you wear that yellow dress?"

"Why, mamma, Paul likes an orange; I heard him say so, and I am sure he ate two at dinner."

"Exceedingly unbecoming, Celeste; and do put on some

curls—you are absolutely a scarecrow! Change your dress at once, and send Jane to me; she can manage the birds, I know."

"Yes, mamma."

And Celeste retired, not to call Jane, for she had not yet returned, but to confuse poor Mrs. Jones with questions, and nearly distract her about the birds and cages.

"Here's a note for Miss Clyde," said a small boy at the door; and Celeste read first a perfumed pink note, which was inclosed in another.

"Come, darling, I implore you," it ran. "I am pining to see you, and am devoured by the green-eyed monster."

"Your fondly devoted

"HERBERT"

The other was from Kate Colchester, inviting the party from Mrs. Clyde's to join them on the lake, to skate by moonlight and that of torches.

After ringing up the flurried Mrs. Jones with an Egyptian pyramid cage, Mrs. Clyde was forced to leave her beloved grotto, as she liked to call it; for that powerful dame had put her foot down.

"Very well, mum," Mrs. Jones had said, "I'll be careful of the curiosities, but untwell you leaves this room I don't stir to wile no birds into no piramounds nor nothink else."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Jane Glenn, with dancing, happy eyes and glowing cheeks, went up to her little room, after her walk, Paul Clyde lit a cigar and smoked furiously.

"Why, what a fellow I am!" he mused. "I certainly came here intending to woo and win my cousin Celeste, for Aunt Agnes had about half given her to me already; and what business have I with the little black-eyed witch who is stealing the very heart out of me?"

"Celeste is mild and amiable enough—exactly like what I have always said my wife should be; but when I look in her wide-open blue eyes, I don't tingle all over as I do when I happen to touch—by accident, of course—the black-eyed's white hand; and when the little creature flushes up and looks so scared—why, I just do it again."

"Celeste is certainly a fine woman, though I can't call her clever; and then there is too much of her. She does not suit my style exactly."

"If my little Snowdrop, Jany, were only dressed in real 'good clothes,' what a beauty she would be! Such a sweet voice the child has, too, to be sure!"

When at sunset the girls came down to take their seats in the sleigh which was to carry them to the lake, Paul thought again of the difference made by "good clothes." Celeste was dressed in a superb skating-costume.

She wore a jaunty blue jacket trimmed with white fur, and a short, crimson skirt, which just showed the scallops of her elegant skating-boots.

Her hair hung in golden clusters, and a white ostrich-feather drooped over her shoulder.

Her appearance had a sensible effect on Paul, for men, even the best of them, are sadly susceptible to fine feathers, and as Celeste had heretofore invariably "done herself up" in yellow, he had no idea how well she could look.

A woman well-dressed, and conscious of it, has an immense advantage over one less fortunate, who, at least, aims to make "old things look as well as new," and no wonder poor Jane, in her simple black suit, felt crushed and annihilated. Smothering a jealous sigh, she leaned back in the corner, and noted Paul's deep admiration of his cousin, while her black eyes gleamed, and her heart throbbed wildly under the black scarf.

"Celeste," cried Paul, as he carefully tucked the buffalo-robies around her, "you are more dazzling than the snow."

Celeste's bright eyes danced but instead of the gay rejoinder that quivered on her tongue, she, with Spartan fortitude, simpered sweetly, and remarking that "the ear-ache was a dreadful thing," covered up her fair face with a thick veil.

"You see, Jane," she said, "I am determined to guard against it."

"What a heroine I am," she thought, "to sacrifice myself in this manner for Herbert's peace of mind! I almost repent! A couple of my 'fascinating smiles,' as mamma calls them, would extinguish poor Jane at once, I am certain."

Robert was excessively amused at the idea Celeste had taken up as to ear-ache—as she had not suffered with it since she was a baby—and make jokes about it, while, under cover of her green vail, Celeste laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

When they reached the lake, the Colchester party were not in sight, and there Jane had the decided advantage over Celeste.

She flew over the ice like a bird, almost without an effort, erect and glowing with the keen enjoyment, her skates ringing clear over the humming ice as she circled and seemed to float along with the true "poetry of motion."

When she swept back to the landing where the fair Celeste was being accoutred, there were roses on her cheeks, and happy smiles around her lips, which made Paul forget for a moment, as he looked at her, that Celeste was waiting for him to finish buckling on her skates.

When the fair Celeste was finally hoisted by Paul and Robert upon her feet, she felt and looked exceedingly uncomfortable indeed. She was no "skatist," certainly, and, besides, her heart was not in the sport, and she kept looking out for the Colchesters, and wondering why they were so late.

At last she begged Paul to leave her to rest with Robert, as together they skated her along so fast that it made her head swim.

Following his inclination, which led him to Jane's side, Paul was soon whizzing along, almost out of sight, in pursuit of the black-eyed.

"I say, sister," said the good-natured Robert, "couldn't you 'toddle up' a bit—just a little faster, you know, to keep a fellow awake?"

"I'll tell you what, Bob," said his sister; "you just pull me back to the sleigh, and take these things off my feet, and I'll make myself comfortable among the buffalo-robies, and then you may 'toddle' around as much as you please."

A peal of merry bells came ringing along the road, and the Colchesters were in a few moments giving Celeste an animated account of how "their sleigh had turned over and they were all nearly killed, but how nobody was hurt in the least."

The dozen new-comers made the affair rather more jolly, Robert thought; and when Captain Lorimer took Celeste off his hands, he made quite a "lion" of himself among the girls with his "spread eagles," and cut the alphabet in every direction, from "A to Amperse-and."

Two great lightwood fires were blazing in a few moments on the banks, and the silvery laugh of the girls, chiming in with the musical ring of the skates, made quite a scene of it. A little off from the rest, Captain Lorimer and Celeste were having a little "serious conversation."

"Oh, no, Herbert!" Celeste was saying, "that will not do at all! Elopings is a very fine thing in novels, no doubt, but that sort of thing has about 'played out.' Ugh! just think of it! All of your best clothes rammed and crammed in one trunk, and no wedding-vail, and nobody to look at

you worth speaking of! I couldn't think of such a thing! at least until we had tried every means of reconciling mamma."

"Darling!" murmured the captain, "you are so very sensible! Idolized as you are now, what must—The dickens! we'll both get crippled if we don't take off these infernal things!"

He added the last with a kind of gasp, as his skates encountered a twig and struck out sideways of their own accord in different directions.

Very thankful for the strength of his tailor's stitching, the valiant "militaire" said very little more on any subject until he had hung his and Celeste's skates in safety on a limb, and as it was rather cool standing on the ice, like sensible people they took themselves off to the buffalo-robies as soon as they could do so unperceived.

At the other end of the lake were Jane and Paul, hand in hand, skimming over the ice, which gleamed like silver in the moonlight.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Clyde!" cried Jane; "a strap is loose!"

He could fix it, he said, and knelt down. He took the little foot in his hand—such a pretty little foot it was, with high-arched instep, and the kid boot buttoned so neatly over it! Paul seemed to forget the strap.

"I can buckle it myself," said Jane, as she drew off her gloves.

"All right!" cried Paul.

"Give me your hand again!"

"Ah, no! don't put on the gloves;" and he caught the little white fluttering hands and kissed them passionately. "Come to me, darling. How I love you!" and he opened his arms to fold her in them.

But Jane, with a sickening thought of his engagement to Celeste, broke away and sped on, on, she cared not whither—for even if Paul did love her, he was not free! Ah, it was bitter to be so near happiness. On, on she sped! Suddenly she heard a crash behind her—a groan!

Turning, she saw in the shadow near the bank a man's arms thrown up. She could see no more! She knew it was Paul who had broken through the thin ice over which her light form had passed in safety.

With senses reeling and heart on fire, she was on the spot in a moment.

A beech tree had thrust over the lake a long arm; under it was a dark spot, whence came gurgling, strangling sounds.

With every nerve strained, she jumped to reach the limb above her. Her treacherous skates slipped, leaving her a quivering, aching mass. Again she flew at the limb with the spring of a wildcat. This time she caught firm hold, and, twisting herself over the hole, cried out:

"Oh, Paul, my darling! catch my hand!—my dress!—the limb!—oh, come!"

She could not see yet, but she felt the limb bend down, as Paul, by its aid drew himself out of the water.

Shaking off the water, which had only been waist-deep, like a Newfoundland dog, Paul drew the trembling girl to his breast.

"Rest here," he said, "little one; this is your home!"

And would you believe it, reader? Jane forgot all about Celeste and the proprieties, and everything except that she was perfectly happy at last.

Yes, she leaned her head on his breast and promised to marry him; and when the moon was nearly down, they skated hand in hand back to the landing; there they found Robert, with quite a gay party, enjoying themselves extensively.

When at last the great bonfires went out, and the moon dropped down behind the dark fir-wood, they started for home. Celeste and Captain Lorimer, however, they found

already seated in one of the sleighs, and looking very happy indeed.

A few days after the skating party, a handsome box came for Mrs. Clyde, containing a set of real, genuine, cracked china, thin as an eggshell, and old as the petrified Giant of Cardiff, together with three bona-fide Indian idols.

There was no clue whatever to the donor of this princely gift, for a week, which almost threw Mrs. Clyde into a fever of curiosity, but at the end of that period Celeste accidentally discovered a small card, bearing : "Compliments of Captain H. Lorimer."

It is almost needless to say that the captain's grievous offence was forgiven ; and as it was no secret that Paul and Jane were engaged, Mrs. Clyde made a virtue of necessity, and occupied herself for nearly a month planning the wedding festivities that were to celebrate the double marriage between Celeste and the captain, and Jane Glenn and Paul Clyde.

The wedding came off in church, and Mrs. Jones's "dictum" was "that two handsomer brides, nor handsomer-dressed, couldn't have been got up nowheres."

A HUANACO HUNT IN THE CHILIAN ANDES.



THE high mountain plateaus of Peru and Chili have birds, fish and animals resembling those of similar altitudes of the Old World. Among the animals that feed on the scanty tola and stiff ichu grass, which grow in scattered patches on the upland plains or punas, the various members of the llama family make up almost the entire list. The alpaca and llama are domesticated, and seldom seen in a wild state ; but the huanaco and vicuna still roam untamed, and almost untamable, in the highest and most inaccessible regions, where flocks of the two animals roaming over the same grounds keep apart as distinct families. The Incas used to hunt and catch the vicuna, but it was only to shear it—then let it go. The Spaniards and their descendants are less provident ; many vicunas are annually killed for their valuable fleece, thus steadily destroying the race. The huancacos are hunted with as little judgment.

When crossing South America from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, I confess that I was led away from better feelings to join in a huanaco hunt, the temptation to enjoy a little mountian sport being too much for my power of resistance.

The party of hunters were in their national costume, which I adopted. Some had minie rifles, and each carried the inseparable lazo and bolas—arms much more effective in the hands of a genuine "gaucho."

The lazo is a line of plaited hide, generally about six fathoms long, and having at one end an iron ring, through which the other end is passed, thereby forming a noose large or small at pleasure. On the other end is a sort of open noose with a button, which can be made fast to the montura, or saddle, when about to fling it. It requires long practice to be able to attain that dexterity for which the gauchos are celebrated with the lazo ; and I would not recommend a novice to try the experiment while on horseback, having myself received a pretty severe lesson the first time I attempted it. The horse naturally supposes that you are quite *corriente* in the affair, and takes the necessary steps to secure you the prey ; but you, if unaware of his intention, are generally left sprawling on the ground, or perhaps entangled in the lazo, which is much more dangerous.

The bolas are a different weapon ; they are of several

classes, the large light ones for catching domestic animals, and various smaller ones for different game. The class generally used for huancacos is the largest of all the small class, and, if well directed by a skillful hand, is a most deadly weapon. The form of the "bolas," when extended, is precisely similar to the arms, or insignia, of the Isle of Man, namely, the three legs radiating from a common centre ; at the extremities are round or egg-shaped stones, sewn in hide and plaited in firmly to each of the thongs. To use this weapon, you lay firm hold of one of the balls and wind it round your head, increasing the velocity every turn ; by this means the two balls become extended, and when sufficient force and velocity is attained to give an impetus necessary to reach a distance of from forty to fifty yards, and sometimes up to sixty, you let go the bolas ; of course, taking aim as best you can. When the bolas strike the object or animal, whether it be about the legs or head, they become so entangled from the rotary motion and velocity, as to bring down the game and leave it completely at your mercy.

The hunting-knife is all that is necessary in addition to your horse to complete the *tout ensemble* of the South American hunter. No ammunition or firearms being required, it is certainly about the most inexpensive, yet effective, equipment I know.

Our route towards the Cordillera from San Juan led us through a rather picturesque part of the country, thickly covered with underwood, but almost entirely devoid of pasture, the ground being covered with small angular stones, and no beaten track visible.

Suddenly, away towards the mountains on the left, we heard the long sounding halloo-o-o of the gaucho, which resembles the braying of the mule, and is really intended to mislead any animal which may be within hearing ; this is the usual signal to convey information to their comrades of the presence of game in their vicinity, and a warning to look out and be prepared with lazo and bolas for whatever animal may turn up. The herdsman (a perfect gaucho) immediately sprang up, and replied in a similar style, and mounting his horse which stood by, shouted to us to follow him if we wished to see sport. I slung my rifle across my shoulder, and, jumping into the nearest saddle, gave the word to the men to mount and be off.

Away we rode after the herdsman, not well knowing why or wherefore, but conjecturing at least that something in the shape of game had been sprung. We were not long left in doubt, for on gaining a slight eminence, and rising in the stirrups, I distinguished a long way off—at least 1,000 yards distant—the long slender necks of some thirty to forty huancacos, standing perfectly still, and, as is their usual custom, listening and sniffing the air, to try and discover their natural enemy—man ; who, together with the canine species, are about the only objects they regard with alarm. You may distinguish a single huancaco at a very great distance indeed ; for their peculiar color, especially when among green shrubs or brushwood, renders them most distinctly visible. Another circumstance also tends to make them very conspicuous ; it is their habit of being continually on the watch, and always seeking the most elevated part of the plain or mountain, from whence they command a view of the surrounding district ; they are, therefore, usually prepared for a "bolt" in the most favorable direction, and they select with extraordinary foresight the passes through which it is most difficult for man to follow them.

Knowing their peculiar habits, we determined, having the means at our disposal, to surround them ; forming a wide circle of men and gradually closing in towards the centre, when we could at least knock over half a dozen. We made signals, therefore, to the gauchos, of our intended movements, and ordered the men to deploy off to the right and

left, and form the circle. The gauchos were delighted at this movement, and evidently calculated on having a grand match of lazoing and boliando, for they prepared all their traps; each man carrying two or three sets of bolas and a lazo.

The huanacos seemed rather puzzled at our extraordinary movements, probably never having seen so many men together before, and some of them showed signs of bolting; but the men kept closing in beautifully, and dodged them whenever they appeared to gain ground in escaping. Little by little the circle became smaller, and *poco a poco* our game became more alarmed; rushing headlong altogether for a short distance, now in one direction and now in another, until eventually they saw themselves completely surrounded and enclosed within a space of about 200 yards in diameter. My finger was itching to press the trigger, and let drive in amongst them, but prudence whispered "not yet." Still closer and closer, and still more frightened and excited, they began emitting that peculiar sound approaching the neigh of a foal, and spitting about violently, as they do when enraged.

At last they made a final effort and a determined charge all in one direction, the opposite to where I was. I could refrain no longer, so let drive at a distance of about 130 yards; one tumbled over, for it was impossible to miss such a pack. Almost instantaneously, whiz! whiz! went the bolas and lazos of the two gauchos who were on the side where they bolted; and I must say it was really fine to see with what precision these fellows drew their weapons, as deadly in their final results as my Enfield bullet. They singled out those animals most isolated from the flock, some of which must have been at least sixty yards distant from the thrower, and no missile could have been more beautifully directed; the tall powerful forms of the gauchos standing upon their toes in the stirrups, and swinging the bolas around their heads with tremendous force and velocity, then letting them fly at the precise moment, was a striking sight. In a few seconds the huanacos might be seen stumbling and struggling to free their legs from the closely and firmly entwined thongs; but their efforts were useless, for the more they struggled the more tightly they became bound and entangled, until eventually they were borne down to the earth fatigued and panting. There they lay completely at the mercy of the gauchos; who with one peculiar gash of their never-failing "macheta," or hunting-knife, gave the *coup de grace*, and the game was bagged.

Out of the flock we managed to get five—magnificent fellows, almost as large as stags.

MAGGIE LYNN.

BY "MAY," OF SPARROWBUSH.

LMOST involuntarily the exclamation came from the half-parted lips of a child, who was seated upon the doorstep of a large, comfortable farmhouse, and gazing dreamingly far up into the sky, through which the stars were gliding silently and slowly, of:

"I wonder where they are going?"

Maggie Lynn was an orphan.

When but three years had passed over the little head, her mother—gentle, loving, but always frail and delicate—had drooped, and although Love wove silken chains around her, and strove to draw her back from the dark river, still Death was the strongest, and soon the damp sod grew over her grave, and

Charles Lynn had only his motherless child. Too young to appreciate her loss, and ever shielded from harm by a kind father, time flowed on, bringing happiness to Maggie until her eighth year; then, injured by a runaway horse, Charles Lynn had only time to bless his almost idolized child, when he, too, passed from earth's portals, leaving her without a protector. Alone! alone! no one to care for her, no one to guide her through life's journey. True, her father had a brother, but he was far off somewhere in the West Indies, and for many years they had received no tidings of him.

Four years had passed since her father died, bringing to nearly every one beside both lights and shades, but to her they had seemed but a period of cheerless gloom. For the last twelve months she had been an inmate of the farmhouse we have spoken of; weary and toilsome was her life there; all day long must the tired feet plod on, scarcely pausing for one moment's rest; all day must the little brown hands, hardened by labor, keep at their almost endless task, and just as soon as the work was done, she must take care of "Master Johnny," a great, squealing baby, big enough (if it depended upon size) to take care of himself. Now, for a wonder, he had been hushed to a few moments slumber, and she had stolen out and seated herself upon the old stone doorstep, to watch the stars as they pursued their nightly walk with their queen, the moon.

The dark waving tresses were thrown back from the white brow, and the dark eyes were gazing far up into the heavens, as if striving to pierce the misty veil and see what lies beyond. But what chiefly arrested her attention was two stars, side by side, which seemed to look down more kindly than the others. Every night, when lying in her little low bed beneath the attic window, she looked for those two stars—her stars, as she called them, and loved to imagine that they were the spirits of her parents, still caring for their child. Perhaps it was that which filled her heart that night, for her eyes slowly filled with tears, and she stretched her arm upward murmuring: "Oh, papa, come and take me, I cannot stay here."

"Maggie, Maggie," called a harsh voice from the house, "come right in here and take Johnny, and don't be idling away your time there."

Slowly she rose and passed in, while she thought sadly, "Must I always stay here?"—a voice in her heart said "No."

* * * * *

Five years had rolled slowly away; day by day, hour by hour, they had passed to return no more. To all they had brought changes, but to none more than to Maggie Lynn. During that time her uncle had returned from the Indies, a bachelor, and very wealthy, and having succeeded in finding his niece, of course made her his heiress, and Maggie Lynn, at the age of seventeen, wealthy and accomplished—although very far from beautiful—was flattered and admired by all.

"Ain't you afraid they will spoil you yet?" asked her uncle one night after a grand party (at which Maggie had, as usual, reigned queen) had dispersed, and they were alone.

"No, sir," she firmly responded; "I have seen too much of the dark side of the picture to be dazzled by its bright side now. When a poor little orphan, without home or friends, those who crowd around me now would have turned coldly away, had I but asked for a home, for which I knew I had to labor."

"But you should not cherish such thoughts now, pet, I am sure they seem very attentive."

"Oh, yes, very! but it is because they know how pleasant these beautiful gardens are, because they think some day I shall be mistress of these elegant surroundings, and because I have a good, kind uncle," she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck, "who is wealthy enough to buy and sell them all."

"Tut! tut! child; there, don't choke me; now kiss me, good-night, then go and take the rest you need so much. But stay one moment," he added, as she was about leaving the room; "who was that young fellow who came with Lilly Morton?"

"It was her cousin, I believe," she answered, "he has just returned from Europe."

And so they separated; she to go to her room and dream all night about the handsome stranger.

Days sped swiftly past, each one bringing Clarence Morton to "Willow Glade," and each day finding Maggie Lynn looking for him, with an eagerness which told only too well what was lurking in her heart, and yet she knew it not. Ah! Maggie, it would have been better for thee to have searched that heart well, and crushed there every bud of affection that was slowly opening its petals, to meet only the chilling blast. But why repeat it, it was the same "old, old story," so many times told, that one grows weary of hearing it.

For a while, life was but a blissful dream to her; the beautiful Spring and Summer passed, Autumn scattered his fruits with a bountiful hand, and then he, too, vanished from the stage of life, and Winter took his place.

It was a dark, chilly day in December, and Maggie Lynn sat by the window engaged upon a delicate piece of embroidery. Very plain was she, her hair and eyes being her only claim to beauty; the former, dark, long and wavy; the latter, large, and as soft and dreamy as if they had been stolen from the Summer sky and colored brown. All day the silent white snowflakes had been falling silently, covering the garden-walks where they had so often wandered together, and throwing a white mantle over everything, as if striving to do all they could to erase from her mind the remembrance of the many happy hours they had spent there; and all day there had been "a shadow on her heart," which she "could not fling aside;" vainly she had tried to put back the dark mist, but still there was a presentiment of coming evil. She was probably looking for Clarence, for very often the eyes were lifted from the embroidery, and gazed eagerly down the road, and when they returned to their employment there was a slight look of sadness in their depths.

After a while she threw her work aside and rested her cheek upon her hand, while her eyes sought the direction from which he would come, if he came at all; as she did so, a diamond ring on the second finger—a tiny circlet placed there by *him*—flashed a gleam of light full into her face, and she pressed it to her lips. For nearly an hour she sat there, and then murmuring, "he may not come at all to-day," she was about rising when she caught sight of some one coming up the road on horseback; eagerly she watched him until he came nearer, and then with a sigh of disappointment she saw it was not Clarence Morton; but the horseman, whoever he was, came on, and she saw him give something to her uncle whom he met, and then he turned and rode back. In a few moments her uncle came in and said, as he tossed a letter in her lap:

"There, take that puss, but hurry and read it, for I want to talk to you. Well, I declare," he exclaimed, as Maggie, who had recognized the writing, hastily fled from the apartment, "girls are strange creatures, any way; now she might have read that here as well as any other place."

But Maggie had reached her own room, and hastily breaking the seal, and while the warm life-blood which had tinged her cheek and brow with a pretty flush, swept back to her heart and congealed there, leaving her pale and cold as marble, she read as follows:

"MAGGIE—Dear Maggie, I had almost written, but my pen must never trace those words again, or my lips utter them. I write to bid you farewell. Oh, Maggie! curse me if you

will, but I *must* tell you all; must tell you that all these happy months when I have been winning your pure heart, I have been engaged to another—one whom I do not, and cannot, love; but it was my father's dying request that I should marry my cousin, a heartless, blue-eyed, sunny-haired doll. Keep the ring, Maggie, keep it as a friendship pledge, for it can be nothing more, and oh! by the memory of our past joys, forgive me, for I can never forgive myself."

She did not need to read that letter twice, for every word was burned upon her heart as if with a living coal, but the dove-light went out of those beautiful eyes, and a cold, stony expression came instead, the bloodless lips parted slightly as she exclaimed mockingly: "Aye! 'keep the ring, Maggie, keep it as a friendship pledge,' and 'forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself'—forgive him, never! I would crush his heart even as I crush that ring," and as she tore it from her finger she shuddered as if it had been a serpent's coil, and in an instant it lay glittering and crushed beneath her foot. Then, in that hard, bitter hour of anguish, all the love which she had cherished in her heart for Clarence Morton was ruthlessly torn away, and in its place the demons of hate and revenge took up their abode.

* * * * *

Six months passed away, and on a dark stormy night in June, a large, almost princely mansion, situated in the most fashionable part of a large city, was brilliantly lighted up, and notwithstanding the tempest, which was sweeping fiercely over the earth, many carriages stopped before the marble steps, and many guests were ushered into the large, elegantly furnished drawing-rooms. As the moments pass, others arrive, until the rooms were filled almost to overflowing. Outside the storm still raged, but within all was mirth and gaiety; and why all this gathering of "fair women and brave men"? Ah! the beautiful heiress, Ida Mellville, was that night to join her fate with that of her cousin, the wealthy, handsome, Clarence Morton; and so on every lip gay words lingered, and on every beautiful face bright smiles dwelt, and all were happy. All! did we say all? Who was that who had come, none knew when, and none knew whither; she who was standing half buried in the shadow, with the queenly air, and pale white brow, from which the long raven tresses rippled back until they were twisted in a heavy coronet at the back of the stately head; a heavy black robe—entirely destitute of ornament, excepting the glittering diamond which fastened the sable collar at the round white throat—fell to the rich carpet, but diamonds gleamed amid the midnight tresses, and heavy golden bands encircled the small fingers?

"Who is she?" was passed from lip to lip, and no one knew; but you, reader, and I, have met her before, and we recognize in the tall, queenly lady the gentle Maggie Lynn of other days. Silently, but none the less surely, she had tracked him since that fatal day, and though he had never met her since, she had often seen him, and when she had heard of the marriage, unasked, unbidden she had come.

There was a lull of the busy voices, and, as the bridal party entered, the splash of the falling raindrops and the low mutterings of thunder were heard. Silently they took their places, and very beautiful looked the bride in her robe of snowy satin, as the golden ringlets fell around the fair white shoulders, and a slight flush crept up to the fair cheek. Clarence Morton, too, was handsome, but his brow was slightly pale, and in the dark brown eye there lurked a strange light, a something almost resembling sadness. The deep-toned voice of the minister broke the strange silence, and, at the same time, Maggie Lynn stepped from the window where she had been standing, and just as the light fell

upon her cold white face, Clarence raised his eyes. Every one's gaze was directed to the bridal party, and no one saw the dark-robed stranger save he—the man who had so wronged her. As their eyes met he started; slowly and silently the white arm was raised, and for one moment the snowy fingers pointed upward, while the blood forsook his cheek and lip, and he seemed as if turned to stone; but he was recalled to himself by the wondering looks of the gay throng, and firmly, but in a low tone, he pronounced the responses, and the "man of God," standing before them there, and little thinking what was passing in his heart, called them "husband and wife," while the merry party pressed up to congratulate them, and no one knew or dreamed that this night, which should have been the happiest of his life, was the deepest and darkest of misery he had ever known.

and his eye sometimes rested proudly, almost fondly, on his beautiful bride, yet he was not happy.

On the night when he had wedded this "blue-eyed, sunny-haired doll," and Maggie Lynn's eye met his, there was something in its glance of a deep, threatening, revengeful hatred, mingled with a sad reproach, and although he had tried to drive it away, yet now with him, as it had once been with her, there was a presentiment of evil, and the stronger this became the more he mingled in society.

It was a beautiful evening in the early part of December, just six months after their bridal, when Clarence Morton stood in his elegant drawing-room waiting for Ida. They were going to a grand party, and she had not yet come from her dressing-room. He walked to the window and stood looking out upon the busy street, so engrossed in his



A HUANACO HUNT IN THE CHILIAN ANDES.—SEE PAGE 53.

As the evening wore on, the merry laughter and the patter of tiny feet kept time with the almost fairy music, but the stranger who had excited so much curiosity was nowhere to be seen; as silently as she had come she had gone; and, although Clarence Morton felt relieved at her absence, yet, as he listened to the wail of the tempest which had nearly spent its fury, he knew that storm in his heart would never cease.

Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and very many were the gay parties which were given in honor of the young "husband and wife," and as the latter never seemed so happy as when surrounded by a crowd of admirers, very often they appeared in public. But although Clarence Morton's laugh rang out clear and musical as ever,

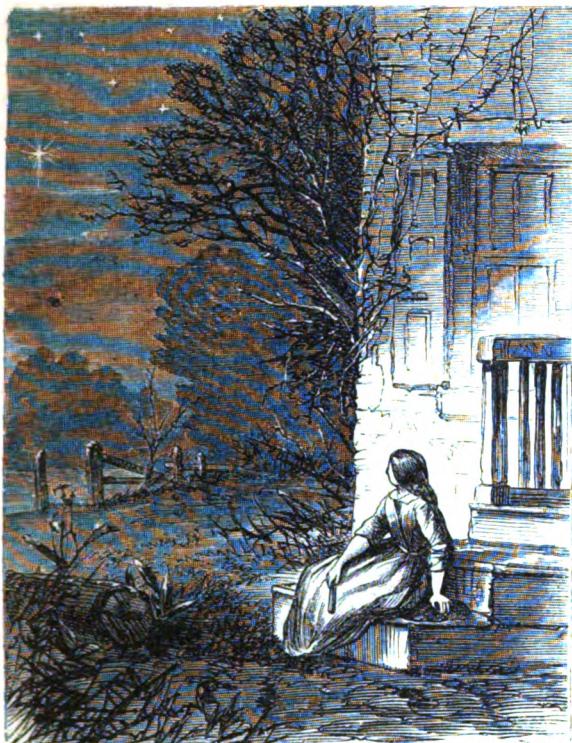
own thoughts that he did not hear her enter the room, until a hand was laid on his arm and a merry voice said:

"How do I look, Clarence? Mercy, what a long face! do try to get on a smile before you go, or you will frighten everybody out of their senses."

"Are you ready, Ida?" he asked, turning partly around, and then as his eye fell upon the fairy-like form near him he smiled. "How do you look? beautiful, as you always do," he added, as he passed his arm around the slender waist and kissed the lips which only answered impatiently:

"Pshaw! nonsense! but do hurry; how slow we are! we shan't get there to-night."

But they did get there "to-night," and as they entered the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, a buzz of admiration



MAGGIE LYNN.—“I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE GOING.”

greeted them, which brought the smiles and blushes to the cheek of the young wife. Not so with Clarence; as he entered that room he seemed to feel a mighty presence, as of some one who was to control his future destiny; and, strong man as he was, he felt a shudder running through his frame, and in a few moments, leaving Ida with a friend, he passed from the apartment into the conservatory, and opening one of the doors he allowed the night breeze to fan his burning, throbbing brow; at last, when he became calmer, he joined the company again, and as he entered that room he saw his wife glide away in the dance upon the arm of a stranger; there was nothing remarkable in this man, and yet he could scarcely remove his eyes from his face. Slender and graceful almost as a woman, there was a strange fascination in his manner. The thick black hair made the pale face look still whiter, and the large dark eyes wandered restlessly over the company, pausing here and there for a moment, and then again wandering on until they met the eyes of Clarence fixed upon him with a strange half-inquiring expression; then for a moment the white lids dropped and a half-demoniac fire kindled in their depths; but it quickly died out, and when a little while after Ida led him up to Clarence, saying:

“Mr. Elliot, my husband, Mr. Morton,” there was a formal greeting, and then he turned away with Ida, who looked back laughingly at her husband.

All the evening she chatted gaily with him, regardless of the many glances of reproof and envy which were constantly leveled at her, for she was only a petted, spoiled child, and cared nothing for all this; indeed the more she noticed it, the more she tried to chain him to her side, and never had she so striven to please her husband as she did to please that stranger. It was over at last, and as they rode home, Clarence said, gloomily: “Who is that Elliot, do you know?”

“No,” she answered, “Mrs. Percy introduced him, and I know nothing more about him.”

“But, Ida,” he continued, “do you not think you were rather too familiar with him?”

“No,” she answered, shortly.

“But I heard several remarks made about it.”

“Well, what if you did? those who made the remarks would have done just as I did, if they could. But you are so cross, I can never do anything to please you.” The voice was anything but pleasant, and she turned from him with an air which said plainly, “I don’t wish you to say anything more about it.”

Clarence Morton sighed, but said nothing, knowing that words would only make the matter worse; but as the carriage stopped before their elegant home, and he assisted her to alight, there was a sad gravity in his manner which she could not but see, and her good-night was perhaps a little less cold than it would have been but for that.

Days passed on, and very often the evenings found Lynn Elliot in Ida Morton’s parlor, lingering at her side, or twining rosebuds amid the golden ringlets, and yet Clarence said nothing. But one afternoon, when returning from his place of business earlier than usual, he found her absent, and, summoning a servant, received to his question of where she was, the answer, that she was out riding with Mr. Elliot, he determined to tell her that she must stop this foolish flirtation or—his cheek flushed and his eye flashed, but he did not complete the sentence, for just then she came in looking so pretty, and child-like, that he could not say the words he intended to; but when the next, and still the next day, he found it the same, he could keep silence no longer, and as they were sitting together that evening, he said abruptly, “Where were you to-day, Ida?”

She started, and said, while her brow flushed, “Nowhere!”

“But you have, Ida; when I came home you were gone; I had occasion to go out again, and when I returned you were home.”

“Oh! perhaps I was riding.”

“With whom?”

“With—my own precious self.”

“And no one else?”

“No.”

“Why, Ida! this is too much; you know you were with



MAGGIE LYNN.—“SHE WAS ABOUT RISING, WHEN SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOME ONE COMING UP THE ROAD ON HORSEBACK.”

that Elliot," he exclaimed, speaking rapidly and passionately, "and you must not go with him again."

"Must not?" the little form was drawn up to its full height, and the crimson lip curled scornfully, "must not? indeed; I will go with him as often as I wish, Clarence Morton."

"Very well," he replied coldly, as he left the room, "but remember, I warn you."

The next day he returned home an hour earlier than usual, to find his wife absent; she had gone out again with Elliot; it was too much; and as he passed from his own dwelling, he muttered hoarsely, "She will repent this."

At a late hour that night he returned home, in a fit of intoxication: Ida was frightened, for she had never before seen him in such a state; but as day by day passed on, she became accustomed to it, for in the short space of four weeks he found his business failing through neglect; and then he resorted to the gambling table, in the faint hope of retrieving his melting fortunes; but losses—nothing but heavy losses—awaited him there, and he knew that many times, while the evening was spent by him in those "dens of iniquity," Lynn Elliot lingered beside the beautiful but thoughtless Ida, saying soft nothings, to which she listened with all a maiden's smiles and blushes. But he did not dream of all, until one night he returned home near midnight, both his own and his wife's fortune spent, to find her gone, and on her dressing-table a tiny note bidding him farewell, and saying she had flown with one she loved much better, and that one was—Lynn Elliot. Calmly he stood and read it through, and then he muttered, "Aye, let her go! I would not have her come back now, loving another as she does; but—" A loud ring of the door-bell startled him, and in a moment a servant brought him a sealed envelope, and then withdrew. Mechanically he had taken it, but when his eye rested upon the writing he turned deathly pale, and staggered back against the wall; but in a few moments he recovered himself, and hastily pulling the bell-rope he summoned the servant, and said huskily, "Who brought that here?" pointing to the unread letter which still lay upon the table.

"I don't know, sir," was the answer; "his face was so muffled up that I could not tell who it was. He only said 'give that to your master,' and handed me the letter."

"Very well, you may go;" and as he passed out the miserable man broke the seal and read:

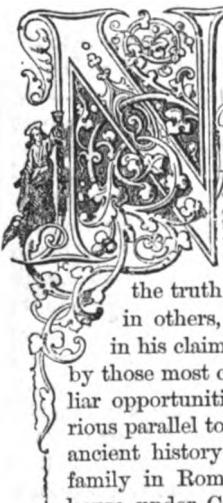
"CLARENCE MORTON—You will probably be surprised at receiving this from one whose very existence you wish to forget. And can you? Were you happy with your doll wife? She faithfully performed a wife's duty towards you, did she not? Ha! ha! you acted a noble part, in crushing the life and love out of a young heart, and now your own must pay the penalty. I will—I have—had my revenge! The time has come! Clarence Morton, your beautiful wife has left you. She fled from her home little knowing with whom. But I will tell you all. I was present at your wedding, and when I there saw Ida Melville, my resolve was taken. I disguised myself, and then obtained an introduction to her; ah! even you in that disguise did not recognize me—and how could you? Maggie Lynn became Lynn Elliot! At another time I should have despised it, but I was no longer a woman, I was a demon. Well, I exerted myself to win her affections from you, her husband, and I succeeded. At last I won her consent to leave you and fly with me. We were to start on our afternoon ride as usual, but we were never to return; we did go, and in five hours she was—in a lunatic asylum! placed there by myself; and there she will remain. In vain she pleaded for mercy—said she was not mad, but they were used to such scenes, and I was inexorable.

With you I have been as successful; you were jealous at first, and that drove you to place the wine-cup to your lips; that was part of my plan; from that you went to the gaming table. Your fortune is spent, your health broken, and remorse and despair busy at your heartstrings. It is well! my plans were well laid, and Maggie Lynn has had her revenge."

* * * * *

Yes, "darken the room, step softly, and speak low, for death is hovering there." For many days Clarence Morton had been lingering on the brink of the grave. Brain fever had done its work, and made but a wreck of the once strong man; but that morning reason had tottered back to its throne to take a final leave of the world. It chanced that he was alone for a moment, faint and gasping he lay on the pillow, when suddenly he felt a breath on his cheek, and opening his eyes—those eyes which were soon to look their last on earth—he beheld a woman bending over him, with a strange light in the dark orbs, which looked unnaturally large and brilliant; and he knew only too well who it was. Bending nearer to him she almost hissed something in his ears, and then turning, fled from the apartment, out into the world again, while "the look that comes but once" settled on his face, a film gathered over his eyes, the short gasping breaths ceased, and Clarence Morton was dead. The last words he ever heard on earth were "Maggie Lynn—death—revenge."

A FRENCH CASE OF IMPOSTURE.



EVER was there a more important cause célèbre than the Tichborne case. It attracted much attention in this country as well as in England and Australia, which were more immediately concerned; but that case is, however, but one of a series, not the last, we may depend upon it, in which the public mind has been divided; in some,

the truth remaining to the last undiscovered—in others, the impostor being well supported in his claims, and the right man repudiated, even by those most closely interested, and possessing peculiar opportunities of judging between them. A curious parallel to the Tichborne case has been found in ancient history. A certain Sextus, heir of a noble family in Rome, had escaped from the ruin of his house, under Cornelius, by spreading a report of his own decease. The falsehood of this report was soon discovered, but no one could say what had become of Sextus. After the emperor's death, a claimant appeared for the rank and fortune of the missing nobleman. His appearance corresponded with his claim, and he replied satisfactorily to searching questions, but the decision was against him, mainly on account of his want of education. The poor man had forgotten his Greek and his philosophy, and no allowance was made for a failure of memory in the wanderings and misfortunes of ten troubled years. A case, of which a brief sketch is given below, appears even more remarkable:

Martin-Guerre, born in Biscay, in the early part of the sixteenth century, married, while quite young, in January, 1539, one Bertrande de Rolles, of the town of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, a girl of good character and considerable attractions. The young couple were possessed of tolerable means. Eight or nine years passed before a son was born, whom they named Sanxi.

Martin-Guerre, having committed a petty theft upon his father's property, thought it advisable to quit his home for a

time. Once at large, he extended his wanderings, and for eight years left his wife without any tidings of him. At this period, one Arnaud du Tilh, otherwise known as Pansette, presents himself, and, as he has the same features and expression as Martin-Guerre, he is received as the husband of Bertrande de Rolles by the four sisters of her husband, by his uncle, by the wife's family, and even by herself. The fellow had studied his part to perfection, and having known Martin-Guerre in his travels, he had learned from him certain secrets which were known to the wife only, confidential communications, and the dates of various occurrences connected with their married life. The impostor is perfectly familiar with a thousand little private matters, so that, one might say, he knew Martin-Guerre a great deal better than Martin himself.

Bertrande de Rolles, who is tenderly attached to her husband, and has been so long affectionately looking for him, is, at first, easily satisfied that this is the real Martin-Guerre. The impostor takes the husband's place in the home; and, in the course of three years, two children are born, one of whom survived but a few days. He enters also into the enjoyment of the property of Martin-Guerre, both at Artigues and at Biscay, and sells part of his land.

But suspicions arise: Pierre-Guerre, Martin's uncle, and a few others, open their eyes, and what they see they make Bertrande de Rolles see likewise. She puts the impostor into the hands of justice, claiming that he has falsely, shamefully, and traitorously wronged her and her husband, in taking the name of and personating Martin-Guerre.

Arnaud du Tilh, in his defence, urges that no unhappiness can equal his, when his wife and relations are wicked enough to dispute his identity merely to get possession of his property, a matter of seven or eight thousand francs; that Pierre-Guerre is prompted by an animosity engendered by covetousness; that his uncle's sons-in-law are as violent as he; that they have terrified and cajoled his wife to the wicked step. He then relates his own history, explaining the reason of his absence, and accounting for his movements since he left his home. He demands that his wife be confronted with him, persuaded that she cannot entirely stifle the truth, not being utterly blinded by the passion which has goaded his persecutors against him. He demands, in his turn, that his calumniators be condemned, according to the laws of equity, to severe penalties.

Subjected to a long and close examination, he answers satisfactorily to all the questions of his judges; he speaks of Sanxi his son, and of his departure, and, inviting the fullest investigation, he refers to persons who are able to confirm his statement in all its particulars. The judges, after careful inquiry, can find no inconsistency in his account.

It is decided that Bertrande de Rolles, and certain persons named by the accused, shall be examined; Bertrande's account of all these facts tallies exactly with that given by the accused. Confronted with the woman and all the witnesses, he renews his demand that she shall be kept apart in order that his enemies may not tamper with her weakness of character. This is allowed him. He then brings various objections to the admissibility of the witnesses against him; he obtains authority for taking evidence with respect to their prompting Bertrande de Rolles to this accusation, and for the verification of his objections to the witnesses.

Of the hundred and fifty witnesses, more or less, whose evidence was taken, thirty or forty swear positively that he is Martin-Guerre, and no other, they having lived with him from his infancy on terms of the very closest familiarity; moreover they identify him by certain marks and scars which time has not obliterated. Other witnesses, and these form the majority, assert that the accused is Arnaud du Tilh, called Pansette, they having seen and known

him from his cradle. The rest of the witnesses cannot decide positively whether the accused be Martin-Guerre or Arnaud du Tilh.

By the finding of the first judge, "Arnaud du Tilh is declared duly convicted of personation, is condemned to be beheaded and quartered."

The Parliament of Toulouse, to which he appealed, orders, first, that Pierre-Guerre and Bertrande de Rolles shall be brought, in turns, face to face with Arnaud du Tilh, in presence of the whole Chamber. In both these rencontres, he maintains such a steadfast composure, such a straightforward bearing, that the judges read in his face the confirmation of his claims; while on the brows of Pierre-Guerre, and of Bertrande de Rolles, who completely lose their self-possession, they read only proofs of falsehood.

A new investigation only increases the perplexity. Of thirty witnesses now heard for the first time, nine or ten declare that it is Martin-Guerre; seven or eight declare, no less positively, that he is Arnaud du Tilh; the rest declare themselves unable to speak decidedly on either side.

In this state of affairs, when the matter is all but decided in favor of the accused, the real Martin-Guerre appears upon the stage. He presents his application to the court for a hearing, tells the impostor's real history, and proffers his evidence. The court orders him to be arrested and examined, and to be confronted with the accused, with Bertrande de Rolles, with the sisters, and with the principal witnesses who have affirmed point-blank that the accused was none other than Martin-Guerre. The questions already put to the accused are put to him. He gives the marks and tokens by which he may be recognized; but the tokens which he furnishes are neither so certain nor so numerous as those furnished by the accused. The two men are brought face to face. Arnaud du Tilh, whose forehead is effrontery itself, treats Martin-Guerre as an impostor, a scoundrel, a wretch foisted in by Pierre-Guerre. He questions him on many points of his family history, which the husband was likely to know. Martin-Guerre does not answer with the same confidence and exactness as Arnaud du Tilh. One might say that the scene which represents the impostor in possession is more like the truth than is the actual truth itself. The Commissioners, having ordered Arnaud du Tilh to withdraw, questioned Martin-Guerre on several most important matters on which neither the one nor the other had yet been examined. His replies prove to be exactly correct. Arnaud du Tilh is then examined apart. He answers the ten or twelve questions put to him with the same exactness.

The court, at last, in hopes of clearing up the matter, and removing all shadow of doubt, orders that Martin-Guerre's four sisters, his two brothers-in-law, Pierre-Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, and the principal witnesses who have so obstinately maintained the latter to be Martin-Guerre, shall come forward together to make their final decision between these two men.

The eldest sister arrives first. After a moment's hesitation, as she looks into Martin-Guerre's face, she recognizes him, and embraces him with tears. Martin-Guerre mingles his tears with his sister's, as he returns her embrace. The others recognize him equally, not excepting those witnesses who had been the most obstinate in affirming that Arnaud du Tilh was really Martin-Guerre.

Last of all, Bertrande de Rolles was called in. No sooner had the poor woman cast her eyes on her husband than, bursting into a flood of tears, she threw herself into his arms, entreating his pardon for allowing herself to be deceived. The impostor is unmasked.

The court, after mature deliberation, "condemns Arnaud du Tilh to make a public confession before the church of Artigues, to be led through all the streets and public-

thoroughfares of the town, after which to be hanged before the house of Martin-Guerre, and his body burned.

The prisoner was taken back to Artigues, where he made a detailed confession of his imposture and of other serious crimes. At the foot of the gallows he asked the pardon of Martin-Guerre and his wife. Then filled, apparently, with a lively sorrow and a true penitence, he passed his last moments in imploring mercy of God.

The sentence was pronounced on the 12th of September, 1560, and carried into effect four days afterwards.

person. In the process of time he might comprehend that, by means of the needle and thread, a number of small leaves or skins might be made to serve the same purpose as a single large one, and as his instruments improved, so would his work. There are, it is true, certain nations who have been acquainted with the art of sewing from time immemorial, and never seem to have made the least progress in it. The native Australian, for example, displays wonderful ingenuity in making thread from the sinews of the kangaroo's tail, and needles from the emu's bones; but there his invention seems



THE TAILOR-BIRD AND ITS NEST.

THE TAILOR-BIRD AND ITS NEST.

THE man who first invented sewing in all probability thought that he had discovered, or rather created, an art which was entirely new, and that to him alone was due the credit of perceiving the virtues of a fibre thrust through holes.

The capabilities of his invention he could not be expected to foresee, inasmuch as he would in all probability limit its powers to the decoration rather than the clothing of his own

to have stopped, and, up to the present time, the junction of a couple of kangaroo skins, or the sewing together of a few "opossum" furs, seem to be the limits of his powers. Still, in other countries, the needle and thread have, as a rule, exhibited a regular improvement, until they have culminated in the sewing-machine of our own day and country. Had, however, some good genius enabled the original founder of the art to foresee its effect upon the world, he might well have been proud of his discovery, the earliest of human arts.



THE TRANSFIGURATION, BY RAPHAEL.
(FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE VATICAN.)

The respectable guild of tailors, indeed, were wont to attribute to their mystery an antiquity surpassing that of any other handicraft, and, on the strength of a certain passage in Genesis, claimed Adam as the first tailor. As to the smiths and musicians, the tailors looked down upon them as of comparatively recent origin, and considered even the mysterious order of Freemasons as modern upstarts. Had they been moderately skilled in ornithology, they might have claimed a still older origin, for the reasons that, long before man came on the earth, the needle and the thread were used for sewing two objects together.

The wonderful little bird, whose portrait is accurately given in the accompanying illustration, is popularly known by the appropriate title of TAILOR-BIRD, its scientific name being *Orthotomus longicaudus*. The manner in which it constructs its penile nest is very singular. Choosing a convenient leaf, generally one which hangs from the end of a slender twig, it pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak in the same manner that a shoemaker uses his awl, the two instruments being very similar to each other in shape, though not in material. These holes are not at all regular, and in some cases there are so many of them, that the bird seems to have found some special gratification in making them, just as a boy who has a new knife makes havoc on every piece of wood which he can obtain.

When the holes are completed, the bird next procures its thread, which is a long fibre of some plant, generally much longer than is needed for the task which it performs. Having found its thread, the feathered tailor begins to pass it through the holes, drawing the sides of the leaf towards each other, so as to form a kind of hollow cone, the point downwards. Generally a single leaf is used for this purpose, but whenever the bird cannot find one that is sufficiently large, it sews two together, or even fetches another leaf and fastens it with the fibre. Within the hollow thus formed the bird next deposits a quantity of soft white down, like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm, light, and elegant nest, which is scarcely visible among the leafage of the tree, and which is safe from almost every foe except man.

There are several nests of the Tailor-bird in the British Museum, one composed of several leaves, and the other in which one leaf is used. It is a pity that in all instances the leaf has been plucked from the twig on which it grew; and it is to be wished that when specimens are brought to our museums the twig will be cut off, and that, if the leaf should fall off, it may be replaced on the spot whereon it grew. Beautiful as is the detached nest, it does not give nearly so vivid an idea of its object as if it were still suspended to its branch.

The Tailor-bird is a native of India, and is tolerably familiar, haunting the habitations of man, and being often seen in the gardens and compounds, feeding away in conscious security. It seems to care little about lofty situations, and mostly prefers the ground, or lower branches of the trees, and flies to and fro with a peculiar undulating flight. Many species of the same genus are known to ornithologists.

THE AMBER-CALIFORNIA.

CARLYLE, in his History of Frederick the Great, writing of the ancient inhabitants of East Prussia, enunciates this characteristic sentence, "Dryasdust knows only that these Preussen were a strong boned, irascible herdsmen and fisher people; highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially. Famous otherwise, through all the centuries, for the amber they had been used to fish, and sell in foreign parts."

This amber was well known to the writers of classical antiquity as a natural production of the Baltic shores. Its value was rated as high as that of gold and precious stones. The Phoenician navigated the North seas in quest of it; and tried to keep its locality a mystery. Its curious property of attracting substances by friction was not among its most trivial notabilities, and caused the adoption of a Greek name for the nomenclature of the most marvellous of modern sciences. Up to quite recent times its origin and composition have been as perplexing a *crux* to physical inquirers as the origin of the Nile has to geographical inquirers. The poets of old had their way of accounting for it, as to-day's man of science has his. The tears of Phaeton's sisters, they said, those sisters whom grief for their brother's fall had metamorphosed into trees, in their descent from the enchanted trunks had become congealed, and acquired the appearance of gold-colored transparencies. If, as some have suggested, the river Eridanus, into which the rash charioteer of the sun fell, was not the Italian Po, but a small river bearing the same Latin name, which runs its course near Dantzig, there would seem to have been some method in the fancy of this fable. Nevertheless, science, explains it thus:

At a remote epoch of creation, classified by geologists as the Tertiary Period, a mighty pine forest covered vast portions of the northern continent. A resin, so rapid in its flow as to catch forms of insect life in every moment of action, exuded from these pines, and congealed as rapidly. By some natural-historic process not yet fully cleared up, these masses of resin were detached from their parent trees, and became submerged under the great Tertiary sea, where a stratum of bluish clay formed round them. Then came the subsequent strata of diluvial and alluvial periods, and the peninsula of Samland, rising gradually from the waters, held buried under it a portion of the amber treasure, while other portions of it stretch beneath the basin of the Baltic from Memel to Pillau.

The peninsula of Samland forms the northeastern boundary of the Gulf of Dantzig, and lies between two large fresh-water lakes, which constitute in fact the most remarkable phenomena in the physical geography of Prussia. These lakes are separated from the sea each by a *Nehrung*, so-called, a very narrow, low strip of land. The largest of the lakes, the Curisches Haff (or sea), named after the ancient tribe of the Cures, who once inhabited its banks, is sixty-six miles long and from fifteen to thirty miles broad. The Frisches Haff, to the southwest of it, is nearly as long, but narrower. The Samland peninsula ends in a bold, storm-beaten promontory designated the Brusterort, on which stands a lighthouse. The inner coast of this peninsula, abutting on the Frisches Haff, is verdant and fertile, and has been called the paradise of East Prussia. At its junction with the mainland stands Königsberg, the ancient Prussian capital. The Curisches Haff joins the sea at the roadstead of Memel, the border-town of Prussia on its northeasterly limit. A mile and a half from Memel, in the Curische Nehrung, stands the little bathing-place of Schwarzort, which has long had its visitors for pleasure or for health.

Till within five-and-thirty years ago the royal dues on the production of this amphibious product were farmed out to certain monopolists who kept the seaboard in terror with the exactions of their officers.

In the year 1837, King Frederick William III. made over his rights to the needy peasantry of the district in return for a small fixed tribute. The new proprietors set diligently to work to extract the precious deposit, but they were acquainted only with the traditional methods of operation—such as hauling it in from the shore, or fishing it up from the sea-depths in boats, or digging it here and there

from its inland recesses. These operations are still carried on, though in portions of the amber regions enterprise and machinery have superseded them, as we shall presently have to recount.

On rough Autumn days, when the northeast wind blows keenly, freezing the spray as it falls, the coastmen of Samland will rush into the sea with their nets, and toss the treasure which the waves bring up to the women and children who wait on the beach to sift the tangled mass and separate the amber from the "amber-weed," by which it is invariably encompassed. But the heavier masses of amber are rarely driven in by wind and tide. They are reserved for the boatmen's operations on the calm Summer mornings, when, peering eagerly into the glassy green waters, they plunge their hooks and pitchforks into some promising mass of rock and sea-weed, which they drag by main force within the compass of their nets.

In 1862 an enterprising firm of small traders at Memel, Stantien and Becker offered to clear out the accumulations of mud which, from time to time, choked the Memel roadstead at the entrance of the Curisches Haff, and to pay a sum of twenty-five thalers per working-day into the bargain, in exchange for the possession of all the amber to be found within the sphere of their operations. Forthwith the establishments of the new company sprung up at Schwarzort—the San Francisco of the new East Prussian California. No less than twelve dredging machines were at work last year. The process by which they effect their object is this: First a channel is driven into the mud of the lake, the mud being cast aside into boxes covered with a grating, till the solid ground of the amber stratum is reached. Into this channel buckets, alternately solid and perforated, are then let down; and the solid buckets, being rapidly whirled round, produce a strong current, which brings with it the stones of the amber bed, casting them into the successive perforated buckets, from whence again they are shaken out on the gratings aforesaid. The amber is then separated from its earthly accompaniments, made up in sacks, and taken to the sorting house at Memel to be carefully sifted. The operations are carried on each year till the frost sets in—that is, for about thirty weeks—and they require no ordinary robustness of constitution in the laborers, who work in relays for eight hours at a time, day and night. The average weight of amber brought up by this process during the working season is 57,000 lbs., but the value can scarcely be computed, as it varies according to the quality of the material. The inferior amber, used for fumigation and polish, may fetch about four silver gröschen (ten cents) per pound. The better kind, available for the mouthpieces of pipes, etc., will fetch twenty-five thalers (from \$15 to \$20) the pound, while the beautiful straw-colored amber is absolutely priceless.

Messrs. Stantien and Becker have succeeded in reaching other hiding-places of the shining treasure. Their diving flotilla, apparently riding at anchor below the lighthouse of the Brusterort, strikes the observer's eye at a distance. On approaching nearer he will see signs of new and most daring enterprise, for at the foot of the Brusterort there is a long low reef, some 600 yards long by 400 wide, containing the most valuable kind of amber. It has been accumulating for centuries under mighty blocks of stone, and has till lately defied all efforts of man to force it from its resting-place. Even the hardy constitution of the Samlander could not withstand the severities of that peninsula when he had to work by the ordinary resources of diving and forking.

The costume of the diver is as follows: A woollen garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed by an india-rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the old-fashioned diving dress, and allowing the diver to lie at full length. The helmet,

also, is of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it, and resting on the shoulders, is a small air-chest, made of sheet iron. This chest is connected with the air-pump, in the boat above, by an india-rubber tubing, forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another india-rubber tube, the mouth-piece of which is held by the diver between his teeth, the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above, and means of exit for the expired breath. The helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass, and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been screwed on to the person of the diver, a rope tied round his waist, and half a hundred weight of lead attached to the feet, shoulders, and helmet, he is ready for his plunge. Down, fathoms deep, he descends into the amber world. He stays there, maybe for five hours at a time, hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labors streaming with perspiration. The overseer stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth and breathe five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance.

Amber, as we have said, is an amphibious product. Much of it is embedded in the "blue-earth" stratum of the peninsula itself. The largest mass ever found—in the days of Maltebrun, at least, for we know not what size the specimens in Messrs. Stantien and Becker's warehouses may since have measured—was found at a place near the frontier of Lithuania, and weighed eighteen pounds.

To get at the inland amber of Samland, vigorous efforts are now being made, partly by those peasant-farmers who still retain the royal dues in their hands, and partly by the amber firms of Königsberg, that of Stantien and Becker at the head. Hitherto the method chiefly employed is that of manual spade-work. Near the village of Sassen, for instance, a shaft is dug by the daily labor of thirty or forty men, while the water which presses in from the sea is laboriously kept out by water engines; and however clumsy this method may be, a sufficient supply of the desired produce is found to make it thoroughly remunerative.

CHILDREN RIDING ON A TAME BEAR AT BERNE.

BERNE, in Switzerland, is pre-eminently the city of bears. Its cantonal arms are studded with bears, and tame bears are always maintained in the city limits as a kind of tutelar deity of the place; or, if this expression seems too strong, we will say keeps bears as Rome did geese, with a deep sense of obligation. At all events, the bear appears everywhere in stone, in wood, and in the flesh. Some of these last are quite tame, and children are seen playing with them, riding on them as on great good-natured Newfoundland dogs. But the bears kept in the pit in the city—three or four mangy brutes—are not so approachable, for, though constantly fed with buns and nuts by visitors, these animals are so fierce that they actually killed, some few years since, a man who incautiously fell into the pit.

WHEN Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of "Bellamira" was performed, the roof of the theatre fell down, by which, however, few people were hurt except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, "There was so much fire in his play, that it blew up the poet, house and all." "No," replied the good-natured author, "the play was so heavy, that it broke down the house, and buried the poor poet in his own rubbish."

THE INVENTION OF THE STOCKING-LOOM.

We are told that Henry II. of France was the first who wore silk stockings, at his sister's wedding to the Duke of Savoy, in 1509. Howell, in his "History of the World," says that, in 1550, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silkwoman, Mrs. Montague; and she never wore cloth ones any more. He also adds, that Henry VIII. wore ordinarily cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. His son, King Edward VI., was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by Sir Thomas Gresham. Hence it would seem that the invention of knit stockings originally came from Spain.

Being thus summarily rejected, and ignorant of any other means of subsistence, he was reduced to the necessity of living upon what his wife could earn by knitting of stockings, which gave a spur to his invention. "Why should fingers so beautiful be thus enslaved?" Such a thought probably flashed upon the mind of the student; and out of it arose his first ideal construction of a machine, which afterwards became a reality, and the products of which now form a staple commodity in all civilized countries. Having constructed his first machine, and taught the use of it to his brother and the rest of his relations, Lee established himself at Culverton, near Nottingham, as a stocking-weaver; but, being neglected by Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James I., he transferred himself and his machines to

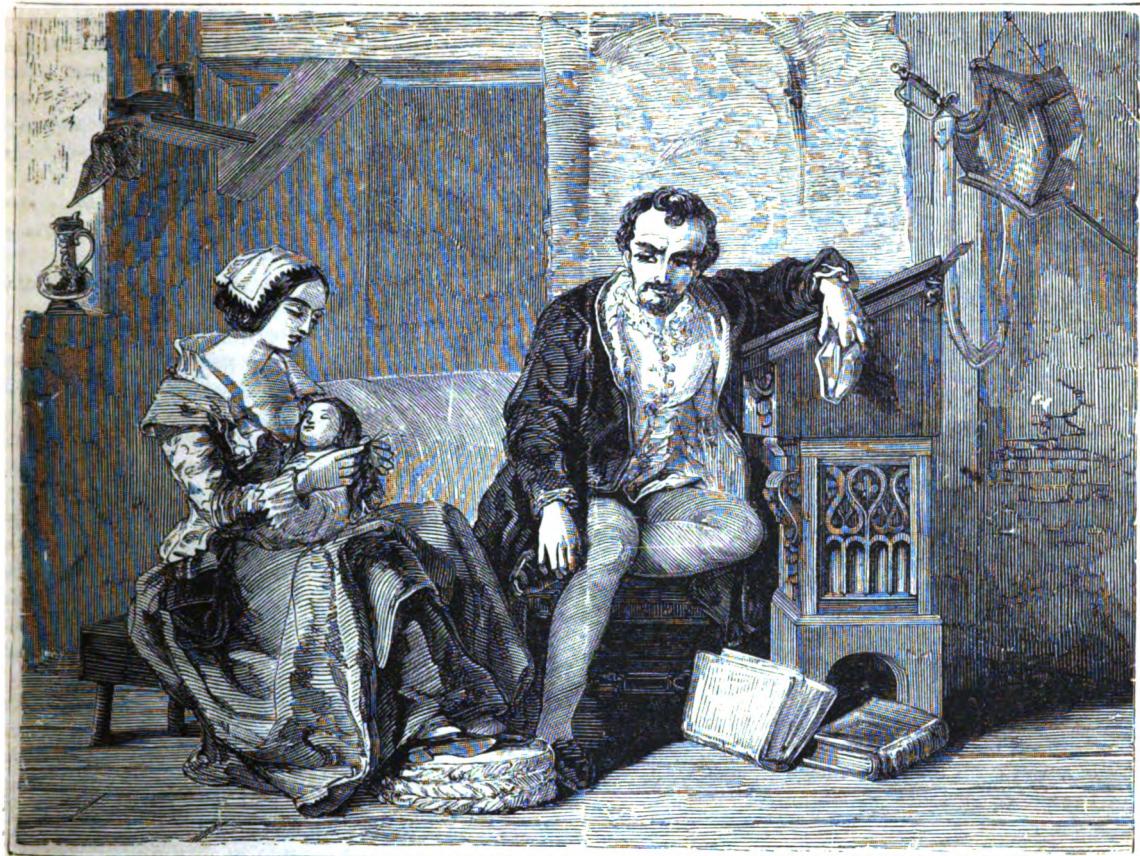


CHILDREN RIDING ON A TAME BEAR AT BERNE, SWITZERLAND.—SEE PAGE 63.

Anderson tells us, that one William Rider, an apprentice on London Bridge, seeing at the house of an Italian merchant a pair of knit stockings from Mantua, took the hint, and made a pair exactly like them, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke, and that they were the first of that kind worn in England.

There have been various opinions with respect to the original invention of the stocking-frame; but it is now generally acknowledged that it was invented in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1589, by William Lee, M. A., of St. John's College, in Cambridge, a native of Woodbury, near Nottingham, England. We are told that this gentleman was expelled the University for marrying contrary to the statutes of the college.

France, where Henry IV. and his minister Sully gave him a welcome reception. After the king's decease, Lee shared in the persecution suffered by the Protestants, and is reported to have died, from grief and disappointment, at Paris. Some of his workmen escaped to England, and under one Aston, who had been Lee's apprentice, succeeded in establishing the stocking manufacture permanently in England. A sad story—like that of most benefactors of their race. It is to be hoped that, like most benefactors generally, he had in himself the means of consolation. The Framework Knitters' Company was incorporated by Charles II., 1663. In their hall is the portrait of Lee, pointing to one of the iron frames, and discoursing with a woman, who is knitting with needles and her fingers.



INVENTION OF THE STOCKING-LOOM.—SEE PAGE 64.

FLINT AND STEEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTELLE'S ERROR," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AS FAIR a scene in every way as one would wish to see. A Summer evening full of mellow sunshine and long shadows, soft scents and sweet sounds—an English garden, with brilliant flowers, smooth-shaven turf, and shady nooks—an English girl, with slender, graceful form, and face of more than ordinary beauty. The dreamy dark eyes were watching, but not seeing, the wheeling, cawing, noisy flock of rooks that could not settle peacefully in their nests in the tall elm-trees in the park; her hands were clasped behind her shapely little head, with its wealth of waving chestnut hair, her cheeks slightly flushed, her lips compressed as if with some secret annoyance—and yet Maud Etheridge had not a real care in the world.

On her lap lay open Tennyson's "Princess," and the girl's mind was full of the poem she had just been reading. A step on the grass, a slight rustle, made her look round, and her face brightened as she saw who the new-comer was.

"Well, Maud—in dreamland as usual?" exclaimed the bright pretty little woman who seated herself by her on the garden-seat, without the neatly indispensable feminine kiss. "What a girl it is for dreaming! Unwholesome tendency, my dear, as my sage husband would tell you—sure to lead you into mischief some day."

"I know he would, the horribly matter-of-fact creature! May, how did you ever fall in love with him, and how did he ever propose? I can't fancy Mr. Percy ever saying a loving word or calling you a pet name."

"That shows how little you know," returned May Percy, with a heightened color in her fair laughing face. "Geoffrey is far too sensible a man to parade his conjugal affec-

tions before the world. Wine diluted with water becomes insipid. And now what were you dreaming of when I interrupted you? May I know?"

"Nothing very interesting," said Maud, carelessly—"only I was angry with Tennyson for writing such a regular man's book. After describing such a perfect creature as the Princess, he makes her dwindle down into the ordinary household slave, ordering dinners and sewing on buttons for the man who owns her! May, I will never marry! Fancy belonging to a man—being just a movable piece of furniture, your only duty in life to attend to his comforts, see that his linen is well aired and mended, and keep the servants in order and the house as he likes it; fancy every time the children cry or get into mischief having him turn round and say, 'Why don't you keep them in better order?' and every time the soup is greasy, or the mutton over-roasted, getting black looks and a growl of 'Really, I wish you would look after things a little, and not set such a dinner as this before me.' Bah! Why are women so weak?"

"Maud, you goose, we women are weak, dreamy, sentimental, small-minded creatures away from man's broader nature. Men do us more good than we do to them, though I own they are very much improved by our taking them in hand. Your view of marriage is certainly unreal and theoretical, consequent on your living alone with your aunt, and seeing nothing of men in domestic life. Do you suppose for one moment that your life is as happy as mine?"

"Ah, well, very few women get as good a husband as you have. He is so very calm and good-tempered. But he wouldn't suit me; I couldn't make him angry. I would rather have somebody who would fire up and flash out when I was very provoking. I never cared much for sweets—I prefer savory meats with a dash of cayenne."

"Take care. The cayenne is in me, and you'll taste it if you speak of my husband in that tone. But, seriously, Maud, I am sorry to find you in this sort of vein, because I came to take you back to dinner with me, to meet my dear Arthur Trevor; and I know you will vent your spleen against the whole race of man on his innocent head."

"That is what I feel inclined to do, only I know you would cry or quarrel with me if I did," returned Maud, laughing, "and I cannot afford to quarrel with my one lady-friend. So the immaculate Captain Trevor is coming at last, is he? Yes, I will come. I will put on my most fascinating dress and smile my sweetest to show you how easily even your paragon can be fooled. What do I look best in, May—the pale blue, or the white-and-rose color, or the—"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Mrs. Percy, jumping up. "I can't go through the list of your thousand and one dresses. You know far more about what is becoming than I do. Only I warn you, if you ruin Arthur Trevor's peace of mind, you will have to settle accounts with me. Not that I'm afraid—you are far more likely to be the victim than he is. Good-by. Seven sharp, remember. We'll bring you home in spite of the cockchafers. Ugh! I'm no heroine."

Mrs. Percy hurried away, and Maud Etheridge remained for a few moments dreaming, then rose, and, with a mischievous smile on her pretty mouth, which augured ill for Captain Trevor, walked with a quick yet graceful step towards the house. Entering by a French window the cosy snugger known as the morning room, she approached a slight white-haired old lady who was knitting diligently in an easy-chair, the deep cushions of which never felt the weight of the sitter's upright back.

"Auntie dear, I am going round to the Percys to dinner. It is your reading-class evening, so you won't miss me—and I shall be home early. We shall all walk back together about nine o'clock, I dare say, and have some coffee here."

"Very well, my dear," said Miss Barry, in the quick, sharp tones that might have been expected from her face. "Don't hurry home on my account. My young men don't go till nine, as you know, and I shall be tired, and glad of quietness, when they are gone. Is it a party?"

"No, only that Captain Trevor they travelled with last year, and May has never ceased to rave about ever since. I feel obstinately determined to dislike him in consequence."

"Pray, Maud, don't be uncivil to him. You will vex Mrs. Percy, and I should be so sorry," exclaimed little Miss Barry, energetically. "You really must not conceive such prejudices."

"I'll be careful, auntie. Have a cosy, quiet tea, such as your soul delights in, and don't be too indulgent with your young men."

Half an hour later Maud entered the drawing-room at Tremletts with a queenly step that was meant to impress Captain Trevor, but failed, Mrs. Percy being the only occupant of the room.

"Hem! Badly managed, May," she remarked, giving a last touch to her dress. "I meant that entry to have been a great *coup*; and, lo and behold, it was wasted on you. Where is the hero? Don't I look simply lovely?"

"Your dress does. That's another new one, you extravagant girl! Here come the menkind. Now, Maud, behold your fate."

But Maud did not behold anything, for, seized with a feeling of shyness, she bowed to Captain Trevor without raising her eyes, and then began talking to Mrs. Percy as fast as she could race from one topic to another, and continued till dinner was announced.

She was quite sure that Captain Trevor was eyeing her curiously, probably having heard as much about her perfections as she had about his, and perhaps feeling in conse-

quence the same obstinate wish to quarrel which he did. As the soup was being cleared away, she raised her eyes at last, to encounter the steady gaze of another pair, and see a face which she acknowledged to herself at once to be the handsomest she had ever seen, illuminated for a moment with a smile of intense amusement, and then carefully controlled.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Etheridge," he said, gravely, taking out his watch and glancing at it, "but ten minutes have elapsed—that is a great achievement."

"What is, Captain Trevor? What are you talking of?" asked Mrs. Percy, whilst Maud crimsoned.

"I was only noting how long Miss Etheridge had held out. She has been longing to take a good look at me ever since we met, and has only just succumbed. Isn't that true, Miss Etheridge?"

"Certainly you are not wanting in vanity, Captain Trevor," answered Maud, quickly. "I do not see on what grounds you could imagine I was longing to look at you."

"Because one is always curious to see a person one has heard a good deal of," returned Captain Trevor, still smiling; "and I should be very sorry to think that Mrs. Percy had not talked a good deal of me, considering what friends we are. What amused me was your not looking—almost every other girl would have looked. I have been staring hard at you all the time."

"Perhaps you are more curious than I am," retorted Maud, "though curiosity is said to be a feminine weakness. It seems to me that all the weaknesses are said to be feminine. I have never heard any one talk of a masculine weakness."

"We have some, though," admitted Captain Trevor, dryly. "I dare say you would hardly believe it."

"Love of teasing, for instance," put in Mrs. Percy, quickly, seeing Maud's eyes flashing, "and love of a good dinner, lordly impatience, and overweening vanity, intense selfishness, a general disregard of everybody else's comfort or wishes, and insufficient appreciation of nature's noblest work—woman. Anything more, Maud, can you suggest?"

"My ideas of man are so purely theoretical, happily for me, that it would profit little to ventilate them," returned Maud, coldly.

She was nettled and annoyed, and could not quite define what it was that annoyed her—a little afraid, too, of what Captain Trevor would say next. He seemed bent on amusing himself at her expense—a totally new sensation for the beautiful heiress, who was accustomed to find gentlemen only too ready to fall down before her.

She turned to Mr. Percy, and exerted all her powers of talking to keep him to herself and prevent Captain Trevor joining in the conversation. He made one or two efforts to get her to speak to him, but, obtaining only the coldest and shortest of answers, relinquished the attempt, and turned to Mrs. Percy. In spite of herself, Maud could not help listening now and then to his merry jokes and ringing laugh. His voice was peculiarly pleasant—mellow, clear, and manly; and she began to understand, in spite of her annoyance, the fascination that her friend had described. Nevertheless she was quite determined to be as cold as ice with him; he was far too free and easy, she should not like him, and she was glad when May rose to leave the room.

"Tastes differ, May," she exclaimed, the moment they entered the drawing-room; "Captain Trevor is not my idea of a fascinating man."

"You certainly did not seem to hit matters this evening," returned May, laughing, "but perhaps you will get on better by-and-by. They won't be in for at least half an hour, so I'll run up and see if baby has had his medicine. His cough is so bad."

"Poor little man—I am so sorry. Don't be long ;" and Maud seated herself at the piano, and began to sing a little old-fashioned song called "Barbara Allen."

She did not stop when the door opened a few minutes afterwards, feeling sure that it was Mrs. Percy, but sang on to the end, and then wheeled round on the music-stool, to find herself face to face with Captain Trevor.

"I thought it was Mrs. Percy," she said, rising and coloring ; "she ran up to see after baby's cough."

"The steward came to speak to Percy, so I thought I might as well leave them, not being interested in swedes or beans. I suppose you are, Miss Etheridge, having an estate of your own. His manner was grave and quiet, all banter gone, and she felt relieved.

"I like to understand all I can, but of course I leave the management to the steward. He pretends to consult me sometimes, but we both know it is a mere farce."

"What a worry it must be for a young girl to have such a property on her hands ! In spite of the pleasure of being an heiress, you must often wish you had a brother."

"Indeed I do," answered Maud, earnestly ; "I would far rather not to be an heiress."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then he said—

"Will you sing me something else ? I am so fond of music, and get so very little of it. Do you know any more of those old-fashioned ballads ?"

"Yes, several. My aunt likes them," answered Maud, sitting down again to the piano. "Will you have 'The Woodstock Tragedy,' or 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington' ?"

"'The Bailiff's Daughter,' please."

Maud sang it in her sweet, plaintive voice, and was gratified at his rapt attention and quiet "Thank you" when it was over. She loved her songs for themselves, and disliked having them anatomized by her hearers. Secretly she allowed that she was fast altering her mind about Mary's hero ; he was very nice, though she would take care not to say so to May. Perhaps it was somewhat of the same feeling which made Captain Trevor leave the piano as Mr. Percy's step was heard approaching, and, going to the table, take up a book and open it.

Maud was grateful to him for doing so. She did not want May or her husband to see him leaning on the piano listening so attentively to her love-ditties, and she dashed into a brilliant waltz as that lady entered, exclaiming—

"Oh, May, do give a dance ! I do so want to float round to the 'Blue Danube' or 'Morgenblatter' again."

"There's to be a ball next week at Anchester," said Mrs. Percy ; shall we all go ? George, will you take us ? I should like to dance as much as Maud, steady old matron though I am."

Mr. Percy agreed—he generally did agree to everything that his bright young wife wished—and it was soon settled ; Maud was to go with them and sleep at Tremlets that night, that she might not disturb her aunt by returning home at four o'clock in the morning.

Anchester was five miles off ; it was a quiet cathedral town, which even the presence of a couple of regiments could not rouse to anything more lively than an occasional ball or flower-show ; and Maud was to be forgiven if she sometimes longed in her youth and beauty for a little more gaiety than the neighborhood of her home afforded.

"Fancy," she exclaimed, rising with a sigh of relief when everything was settled—"here am I, very nearly twenty, and this will be only my fourth ball ! Most young ladies of my age have been to as many score."

"All the worse for them," observed Captain Trevor, quickly. "They have lost all enjoyment of them and everything else. You are much happier in your whole-

some country life than they are in their wearying round of gaiety, though I dare say you don't believe it."

"Yes, I do," admitted Maud. "But I am looking forward very much to a fortnight of real gaiety next month, when I go to stay with Lady Dewhurst. The Castle will be full of visitors, and we shall have something going on every day and all day."

Captain Trevor looked up quickly.

"Do you know Lady Dewhurst ?" he asked.

"Yes. She is a first cousin of my father's, and I am her godchild," answered Maud. "Do you know her ? She is such a dear, kind old lady."

Captain Trevor hesitated.

"I used to know her several years ago," he answered, gravely. "Probably she has forgotten my very name by this time."

"I will remind her of you then," said Maud, laughing. "She is a friend worth having."

"Pray do nothing of the sort," he requested, hurriedly. "I would rather she forgot me. There were painful circumstances connected with our acquaintance which I should be sorry to revive."

"As you please," returned Maud ; and then she turned to Mrs. Percy, saying, "Now, May, I must be going home. Will you brave the cockchafer and come with me ?"

"For thy sweet sake, fair maid, yes," answered her friend, laughing ; and ten minutes afterwards the party were strolling slowly through the lanes, enjoying the beauty of the soft Summer night.

Captain Trevor was very silent and grave, and May, dropping behind the gentlemen, whispered to Maud :

"I wonder what this mystery is about Lady Dewhurst ? I wish you would find out when you are there. He seems quite upset by her name."

"I don't think it would be honorable," observed Maud, thoughtfully. "He asked me not to mention his name, and it would seem like prying into his affairs. Perhaps some day of his own accord he will tell you—unless it is something to his discredit."

"That I feel sure it is not," returned her friend, warmly ; and Maud laughed.

CHAPTER II.

THOSE were happy days that followed—days stamped for ever in Maud's memory as full of Summer sunshine, sweet sounds, and sweet scents, or marked by merry games of croquet under the shade of the spreading beeches on the lawn, long drives through the lanes and over the common, all ablaze with golden gorse, in May's little pony-carriage, when May drove and Captain Trevor doubled his long legs into the back seat and leant between the two ladies, his bright handsome face alight with fun and happiness, dreamy rows on the still lake at Maud's home, and easy walks in the cool of the Summer evenings, when the nightingales sang in the copses, and the cornerake and night-jar joined in with their quaint but Summer-sounding notes. Maud did not, or would not, know why this was such a peculiarly happy Summer—why she awoke in the morning with so light a heart that she sang because she could not help it. She did what few are wise enough to do—accepted happiness without analysing it.

"Now, Maud dear, do take my advice and keep quiet today," urged Miss Barry, gathering up her key-basket and books from the breakfast-table before starting about her household duties. "You will not be fit for the ball to-night unless you do. How people can be so insane as to think of dancing in this broiling weather I can't imagine."

"Oh, it will be delightful, auntie ! I pity you so for not being me ;" and Maud raised a blooming, happy face for a

passing kiss as she spoke. "Do go and look at my dress before Edwards packs it up. It is perfect. I am going to dress at Tremletts, you know."

"Yes, I know. Perhaps I shall come round and see you. I can walk back with Edwards. But do as I tell you, child. Go into the drawing-room, and keep quiet all the morning," and Miss Barry hurried away.

Maud sat still, rolling and unrolling her table-napkin, a half-smile playing round her lips, for several minutes, and then rose, and, regardless of her aunt's injunctions, sauntered out of the window down the lawn to her favorite seat under a great weeping-willow by the side of the lake. How delicious it was there on that hot Summer morning—no sound but the distant whetting of the gardener's scythe, the occasional splash of a moor-hen or water-rat in the still waters, and the low monotonous cooing of a turtle-dove in the beech-tree close by. Presently a quick, firm step was heard on the gravel, and Captain Trevor came down the path, exclaiming gaily—

"Sterne's Maria to the life, barring the goat or the dog! What a pity to intrude on such a scene!"

"Thank you," returned Maud, smiling, as she shook hands; "but that is a part I don't feel at all inclined to act. Was I looking the lovelorn, forsaken damsel? Perhaps you have never seen such a creature—they are becoming rare. Breaches of promise and heavy damages are more in fashion."

Captain Trevor became suddenly grave.

"Do you believe in broken hearts, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, earnestly. "Don't you think a girl is sure to forget a man in time if he throws her over, however much she may feel it at first?"

"Certainly I do," replied Maud, promptly. "I can hardly believe in any girl's so forgetting all proper pride as to go on caring for a man who has behaved like a scoundrel to her."

A crimson flush dyed Captain Trevor's face to the very roots of his short dark hair, and a look of shame passed over his features. Maud remembered it afterwards.

"How pleasant it is here!" he exclaimed, lifting his straw hat, and pushing the hair off his forehead. "I need hardly give my message that you were not to come to Tremletts this morning. You are not likely to wish to leave this paradise. May I stay, and be amused? It is board-day, and Percy has ridden into the town, and Mrs. Percy is busy teaching the new cook how to make some marvelous preserve. You and I are the idle ones, and ought to amuse each other."

"Well, I'll let you stay and amuse me until I am tired of you," answered Maud, laughing. "It is too hot to work or read. How hot it will be dancing to-night!"

"Yes; I shall sit out most of my dances. Is there a garden of any sort?"

"Yes; the ball-room belongs to the hotel, and opens into the hotel-grounds. They are to be hung with colored lamps and Chinese lanterns. Won't it be pretty?"

"Perhaps—depends upon whom I am with," said Captain Trevor, his dark-gray eyes full on Maud's face.

Maud colored high beneath the look.

"What a sentimental mood you are in this mornin', Captain Trevor!" she exclaimed, lightly. "You must keep speeches of that sort for this evening. They will tell tremendously on the innocent damsels of Anchester."

"They don't seem to have much effect upon you," he said, stooping to pick up a stone from the path. "See me make 'ducks and drakes' with this. Seven skips at least. How many was it?"

"Only six," answered Maud. "That's a favorite game with officers, I fancy, only not quite in such an innocent form."

"Spoken like an heiress," observed Captain Trevor, shortly, his lips curling ever so slightly. "I suppose you have been taught from your boyhood to look on all men as fortune-hunters, especially officers—eh?"

Maud did not answer. She did not care to allow how near the truth he was. She did think that men were more attracted by her money than herself, but she did not want to tell Captain Trevor so.

"You need not answer," he said, after a few minutes' pause. "I see I guessed rightly. I wonder how a man could convince a rich girl that it was herself he cared for, and not her money? I pity an heiress. Any fellow of worth is afraid to approach her, not caring to be called a fortune-hunter; and she either remains single or becomes the prey of some scamp who doesn't care what is thought of him so long as he gets her money."

"Exactly my sentiments," said Maud, lightly; "so I intend to choose the lesser of the two evils you speak of, and remain single. Now talk of something more amusing. Tell me what flowers to wear to-night? My dress is all white, so you are not tied to color."

"Am I to decide so important a question? What an honor!" answered Captain Trevor, in a careless tone. Marshal Niel roses and maidenhair fern. The bright yellow will show off those rich brown tresses to perfection. I suppose I shall see all the room at your feet?"

"Most likely. You must bespeak a dance, if you want one. My card will be full before I have been in the room ten minutes."

Many a suitor sought her hand,
For she had gold and she had land.."

sang Captain Trevor. "No, I won't bespeak any dances. It is taking a mean advantage of my opportunity. Shall we go and see if there are Marshal Niels in blossom?"

"I know there are—dozens. It's too hot to move," replied Maud, shortly. There was a lump in her throat that nearly choked her.

She was angry with herself and him. She had offered him a dance, and he had refused. She glanced at him as he sat by her side, playing with the ribbon on his hat, a half-smile on his handsome face, his short, wavy hair falling over his broad forehead, and, like a flash of lightning, May's merry words darted through her mind—"Now, Maud, behold your fate."

Was he her fate for good or evil, as the case might be? Was she to succumb like the meekest schoolgirl before the careless smile of a handsome man? Was this to be the end of all her brave speeches? He had not betrayed any sign of more than a passing admiration for her—in fact, on looking back, she doubted whether any man had ever treated her so coolly—and yet already—she owned it to herself—he could pain or please her more than it had ever been in the power of man to do before. Was she learning to love this man—this hero of May's, who seemed to carry all before him? Maud crimsoned at the thought, and, as she did so, Captain Trevor raised his head and looked at her—a long, steady gaze, before her eyes fell, and the crimson deepened in her cheeks.

"Captain Trevor," she exclaimed at last, lifting his eyes to her again, and looking away as quickly, "when you were a child, were you ever taught that it was rude to stare people out of countenance?"

"Perhaps I was," he answered, smiling. "I don't remember all that I was taught as well as you do. Do you think me very rude?"

"Very," acknowledged Maud. "What amuses you?"

"Do I look amused?" he asked. "I don't think the word exactly describes my feelings."

"Then what were you smiling at? Perhaps I could smile

at it also ; and I allowed you to stay only on condition that you amused me."

"Then I had better go," he observed, leaning back and crossing his legs, "for it would be an impossibility in your present frame of mind."

"In other words, you think I am in a bad temper," said Maud. "Do I look so?"

"You looked very angry just this minute. Bad temper does not give a pretty expression. By-the-by, I forgot half my message. Mrs. Percy told me to say that your horses would be ill for want of work, and that, if Miss Barry was not going to use the carriage, you were to call for her and take her for a drive. Jenkins will have enough to do today, driving into Anchester and cleaning Brunette when his master comes back from the board."

"Very well. My aunt has a sewing-class this afternoon ; she will not drive. Am I to take you, too?" And she tried to speak with the utmost indifference.

"No, thank you ; I am going to fish ; and Mrs. Percy is going to give me a note to take to the Rectory. I have lost my heart to that blue-eyed little Miss Murray, and want an excuse for a call."

"Ella Murray? Yes, she is very pretty," admitted Maud, quickly. "But you need not take the note unless you like, for she will be at the ball to-night. She told me yesterday that she was going."

"I'm glad of that. It is a sweet little face," said Captain Trevor, rising. "But I shall take my note all the same, so as to make friends—perhaps get some dances promised."

"That would be taking an unfair advantage of your opportunity," observed Maud, coolly.

Captain Trevor laughed.

"Miss Murray, the simple Rector's daughter, is a very different person from the lovely Miss Etheridge, the heiress," he rejoined. "There will be no crowd round her, clamoring for dances, pretty as she is, I fancy."

"She always gets plenty of partners," said Maud, in the same cold tone. "Good-by, Captain Trevor. Tell Mrs. Percy I will call for her at half-past two this afternoon."

He shook hands and walked away, singing "The Lady of the Lea." Maud watched his tall form vanishing between the trees, and then turned away with angry hot tears in her eyes.

"I hate myself!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. "I have let myself be slighted by him. But I'll have the best of it yet. We will see, Captain Trevor, whether you are going to have it all your own way. I'll not wear the flowers he chose. I'll not give him a dance if he asks for it. Let him flirt with Emma Murray. Her nose and cheeks are equally red in the evening ; but I wasn't going to tell him so—he would have thought I was jealous. I hate this ball—I wish I had never mentioned it. What do I care what he says or does—a man I have known only a week? Bah! I'll go and choose my own flowers.

She walked off, her head higher than ever, to the conservatory, and, after a debate with the gardener, ordered him to cut her a beautiful scarlet cactus blossom and some rare delicate grass for her hair, and send it round to Mrs. Percy's at eight o'clock ; and then, a little easier in her mind, she went in to luncheon.

CHAPTER III.

"WHY, Captain Trevor never took the note to Ella Murray, after all!" exclaimed Mrs. Percy, as she and Maud entered the drawing-room at Tremlets after their drive. "I wonder what excuse he made for calling."

"Here he comes to answer for himself," said Maud, who was standing at the window. "How hot and tired he looks!

It is so like a man, to go and tire himself to death before going to a ball."

"Yes, they are contrary creatures, as nurse says," observed May, laughing. "Well, Captain Trevor, a lot of use it was my hurrying through my luncheon to write this note for you. You left it behind after all."

"I forgot all about it," he said, unslinging the basket from his shoulders. "Here is something by way of payment."

"But what excuse did you make for calling?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"None. I didn't call. The fair Ella is coming to the ball to-night, and I can get introduced to her there."

Mrs. Percy laughed.

"Just like you—always raving about some girl's beauty and sweetness, and forgetting all about her ten minutes afterwards. I don't believe you will ever fall in love."

"Perhaps not. Perhaps I am so devoted to some secret love that all women to me are like shadows," he remarked, sitting down on the sofa. "I'll tell you all about it some day when we are alone."

"That's all nonsense," returned his friend, "Don't sit down there as if you never meant to move again. It is time you went to get ready for dinner. Come, Maud."

He seemed in very high spirits that evening, making them all laugh till they were tired at dinner, and, while Maud sat patiently under the hands of her maid, she heard him singing in the next room the song that seemed a favorite of his—"The Lady of the Lea."

When she descended the stairs in all her glory he came running down behind her, but she sailed into the drawing-room without turning her head. The room was empty, and Maud turned and faced him with secret exultation, conscious, as a really lovely woman must be, of her own beauty. Captain Trevor made a low bow.

"A most unexceptionable get-up," he said, gravely. "I think my choice of flowers was perfect."

"These are not what you chose," answered Maud, carelessly. "You wanted me to wear yellow roses. I think what I have looks better."

"Nothing could look better than Miss Etheridge does at this moment. It was presumptuous in me to attempt to dictate to a lady of such perfect taste. Will you honor me by selecting a flower for my coat? I will gladly wear your choice, though you have rejected mine."

Maud did not answer. She was angry with herself now for not wearing the flowers he had chosen. Whatever she did, he made her wish she had done the reverse. Again he turned that steady searching look on her, till her face crimsoned in spite of all her efforts to control it, and again he smiled as he saw the rising color.

"May I have that little sprig of stephanotis in your bouquet?" he asked, and, without waiting for her consent, he drew it out and fastened it in his button-hole. "Sweet blossom, it shall lie on my heart when that heart has ceased to beat even for thee," he said, sentimentally.

"And wherever next season may find me,
No matter how faded it be,
I'll keep it, if but to remind me
Of dancing this evening with thee."

By-the-by, I wonder if I am to be honored with a dance?"

"As you like," said Maud, carelessly ; "that is, if you dance well. I hate dancing with men who dance badly."

"We won't risk it if you are so particular," he decided, smiling ; "we'll sit it out, or walk about the grounds. Here comes your aunt up the drive, only just in time. And here is Mrs. Percy."

Maud submitted graciously to the admiring inspection of her aunt, coloring and laughing as the old lady exclaimed—

"Well, you do look lovely, dear; though I ought not to tell you so. She will be the belle of the ball. Won't she, Captain Trevor?"

Captain Trevor laughed at the naive question.

"Certainly, Miss Barry, if I am to be a judge," he answered; and then they entered the carriage and drove off.

The dancing had begun when they entered the ball-room, but many gentlemen paused in the vase to watch the lovely girl and her pretty chaperon as they walked slowly up the room, shaking hands with their various friends; and Captain Trevor turned to Maud as he observed it, saying—

"I think I had better write my name on your card at once—it will be full in three minutes."

Maud handed it to him in silence.

"You are not very exorbitant," she said, as he handed it back to her, after writing his name against two dances—and her heart swelled angrily.

He laughed, and glanced at her quickly. "I will come for some more if I find you dance well," he said, lightly, "or if I see you sitting out."

"Then I'm afraid you won't get them," observed Maud, shortly, and with her sweetest smile she turned to speak to a gentleman who was approaching.

Captain Trevor stood by her side for a few minutes in silence, and then sauntered away, and Maud saw him five minutes afterwards dancing with Ella Murray, whose nose was not red yet. Somehow the ball seemed dull and flat, she thought; she would try if flirting would enliven it. But flirting was not in her line at all, and proved impossible. Most of her partners were stupid, or too devoted to be encouraged. She was angry with herself because she could not help looking round now and then to see where Captain Trevor was, but he did not seem to notice it. Three times she saw him dancing with Ella Murray, and Maud came to the conclusion that "that girl was a regular fast little flirt, not a bit like a clergyman's daughter." She wondered "what Captain Trevor could see to admire in her."

"I had no idea you were such a flirt, Captain Trevor," she said, when he came to claim his dance. She tried to speak carelessly, but there was an angry ring in her tones, in spite of her.

"Officers are always flirts, as well as spendthrifts," he answered, quickly; "you ought to have known that, having been so carefully brought up, Miss Etheridge."

Maud crimsoned.

"I appear to have hurt your feelings by my careless speech," she said, bitterly. "I suppose I was nearer the truth than was pleasant, and roused sore memories of debt."

"No, I have no debts," he opposed, quietly. "I manage to live on my income, small as it is. I confess I thought the speech ungracious, if I may use the term to a lady."

They passed through a French window as he spoke, and stood on the lawn in the bright moonlight. Captain Trevor turned back for a moment, and, catching up a shawl that lay on a seat, threw it round Maud's shoulders.

"It is pleasanter out here than in that hot room," he said; "shall we walk round the grounds?"

She took his arm without answering, and they walked on in silence.

"Why are you so silent?" he asked, at last, turning to look at her. "Have I annoyed you?"

"I seem so unfortunate in my remarks to-day, that silence is my only safeguard," she answered, coldly.

"But there is somewhat of pleasure in paining," he said, thoughtfully.

"I think there is to you," she retorted. "Everything you say to-day seems meant to annoy."

He did not answer for some minutes, but stood gazing thoughtfully at a glowworm on the path.

"Didn't you make up your mind to dislike me before I came, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, at last, turning to look at her.

"I believe I did," said Maud, laughing, as she met his glance.

"I thought so. So did I to dislike you. I hope we have been equally successful."

"Thank you for your plain speaking, Captain Trevor," spoke Maud, withdrawing her hand from his arm. "You have certainly done your best to help me. I think we had better go back to the ball-room, and find more congenial partners."

"No—it is more amusing to quarrel. What do you mean by saying I have done my best to help you to dislike me? Have I been rude and unpleasant?"

"Very, to-day. You have never taken any trouble to please," she answered, looking him full in the face for a moment, and then looking away again.

"But, if I had, you would have thought I was trying to win the heiress," he said, smiling. "You are such a very cautious young lady."

Maud's cheeks flamed and her eyes glistened.

"Captain Trevor, you have no right to say such things to me!" she exclaimed, angrily. "I will not stay here to listen to them."

She turned away, but he caught her hand. His handsome face was bent towards her with the same smile—half of amusement, half of pleasure—it often wore; but his voice was more earnest than his glance as he said—

"Wait a moment. Answer me one question. Do you dislike me so thoroughly that you would like me to go away to-morrow? Say so, and I will go."

"Maud hesitated, and tried to release her hand.

"You are not my guest," she answered, hurriedly. "I have nothing to do with your going. Captain Trevor, let go my hand, if you please."

Captain Trevor's only answer was to draw her close to him, and look full in her face; and then he stooped and kissed her crimson cheek.

"I think you dislike me as much as I do you, my darling," he whispered, as Maud's head dropped on his shoulder. "Ah, Maud, you little thought it would end like this when you heard I was coming. What will the Percys say?"

CHAPTER IV.

"MAUD, I think you are the most deceitful person I have ever known, except Captain Trevor perhaps;" and Mrs. Percy's face beamed with delight as she spoke. "To think that you two were secretly falling in love just as I wanted you to do, whilst I was worrying myself and Geoffrey to death because you were always quarrelling! I'll never forgive you for worrying me so needlessly."

It was the morning after the ball, and Maud was sitting on the floor in the breakfast-room, playing with the baby, whilst her friend sat at the table still, petrified by the speech Captain Trevor had made as he quitted the room.

"Oli, Mrs. Percy," he had exclaimed, carelessly looking in again after he had closed the door, "you will be interested to hear that I am going to be married. Ask Miss Etheridge the young lady's name. She knows all about it."

Then he shut the door again quickly, and Mrs. Percy, gazing at Maud, and seeing the crimson blush dyeing cheeks and brow, gasped forth—

"Maud, it isn't true! Does he mean you?"

Maud laughed, and bent over the baby.

"I suppose, he does," she answered, shyly. "He seems to wish it, and I—I don't mind. I shall have to marry some one, you say, so it may as well be him."

She could not call him "Arthur" yet, and would not say "Captain Trevor." Then came Mrs. Percy's vindictive speech as to Maud's deceitfulness.

"Well, we are not married yet," said the heiress. "Perhaps we shall quarrel too much during our engagement."

"Oh, I'm not afraid! He is so very good-tempered, he will never get angry with you; and, however much he teases you, you will soon be too fond of him to give him up for anything. Oh, Maud, you are a lucky girl!"

"And isn't he a lucky man, pray?" asked Maud, gaily.

"Very," answered Captain Trevor, suddenly appearing at the window, "Mind you never allow me to lose sight of the fact, Maud."

"I'll take good care of that," she averred, laughing. "Do you know what May is saying about you? She says you are so good-tempered that I shan't be able to quarrel with you if I try. Is it true?"

Captain Trevor looked suddenly grave.

"No, it is not," he answered, earnestly. "I call mine the very worst temper a human being could have. It takes a great deal to make me really angry, I allow; but, that once done, it is done for ever. I cannot get over things as people can who have quicker tempers. So take care, Maud; don't rouse the sleeping lion."

"Don't frighten me," cried Maud, laughing, "or I shall retract my word, and refuse to marry so awful a character."

She looked round. May had left the room on the pretence of taking baby back to nurse.

"Are you really going away to-morrow, as you said last night, or rather this morning?" she asked.

"Yes; I have an affair I want to settle before our engagement gets known." He hesitated for a moment, and then said, quickly, "My darling, do you mind keeping it a secret for a time? I have a particular reason for not wishing people to know it for the present. Will you do this to oblige yours faithfully?" He smiled as he spoke; but Maud read real anxiety in his eyes as they rested on her face.

"Of course, if you wish it," she answered slowly. "But I am sorry. You know I am going to Lady Dewhurst's on Monday, and I was looking forward to appearing as an engaged young lady. Probably I should not meet with quite so much attention if it were known that I am no longer to be had."

"Probably not. But don't flirt, Maud, or I shall come swooping down and carry you off before their eyes in spite of everything. I am very jealous."

"I think I shall be," said Maud, smiling and coloring. "By-the-by," she added, quickly, "tell me now why you did not wish me to mention your name to Lady Dewhurst."

Captain Trevor's expression changed. The same cloud and flush that she had seen before came over it.

"Don't ask me that, please, darling," he begged hastily. "I would rather not tell you—at least not yet."

"Not tell me?" echoed Maud in dismay. "Oh, but I want to know! I am sure it is about a young lady—isn't it?"

She looked up into his face, and met a troubled glance, though he tried to smile.

"Yes, Maud, it is about a young lady," he answered; "but I can't tell you yet. Some day you shall hear all; but we are still strangers, remember. A fortnight ago I had not seen you. Let us talk only of pleasant things to-day—my last day."

Maud looked grave still.

"It seems to me you ask a good deal altogether," she said, slowly, "and mine is not a very trustful nature. How long are all these secrets to go on? Of course I shall tell my aunt of my engagement?"

"Of course. You may tell every one in a few days, but—" He stopped short as the servant came in to take away the breakfast-things.

"I must go and see if May means to walk home with me," Maud exclaimed, hurriedly. "It is past eleven, and Aunt Barry will wonder what has become of me."

Captain Trevor left the next day, and Maud was both surprised and indignant to find how completely all sunshine went with him.

"After all my grand speeches, my contempt for woman's weakness, to think that a man could make such a complete idiot of me in a fortnight!" she exclaimed, angrily, after trying books, music, and work in vain. "But he doesn't know it; that is the only comfort. Besides, he is not like any other man in the world. Oh, dear, I wonder if I shall get a letter from him to-morrow!"

Maud thought that the latter part of Tennyson's "Princess" was finer than the beginning. She did get a letter the next morning—just such a letter as she expected—bright, loving, and manly; there was nothing of the Shakespearian lover in it, nothing of the slave. It was that vein of independence in his speech and character that had won her. He was staying with an old uncle, about ten miles from Lorriss Castle—Lady Dewhurst's place; "and perhaps," he added, "before many days I may have settled my business, and be free to come to you again. I think you told me you were going to be only a week with Lady Dewhurst?"

"Well, he shall see he can trust me to do as he wishes," murmured Maud. "I will not mention his name at Lorriss Castle. But I should be glad to hear what it all is. I don't believe it can be anything to his discredit."

And yet Maud could not help remembering that flush which looked so like shame whenever the subject was mentioned.

CHAPTER V.

LORRIS CASTLE was full of guests. Maud felt very shy as she drove up the avenue. She was alone, for Miss Barry was too old and nervous for such gay scenes; but Lady Dewhurst took Maud under her own especial care, and her daughter, Lady Alice Tolworth, was of the same age as Maud, and her greatest friend.

Her ladyship was a widow with one son, the present Lord Dewhurst, a bright, merry young fellow of three-and-twenty—a masculine copy of his mother—and one daughter, a gentle, delicate girl of nineteen, as utterly unlike Maud in every particular as she could be, and consequently her especial friend.

"Oh, Maud, I am so glad you are come! I have not seen you for such ages! Do come into my room and let us have a good chat before we go down to dinner. Edwards will come for you when it is time to dress. How well you look—so blooming and bright—just my old Maud!" And Lady Alice looked long and lovingly into the beautiful face of her friend.

There was a change in it which she could not define—something sweeter and softer—a certain shy look in the great dark eyes which might have betrayed the truth to a more experienced observer; but Lady Alice was a novice in the ways and looks of love.

"Now tell me who is here, Alice?" said Maud, as the girls sat in the pretty little boudoir opening out of Lady Alice's bed-room, sipping their tea. "I feel very shy, and want to know all about everybody, so that I may not talk of children to childless mothers, or wives to sorrowing widowers. The Castle is full, you say?"

"Pretty nearly, I think. First and foremost there are Lord and Lady Venner and their daughter Lady Florence,

Dewhurst's young lady. You have met them. Then there is Sir John Hill, a merry old bachelor, who is going to stand for Westham, and is here on election business; then there are Mr. and Mrs. Conway Meade—he small, shy, and inoffensive; she tall, languid, and very affected, always talking of the Conway Meades, compared to whom Adam himself is a *parvenu*. Then there are Helen and Aileen Gray, two great pets of mamma's—very nice girls indeed. Poor Aileen is very delicate—going into a decline, I fear. We met them in Scotland two years ago. I will tell you all about them another time. Then come Sir Hugh Follet and his two sisters, Janie and Millicent—you remember seeing them last year? Mamma means him to marry you, you know—dear old matchmaker! Oh, Maud, what a blush! Is there any hope?"

"None whatever, you little tease. Go on with your list."

"That is all, save a few young men for partners and croquet—Archie Duff, Lord George Graham, Harry Bellairs, and a Mr. Compton, a very nice, gentlemanly man, a barrister. Oh, dear, here is Edwards, and you haven't told me one word about yourself!"

"There will be plenty of time for that," said Maud, gaily, as she rose to go, rather glad to put off the announcement of her engagement. She meant to tell Lady Alice, though she had not said so to Captain Trevor. "Alice is nobody. She will not tell," she thought. "Besides, I could not keep it from her if I tried."

"Wait for me, Alice, when you are dressed," she called as she left the room. "I couldn't possibly go in alone."

"No, of course not. And we will pick up mamma *en passant*. I think she would like you to go in with her, as you are here alone."

Maud was very glad of Lady Dewhurst's sheltering presence when she entered the great white-and-gold drawing-room, where all the guests were assembled, waiting for dinner to be announced, for every head was turned, and many a steady stare followed the handsome girl as she moved down the room. Lady Dewhurst introduced her to one or two, and then Sir Hugh Follet came forward to renew his acquaintance, and the hostess, saying, "Sir Hugh will take you in to dinner, Maud," turned away to other guests.

He was a pleasant, gentlemanly-mannered man, this young Baronet, very tall and very fair, with white even teeth that gleamed out when his ever-ready smile came. Maud would have liked him if she had not been afraid that he liked her too well, and kept her in perpetual dread of his "saying too much." She could not help wishing now that he would not look so pleased as she took his arm to leave the room, but comforted herself with the thought that he would soon hear of her engagement, and then they would be very good friends.

His place, Norton Abbey, was only a few miles from Westerton—as Maud's house was called—and Maud's money would be a valuable addition to his income, which would be hardly equal to his position when his sisters' dowries were paid. Maud had a secret conviction that Lady Dewhurst would not receive the news of her engagement "to a nobody with no money" very warmly, apart from the mysterious unpleasantness to which Captain Trevor had alluded. And again she began wondering for the hundredth time what it was all about, till she was roused by the consciousness of being watched, and, raising her eyes, met the earnest gaze of a pretty bright-looking girl opposite.

"Who is that fair-haired girl opposite?" she asked her neighbor, in a low tone. "She is staring at me as if I ought to know her."

"She is a Miss Gray," replied Sir Hugh, in the same tone—"sister to that very pretty, delicate-looking girl next to Compton. They are Scotch, and strangers in these parts."

Maud looked towards the sister and almost started.

"Oh, what a lovely face!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, "and so sad and sweet! What wonderful eyes! How can you call her pretty! It is a face to dream of."

"And yet they say she is dying of a broken heart," returned Sir Hugh. "Some fellow jilted her in the most cruel manner because she has no money."

Was it a presentiment that made Maud's heart stand still and a certain faintness come over her? It was some seconds before she could say, in an unconcerned tone—

"How extraordinary! What was the man's name? Do you know?"

"He was Captain Trevor, of the Artillery," was the answer. "Lady Alice told me the story the other day. They were present during the whole affair, and he seems to have behaved in the most disgraceful manner. Lady Dewhurst won't hear his name mentioned—and he was a great pet of hers originally."

Maud knew all, and yet sat on calmly eating her dinner, talking carelessly of the weather, croquet, her neighbors, every-day topics, feeling all the time as if it was somebody else talking, somebody else sitting there listening to the general hum, and eating and drinking like the rest of the world. She was scarcely glad when dinner was ended and the ladies filed slowly out of the room in silence; she dreaded being alone to think out what she had heard; and yet there was a wild longing in her heart to get away from everybody and everything—to go on, on, and never stop again.

The two sisters were just in front of her, and she saw the slight, fragile form of the younger one shake with the dry, hard cough that told its own sad tale, saw her lean heavily on her sister's arm, whilst the exquisite carmine deepened in the delicate cheeks. Lady Dewhurst turned quickly at the sound, and waited at the drawing-room door till the two girls reached her. All the pleasant brightness had died out of her kind face, but her tones were more than usually gentle as she said—

"Aileen, my child, you stayed out too long to-day. Come and lie down on this couch, far away from the window, and don't talk for the present."

Aileen Gray smiled gratefully.

"I am only a little tired," she returned, gently. "I am always tired in the hot weather, you know."

Maud stood by and watched her as she lay on the couch, her breath coming quick and short, and the tell-tale cough returning at intervals, till a hand was laid on her shoulder and Lady Alice said—

"Come, Maud, let us get our shawls and go for a stroll. I want to talk to you."

They passed out through the library window when they had found some wraps, and for some minutes walked slowly up and down the terrace in silence. Maud's heart was too heavy to let her speak of the subject that filled it. Lady Alice broke the silence at last by saying, in a low tone—

"Oh, Maud, isn't it sad to see her? I fancy I see a difference every day—and poor Helen will not believe it. And she was such a bright, blooming, happy creature when we first knew her—so perfectly lovely."

"Tell me all about it," said Maud, in short abrupt tones. "Sir Hugh told me nothing but the bare facts."

"It was two years ago, when we were in Scotland," began her companion. "I could not pick up my strength after the scarlet-fever—and mamma thinks, of course, that there is nothing like her native air—so we all went to Buchanan Tower, as you know, for three months. It is a very wild, desolate place, very beautiful, but with nobody within a distance of ten miles. Our nearest neighbor was a Mr. Campbell, a queer old bachelor, who had these two orphan nieces living with him. He was very rich, and these girls were sup-

posed to be his heiresses. Of course we soon got to know them. You know mamma and I are equally weak about beauty, and we and the Grays used to be always together, rowing on the lake, riding, pic-nicking, all days and every day. I think Dewhurst was fast losing his heart to the lovely Aileen, when he stumbled by chance on an old friend who was stopping at a little wayside inn two miles off for fishing, and asked him to come and stay with us. He was a

be his wife. Poor Aileen, she was so intensely happy! I never can bear to think of it now. Well, he went away when his leave was up, and used to write nearly every day—and his letters were as devoted as any girl could wish. Then Mr. Campbell died suddenly, and to everybody's surprise it was found that he had left these girls only a hundred a year each and a small cottage—all his money and the place went to a second cousin simply because he had the name. Aileen wrote off at



FRAMING THE "DARLING."

peculiarly fascinating, handsome man, a Captain Trevor, of the Artillery, so pleasant and gentlemanly, with the sweetest, brightest smile I think I ever saw. We all lost our hearts to him at once, but poor Aileen was in earnest. I think it was a genuine case of love at first sight on her side, and he—oh, Maud, I cannot help believing that he loved her! He was never absent from her side. Dewhurst gave up in despair, and after a fortnight Aileen told me that he had asked her to

once, and told her lover of this unexpected turn of affairs; and there came no answer for more than a week. Then he wrote—such a cold, cruel letter, saying that everything must be at end between them, as he could not possibly marry without money. Of course it cost him a great pang to write this, but he hoped she would soon forget him, and marry a more fortunate man. Maud, I think, if ever a man deserved hanging for murder, that man deserves it! Aileen made no

fuss ; she took it quite quietly, far too quietly, but you could see that her life was over. She went about with a white still face and heavy dreamy eyes, but said nothing—never mentioned his name ; nor did we ever see her shed a tear. After he went away she had a low nervous fever that lingered on and on for weeks, and she has never been really well since. She caught a bad cold last Winter, and this cold set in and has never left her ; and now anybody can see that it is only a matter of a few months at the longest, and then her troubles will be over. My brother told me yesterday that she had heard the wretch was going to be married—to a girl with a lot of money of course. If Aileen hears of it, it will kill her at once, for I feel sure she loves him as much as ever."

"Then she had better not hear it," returned Maud, in a hard cold tone that made Lady Alice look up at her quickly.

"Maud, how white you are ! Are you cold ?"

"No, not cold, but I think we will go in ;" and Maud shivered slightly. "I should like to talk to that poor girl. It is a very sad story, Alice—one I shall never forget."

CHAPTER VI.

MAUD ETHERIDGE was not likely to forget the story of Captain Trevor's perfidy, for it had changed the whole tenor of her life. She sat by her bed-room window, gazing out at the lovely prospect below, and thinking the matter all over. She could not shut out the sight of the sad, lovely face she had just left, and there was a secret conviction deep in her own heart that Arthur loved that face in reality, and had wooed her—Maud—for her money.

She recalled the seeming inconsistency of his behavior to her, his apparent coldness at times, his almost avoidance of her ; and she argued that it was due to the battle going on between love and cupidity—the effort to make up his mind to marry the heiress, whilst he still loved the beautiful girl he had so cruelly forsaken. And then, when she (Maud) had betrayed—as she felt with a burning blush of shame and humiliation that she had done—her love for him, the temptation had been too strong, and he had spoken, in spite of himself, those false words of love.

And yet how true they had seemed on that one long happy day before he went away, and how intensely happy he had looked ! A moan of bitter pain broke from poor Maud as she recalled those thrilling smiles and words of his. Burying her face in her hands, she murmured, "Never again—never, never ! Oh, Arthur, my darling, would to Heaven I could die—that I had died before I heard this tale !" Many and many a resolution did she make as to her future conduct, only to break it as soon as made. The sun was shining and the birds were singing before she threw herself, half-dressed as she was, on to her bed, to fall into a heavy, dreamful sleep, from which she awoke heavy-hearted and unrefreshed.

Her mind was made up. She would write and tell him to come to her there—she must see him at once. She would then tell him all she had heard, break off her engagement, and urge him, if he had any of the feelings of a man, to marry poor Aileen, and make the few months that remained to her bright. This was the brave resolution that Maud rose prepared to carry out, ignoring the fact that it would be cruelty and not kindness to Aileen to make life so bright if she were doomed to leave it so soon. Maud would not acknowledge to herself that she did not believe Arthur would do it, though that was the real cause of her strength.

She argued aloud that he was not worthy of her love ; she argued to herself that he still loved Aileen Gray, and would awake to the knowledge if he saw her agin. But Maud's letter was not written. When Edwards came to her room,

she brought a letter from Mrs. Percy, containing these few words :

"Dearest Maud—Your aunt has met with an accident, and I think you had better come home at once. The horses ran away after she had left you at the station, and she was thrown out. I will meet you by the twelve o'clock express at Anchester. Yours affectionately, MAY PERCY."

Maud read the note, and burst into tears. She could weep at this sorrow—the other was too deep for tears.

"Pack up everything, Edwards," she ordered, recovering her self-possession. "I must go home at once. Poor Aunt Barry is dreadfully hurt"—and she handed the note to her maid.

An hour later, a hurried breakfast eaten, and adieu said, she was on her way back to Westerton, her visit to Lorris Castle, so long looked forward to, over ; and the few hours there had apparently wrecked the happiness of her whole life. She was thankful that she was not obliged to stay out the fortnight for which she had gone, for she was in no spirits for gaiety. Would she ever be again, she sadly wondered, as the train sped on through fields of green waving corn and fresh-cut hay, the scent of which came in faintly through the window. And, if Aunt Barry were to die, what would she have to live for ? She was very fond of the kind-hearted old lady who had taken care of her for the ten years that had elapsed since Mrs. Etheridge died.

Mrs. Percy was standing on the platform when the train steamed into Anchester station, and almost started when she saw Maud's white, hopeless face appear at one of the carriage windows. She did not make any remark till they were seated in the phaeton, and then, putting her hand on Maud's, she said, gently :

"I'm afraid my letter has upset you terribly, dear ; but you must not despair. Dr. Stenning says it is not a hopeless case. I knew you would never forgive me if I did not let you know at once. Geoffrey saw the accident, and came and told me, and I went to your aunt."

"Tell me all about it," said Maud. "In what part is she hurt ?"

"Her head—she was thrown on to it, the coachman says. The horses bolted as they were coming home, frightened at a steam hay-cutter in a field ; the carriage went over a heap of stones, and she was thrown out, though the man kept his seat. She has been insensible ever since, and Doctor Stenning is not quite sure how much the brain is injured. I wrote to Arthur Trevor also, and told him of the accident, so he will probably be with you before long ; I half expected him by your train."

Maud uttered a low cry of pain.

"Oh, May, why did you write ?" she cried, involuntarily. "I do not want him now—not yet."

May Percy opened her blue eyes wide with astonishment.

"Not want him yet !" she repeated. "Maud, you don't know the comfort of a man's strength to lean on ; you could not go through this trial without him—he is so gentle and so calm. Not that I am hopeless about poor Aunt Barry, though ; she may come round."

Maud did not answer. She could not speak of the real great trouble of her heart now, and she let her friend imagine that her grief was all on her aunt's account. It would be time enough to tell her when it was all over and Arthur gone forever ; and that would be to-day, in all probability.

He would be sure to come as soon after the receipt of the bad news as possible, and he was very little farther away than she had been. Ah, well, better have it over at once—with that sad, sweet face fresh in her memory, the story of his heartless cruelty still ringing in her ears. Her strength

might fail if she did not carry out her resolution at once. Only this time yesterday how intensely happy she had been ; and now—. Mrs. Percy almost started at the white, set misery of her face as they entered the house.

"Don't look like that, Maud dear," she said, earnestly. "There is hope still ;" but Maud shook her head, and passed up the stairs in silence. There was no hope for her.

The doctor met them on the landing.

"Just the same," he said, in answer to her questioning look, "but we must hope for the best. Let me know directly there is any change. I shall come again this evening, if you do not send for me before ;" and with a few more words of direction he went.

Maud and her friend entered the room noiselessly, but they needed not to have feared. Miss Barry still lay too unconscious to be aroused by any sounds, her thin face white and still as death ; her hands lying simply on each side. A maid sat by the bedside watching for the first sign of returning animation.

"You had better not stay up here now, Maud," said Mrs. Percy. "It does not matter who is here while she is in this state, and you had better save your strength till she is sensible. She will like to have you with her then. Come down now and get some luncheon."

Maud followed her out of the room and down-stairs into the dining-room, when Mrs. Percy rang the bell, afraid to leave Maud to do it for herself. When the man appeared with the tray, she rose, saying—

"I must go home now, but I will come again later on. Probably Arthur Trevor will be here by that time. Tell him there will be a bed for him at our house for as long as he likes to stay."

She did not wait for an answer. Maud could not have given one. Laying her hat and cloak aside, she seated herself at the luncheon-table, but she could not eat, and, after drinking a glass of wine, she rose and wandered wearily into the morning-room.

How empty it looked—how miserable, deserted ! Miss Barry's knitting lay on the table by the chair that was peculiarly her own, and Maud caught her breath convulsively as the fear came over her that perhaps she would never again see it tenanted by the dear familiar form. Placing herself on the ground by it, she laid her head on the seat and sobbed like a child, till, worn out and exhausted, she fell fast asleep, and for a time forgot her many sorrows.

CHAPTER VII.

MAUD woke from her heavy sleep with a start. Somebody was bending over her, and, as she opened her eyes, a long, loving kiss was pressed on her cheek, and Arthur Trevor's voice said in her ear—

"Maud, my poor darling, I am sorry I woke you. You are tired out."

For a few happy moments she let her head rest on his shoulder, forgetful of the cruel truth, her brain still stupefied with sleep ; and then her recent experience rushed over her, and, pushing him from her, she hurriedly rose and faced him.

He opened his arms again, his handsome face all aglow, the smile that had thrilled her heart playing over it.

"My poor darling, I am so sorry," he began ; but she stopped him hurriedly.

"Stop, stop, Captain Trevor," she exclaimed, "you must not speak like that. There is no need any longer to profess the love you do not or ought not to feel. All that is over now. You are free to return, if not too late, to the one you ought never to have left."

Captain Trevor gazed at her in bewilderment. "I do not

understand you," he returned, in slow, quiet tones. "To whom do you allude ?"

Maud crimsoned with anger.

"Are your victims so many ?" she asked, bitterly. "I know of only one at present ; but that is enough. Her death will lie at your door ; but it shall not at mine. I now understand all that was kept such a secret. I know why you did not wish me to mention your name to Lady Dewhurst ; and, when I tell you that poor Aileen Gray was at Lorris Castle, you will not wonder that I refuse once and forever to take your disgraced name."

The hot flush and look of shame which she had seen before came over Captain Trevor's face, and for some minutes he was silent. Then, in an altered tone, he said—

"Surely you do not mean to give me up for that, Maud ? You would not be so cruel, so unjust ? I cannot make poor Aileen happy or restore the past. I know my name is disgraced—nobody could feel it more bitterly than I do—but that cannot be helped now. You do not really mean to give me up in consequence ?"

"Not give you up ! Arthur Trevor, you do not know me. I could not bear a name for which I must blush as you have just blushed. Do you know that Aileen Gray is dying ?"

He started.

"Dying ! Aileen dying !" he exclaimed, in tones of deep distress. "Good heavens ! has it come to that ? Poor, poor Aileen !"

He turned away and walked to the window, and a wild pang of jealousy wrung Maud's heart at the sight of his emotion. She was right ; he loved her still—that lovely girl. Could any man have loved her once and forgotten her ? How thankful she was to have learnt all before it was too late ! She was still free, and so was he—free to return to his forsaken love—and the thought stung her to fresh words.

"I am glad to see that you have some feeling left, Captain Trevor," she said, bitterly. "Surely, though she is not the heiress so necessary to your happiness, you can make the few months of life that still remain to her happy ? Is that expecting a great deal of you ? At any rate, I will not be the one to add another sorrow to her broken heart. She shall not hear of her faithless lover's marriage, if I can help it."

"I do not see how you can help it," he returned, slowly, still looking out into the garden.

"Probably not," allowed Maud, in the same stinging tones. "There are other heiresses in the world besides myself, and Captain Trevor is so skilled in the art of winning hearts that he is sure to get one sooner or later. He is clever at simulating love, and there are weaker women than myself in the world."

He turned and faced her, a look in his brown eyes which she could not understand.

"Is this fair ? Is this kind ?" he asked, quietly. "Maud, I do not understand you. I could not have thought you would be so cruel and hard. Refuse to be my wife, to bear my dishonored name, if you choose, but do not taunt me with what is not my fault. I cannot help Aileen Gray breaking her heart."

Maud laughed a short hard laugh.

"It is not your fault—oh, no, it is her weakness ! She has no business to go on loving a man whom she cannot respect—a mean, calculating, cold-hearted fortune-hunter. Captain Trevor, that is my opinion of you. Surely, the sooner this is over the better. Why linger in the house that will never now be yours ? If you have a spark of honor left, go and marry Aileen Gray ; if not, find another and more confiding heiress."

He listened to her in silence, his face turning deathly white as he did so.

"You have made a slight mistake, Miss Etheridge," he said, in an altered tone, as she concluded, "but you have saved me from making a greater. It would have been peculiarly painful to me to be taunted by my wife, every time she lost her somewhat warm temper, with having married her for her money, so I am thankful for your release. The day will probably come when you will see things in a different light, and you will regret the hasty conclusion at which you have arrived. May you find a man more worthy of you and your money! Good-by."

He bowed and left the room, and Maud stood listening to his retreating footsteps, knowing that it was all over now, and that never again would Arthur Trevor trouble her. She had stung him to the quick—and he was not a man to forget, as he had once told her. He was gone, and it was in vain to tell herself that she was glad. She knew only too well that the happiness of her life was gone with him, and so strong was the revulsion that, but for very hopelessness, she would have called him back; but it was too late, and, sinking on her knees by the couch, she buried her face in the cushions, and moaned aloud in the bitterness of her anguish.

Perhaps he loved her after all. She could see that he deeply repented his former conduct. Why had she been so vehement? Why had she not let him speak? But no—it was best as it was. If she had listened to him, she must have relented, and then regretted it, perhaps for life. How moved he had been to hear of Aileen's illness! Perhaps he was going back to her now. No; she would never see him again, never think of him again—he loved Aileen still. And so, between bitter regret and still bitterer jealousy, she passed a weary, never-to-be-forgotten half-hour, forgetful even of her aunt's precarious condition.

She was aroused from her miserable dreams by the entrance of Mrs. Percy, and Maud saw at a glance that she knew all, and nerved herself for what was coming.

"Maud, are you mad?" exclaimed her friend. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"All what?" asked Maud, wearily. She had no spirit for a fresh contest.

"You know what I mean—your cruel, unjust treatment of Arthur Trevor! I have just seen him, and he told me of what you had said to him. How could you be so mad? You will never meet with such another man."

"I hope not," answered Maud, her throat swelling again; "one such has been too much for me."

Mrs. Percy looked at her in silence for a few moments, and then sat down in the nearest chair.

"It is all utterly unintelligible to me," she said, in a mystified tone. "What can he have done to make you treat him like this? What can you have said to rouse him as you have done? Will you tell me?"

"Certainly I will," answered Maud. "It will do me good to repeat the whole affair, and silence your reproaches once for all."

And she told May all that she had heard, and all that had passed between her and Captain Trevor. Mrs. Percy listened in silence to the end, though her lips parted once or twice to speak.

"I don't understand it," she said, when Maud had ended. "There is some extraordinary mistake somewhere. I do not and will not believe what you say of Arthur Trevor. He is the very soul of honor. It will all be explained some day, and then it will be too late. He will never come back."

Maud shook her head.

"It cannot be explained, May," she observed, sadly. "It is all true. Why did he beg me not to mention his name to Lady Dewhurst? Why did he not deny the charge? If you had seen his look of shame when I mentioned the poor girl's

name, you would doubt no longer. No; my life has had its romance, and it has not lasted long. Now I will seek to forget him as he deserves to be forgotten."

"You will not find that so easy. In spite of all you tell me, my faith is still firm in him. I have told him that he will find me always the same, and I am quite sure that he will come out blameless some day yet. You have been too hasty, Maud. But it is done now, so let us talk of it no more. How is Aunt Barry?"

Maud colored with shame.

"I have not seen her since you left," she said, guiltily. "I fell asleep till—he came, and since then I have not thought about her. Let us go and see. I suppose they would have called me if there had been any change, but still I ought not to have neglected her so long. Oh, May, May, would to Heaven I could change places with her!"

She rose wearily to her feet, and they went upstairs together to the darkened room. The maid started as they approached, and hastily concealed a novel that she had been reading.

"Just the same, miss," she said, hurriedly. "She has never breathed or stirred since you went away."

Even as she spoke, Miss Barry turned her head slowly on the pillow. Maud bent over her breathlessly.

"Dear auntie," she said, in a hushed, eager voice, "are you awake? Do you know me?"

Miss Barry opened her eyes, and looked into the flushed face.

"Yes, Maud," she whispered, faintly, "but my head still aches. I won't get up yet; and, with a sigh, she closed her eyes once more and relapsed into stupor or fell asleep—Maud did not know which—whilst May stole hastily from the room to send for Doctor Stenning.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT was the turning-point. In a few days Doctor Stenning was able to tell them that all danger was past, though Miss Barry still remained very weak and prostrate.

Maud nursed her with an unceasing, untiring devotion, born partly of her reluctance to think of herself, or, rather, of Arthur Trevor. For a time she partially succeeded in putting him from her thoughts. But, when her aunt was well on the road to recovery, and hardly needed her any longer, the reaction set in, and she sank into a low morbid frame of mind, refusing to go out even for a ride or drive, passing hours on the garden-seat by the water, where she had sat with him so often, and, though despising herself for her weakness, unable to rouse herself from the depression into which she had sunk. It was as much physical as mental. She had tasked her strength severely in her night and day watches by her aunt's bedside, her appetite was gone, and Miss Barry and Mrs. Percy both saw with concern that she would soon make herself seriously ill if allowed to go on as she was going.

"I don't know what is to be done," said Miss Barry, with tears in her eyes. "I have said all I can, and she takes no notice. She had a note from Lady Alice this morning, entreating her to go and finish her visit there, now that I am well enough to be left, but she will not go."

Mrs. Percy remained silent for a few minutes, and then, looking up brightly, she said—

"I did not know of that. It would do her good to go—and she shall go, or my name is not May Percy. If that Scotch girl is there still, she may rouse herself into a state of wholesome indignation over her imaginary wrongs. I wish I could get to the bottom of this affair, Aunt Barry. Nothing shall induce me to believe that Arthur Trevor behaved as they say he has."

Miss Barry shook her head slowly.

"My dear, you are young, and he is very handsome and fascinating. From what Maud tells me, I have no doubt of the truth of the story. I wish she had never seen him."

"So do I now, for I know matters will never be put straight between them—they are both too proud. Of course I may tell Maud that you will come to us while she is away? The change would do you good, and I will keep the children very quiet."

"You are very kind, my dear, but I am sure Maud will not go; she is very willful." And Miss Barry sighed as she took up her knitting.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Percy, laughing. "I am quite as willful as she is;" and she ran down the lawn more like a girl than the staid mother of three children.

Maud was sitting in her usual place, and scarcely turned her head as her friend approached.

"I really must get you a dog or a goat, Maud," exclaimed Mrs. Percy, in a bantering tone. "You act Sterne's Maria to such perfection that it is a pity not to have the thing complete? Which will you have?"

Maud colored crimson. They were almost the exact words that Captain Trevor had addressed to her in the same place, and she had laughingly scorned the idea. She remembered how the conversation had gone on—how he had asked her if she believed in a broken heart, and how strange his manner had been. She understood it all now, and her heart swelled at the thought.

"Well, Maud, I am waiting for your decision;" and Mrs. Percy leaned forward and looked into her face mischievously. "I am quite sure Geoffrey will get me a pretty one when I tell him who it is for."

Maud's eyes flashed as she answered quickly—

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense, May. I have a headache, and came here to be quiet."

"It is nothing of the sort," contradicted May, in the same teasing tones. "You have sent away your lover, and came here to pine after him;" and she sang—

"Till by the glassy river's side
A weeping damsel I espied."

Maud turned on her angrily.

"May, you are very rude; I will not stand such nonsense. I hope I have far too much self-respect to fret after a man who has behaved as Captain Trevor has."

"Appearances are against you, scornful maid! You look uncommonly love-lorn, and everybody is pitying you for the cruel way in which Captain Trevor has treated you. Mrs. Mallett said yesterday that she quite thought he meant something, and that really there was no trusting any man now, especially officers."

"Let the old gossip think what she likes," returned Maud, carelessly; but May saw that her shot had told, and rose to her feet.

"Very well. If you don't object to be viewed in so interesting a light, it is no affair of mine. Aunt Barry says Lady Alice has written to ask you to go to Lorris Castle again. Are you going?"

"I don't know—I haven't made up my mind," answered Maud; and May knew that her work was done.

"Well, if you do, Aunt Barry must come and stay with us," she said, carelessly. "The change would revive her. Good-by. It is nearly one o'clock. Geoffrey will be waiting luncheon for me."

Maud sat for a few moments thinking over what had passed, and then walked back to the house with her old quick tread. Aunt Barry looked up in some surprise; but Maud avoided her gaze, and, taking up a book, stood looking into it for a few minutes before she said, in a careless tone—

"Aunt Barry, I have been thinking that perhaps Alice will be disappointed if I refuse to go to Lorris Castle; so, if you really do not mind being left, perhaps—that is, I had better accept, and say I will come."

"I have thought so from the first," returned her aunt, scarcely able to restrain a smile. "You have quite knocked yourself up nursing me, and the change would refresh you."

"Perhaps it would. Well, I'll write and tell her that she may expect me on Friday. I have no doubt May will take care of you."

"I shall go and stay with her probably," answered the old lady; and Maud went to write her note before her resolution failed.

* * * * *

With what different feelings did Maud approach the grand old pile the second time! May's words had aroused her sufficiently to prevent her giving way to the sensation of hopeless desolation that had oppressed her before; but they could not allay the dull heavy pain at her heart.

She recalled the proud happy consciousness that had filled her as she drove under those stately beeches on the last occasion, the impatient longing for the time when she could tell her friend her treasured secret, and try and give her some vague impression of Arthur Trevor's perfection; and she sickened at the bitter contrast of then and now.

"Why do I go on loving him still," she asked herself, redening with shame at the confession, "when I know him to be so utterly unworthy? He is not the man I loved, and yet his face is always before my eyes night and day, his voice in my ears. How I should despise any other girl for such weakness! I will not think of him, I will not love him, if there is any power on earth to conquer love."

But, though the resolution lent a transient glow to her cheeks and vigor to her step, Lady Alice, who met her in the hall, exclaimed, in dismay—

"Oh, Maud, how ill you look! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I suppose Nature did not mean me for a sick nurse—that is all," answered Maud, smiling. "I own I feel a good deal knocked up, but I shall be all right when I have been here for a few days."

"My poor old dear, how thankful I am you are come! I shall so delight in petting and coddling you;" and Lady Alice passed her arm lovingly round her friend's waist. "You shall be quiet or gay, whichever you like, and we will take such care of you, and send you back so blooming that Aunt Barry won't recognize you. How is the dear old lady? What a terrible accident it was! I don't wonder you are so upset, it was such a shock." And the young girl talked on in her low, sweet tones that reminded Maud of the cooing of a dove, never pausing for an answer.

Maud was glad, for she did not feel much inclined to talk. There seemed to be only one subject on which she could talk now, and that she did not wish to mention—not yet, at least, if ever.

"Are there many people here?" she asked, as they entered her room.

"A few. The Grays are still here and Sir Hugh Follet, the latter still hoping you will relent and have pity upon him some day. He went away the day after you left, and has only just reappeared. It is very likely my scheming mother informed him of your probable return."

"Alice," said Maud, gravely, "I wish she wouldn't interfere in the matter. I know she means well, and thinks he would make me very happy, but it's quite out of the question. I shall never marry."

"Oh yes, you will," returned her friend, laughing. "It

is only people who have been crossed in love who remain single wilfully, and I don't think that is likely to be your fate, Princess Maud;" and she glanced as she spoke at the beautiful face before her.

" You think no man would give up an heiress when he had a chance of marrying her and hers?" questioned Maud, bitterly. " No, not if he had any choice in the matter, perhaps. However, I don't intend to subject any man to the temptation. I am not for sale."

Lady Alice shook her head reproachfully.

" Maud, I don't like to hear you talk like that, as if you had no faith in disinterested feelings or love. It sounds hard, and I don't know what. I thought you were softer and gentler the other day than you used to be—not so bitter. Don't let me find myself mistaken."

" I am not so well as I was then," observed Maud, wearily. " Let us hope that has something to do with it. I wish I were like you, Alice, so trusting and full of belief in all that is good; but I have been so often deceived that I am rapidly losing faith in everybody. Come, we must dress, or we shall be late for dinner."

Lady Alice walked thoughtfully along the corridor to her own room.

" There is something wrong that I do not know of yet," she said to herself, " but I fancy Maud will tell me if I let her alone. Poor girl, she does not seem happy."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Lady Alice rejoined her friend, ready dressed for dinner, she found her in a totally different frame of mind from that in which she had left her half an hour previously. The weary air and bitter tone were gone, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright; though, if she had looked closely, she would have detected a false ring in this apparent brightness.

" Come, Alice, I have been waiting for you," said Maud; " I feel sure everybody has gone down, and dinner will be waiting. Lady Dewhurst has been here to greet me, and has gone down, so we shall have to go in alone."

" Never mind—we are old enough to take care of ourselves," rejoined Lady Alice, smiling.

In two minutes more they were in the great dining-room, Maud greeting all she knew and answering a dozen questions about her aunt's accident. Poor Sir Hugh, anticipating his usual cold reception, came forward shyly, and was almost struck dumb by the bright glance and cordial tone that met his timid greeting, while Helen Gray's heart warmed within her as she heard the softened tones of real interest in which Maud asked her poor sister how she was.

The sight of Aileen's sad, delicate face aroused all Maud's former indignation, and did her good. She felt glad that she had had it in her power to punish the man who had wrought this ruin, and was thankful that the first blow of hearing of his marriage would not come through her. " It is only a temporary reprieve, probably," she thought, as she recalled his words, " I do not see how you can help it;" " but, at any rate, my conscience is free. I could not have come here and looked that poor girl in the face if I were still engaged to him;" and with renewed brightness she turned to accept Sir Hugh's escort to the dinner-table.

She sought Helen Gray's side when they were in the drawing-room, and exerted her utmost powers of pleasing to distract her thoughts; but Helen, though warmly disposed towards her companion, could scarcely attend to what she was saying, so intently was she watching her sister.

" I beg your pardon, Miss Etheridge," she said at last, with a sad smile. " I'm afraid you must think me very rude and inattentive, but Aileen's cough is so very trouble-

some to-night. I am wondering whether we ought not to start for Cannes at once. Doctor Ingram says she had better go there for the Winter, if she does not shake off this cough soon."

" Oh, there is no need to go yet!" observed Maud, quickly. " Why, we are only just beginning August. There will be no need to leave England for another month or six weeks. Do you go alone?"

" That is just the thing. If I dared, I should like to wait, for Lady Dewhurst is going there in September or October, and would look after us; but Lord Dewhurst is to be married in the middle of September, so, of course, his mother cannot go sooner. Perhaps I am foolishly nervous, but Aileen is all I have in the world;" and her voice died away in a whisper as she turned her head quickly away.

They were sitting in a deep oriel window with a seat all round, almost hidden from everybody by the heavy black-and-gold curtains. Maud took her hand in hers.

" I am so very sorry for you," she said, in a low, feeling voice. " Alice told me all the story, and how cruelly Aileen's life has been blasted. But I have not told her, or anybody, and I do not want you to repeat how he has been punished. He contracted an engagement with me, probably because of my money, but I think he cared for me, too"—her voice shook and faltered—" and the day I left here I saw him and told him I knew all, and would never speak to him again. Are you glad?"

Helen turned to her with crimson cheeks and glittering eyes.

" Glad! How can you ask? I have been dreading this ever since he left Aileen. It would kill her at once to hear he was married, for her love is not one whit altered. Oh, how noble of you! What can I say to you? But it must have cost you so much to give him up; he is so fascinating, so handsome—everything apparently that a girl could wish."

Maud's lip quivered as she answered—

" Ah, but it is only veneer. He is not worthy of the love of any honorable girl. I only wish I could publish the facts all over England, and keep him from marrying any one else."

" Never mind. This is a reprieve, and he cannot engage himself to any one else just yet."

" I don't know," observed Maud, sadly. " He might do it on purpose. He told me I could not help his marrying—there were plenty of heiresses in the world. However, I have done my part; the blow, when it falls, will not come from my hand."

Helen bent forward and kissed her impulsively.

" Heaven reward you!" she exclaimed. " I cannot find words even to thank you."

It was the first real glow of satisfaction that Maud had felt since her engagement had ended, and it did her good. Her heart felt lighter, and her smile came with less effort as she answered—

" I thought it would be a satisfaction to you, but I would rather nobody else knew. I did care for him very much, and the disappointment is only a few weeks old. Some day, when I am quite cured, I shall tell Lady Alice, but at present I don't want to talk about him."

" Of course not," agreed the other, thoughtfully. " It must be very hard to forget him. I have never seen any one so fascinating, so thoroughly winning as he is. His smile was so sweet, it seemed to light up his face like sunshine, and his voice was such a full, soft, manly one."

Maud shuddered from head to foot. " Please don't!" she exclaimed, in a quick low tone that betrayed her great pain, and then she rose hurriedly to leave the room, but was stopped by Sir Hugh Follet.

" I have been looking for you, Miss Etheridge, for the

last quarter of an hour," he said, brightly. "We are in full discussion of a picnic for to-morrow at St. Abb's ruins, about nine miles from here, and we want your voice and consent. Come, Miss Gray, we are getting up quite an excitement about it."

"I cannot come. It would tire Aileen too much, and I can't leave her," answered Helen. "But you must go, Miss Etheridge; so go and join in the discussion, and tell me your decision afterwards."

Maud went, glad to escape from her own painful thoughts, to where an animated conversation was going on among the young people as to who should ride and drive—whether they should dine, or have a gipsy tea, and so forth.

"Maud, you shall come with me in my pony-carriage," said Lady Alice, making room for her friend on the ottoman. "You are not nervous, and the ponies are rather fresh."

"I shall ride," exclaimed Constance Vernon, a dark, handsome girl, who had made up her mind to be Lady Flet whether Sir Hugh liked it or not. "Sir Hugh, I'll expect you to take care of me, as you are such a good rider."

"I am not a good rider, Miss Vernon," returned Sir Hugh, shortly—"men of my height never are—and you are太 daring for me to undertake the charge of. Lady Alice, if I am very good, won't you take me too? I'll promise not to scream if the ponies bolt."

Lady Alice laughed mischievously.

"My pony-carriage is too small for a man of your height," she retorted, merrily.

"But I can pack away very small," extenuated Sir Hugh, "and I'll push behind whenever we come to a hill. You will want a gentleman to look after the ponies when we get to the ruins."

"Well, if you have quite set your heart upon it," said Lady Alice, "I suppose I must make room for you; but I think it is very cruel to my poor ponies."

"But you said they were rather fresh," rejoined Sir Hugh, quickly; whilst Constance Vernon tossed her head, saying, with a sneer—

"I wonder you are not too proud, Sir Hugh, to force yourself where you are not wanted."

Sir Hugh reddened, and looked from Lady Alice to Maud.

"If I thought so, really," he began, hesitatingly; but Maud said, quickly:

"Yes, Sir Hugh, we do want you really to push behind up the hills, and pull us back coming down them. You will make a first-rate drag."

The young baronet laughed, his face brimful of delight, and Constance Vernon moved off, saying:

"Of course I was alluding only to Lady Alice. I never supposed for a moment that your presence would be objected to by Miss Etheridge."

Maud smiled, utterly careless of what anybody said or thought about a matter concerning which she was so totally indifferent; but Lady Alice looked extremely annoyed. With an effort she turned the conversation; but, when she could speak without being overheard, she said, hurriedly:

"I think, Maud, after that, I had better tell him not to come with us."

"Do nothing of the sort," advised her friend, promptly; "Miss Vernon is simply trying to entrap him, and, as she has chosen to be impudent, I will punish her by keeping him at my side all the day. I think I can."

"Of course you can; but don't be cruel to him in your efforts to vex her. He is very much in earnest, I am sure."

Maud laughed a bitter little laugh.

"I don't believe in any man's living in earnest for long."

she returned, in a hard tone. "However much he may be in love one week, he will have got over it by the next."

"Maud, don't talk like that," exclaimed her friend. But Maud only answered by a kiss as she turned away toward her bed-room.

CHAPTER X.

THE next day dawned bright and beautiful in all the golden glory of an August sun. The young people were in high spirits, the elder ones could only forebode a thunder-storm, so cloudless was the sky, and Maud, with the recollection of her conversation with Helen Gray fresh in her mind, felt brighter and more satisfied than she had for some time, and came downstairs determined to enjoy herself, if possible, to-day.

Sir Hugh met her in the hall with an exquisite tea-rosebud and a piece of dark heliotrope carefully arranged, which he offered her shyly.

"Look here, Miss Etheridge," he said, hurriedly, "I've just been picking these for you to wear to-day. Will you accept them?"

Maud hesitated, unwilling to appear to encourage attentions she did not intend to accept, and said, slowly:

"Thank you, Sir Hugh; it is very kind of you, but—"

"Dear me, what a touching scene! So sorry to intrude," exclaimed Miss Vernon's voice behind her, in a sarcastic tone. "A regular case of—

"What, not accept my simple flowers?
Ab, then indeed I am undone!"

Poor Sir Hugh, after getting his boots so wet on the dewy grass, too!"

Maud crimsoned, but only said, carelessly:

"Don't jump to conclusions too hastily, Miss Vernon. I don't wear these, I shall ask Sir Hugh to get no more. It depends on the color of my dress."

"I never supposed for a moment you meant to them," returned Miss Vernon. "It was only a prettification, very touching. I like to see young ladies back in receiving the attentions of gentlemen."

"Do you," returned Maud, dryly. "I should never have supposed it."

Constance Vernon deigned no reply, but, with a heightened color, sailed on to the breakfast-room, whilst Maud, with a smile that made poor Sir Hugh's heart beat fast, said:

"At any rate, I can wear them with this white dress," and, fastening the flowers in her belt, she followed Miss Vernon.

That young lady's words had aroused a spirit of mischief in her, and, though secretly ashamed of herself, she could not resist the temptation to encourage Sir Hugh in every way, so as to keep him securely at her side. Of what was to follow she would not think. If the worst came to the worst, and she found that his happiness was really at stake, he was an amiable, pleasant young man, and she might be happier with him than leading the aimless life of a solitary old maid. However, into that she did not look yet. Her present object was to vex and thwart Miss Vernon, and to keep herself from thinking.

At eleven the whole party assembled in the great hall to start on their expedition. Lady Dewhurst, old Sir James and Lady Russell, and an old Miss Vernon, aunt of the dashing Constance, were to go in the first carriage; the Conway Meades—who still hung on—and two Miss Follets in the second; Maud and Lady Alice in the pony-carriage, with Sir Hugh in the little buck seat; Lord Dewhurst and Lady Florence, Miss Vernon and Sir John Hill, and a Miss Amy Vane were to ride. All were in high spirits ex-

Constance Vernon, and jokes flew gaily round as the hamper were slung on to the carriages, cloaks and wraps packed away, and riders and drivers mounted to their seats.

"I wish you joy of your roomy seat, Sir Hugh!" laughed Constance Vernon as she rode off. "I would give five shillings to see it come off! I'll wait for you at the hills, in case you want an extra horse to pull the party up," and she cantered after Sir John, who admired the dark-eyed girl, and was torn to pieces between her charms and those of stately Helen Gray.

Constance Vernon, wisely considering that, failing the young Baronet, the old knight would be better than a plain Mr., exerted herself to please him, but, rather over doing it, alarmed him lest he should be caught before he knew where he was, and find afterwards that he liked Helen Gray best, and so defeated her own object. Meantime the trio in the pony-urriage trotted merrily along.

Constance ap-
peared utterly
conscious of
her success.
Sir John, faithfully
fulfilled his
promise, and
pushed behind
when they came
to a hill.

They were the first to arrive at the pretty wood where they were all to dine, and they strolled about the ruins, with which they were all three familiar.

"By-the-by, Lady Alice," exclaimed Sir Hugh, suddenly turning round from the lovely view they had just left, "it is lucky that the Misses Gray did not come to-day, for Captain Trevor is staying with old Mr. Denham, who, it seems, is an uncle of his, and lives here."

At first, I said I were riding past here yesterday, and we met the old gentleman driving in an open carriage; and I asked Dewhurst who the good-looking fellow with him was, and he said Trevor of the Artillery, nephew of the old man; and I remembered the name directly, but I did not allude to the subject, knowing it is a very sore one with him."

"Thank Heaven, Aileen did not come!" exclaimed Lady Alice, clasping her hands. "The house is within a few hundred yards of where we shall dine, and very likely he may come through the wood. I know Mr. Denham is his uncle, but I thought Captain Trevor was quartered in Ireland. Dewhurst never told me he had met him."

She could say no more, for several of the others now joined them, and Maud, feeling faint with mingled dread and hope, wandered a little apart from the rest to think over what she had heard.

Within a few hundred yards of her! Oh, if she might only see his face and hear his voice once more! She need not speak to him—in fact, she felt it was highly probable that he would not speak to her—but to see his face would suffice. Alas, she did not know till now how madly, how passionately she loved him still! She was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she scarcely heard them calling her to come to dinner, but, seeing Sir Hugh approaching her, she went forward hurriedly, unwilling to be alone with him in her present frame of mind. She almost loathed him in the reaction that had set in, and the poor fellow was quite taken aback at her evident change of feeling, her abrupt, cold answers, and averted looks.

"Have I offended you, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, humbly, under the clatter of plates and knives and the buzz of conversation.

"No, not in the least, Sir Hugh," she answered hastily, feeling ashamed of her variable moods, "but I have a headache, and it makes me cross."

"I am so sorry," said the young Baronet, in a tone of relief; "I suppose it was the long hot drive." And with wonderful tact he forbore to worry her by offering her every food and beverage before her.

How thankful she was when the meal was ended and she could rise and wander away! Sir Hugh did not follow her, but Lady Alice did, and linking her arm in that of Maud's they walked along lovingly conversing.

(To be continued.)



LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "THE TWO ANGELS."

**Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow.**

NONE of our American poets has so established himself as a favorite wherever the English language is spoken — in England as in America — to the same extent as Longfellow. He has not, indeed, the philosophical depth of Bryant or the weird fancy of Poe, but he has such a fund of human sympathy, is so pure in thought and language, so exalted in his aims, that he has won upon the hearts of the people while critics stood debating. He has won success even where his poems have been fettered by metre or cadence that was new and unfamiliar to the ear, like his hexameters, or the form of his "Hiawatha."

His last volume, "Pandora," brings him again before us, with poems, some of which are sure to remain in that strange crucible of popularity among the minted literary coinage, to pass and circulate through the land.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born on the stormy rock-bound coast of Maine, in 1807, with the whisper of the pines answering to the roar of the ocean. The son of an eminent lawyer, he entered Bowdoin College and graduated with honor. On him the course of culture was not thrown away; the poetic impulse implanted in him by nature was trained by the study of what other lands and other nations had given the world of poetry.

His literary taste and ability, Vol. I., No. 1—6.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



AN ACADIAN HOME—SCENE FROM "EVANGELINE."

shown by poems written in college days, led to the offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in his Alma Mater, and he accepted it on the condition that he should be allowed a period for foreign travel and study. After three years spent in France, Italy, Spain and Germany, he assumed the duties of a professor, and more than twenty years of his life were passed in that college and Harvard, where he occupied a similar position.

He has been a happy poet; happy in the absence of the cares and trials which, as literary history so pathetically tells us, have been but too frequently the almost inevitable attendants of genius. A life spent amid cul-

tured associates, with a domestic circle full of affection and charm, broken only by a sad accident, which deprived him almost instantly of the cherished partner of his hopes and joys, has been granted to him.

His poems are too many to mention even by name. "Evangeline," the "Golden Legend," and "Hiawatha," among those of greater length, have never lost their hold on the affections of the people; while, of his minor poems, his "Balm of Life," his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "Paul Revere's Ride," and many another, find their way into all collections, are learned by heart in the days of youth, and accompany thousands through life with their lessons.

It has been well and justly observed that, "as a poet, he appeals to the universal affections of humanity, and expresses, with the most delicate beauty, thoughts which find sympathy in all minds. Averse to everything harsh, bitter, disdainful or repellent, there is no element in his poetry to call forth an ungracious or discordant emotion. It is always tolerant and human, kindled by wide sympathies, and with a tender sense of every variety of human condition. He combines in a rare degree the sentiment of the artist with the practical instincts of the man of the world. His thoughts are uniformly lucid and transparent, and never clouded by fanciful verbiage or obscurity. However vivid his imagery, he never seduces the attention from the main idea. Without attempting to represent the depths of passion, in his own sphere of feeling he is a genuine master, and the purity, sweetness, and refinement with which he delineates the affections of the heart, make him the most welcome of visitants at the fireside."

"Evangeline," that touching story of enduring love, a tale of that cruel episode in our history, the seizure of the Neutral French at Menaz, when they were deprived in an instant of home and property, to be thrown as paupers on our coast, from Massachusetts to Georgia, can never fail to touch the heart. The picture of the happy Acadian farms is perfect; no less so the fell hour when the prisoners, without regard to ties of kindred or love, were sent out to the ships which were to bear them from their blazing homes; but touching, above all, is Evangeline's long search for her lover, and her finding him on his death-bed.

As a specimen of Longfellow's minor poems, we give and illustrate "The Two Angels," which, like most of his noted lays, is the song of a feeling common to every mind in moods into which every mind is liable to fall. He expresses that looking forward to death felt at times by all for themselves or their kindred, and also pictures the house in which the blow actually falls.

"THE TWO ANGELS.

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

"Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

"I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then, said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
'Beat not so low, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!'

"And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

"I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

"The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

"Then, with a smile, that filled the house with light,
'My errand is not Death but Life,' he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

"All is of God! if He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

"Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?"

"OUR PONY."



—we cannot fail to appreciate the whimsical idea.

When I was quite a youngster, my father became the fortunate possessor of a black pony, about twelve hands high called "Tempus." He brought his name with him, and its origin we could not discover, but my brother John—a collegian in his teens, and of course a great authority—advanced the theory that it referred to the similarity between the speed of the pony and the flight of time.

"Tempus" was about six years old at the date of his advent to our stables, and for symmetrical beauty, pluck, and sagacity had not his equal in the country—at least so we believed; perhaps we were prejudiced in his favor, but I, who owe much to him and revere his memory, still adhere to the opinion that there never existed a pony like him. Though gentle and kind, especially to us children, who sometimes tormented him sadly, the spirit of mischief seemed to be inherent in him, and scarcely a day passed but some new story of the tricks of "Tempus" would be recorded.

His favorite amusement during the fall of the year was to leap the hedge, or open the gate—he could do either easily—which divided the paddock from the orchard, and regale himself upon the choicest apples. He disdained the fallen fruit, but, taking a flying leap, would cull the rosieest specimens from the branches in his career.

Once he managed to obtain access to the flower-garden in front of the house, and, after regaling himself with a few dozen nasturtiums, boldly pushed open the porch-door, and entered the hall. The door was one that closed with a spring, but, having caught the mat, had remained ajar; when, however, Master "Tempus" urged it open, and crossed the threshold, it closed with a loud bang. Unconscious of danger, he advanced a few paces, until suddenly he found himself confronted by a huge black bear—a stuffed trophy of my father's. This was too much even for the plucky pony, his equanimity was completely upset, and he sought to beat an ignominious retreat; but the hall-door had shut to, and exit was cut off. In his terror, he burst open the door of the dining-room, wherein I was seated, capsized a dumb-waiter and a few chairs, and with one mad bound sprang through the casement which overlooked the lawn. By

the time I recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to comprehend the state of affairs, he had returned to his own pasture. But what raised "our pony" to the pinnacle of fame will be found in the following anecdote :

A deep river, about forty yards in breadth, wound through the meadow in which "Tempus" was usually put to grass. In its pellucid depths abounded fish of many kinds, and my fondness for piscatorial sport frequently led me to its banks, though my mother used always to feel an instinctive dread of accident happening whenever she saw me issue from the house with my rod and tackle.

One bright and beautiful afternoon I set out for my favorite sport, a shady nook on the river's bank near where fish did mostly congregate, heedless of maternal warnings as to carelessness. I staid a moment in the meadow to pat the sleek, arching neck of the pony, who trotted up to me, and affectionately thrust his nose into my hand, and then commenced my self-imposed task of endeavoring to ensnare members of the finny tribe with the most tempting bait my can could afford. But it was no use, the weather was unpropitious—too bright—and the fish persistently refused to even so much as taste the palatable morsels I had prepared for their delectation. Just beyond where a tree grew as it had fallen, partly across the stream, was a deep hole famed for fish; but I could not drop my line in this spot without crawling some distance along the prostrate trunk. This I had been specially forbidden to do, for much danger attended such a proceeding; but being rather an undutiful child, and hating to go home with an empty basket and incur the derision of my brothers, I determined to essay the perilousfeat at all hazards. I had not progressed half a dozen yards when a dry branch, to which I had clung, snapped beneath my weight, and I was precipitated into the water. I uttered a wild shriek of dismay as I fell, a wail for succor that was suddenly silenced as I sank beneath the surface of the rapid-rushing river. Back to my memory came my mother's words as I struggled in the eddying flood, and bitterly I repented not having obeyed her oft-reiterated mandate. When I rose, I cried again aloud, though I knew that none were near to heed or rescue me, and the agonizing conviction that I should yield my life to the smiling stream, and sink a livid corpse among the hideous weeds beneath its depths, struck terror in my heart.

No human aid was near, yet succor came. A mighty splash resounded in my ears as I rose for the third time, and an instant afterward, though half-unconscious, I felt my jacket seized in an iron grasp, and knew that I was being drawn out of the silent stream that would have borne me unto death.

With that tendency peculiar to all drowning persons to grasp anything within reach, I extended my hands and clutched the mane of "our pony"—for it was he who, having seen my peril, had so bravely come to my assistance.

A little while and the noble animal, still fast holding my clothes in his teeth, clambered up the river's bank, drew me a sufficient distance from the brink to disallow of the probability of my again falling into the water, and then scampered off at lightning speed toward the house.

Overleaping every obstacle in his path, he soon gained the stable-yard, and at once attracted a groom's attention by gently seizing his shoulder, and pulling him in the direction of the meadow. The man, noticing the handsome animal's saturated coat and peculiar action, though he knew not what to attribute it to, permitted himself to be led for some distance, and when he detected me lying on the bank, started to run, preceded by "Tempus." When he came up I had in great measure recovered my senses; so, placing me upon the pony's back, he quickly conveyed me to the house, where warm blankets, a strong constitution, and gentle treatment, sea-

soned with well-timed lecturing upon the sin of disobedience, soon restored me to convalescence. You may be sure full meed of praise was awarded "our pony" for having so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave, and from henceforth little peccadilloes, for which he had been wont to receive chastisement, were leniently treated, as all remembered with gratitude the good service he had performed in the past. Poor "Tempus!" His end was sad indeed. He merited a better fate, but yet he died for us children.

Two of my brothers were crossing a meadow adjacent to the pony's paddock, in which a savage bull was grazing. The animal no sooner espied them than he gave chase, and would inevitably have killed them had not "Tempus" leaped the hedge and diverted the bull's attention from them to himself; but the gallant action proved fatal to him, for the infuriated beast drove one of his horns into the pony's side, and cruelly slew him. There was much lamentation and many tears when the result became known, for we loved "Tempus," and mourned for him as though a dear, familiar friend had been taken from amongst us.

THE STORY OF RAPHAEL VELDA.

On an evening in the September of 1860, some excitement was caused among the inhabitants of the secluded town of Oppido, in the Calabria Ultra, when the gleam of arms announced the approach of regular troops.

The dealers in pottery and silk, in wine and oil, and the manufacturers of gloves and stockings from the delicate filaments of the shellfish named the *pinna marina*, and the water-carrier by the well, conferred together on this unusual circumstance; the wandering *pifferari* paused in their strains before the shrine of the Madonna; and the rustics of a more doubtful character—to wit: the armed and lawless *carbonari* and mountaineers, the brigands, and their sugar-loaf hats, velveteen jackets, and sandaled feet—looked forth from the dense forests and coverts wherein they lurked, defying alike the anathemas of the Archbishop of Reggio and the powers of the High Court there, and thought the time was near to inspect their guns and stilettos, and set their wives to abandon the distaff for the bullet-mold, as none knew on what errand these troops had come, or what might ensue ere long, and strange things were expected, for Mazzini and "The Liberator" had been busy with their manifesto; even the Fata Morgana had been showing strange optical delusions of late in the Bay of Reggio and the Straits of Messina.

The battle of Aspromonte had been fought in their vicinity during the preceding month.

Garibaldi, as all the world knows, intent on raising an insurrection in Hungary, had placed himself at the head of a body of Sicilian volunteers, in the forest district of Ficuzza, twenty miles from Palermo, and, by a hasty and ill-advised movement, he landed these men from two steamers on the Calabrian shore, where, on the mountain plateau of Aspromonte—one of the highest of the Calabrian hills, rising immediately behind the town of Oppido—he was attacked by the Royal Italian troops, under Colonel Pallavacino. Garibaldi fell, wounded by a musket-shot in the ankle, while all his people were surrounded and made prisoners.

Military executions followed on many, though "The Liberator," for his great services in the cause of Italian independence, was never brought to trial; and now the young grass was sprouting above the earthy mounds, and around the rude little crosses that marked where the dead lay in their lonely graves on the slope of the Apennines.

For two noted brigands who had accompanied him, named Agostino Velda and Giuseppe Rivarolo, rewards were offered at that time in vain.

The excitement in Oppido was in no way lessened when

the sound of bugles came on the evening wind, and ere long the Third Regiment of Bersaglieri, or Italian Rifles, in the service of Victor Emanuel, with their plumed hats and quaint uniforms, marched into town, and halted before the Albergo del Leon d'Oro, where the colors were lodged, and the lieutenant-colonel commanding took up his quarters.

The soldiers were placed in an empty monastery; a guard was mounted there, and also at the *albergo*; and then it began to be whispered about in the market-place and *cafés* that the Bersaglieri were to remain there until a captain arrived from Reggio with some special instructions for the colonel, Vincenzo il Conte Manfredi, of whom we shall hear more anon.

These rumors were unpleasantly connected with a Bersagliere named Agostino Velda—the same Velda who had followed General Garibaldi, and who had been brought in with the quarter-guard as a prisoner, and was now in a cell of the monastery, heavily ironed, and under the strictest surveillance.

Among the Bersaglieri of Colonel Manfredi were two soldiers of the name of Velda—the prisoner, Agostino, and his son, Raphael—a youth of little more than twenty years, who bore a character as high and unblemished as that of his father was degraded and low, dissipated and vile. Yet the

father and son were both eminently handsome men, and both had fought bravely—the former on the fields of Goito and Novara, and the latter at Montebello and Solferino; but latterly, to many crimes and breaches of military law, Agostino had added that of desertion and consorting with brigands, among whom he narrowly escaped an assassination in which he became involved.

He had thrown aside his uniform, adopted the well-known costume of the brigands—a gayly-embroidered jacket, a high hat, with broad, flaunting ribbon, and long leathern gaiters—and, armed with a rifle and a six-barreled revolver, made his lurking-place among the mountains near Naples.



OUR PONY.—“THE NOBLE ANIMAL, STILL HOLDING MY CLOTHES IN HIS TEETH, CLAMBERED UP THE RIVER’S BANK.—PAGE 82.

Not far from Acerra—an episcopal city in the province of Lavoro—for a year prior to the affair of Aspromonte, he had taken up his residence with a formidable bandit and his wife, with whom he lived, concealed in a vault, the fragment of some ruined castle or villa of the old days of Roman Naples.

There they might have resided long enough together, and made perilous the road to Rome, but for the sum of two thousand ducats which had been put upon the head of Agostino Velda after Garibaldi’s defeat, and which proved too much for a friendship such as theirs.

One day, after a close pursuit, his *padrona* assured him that he might safely issue forth, as the police had disappeared; but immediately, on raising the trap door, which was covered with turf and branches to conceal their den, he was struck to the earth by a blow from an ax, dealt full on his head by a most unsparing hand.

Assisted by his wife, the *padrona* dragged the body to a ditch close by, and then, stabbing her to death, he departed at once to Naples, where he claimed the reward offered for Agostino Velda, whom he accused of killing the woman.

But Velda was not dead—such men are hard to kill. He was simply stunned, grievously wounded, and made hideous by the blood that covered him.

He managed to crawl to the nearest house of the National Guard, to whom he told his story, denouncing, as his accomplice, the *padrona*, who was seized and shot, as the reward of his crimes; while he (Velda) was sent back under escort to the Third Bersaglieri, then on their march to Calabria, to overawe the brigands in that mountain region, and he was now under sentence, and waiting the result of his trial, the papers connected with which had been forwarded for approval to General Enrico Cialdini, who, in the subsequent year, was appointed leader of the entire Italian army, and “Viceroy of Naples, with full power to repress brigandage.”

The proceedings of the court-martial by which the father



THE STORY OF RAPHAEL VELDA.—1. "RAPHAEL KNELT BEFORE THE CONTE, ENTREATING HIM TO ALTER HIS TERRIBLE SELECTION."
2. "A FRANCISCAN FRIAR SPENT THE GREATER PORTION OF THE NIGHT WITH AGOSTINO VELDA."—PAGE 83.

had been tried were actually engrossed by the hand of his son, who was the clerk to the regiment, and he knew all the papers contained, save the *sentence*, which was known to the sworn members of the court alone; but he could not doubt the tenor of it.

Shame and gloom clouded the dark and handsome face of the young man, and this dejection was held sacred by his comrades, though it has been said that Colonel Manfredi—a man of weak and vicious character, one, moreover, who was fierce, reckless, and dissipated—was cruel enough, on more than one occasion, to taunt the innocent son with the errors of the guilty father.

The sun was verging toward the watery horizon of the Gulf of Gioja, and the shadows of the Apennines were falling far athwart the deep and wooded valleys that lie eastward of Oppido, when, full of sad, terrible, and bitter thoughts, the younger Velda left the little city, and, after pausing once or twice to cross himself before the little lamp-lighted Madonnas at the street corners, hurried toward a spot which was familiar to him, for he was by birth a Calabrian, and like his father before him, had first seen the light among those very mountains where Aspromonte had been fought.

Under the circumstances in which he was placed, the young soldier gazed sadly on the scenes of his infancy—on the forest paths and secluded places where he had been led by the hand of his mother, who had perished of fever and Bright after the battle of Novara.

Raphael Velda walked rapidly onward for a few miles, through a district that was rich in fruit-trees, where the lemon and citron, the fig, the vine, and the orange were growing, till he reached a region that was rocky and wild, and where the majestic oaks and pines of that extensive tract known as the Forest of La Sila, celebrated even by Virgil in the twelfth book of the "Æneid," cast a deepening shadow over the way he pursued, and where the goat, the buffalo, and the wild black swine appeared at times amid the solitude.

Brightly streamed the evening sun through the openings in the forest, while Raphael, with unerring steps, trod a path that had been familiar to him in boyhood, and at last he reached the place he sought.

It was a cavern in the gray basaltic rocks; but the entrance, known only to the initiated, was carefully concealed by the hand of nature, for the wild fig-trees, the vines, and other luxuriant creepers completely screened it from the casual eye.

"Oh, Francesca, my love! my love! what an abode for you!" muttered the soldier, as he saw it. But the place was silent as the grave; the hum of insect life, and the gurgle of a mountain rivulet, whose course was hidden by the verdure, alone met his ear. "Francesca, my betrothed! the wife of my heart!"

Passing through the screen of leaves, Raphael Velda came to a barrier of wood, wedged between the walls of rock, and on this he knocked with a resolute hand, though his heart was throbbing with anxiety.

After a pause, a sound most unpleasantly like the click of a gun-lock met his quickened ear, and he hastily knocked again.

"*Chi è là?* (Who is there?)" demanded a stern voice.

"Tis I, good Giuseppe—a friend."

The wooden barrier sharply revolved on its centre, and within the cavern, half seen in ruddy sunlight, and half sunk in dark brown shadow, appeared the picturesque figure of a man, whose attire and bearing proclaimed him to be a Calabrian brigand. Strong and athletic in form, erect and dignified in carriage, the lines of his dark face, and his keen, wild eyes declared him to possess an ardent and fiery spirit; but his garments were tattered and miserable, his beard was long, and its naturally raven blackness was becoming silvered by time.

His sash contained a brace of pistols, and a horn-hafted knife, and in his hands was a long double-barreled rifle, which was cocked and held menacingly, for the naturally ferocious expression of his face deepened when he saw the hostile attire of his visitor.

"A friend!" he exclaimed, scornfully. "Do the friends of Giuseppe Rivarola wear the uniform of the king's Bersaglieri?"

"True, I am a soldier, Giuseppe—a soldier of the king; I yet am not the less your friend," replied Velda, gently.

"Back, I say! I seek not your friendship, boy, and I want not your blood! Yet," continued the robber, wrathfully, "how am I to save my own, if I permit you to return alive, after having dared to track me to my hiding-place?"

As Rivarola spoke, he involuntarily raised the musket to his right shoulder.

"Hold, Giuseppe Rivarola!" cried his visitor. "Have you quite forgotten me? I am Raphael, the son of Agostino Velda."

The brigand uttered a cry, threw down his musket, and springing forward, with all the volubility of gesture and violent declamation which proclaim the Calabrian a genuine child of nature—a rough and impetuous mountaineer—he embraced the young man, took him in his arms, and led him into his hiding-place.

It was indeed a squalid den, and lighted only by a few dim rays of the fading sunshine, which stole in through fissures in the basalt. In a recess a little Madonna of coarse clay was fixed to the wall of rock, and the flame of a brass oil-lamp was flickering before it. Beneath lay a bed, or rather a pallet, the neat arrangements of which indicated the presence of a female hand.

Outside this lay a couch of leaves and deer-skins, whereon doubtless old Rivarola snatched his few hours of repose. Some vessels of coarse pottery, an iron pot, a bullet-mold, a powder-flask, and other similar *et cetera*, made up the furniture; and Raphael looked round him with a saddened and anxious eye. "Francesca?" said he, inquiringly.

"She has gone to vespers, and to market at Oppido. The poor child requires other comforts than my gun can procure her on these bleak mountain sides, or even on the highway, for few men travel now without an escort of the Carabinieri. I am in hopes that she may be employed as a *zitella*—(a girl who will make herself useful)—by the good sisters of the Benedictine convent—God and His Mother bless them!" continued the brigand, lifting off his old battered hat with reverence. "The Sisters pity her for her own sake, though they execrate me as one of the godless Garibaldini. Once that our Francesca is safe within their walls, I shall go further west, among the mountains, where some of the men of Aspromonte are still lurking, though heaven knows that to leave this place for that may be only *noi cadiamo da Scilli in Cariddi*," he added, using the old classic proverb. "But while talking of my own affairs I forget yours. What of your father, my boy?"

"He has been taken by the National Guard, and is now with us in Oppido; but under sentence of death, as I too justly fear it must be," replied Raphael, in a broken voice.

"Rebellion, desertion, treason, and robbery! What else could be the penalty of these but death! He will be shot, of course, by the Bersaglieri."

"Alas!"

"Yet you will continue to wear their uniform?" said the old brigand, his mustaches quivering with anger.

"I follow the dictates of my conscience."

"Conscience!" replied the other, grimly. "I had such a thing about me once; but now—Well, well!"

"Are they safe for Francesca, or safe for you, these evening errands into Oppido?"

"She goes in as the twilight falls, and always returns after dark, when none can see the way she takes. But our perils will be increased now that your precious Bersaglieri are so close at hand."

"They are increased, Giuseppe. A list of persons to be captured, and shot if found with arms in their hands, or who prove unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves, has been given by Cialdini to the Conte Manfredi, and your name is the *first* on that fatal roll, of which I made a copy no later than yesterday, by the conte's order."

The outlaw only laughed at this, and his white teeth glistened under his dark mustache.

"They will never discover my retreat," said he.

"Oh, be not too sure of that."

"It has served me ever since that fatal day at Aspromonte."

"You are wrong. Either Francesca has been watched or some one has betrayed you."

"None could betray me. My secret is known to Francesca and myself alone," replied the outlaw, confidently.

"A clue to your hiding-place is in the hands of the Conte Manfredi, and ere to-morrow—yea, to-night, perhaps—a cordon of riflemen will be around it. *Povero amico!* I swear to you that this is the truth!"

"And my Francesca!" exclaimed Rivarola, mournfully, as he clasped his brown hands.

"She is here—here at last!" cried the young man, as a girl sprang into the cavern; but on beholding his uniform she uttered a low cry of terror, and shrank behind her father.

Her figure was slender and *petite*, yet she was full-bosomed and beautifully rounded. Her eyes were dark, but bright and sparkling, and softened in expression by their wonderfully long lashes, which, like her hair, were black as jet. Her attire was poor, but plain and neat, even to being piquant and pretty. Her scarlet bodice was handsomely embroidered, and her habit-shirt, like the square fold of linen that shaded her face, was white as snow, and contrasted well with the almost olive hue of her complexion.

"*O padre mio!* I have been pursued!" she exclaimed.

"By whom?" asked Rivarola, starting to his musket.

"An officer of the Bersaglieri; but I escaped him in the forest. Oh, my father! my father! and a Bersagliere is here before me!"

"Raphael Velda, your betrothed!" said the young man, coming forward from the shade which had concealed him.

The girl rushed into his arms, and he covered her face with kisses, showering them on her brow, her lips and eyes, even her neck, where hung her only ornament, a little crucifix of brass.

"*Ne sono estatico!* (I am in ecstasies!) the young soldier continued to murmur, as he gazed upon the upturned face that lay upon his fringe epaulet, and so near his own flushed and handsome cheek.

"Oh, what happiness!" responded the girl. "I am beside myself with joy! Raphael, speak to me!"

"Thou art loved by every one, my child," said the old brigand, who turned away sadly.

"Oh, Francesca! many may—nay, must have loved you; but none as poor Raphael Velda does," said the lover.

"If ever we are parted, judging by what I have suffered already, the wrench will be terrible! Francesca will die!" murmured the girl. "Oh, Raphael! when absent from you I seem only to endure existence. All time seems lost that is not spent with you."

"And one of our officers pursued you, Francesca?" asked Raphael, after a pause.

"Yes, my beloved—from the gate of Oppido, along the highway, and close up to the forest, where I eluded him by lurking behind a tree while he passed on."

"Is he old, or young?"

"A man of fifty, with long gray mustaches curled up to his ears."

"*Dio!* 'tis the colonel—the Conte Manfredi! the greatest *roué* in all Naples!"

"Never mind—soldiers are used to run after pretty girls. You have escaped him, and if he comes hither, my gun will do the rest—there will be promotion for the major," said Rivarola, calmly.

But the handsome face of Velda clouded. His love for Francesca was deep and passionate. Yet, as a soldier, could he marry and make her a camp-follower—the jest, perhaps, of his comrades, the prey, perchance, of such a man as the conte? she, with all her purity and beauty?

"Be one of us—throw your allegiance to the winds, and take to the mountains," the brigand would have suggested; but Raphael was loyal and good, and mourned the lost lives of Rivarola and his doomed father.

But now the sun was set, and he knew that he must soon return to quarters, as he had only leave till midnight, and, taking his gun, Rivarola prepared to accompany him a little distance on the way.

The lovers separated, with an arrangement for their meeting on the morrow, and from the screen of leaves that hid her wretched home, the poor girl, with eyes half-blinded by tears, watched their figures retiring through the forest; but scarcely had they been gone ten minutes when both came rushing back to her. The face of Raphael was deadly pale; that of Rivarola inflamed by passion, and in his eyes there sparkled a dangerous light.

"Conceal yourself, my child. A party of the Bersaglieri are in the forest, searching, doubtless, for *me*, so I must fly; but I shall leave your betrothed with you. Surely," continued Rivarola, "he will be able to protect you from his own comrades, at least. I will fire a shot to lure these men after me, and away from this vicinity; so, if you hear it, my children, be not alarmed. To heaven and your love I trust her, Raphael. Adieu!"

He pressed the terrified girl almost convulsively to his breast, sprang up the rocks with his musket slung behind him, and disappeared, while Raphael led Francesca into the cavern, and closed the door.

The task of soothing her was a delightful one; but then came the reflection—what was he to do? To remain there with her was impossible, as, ere midnight, he would have to report himself to the quarter-guard, and could he leave her alone—alone in the wild forest?

No! She should return with him to Oppido, and seek at the Benedictine convent that shelter which would not be denied her. This was soon resolved on, and, though about to leave the cavern, perhaps forever, she reverentially trimmed anew the votive lamp before the little Madonna, while Raphael stole for half a mile or so into the forest, to assure himself that his comrades were gone. This proved to be the case, as they had heard the distant random shot of Rivarola, and, following it, had disappeared.

"Heaven be praised!" said Raphael, aloud; "the road is clear for her and me."

He was returning to the hiding-place, when a shrill cry—almost a shriek—from Francesca made him spring forward with all the speed he could exert; and he saw, with dismay, that the barrier of wood and screen of leaves were alike thrown down, and that an armed man stood within them.

All that his heart had foreboded of evil—the climax of every vague apprehension to which the soul of Raphael Velda had been a prey—was reached, when he beheld his beautiful little Francesca struggling to free herself from the grasp of her visitor—his colonel, the Conte Manfredi!

Of all men in Italy, the man from whom he had most cause

to fear—the man who held in his hands, perhaps, the life of his father, Agostino Velda, and his own life as a consorts with outlaws—had now tracked out Francesca as a new prey! This was but an example, probably, of “how oft the power to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.”

Raphael knew that the conte was a man without scruple or conscience, possessed of vast wealth, of high rank, and a position which enabled him always to crush with success all who opposed his wishes, however vile or cruel those wishes might be; and Raphael was but a poor Bersagliere, whose father was a convicted brigand.

For a moment he was paralyzed with dismay, but a moment only.

The next saw him tear Francesca from the grasp of the conte, whom he thrust, without much ceremony, aside.

In an instant the blade of the colonel's sword glittered in his hand. “*In guardia, signore! in guardia!*” cried he, in a voice that was tremulous with rage, while Raphael, who had no other weapon than the short-sword-bayonet of the Bersagliere, promptly drew it to defend himself, and therewith he parried one or two thrusts aimed at his breast. As yet the colonel had not recognized him, for the cavern was dark, or only lit by the tiny votive lamp that flickered above the humble couch of Francesca.

“Ha, Signore Spadaccino!” said Manfredi, mockingly, “I'll be through your body this time!” But by a rapid parry and great strength of wrist, Raphael twisted the sword from the hand of the conte, who then drew a pistol. All this passed in a few seconds, while Francesca, crouching behind Raphael, looked upward with her face blanched by terror. And now, as he leveled the pistol, the conte for the first time discovered that his antagonist was a soldier.

“*Come vi chiamente* (What is your name)?” he asked, in a voice of thunder.

“Raphael Velda, signore.”

“Ehi! one of my own men, too!”

“*Illusterrissimo—si—I have the honor,*” replied Raphael, with a profound salute, but keeping his sword drawn, nevertheless.

“Oh, Raphael! my love, my love! you are lost! Spare him, Signore Colonello! spare him!” cried Francesca.

“Leave this place, Raphael Velda,” said the conte, in a low, hoarse voice.

“Never!”

“Indeed! When are you due at Oppido?”

“I have my captain's leave till midnight, signore.”

“*Mezzanotte?* Good. It wants but two hours of that time now,” said the mocking conte, looking at his watch. “You know, I presume, the penalty of drawing upon a superior officer?”

“No—not when in defense of my own life, and of one who is dearer to me than life.”

“*Veramente—indeed!*” drawled the other, curling up his enormous mustache, which he wore in imitation of King Victor Emanuel. “This girl—the daughter of a brigand—of a Garibaldino—is beyond the pale of all protection.”

“She is my betrothed wife, signore,” said Raphael, with a deep burst of emotion.

“Your life is in my hands, Velda, as a consorts with outlaws.”

“Not more a consorts than yourself, signore, if the mere fact of being here makes me one.”

“Insolent! Yet I will spare your life on one condition.”

“Name it, signore.”

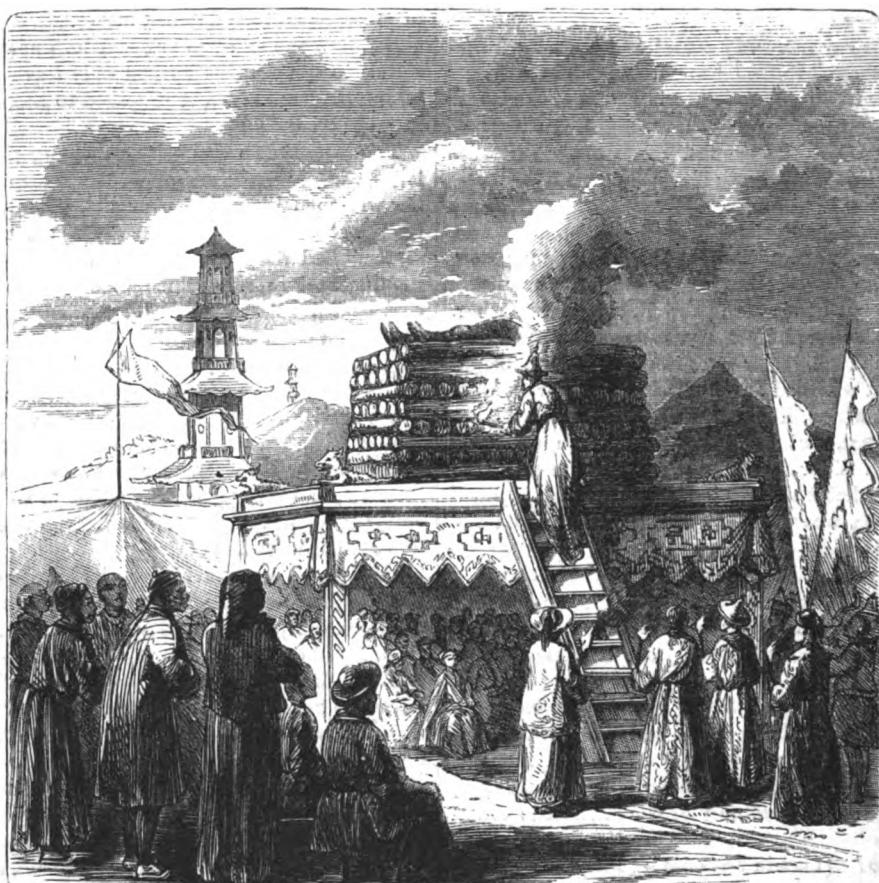
“That you will never mention what has transpired here to-night—our combat, and my disarmament. Swear it by the God who hears you, and the soul of the girl you love!”

Raphael felt astonished at a punishment so unlike Manfredi, but swore

as he was requested. “Good,” said the colonel, picking up and sheathing his sword. “I give you life for silence, but my vengeance will come on the morrow!”

And with these ominous words, which the unfortunate Raphael connected in some way with his imprisoned father, the colonel quitted the dreary abode of the Rivarolas, and disappeared in the forest.

The moment he was gone, Raphael raised Francesca, and strove by his caresses to reassure her. He affected to make light of the threats of Manfredi, expatiated on the promises he had given as a reward for silence, expressed joy that her father had escaped; and, as soon as she had regained her composure, he led her from the cavern, and together, hand in hand, with their minds mutually oppressed by fear for the future, they pursued the highway, almost in silence, till they reached the little city of Oppido.



CREMATION IN SIAM.—PAGE 91.

"Adieu, Raphael," said the girl, weeping on his breast.

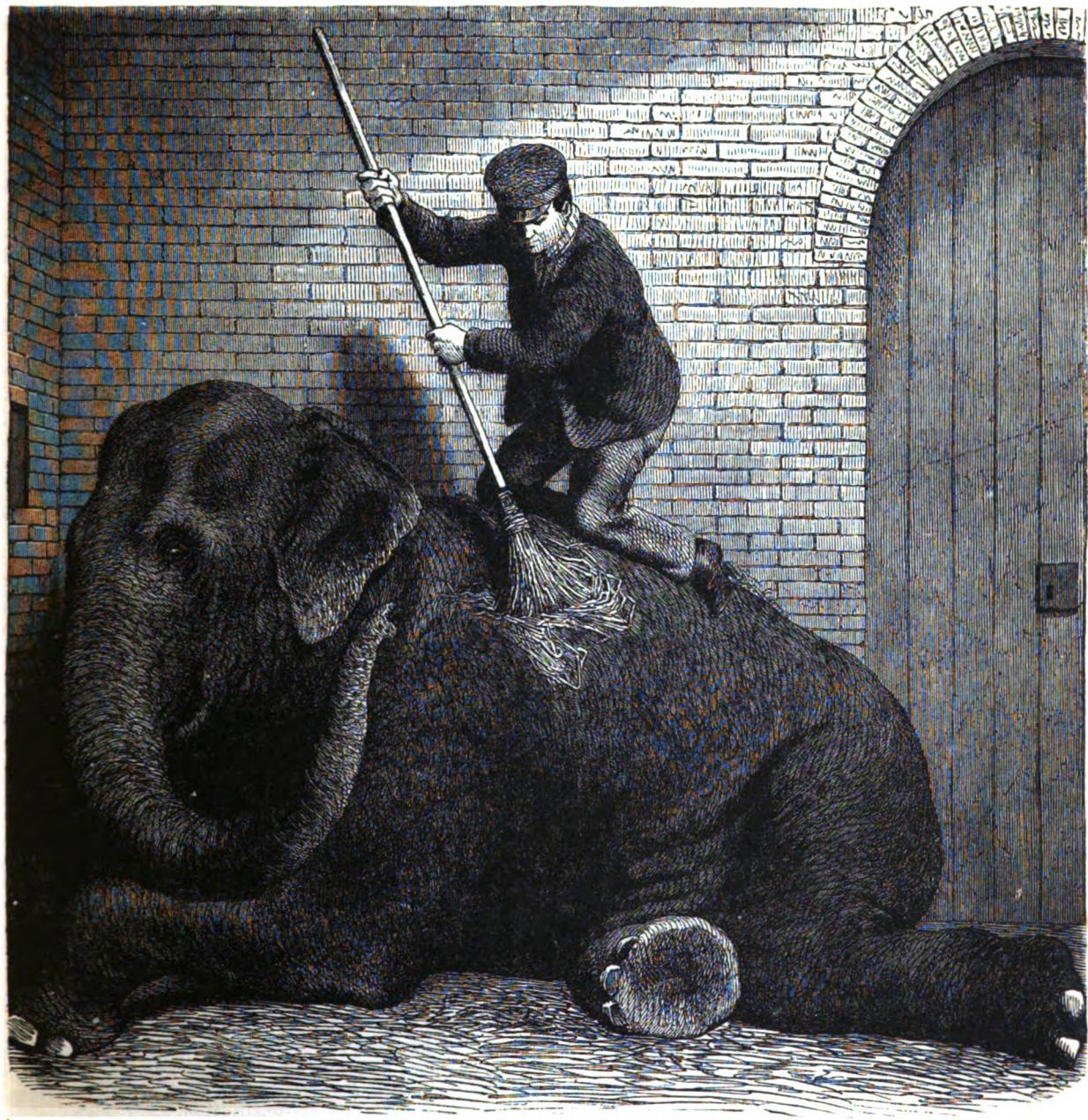
"Oh, Francesca ! my dearest Francesca ! I cannot tell you how I love you ! And this love continues, if possible, to grow every day. My whole soul is yours, Francesca !"

"And I shall yearn long and wearily for you till we meet again. Separate from you, the most sunny days are gloom to me, and I seem to shiver as if chilled by the *tramontana*!"

And now, after a long and passionate kiss—a *last* one, as it

were blown at an unusually early hour, while the mountain summits were yet red with the first rays of the morning sun, and the whole battalion paraded under the orders of the conte; for the expected captain had arrived overnight from Reggio, rumor said, with the death-warrant of Agostino Velda. The latter seemed to be fully verified by the fact that the regimental chaplain—a Franciscan friar—had spent the greater portion of the night in his cell.

The plain where the Bersaglieri were paraded was a soli-



THE ELEPHANT'S TOILET.—SEE PAGE 93.

proved—they separated at the gate of the Convent of Santo Benedetto; and, fortunately for Raphael, he was in quarters before the time necessary, and amid their dull monotony the voice of Francesca ever lingered in his ear.

Some valets or emissaries of the conte were at the cavern betimes before daybreak. The cage was empty, and its pretty bird flown, they knew not whither; and this only served to inflame him the more against the elder Velda.

Next morning the shrill brass bugles of the Bersaglieri

tary spot about a mile distant from Oppido, in a rugged ravine, overhung on all sides by masses of rock.

The well-trained Bersaglieri stood silent and firm in their ranks; the only motion there being the fluttering of their dark-green plumes, which were caught by the passing breeze. Their sword-bayonets were fixed on their rifles, as the regiment formed three sides of a hollow square, and the broad blades of these reflected gayly the sheen of the morning sun. On the vacant side of the square stood an upright

post, firmly placed in the earth, with a stout rope dangling from it. At this object the eyes of the soldiers looked grimly, but sternly, from time to time. The officers leaned on their swords, and yawned wearily in the early morning air. Since the field of Aspromonte they had grown tired of the perilous work of brigand-hunting, and looked forward with something of dismay to the rustication of dull quarters in the mountain city of Oppido. While such empty regrets occupied the minds of many, the heart of Raphael Velda was a prey to a grief and horror all its own. He and all the regiment thought that he should have been spared a scene so horrible as the execution of his own father! He had promised this request personally, and through the captain of his company, but in vain. The conte was inexorable. He only gave one of his sinister smiles, and shrugged his shoulders in token of refusal. So, pale as a spectre, and trembling in every fibre, Raphael stood under arms in his usual place.

Agostino Velda, though an old soldier of the corps, who had, as we have said, fought loyally on the field of Gaito, and of Novara, was viewed now only as a disgrace, a brigand; so although all sympathized with his son, and deprecated his presence on an occasion so awful, they cared little otherwise about the impending execution.

From the lower end of the ravine was seen the gleam of approaching bayonets, and the prisoner appeared with fetters on his hands, walking slowly between a file of Bersaglieri, and by the side of the chaplain—a very reverend-looking old man, who wore the garb of a Franciscan—and who had been praying with him all night in the vault of the old castle, which served as a dungeon. And now poor Raphael felt an icy shudder pass over his whole frame as his father drew near.

He had already that day at dawn taken a passionate and affectionate farewell of him, and they were to meet no more on earth; but yet the dark and haggard eyes of Agostino Velda wandered restlessly and yearningly along the ranks, as if in search of a beloved face.

He was a splendid-looking man, in the prime of life. His stature was great, and his bearing lofty and commanding. The pallor of his face contrasted strangely with the raven blackness of his voluminous beard and hair; the latter seemed to start up in sprouts from his forehead and temples, and fell backward like the mane of a lion. His eyes were dark—dark as the doom that awaited him; and their usual expression was fierce, defiant, and lowering. He was bare-headed, and muffed in an old regimental great-coat, which was intended to be his shroud.

"I have repented of all my faults and crimes," said he, in a firm voice, and with a collected manner. "I see now, old comrades, the folly, the wickedness, of my past life, and am ready to die for it!"

The proceedings of the court-martial were then read over by the adjutant, and they closed with the sentence:

"That he—the said Agostino Velda, lately a Bersagliere of the Third Regiment, and now a brigand—was to be tied to a post and shot to death by any three soldiers whose doubtful character might lead the colonel to select them for that duty, as a species of punishment!"

The hand of Manfredi seemed to tighten on his bridle-rein as he heard this, and there passed a grim smile over his face as he handed a penciled memorandum to the sergeant-major, who changed color as he read it, and in his utter confusion actually forgot to salute his officer, under whose glance most of the Bersaglieri cowered, for he was supposed to possess that terror of the Italians—an evil eye. He paused for a moment irresolutely, and then turned to obey, for discipline and obedience become a second nature to a soldier.

While the pioneers bound the passive prisoner to the stake, the perplexed sergeant-major summoned from the

ranks two soldiers who had been punished repeatedly for breaches of discipline, and twice for robbery, as their names had been given to him by the colonel. Then, pausing slowly before the company in the ranks of which Raphael Velda stood, pale as a sheet, and supporting himself on his rifle, he summoned him to step forth, as the third file, to complete the firing-party.

A thrill of horror and dismay seemed to pervade the whole regiment on witnessing this, and now Raphael rushed to the front.

"*Signore Illustrissimo—oh, colonello mio!*" he exclaimed, in a piercing voice, while gesticulating with all the fervor of a true Calabrian; "*Dio buono!* you cannot mean this! It is too cruel—too terrible. The king will resent it—General Cialdini will never permit it," he added, wildly and incoherently, while his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

In a paroxysm of grief he knelt before the conte, entreating him to alter the terrible selection—to forego this subtle scheme for vengeance, while the pale prisoner, who saw and understood the whole situation, uttered a cry of grief, and, dropping the crucifix which the chaplain had placed in his hands, covered his face with them.

"What can be the meaning of this?" was whispered round the ranks.

Raphael alone could have told; but he was sworn to secrecy—secrecy by God's name, and the soul of Francesca.

In vain did the major—a gallant old soldier, who possessed great influence in the corps—urge the conte to change his plan; in vain did the venerable chaplain supplicate on one hand and threaten on the other; and in vain also did Raphael Velda, whose voice had now left him, stretch his hands toward the conte in mute entreaty.

Vincenzo Manfredi was inexorable!

"I do not command the son to shoot the father, but the loyal Bersagliere to slay the convicted felon," said he; and then, with a voice and bearing that forbade all hope of his revoking an order which filled the regiment with indignation and bewilderment—for the character of Raphael was unimpeachable, and, even were it not so, the selection was alike cruel and unnatural—he ordered the firing-party to fall in at fifty yards' distance from the criminal, and to load and cap their rifles. Then the remainder of the obnoxious task was to be performed by the sergeant-major.

"*Sono allo desperazione!*—I am in despair! Oh, Francesca! oh, my father!" moaned Raphael, as he loaded mechanically, and knew that, even if he fired in the air, he would, throughout all his future life, be branded as a paricide—as the executioner of his own father!

A blindness—a horror, like a great darkness—seemed to come over him, and for a few moments he was beside himself with excess of emotion. For a second or so the idea of shooting Manfredi at the head of the regiment occurred to him, but only to be dismissed, for that officer was so placed that he could not have been hit without the risk of killing another; and now, like an automaton, he found himself kneeling—one of three executioners—before his father, at fifty yards' distance.

Though horror blanched his face, Agostino looked proudly and steadily at the three dark tubes from whence his doom was to come, for at the word "three" the executioners were to fire.

"*Uno!*" cried the sergeant-major, in a voice that was quite unlike his own; "*due! TRE!*"

Reverberating with a hundred echoes among the rocks, as the sounds were tossed from peak to peak, four rifles rang sharply in the clear morning air, and three men fell dead.

They were Agostino Velda, pierced by two bullets in his head, which sank heavily forward on his breast; Raphael,

who, by an expert use of his bayonet as a lever, after uttering a prayer to heaven and for Francesca, had shot himself through the heart; and, lastly, the Conte Manfredi, who, pierced by a bullet fired from the rocks above, threw up his hands with a wild scream, and fell lifeless from his horse!

His fall and the suicide of Raphael Velda were so totally unexpected, that the Bersaglieri were utterly bewildered and confounded. The double catastrophe was almost terrifying even to old soldiers; but the major was the first to recover his presence of mind, and, at the head of a company, proceeded to surround and scale those rocks from whence the mysterious bullet had come.

No trace of the assassin could be found, save a long and double-barreled rifle, which had recently been discharged, and on the stock of which was carved the name of the noted brigand, "Giuseppe Rivarola"; so not a doubt remained that by his hand the conte had perished.

In vain were the mountains searched, and princely rewards for his apprehension offered by General Cialdini and the king; for Giuseppe was never seen afterward, though he is supposed to be still lurking among the wilds of the Abruzzi—the Promised Land of the Italian brigands.

As a suicide, the hapless Raphael Velda was buried in a solitary place, and in unconsecrated ground; but yearly, on the anniversary of his death—the festival of St. Michael and All Angels—there comes a Benedictine nun, who kneels by the green sod that covers him, and, with beads in hand, and head bent low and reverently, says a prayer for the repose of his soul.

She then hangs a wreath of fresh flowers on the little cross that marks his grave, and glides slowly and sadly away.

CREMATION IN SIAM.

THE practice of burning the bodies of the dead is retained in Siam in full force to the present day, among all the principal families. The ceremony is magnificent enough, but fearfully expensive, and its continuance is an intolerable burden, but no one dares to drop it because it is "the old custom." The Bangkok *Recorder* contains descriptions of the burning of two Siamese nobles, one a brother of the Prime Minister of the Kingdom, who died June 11, and the other a half brother, who died a few weeks later. During all the intervening time, the bodies had laid in state in either respective homes. The whole period had been occupied in costly preparations for the ceremony. On a platform about eight feet from the ground had been erected a pyramid sixteen feet high surmounted by a splendid urn highly ornamented and gilt. Over this was an immense and lofty white canopy, open at the four sides. The whole was profusely decorated with flowers and fancy articles.

On the day of the funeral the pyramid was chiefly removed, and a pile of firewood built in its place, on which the bodies were placed. The account proceeds:

"Within the enclosure on two sides of the dome were seated priests, princes, and noblemen, etc. On another side were the female mourners and friends, together with nearly all the European ladies residing in the city. On the fourth side, where his Majesty was to approach the dome, were the European gentlemen, comprising mariners, merchants, consuls, clergymen, etc. Without the enclosure on all sides were vast multitudes of both sexes and of all classes.

"The hour of five o'clock P. M. had now arrived, which was the time appointed for the ignition of the funeral pile. Presently the royal heralds announced the approach of the king by their trumpets and conch-shells. All eyes were consequently turned to the quarter at which his Majesty was to enter, and a few strains of 'God Save the King' from the

brass band introduced him very quietly into the presence of the dead, where he seated himself, with a large number of his children, before ten or a dozen Buddhist priests, arranged in a line sitting on a carpet. These went through with certain rehearsals and incantations for the dead, barely audible, but not to be understood, while his Majesty poured sacred water from a little tea-pot into a basin, it being a symbol of blessings craved for the departed spirits as well as for all the remaining friends.

"The screen which had hidden the dismantling and humiliation of the bodies on the wood was now drawn aside. His Majesty then snapped an instrument peculiar to the Siamese, which ignited a little powder, and this a taper, which the king, having ascended the steps, applied to the funeral pile. Immediately the nearest mourners stepped up and placed each his wax candle and sandal-sticks under the wood, and then the princes and lords in rapid succession did the same, until all order of rank was lost in the desire to manifest the same respect for the dead before the flames should become too hot to admit of approach. The fire increased with unusual rapidity.

"There was no outburst of grief, but manifestly silent, solemn weeping among some of the mourners. We could not but weep with them when we considered that they were weeping without one ray of the glorious hopes which the Gospel affords to them who believe in Him who is the resurrection and the life."

CAPTAIN CAREW.

At the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army before the town ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with his detachment. The General said to Carew: "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man; I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death to you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew saluted the General, and then led on his men. He stood with an undaunted countenance; and calling to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, he said, "Here, I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." At that instant Tortona capitulated; and Carew escaped the destruction which he had so nobly displayed his readiness to encounter at the call of honor.

SCOLDS.—THE OLDEN TIME.

Degrading Punishment of Women.

OLD-TIME punishments, conceived and determined upon in aristocratic days, when the privileged classes made the laws and the poor were merely the governed, aimed not so much to check the increase of vice as to strike terror, and especially to degrade the unfortunate in the eyes of his peers. This was especially the case in punishments inflicted on women. The old Roman satirist says that there is no greater hardship in the hard lot of the poor than the fact that it makes the poor ridiculous in the eyes of those above them. Poor women in the "merrie days of old" were made to feel this deeply.

A woman whose tongue wagged too freely, especially in censure, was a scold, and if she was old and unattractive, was subject to punishments of the most degrading character, often cruel to the last degree as well.

Germany was not behind England or her colonies in her treatment of women.

Mulhouse, an Alsatian town, still preserves a heavy stone head affixed to a chain, which any woman convicted as a scold had to carry around her neck from the public square to one of the city gates and back again, unless another woman, equally unfortunate, was there to relieve her.

It is creditable to our advancement that women can no longer charge man with such acts; and shame will preserve us from ever reviving them.

Woe betided in those days the woman who was old and ugly if she resisted oppression, or spoke too loudly of her grievances. Termagants there are and were, doubtless, who so annoy neighborhoods as to require some check, but brute force of this kind seldom proves a corrective. Yet, the poor old woman in those days was glad, perhaps, to get off as a scold. The whisper that she was a witch would entail certain death.

On page 93 we have illustrated the Ducking stool, an instrument not unknown even in America. The last instance in England positively known was in 1845, when, according to the London *Evening Post*, a woman that kept the Queen's Head Ale House, at Kingston, was sentenced to be ducked in the River Thames, under the bridge, and actually underwent the severe penalty.

Cole, the antiquary, writing in 1780, describes a similar case, which he witnessed at Cambridge in his boyhood :

"The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam, about the middle of the bridge, and the woman, having been fastened in the chair, was let under water three times successively, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber. The ducking stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was an engraving representing devils laying hold of scolds. Some time after a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same device carved on it, and well painted and ornamented."

This outrageous system, like the barbarous shower-bath in our prisons, when applied to an aged woman, often resulted in death. It seems to have fallen gradually into disuse during the early part of the last century, but a new instrument of torture, called the brank or bridle, came into use.

The instrument was an old one, however, and Chaucer alludes to it:

"But for my daughter Julian,
I would she were well bolted with a bridle,
That leaves her work to play the clack,
And lets her wheel stand idle."

The brank was opened by throwing back the sides of the hoop, and the hinder part of the band by means of the hinges. An official then forced the knife A into her mouth; this, as the witches' bridle shows, was sometimes a terrible instrument of torture. The hoop would then be closed be-

hind, the band be brought down from the top to the back of the head, and fastened at E. A chain at D enabled the constable to drag her along; and the unfortunate presented the appearance given in our illustration. The Nuremberg bridle shows an ornamental, but no less cruel sample, in which every art was used to render the punishment painful, and at the same time ludicrous and shameful. It will scarcely be credited that the brank was used as late as 1824!

IN THE STREETS OF MADRID.

ALTHOUGH Madrid is a comparatively modern city, and has none of the ancient monuments or historic recollections that the traveler all most unconsciously looks for in European cities, still it is the capital, and, as such, draws into its life representatives of all parts and all classes of Spain. The wealthier have, indeed, become more French, in some respects, than Spanish, but nationality is always strongest in the lower classes, and it is to them we must look for the preservation of ancient costumes and habits.

A stroll through Madrid shows in the street-sellers a wonderful variety. From the Puerta del Sol, the centre of fashionable shops, you find the open-air dealers in all directions; the noisiest are the newsboys, though women and girls represent that energetic class. Towards nightfall they deafen you with the shouts of the names of papers:

"Que acaba de salir ahora," equivalent to

"five o'clock edition." With their hoarse shouts blend the cries of the dealers in *cerillas*, little wax matches, the only kind used in Spain. Poorly clad, with rough *alpargatas*, or no shoes at all, their stock-in-trade is in a small box, supported by a belt around the shoulders. "Ados y tres cerillas!" is the sharp cry; sometimes from the lips of a young girl not without Southern beauty, and evidently of a better class than her rivals in the trade. Then comes the *aguador*, or water-man, with his cask on his shoulder, or the more refined, who cries, "El aguador! Agua y azucarillos!" carrying, in one hand, a large water-jar, and, in the other, a tin or copper tray, with azucarillos and some large glasses; for the Madrid people are great water-drinkers, and prize highly the water of the Fuente del Berro. Then the Asturian porter, strong as a bull of the arena, and as honest as the sun; the *quita manchas*, ready to remove all grease spots with his lightning grease extractor; ambulant stationers, if the term is not a contradiction, crying, "Papel de hilo, papel de Alcoy!"



OLD GIRL.—"I should like thick braids in front, and curls and loops at the back."

A loud - talking group will pass you, and dress and fragments of conversation tell you that is a party of bull-fighters and their friends talking shop, full of points of horse and bull, sword and gladiator—all so absorbed in their subject, and so lost to all going on around, unless the rustle of a silk dress calls up their politeness, when they make way at once with all the promptitude that the most exacting American lady could desire. In some square, where more space is given for the busy throng, you will find, in some nook, the street-barber plying his vocation in the open air, his tongue going glibly, and delighting a little crowd of loungers. You may meet, too, coal-weighers, with an apparatus of most uniquely primitive design and form.

Dealers in chestnuts, hazel nuts, and fruit meet you at every turn, none shy or afraid to announce their commodities and proclaim their excellence.

The beggars are a great feature in all the streets, and pursue you, with loud clamors for *cuartos*, in the name of Our Lady of Atoche. They lounge about in groups in the most public places, and thrust themselves before you with an insolent and, sometimes, threatening aspect that does not excite your feelings of benevolence, but begets a spirit of determined resistance to their appeals.

But one great characteristic of Madrid streets is the idlers, a crowd that disperses neither day nor night. Go where you will, you see men standing about from morning till night, wrapped in cloaks. The majority are, to tell the truth, an ill-looking set, have a low type of face, a slouching aspect, and an ill-mannered address if spoken to. They loiter in all the frequented places in Madrid, and are very much in the way. They scarcely speak to one another, and seldom seem to



SCOLDS.—THE DUCKING-STOOL, A PUNISHMENT FOR SCOLDS.—SEE PAGE 91.



THE BRANK FOR SCOLDS.



THE KLAPPERSTEIN.

have energy enough to light a cigarette, scratching their fuses sometimes (as we have seen them) on the coat of a passer-by, in a contemplative, patronising fashion that takes a stranger rather aback.

A young Madrileño is content to lounge his life away in this fashion; and, if he has an income sufficient to keep him in "cigarritos," to pay for his weekly seat at the "Plaza del Toros," and to provide him the bare means of

subsistence, he will do no work. He is ready, in case of an outbreak, or for a place under Government—neither would come amiss to him. It is all he seems fitted for, and, apparently, the height of his ambition. In the morning a lounge on the "Puerta del Sol," in the afternoon a walk or ride on the "Prado," in the evening to a café or theatre, varied occasionally by a bull-fight or a cock-fight—is the average employment of half the young men in Madrid. There is not much betting or "sporting," in our sense of the word, even at the bull-fights, and they seemed to us, on most occasions, to do

what Englishmen alone have been accused of—"to take their pleasure sadly."

AN INDIAN ELEPHANT'S TOILET.

It is not usual for European or American residents in India to go around much afoot; indeed, after a short residence, the languor produced by the climate makes every exertion something to be avoided.

But, as I was a traveler rather than a resident, although my sojourns were often prolonged, I roamed about to see, for the simple reason that I went abroad to see.

When I was at Poonah, a British post about seventy-five miles southeast of the city of Bombay, I used frequently to stroll out early in the morning to see the sights—the Parsees

going to the river side to greet the sun at its rising, and other early risers.

From boyhood the elephant had been an attraction to me. I liked to study the huge mountain of flesh and intelligence. Hence, the reader will not be surprised that my early walks often led me to the spacious and strongly-built sheds erected for the elephants, of which a large number were kept by the cantonment.

The elephant shed, with the long rows of the animals in their separate stalls, is a sight in itself, but it was fun to see their daily toilet.

Elephants are fond of water, and from time to time are taken to a neighboring river, the Moola, to bathe. They know perfectly well when the time comes and where they are going, and seem to enter into it with the zest of schoolboys about to have their first swim of the season. Where a river is not within a convenient distance, the elephant must have his wash at home. He looks for it with the regularity of clockwork; and his mahout must be prompt and punctual, or he will incur the displeasure of his huge charge.

Most of the grooms are natives of Ceylon, but some are Europeans. I enjoyed greatly the humors of the burly elephant, who had rather a careless and, I fear, unsteady keeper. The elephant always expressed satisfaction when he came prompt and early, but was as surly as a bear if his attendant was behind time.

The keeper was a good-hearted fellow, and the elephant seemed so attached to him that he acted like one rather disposed to overlook the man's failings.

When the man came with pails and brooms to perform the toilet of his huge charge, the elephant at once got down to assist his attendant.

After liberally sousing him with water, to wet his hide pretty thoroughly, the man would mount his back and begin to scrub him well with his broom, to the great satisfaction of the huge creature, which would answer his chatty words with significant grunts or an occasional slight trumpeting.

The operation is, of course, rather more troublesome than currying down a horse, even considering the square feet of surface to be gone over.

When the body was well scrubbed, and the skin had a healthful glow, the mahout would jump down, and the elephant rose to have the last touches given to him.

Some of the native mahouts take pains to teach their elephants tricks. I saw one to which the keeper often led up his black baby, and then handed the elephant a small bottle of oil.

The animal at once proceeded to return the favor done him by his wash, by attending to the child's toilet.

It began to part its thick hair, as if his trunk had been a comb, and then carefully taking up the bottle dropped oil along the division made, and rubbed it on with the same useful member.

I was much laughed at for my propensity to gad about; but, after all, I would rather bear a little discomfort than return no wiser than I went, and I certainly learned something at the elephant stables of Poonah.

A Dandy of the Last Century.

A NEWSPAPER of 1770 gives the following description of a fop of that period: "A few days ago a dandy made his appearance in the Assembly Rooms, at Whitehaven, dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat, and breeches covered with an elegant silver net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink satin shoes, and large pearl buckles; a mushroom colored stock, covered with fine point lace, hair dressed remarkably high, and stuck full of pearl pins."

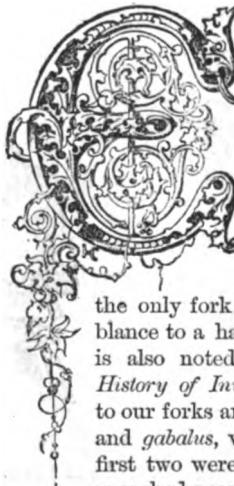
LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

ALL day long on vale and hill
The mist lay deep as night:
All day long in gloom and chill
The heavens were hid from sight.
All day long the sweet birds' song
Was hushed on every side;
The dreary day so passed away
Till came the eventide.

At eventide a pleasant breeze
Came breathing from the west;
It shook the drops from off the trees,
It swept away the mist.
The setting sun beamed out upon
The landscape far and wide,
And all around from sky to ground
Was light at eventide.

All day long, 'mid hopes and fears,
A pallid baby slept:
All day long, with prayers and tears,
Her watch the mother kept.
At eve the child awoke and smiled—
The joyful mother cried,
"All danger's past, he's safe at last!
There's light at eventide!"

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE TABLE.



REAT would be the wonder if, in the present state of refinement, one ever gave a thought to that necessary adjunct of the dinner table the fork we use, as to what we should do without it; and yet its introduction dates only three centuries back. Neither the Romans nor Greeks have any name for it, and even Pollux does not mention it in his full list of necessaries for the table, the only fork (*kreagra*) noticed being one in resemblance to a hand, to fish meat out of the pot; this is also noted by Anaxippus. Beckmann in his *History of Inventions* says: "Equally inapplicable to our forks are the words *furca*, *fuscina*, *fuscinula*, and *gabulus*, which are given in dictionaries. The first two were undoubtedly instruments which approached nearly to our furnace and hay-forks."

Formerly food was cut into small pieces before being placed on the table, for the convenience of the diners, who, reclining on couches, could not use both hands with ease. Persons of rank kept a carver, who used the only knife placed on the table; this knife had an ivory handle, and in the houses of the rich was ornamented with silver. Posidonius relates: "The Gauls used to take roast meat in their hands and tear it to pieces with their teeth, or cut it with a small knife which each carried in his girdle."

Bread also was never cut at table. In former times it was not baked so thick as at present, but rather like cakes, and could easily be broken; hence mention is so often made of the "breaking of bread." The Chinese never use forks, but they have small sticks of ivory (called chopsticks), which are often of very fine workmanship, and inlaid with silver and gold. Two of these are placed before each guest, who uses them for putting into his mouth the meat which has been cut into small bits.

Had the Romans used forks they must necessarily have been found among the numerous remains of antiquity which have been collected in modern times. But Barnuffaldi and Biörnstähl, who both made researches respecting them, assure us they were never able to find any. Count Caylus and Grignon assert the contrary. The former has given a figure and description of a silver two

pronged fork, which was discovered among rubbish in the Appian Way. It is of exceedingly beautiful workmanship and at one end terminates in a stag's foot. Beckmann says: "Notwithstanding the high reputation of this French author, I cannot possibly admit that everything of which he has given figures is so old as he seems to imagine."

Grignon found in the ruins of a Roman town in Champagne some articles which he considers as table forks, but he merely mentions them, without giving a description sufficient to convince one of the truth of what he asserts, which, in regard to a thing so unexpected, was certainly requisite. One fork was of copper or brass; two others were of iron, and he says, speaking of the latter, that they seemed to have served as table forks, but were coarsely made. It is, however, doubtful if he conjectured rightly in regard to the use of them. As far as Beckmann knows, the use of forks was first known in Italy towards the end of the fifteenth century, but at that time they were not very common. Galeotus Martius, an Italian resident at the court of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who reigned from 1458 to 1490, relates in a book which he wrote about that prince, that in Hungary at that time forks were not used at table, as they were in many parts of Italy, but that at meals each person laid hold of the meat with his fingers, and on that account they were much stained with saffron, which was then put into sauces and soup. He praises the king for eating without a fork, yet conversing at the same time, and never dirtying his clothes.

Thomas Coryate, the traveler, saw them used in Italy, and in the same year used them himself in England; he says in his book called the "Crudities": "Here j will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. J observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which j passed that is not used in any other country that j saw in my travels, neither do j thinke that any other nation of Christendome dothe use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do alwayes at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dishe, they fasten their forke, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dishe; so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dishe of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least brow beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding j understand is generally used in all places of Italy; their forkes being, for the most part, made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiositie is, because the Italian cannot, by any meanes, indure to have his dishe touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Herenupon j myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while j was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since j came home, being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humor doubted not to call me a^t table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

The use of forks was at first much ridiculed in England as an effeminate piece of finery; in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays "your fork-carving traveler" is spoken of with much contempt; and Ben Jonson has joined in the laugh against them in "Devil's an Ass," Act V., Scene 4. Meercraft says to Gilthead and Sledge:

Have I deserved this from you two? for all
My pains at court, to get you each a patent.

Gilthead: For what?

Meercraft: Upon my project of the forks.

Sledge: Forks? What be they?

Meercraft: The laudable use of forks,

Brought into custom here as they are in Italy
To the sparing of napkins.

In many parts of Spain at present, drinking glasses, spoons, and forks are rarities; and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns of France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person should have one of his own; a custom which the French seem to have retained from the old Gauls. But as no person would any longer eat without forks, landlords were obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons.

Dr. Johnson writes: "Among the Scotch highlanders knives have been introduced at table only since the time of the Revolution. Before that period every man had a knife of his own as a companion to his dirk or dagger. The men cut the meat into small morsels for the women, who then put them into their mouths with their fingers. The use of forks at table was at first considered as a superfluous luxury, and therefore they were forbidden to convents, as was the case in regard to the congregation of St. Maur."

The English, Dutch, and French have adopted the Italian names *forca* and *forchetta*, given to our table forks, though these appellations, says Beckmann, in his opinion, were used at an earlier period to denote large instruments, such as pitchforks, flesh forks, furnace forks, because in the low German *forke* is a very old name given to such implements. The German word *gabel*, which occurs first in dictionaries for these large instruments, is of great antiquity, and has been still retained in the Swedish and Dutch. It appears to have been used for many things which were split or divided into two; at any rate, it is certain that it is not derived from the Latin word *gabulus*.

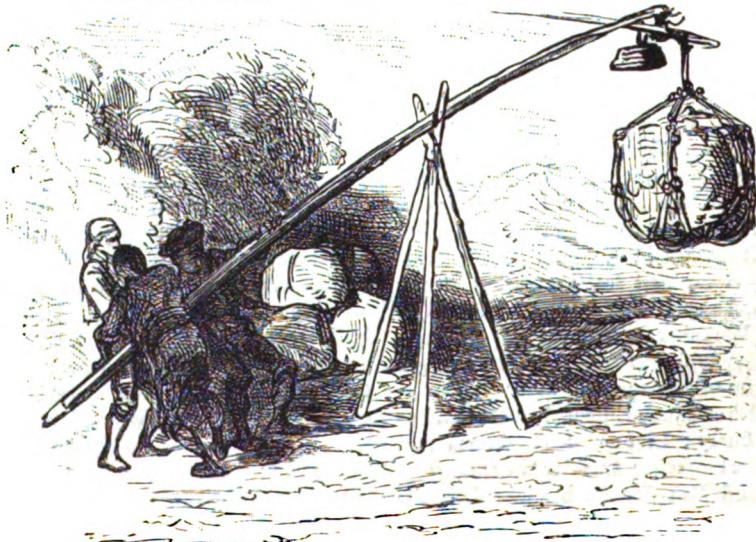
None of the sovereigns of England had forks till the reign of Henry the Eighth; all, high and low, used their fingers. Hence in the royal household there was a dignitary called the *Ecrar* or *Ewary*, who with a set of subordinates attended at meals with basins, water, and towels. The office of Ewary survived after forks came partially into fashion. We learn that when James the First entertained the Spanish Ambassador at dinner, very shortly after his accession, "their Majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towels being presented to the King by the Lord Treasurer, and to the Queen by the Lord High Admiral." The Prince of Wales had a ewer to himself, which was after him used by the ambassador.

About the first royal personage in England who is known to have had a fork was Queen Elizabeth, but, although several were presented to her, it remains doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. From the inventory of Her Majesty's appointment in *Nichols' Progresses*, it would appear that these forks were more for ornament than use: "Item, a knife and a spoune and a forke of christall, garnished with golde sleightly and sparcks of garnets, given by the Countess of Lincolne. Item, a forke of corall sleightly garnished with golde, given by Mrs. Frances Drury. Item, one spoune and forke of golde, the forke garnished with lyttle rubyes, two lyttle perles pendant and a lyttle corall, given by the Countess of Warwicke." These ornamental forks had doubtless been presented to the queen as foreign curiosities of some value, and were probably never used at table. As yet, and for a considerable time afterwards, forks were not in common use, a circumstance less attributable to ignorance of their invention than prejudice. So far was this prejudice carried by even educated persons, that one divine preached against the use of forks, as being an insult to

Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers. Forks came so slowly into use in Europe, that they were employed only by the higher classes at the middle of the seventeenth century. And even toward its close, few noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few of iron or steel. At length, for general use, steel forks were manufactured. These had but two prongs, and it was only in later times that the three pronged kind were made. In the early part of the eighteenth century, table forks, and, we may add, knives were kept on so meagre a scale by country inns in Scotland (and perhaps in some parts of England), that it was customary for gentlemen in traveling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case. The general introduction of silver forks is quite recent; it can be dated no further back than the year 1814. The extensive use of these costly instruments in the present age marks, in an extraordinary degree, the rapid progress of wealth and refined taste throughout the civilized world. No laboring man even of the present day would consider his table complete without his three-pronged forks. The silver fork or prong has now grown into four divisions, and to such perfection has the manufacture of silver and silver-plated goods been brought in America, that foreign-made articles are seldom, if ever, imported.



STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—GIRL SELLING CERILLAS.—SEE PAGE 92.



STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—WEIGHING COAL.—SEE PAGE 92.

LOVE AND PRELACY.

NEAR Rheims stood the convent of Avenet. It was amply endowed; and to its presidency, somewhere about the beginning of 1631, was appointed the Princess Benedicte de Gonzague, third daughter of Charles, Duke of Mantua and Nevers. The lady possessed no particular qualification for the post, save one—considered all sufficient at the time—high birth. She was exceedingly beautiful and just nineteen. Gossip dwelt particularly on the brightness of her eyes and on the fairness of her hands. And with these eyes and hands, and, of course, with their possessor, Archbishop Henri of Lorrain fell deeply in love during one of his flying visits of his See. On the strength of report, be it observed; for as yet he had never beheld the lady. Announcing in due form, by the issue of a long-winded pastoral, that—as was probably the truth—there were good grounds for believing in the existence of irregular practices among the convents of his diocese, he signified that it was his intention to make "visitation" of these places and restore order therein. The visitation took place accordingly, and was an imposing affair while it lasted. For the showy Henri of Lorrain delighted in the showy ceremonies of his church, and abated not one jot of them in this instance. Never was visitation so rigorously conducted, and the fame of the archbishop's severity,



STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—THE STREET BARBER.—SEE PAGE 92.

preceded him, exciting apprehension in the convents yet unvisited. Avenet was duly reached. The abbess and sisters were surprised to find the prelate, of whom they had heard terrible things, so youthful, so graceful, and so very handsome. The visitation of Avenet began, continued, and ended with more than usual severity. Having completed the general examination of the establishment, the archbishop signified that there remained certain matters of gravest import which he would prefer to discuss with the abbess in private. The abbess led the way to her sitting-room in evident trepidation.

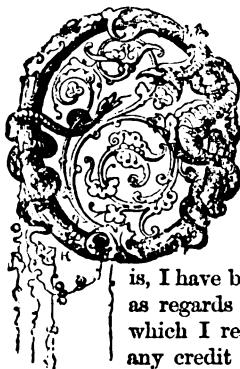
That something exceedingly compromising to herself had been detected she felt certain. Visions of deprivation—perhaps of confinement in a penal convent—flitted before her eyes. Nor was she at all reassured by the care which her companion took to secure the door of the apartment. The stern inquisitor stood silent for a few minutes, scanning the pretty abbess from head to foot. Her eyes were fixed on the ground. "Look at me," commanded the wily archbishop. The abbess obeyed timorously. "What beautiful eyes!" he exclaimed; "there at least report has not



STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—THE WATER-MAN AND ASTURIAN PORTER.—SEE PAGE 92.

deceived me." "But, monseigneur, what harm have my eyes done!" pleaded the lady, opening the said eyes very wide. "Show me your hands," ordered his Grace, paying no heed to the remark. Madame d'Avenet stretched out both hands, holding them close together and looking from them to the archbishop and back again, in a deliciously childish way. "Exquisite!" ejaculated the censor. "These scandal-mongers have not exaggerated their perfections one bit!" "But, monseigneur," sobbed the lady, "what harm have my poor little hands done?" "Stolen away my heart," sighed the prelate, carrying them to his lips. So closed the first and last visitation of his Grace at Rheims.

THE FORTUNE OF LAW.



NE day I was chatting with an old schoolfellow of mine, who, though young, was an English barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

"People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to any credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your last cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon finds fine things in him. There is nothing like gilding to hide imperfections and bring out excellencies. But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now; it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building-work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labor and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success.

"Near the town where the trial was to take place lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive me over next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am deter-

mined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

"After breakfast the next morning, my host drove over in his dog-cart to the assize-town. We were just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down, curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade the man let the lad alone, and not be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom I had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before! An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognize me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him till I saw that he was getting irritated and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and restless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked, in a casual tone—

"' You are married, Mr. Myers ?'

"' Yes, I am.'

"' And you are a kind husband, I suppose ?'

"' I suppose so : what then ?'

"' Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers ?'

"The plaintiff's counsel here called the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent in the matter in question.

"I pledged my word to the court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I repeated my question.

"' I've a boy and a girl.'

"' Pray how old are they ?'

"' The boy's twelve, and the girl nine, I believe.'

"' Ah! well, I suppose you are an affectionate father as well as a kind husband. You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you ?'

"' I don't see what business it is of yours. No ! I ain't.'

"' You don't knock your son about, for example ?'

"' No ! I don't.' (He was growing downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

"' You don't pummel him with your fist, eh ?'

"' No ! I don't.'

"' Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner ? (and I rapped the table with my knuckles).

"' No !' (indignantly).

"' You never did such a thing ?'

"' No !'

"' You swear to that ?'

"' Yes.'

"All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face : I now turned towards him and said :

"Look at me, sir! Did you ever see me before?"

"He was about to say No again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer."

"That will do," I said; "stand down, sir. My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath."

"I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness-box, he of course confirmed the statement.

"The court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning, the decision would inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connection."

Wonders in Carved Work.

SOME curious sculptures are to be seen in China, on some of the singular stone bridges built in that country. The most remarkable of these is a stone bridge in the province of Fo-kien, which is three hundred and sixty perches long, and one and a half broad. It is of white stone, without any arches, and it is supported by three hundred pillars, with a parapet on each side. The parapets are adorned with figures of lions, at certain distances, and a variety of other curious sculptures.

Another stone bridge of the same description exists at Fu-choo, the capital of Fo-kien, the parapets of which are adorned in a similar manner with figures of lions and other animals. This bridge is one hundred and fifty perches long, and consists of one hundred lofty arches.

The most beautiful, and perhaps the most wonderful, marble structure which we shall have to describe is in India, and is to be seen at Agra, on the banks of the river Jumma. This is the Taj Mahal, erected in 1632 by the Great Mogul Shah Jehan. It is supposed to be the finest piece of Saracenic architecture in the world, and stands on a river terrace three thousand feet long. It cost seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and twenty thousand men were engaged twenty-two years in its erection. Shah Jehan was himself imprisoned in it, and died and was buried there in 1666.

Turning to curiosities in wood, we will first notice a remarkable bridge almost entirely built of sandal-wood. This bridge is at Paredenia, in Ceylon, and consists of a single arch of two hundred and twenty-five feet span, or half as wide again as those of London Bridge. We are not informed of the date of its erection, but it was certainly built before the present century.

Chinese ivory balls are well known. They are carved in delicately fine open work, nine balls, one within another, each distinct, and every one but the innermost one, which is a mere ivory ball, carved in a delicate open-work pattern like the outer balls. As each sphere is separate, portions of the whole nine can be seen at once.

We have seen a Chinese ivory lantern, about a foot square, also carved out of one piece, and with fanciful pendant ornaments at the four upper corners, and a fanciful top. The four sides, where glass would be, were scraped so thin as to be semi-transparent.

The following specimens of miniature work were exhibited by an artist at Cologne, in 1842: In half a nut: a lady's dressing-case of thirty-six articles, amongst which were a pair of scissors, and a knife with two blades which opened and shut perfectly. In a nut: a cage containing a canary bird, which opened its beak, fluttered its wings, and per-

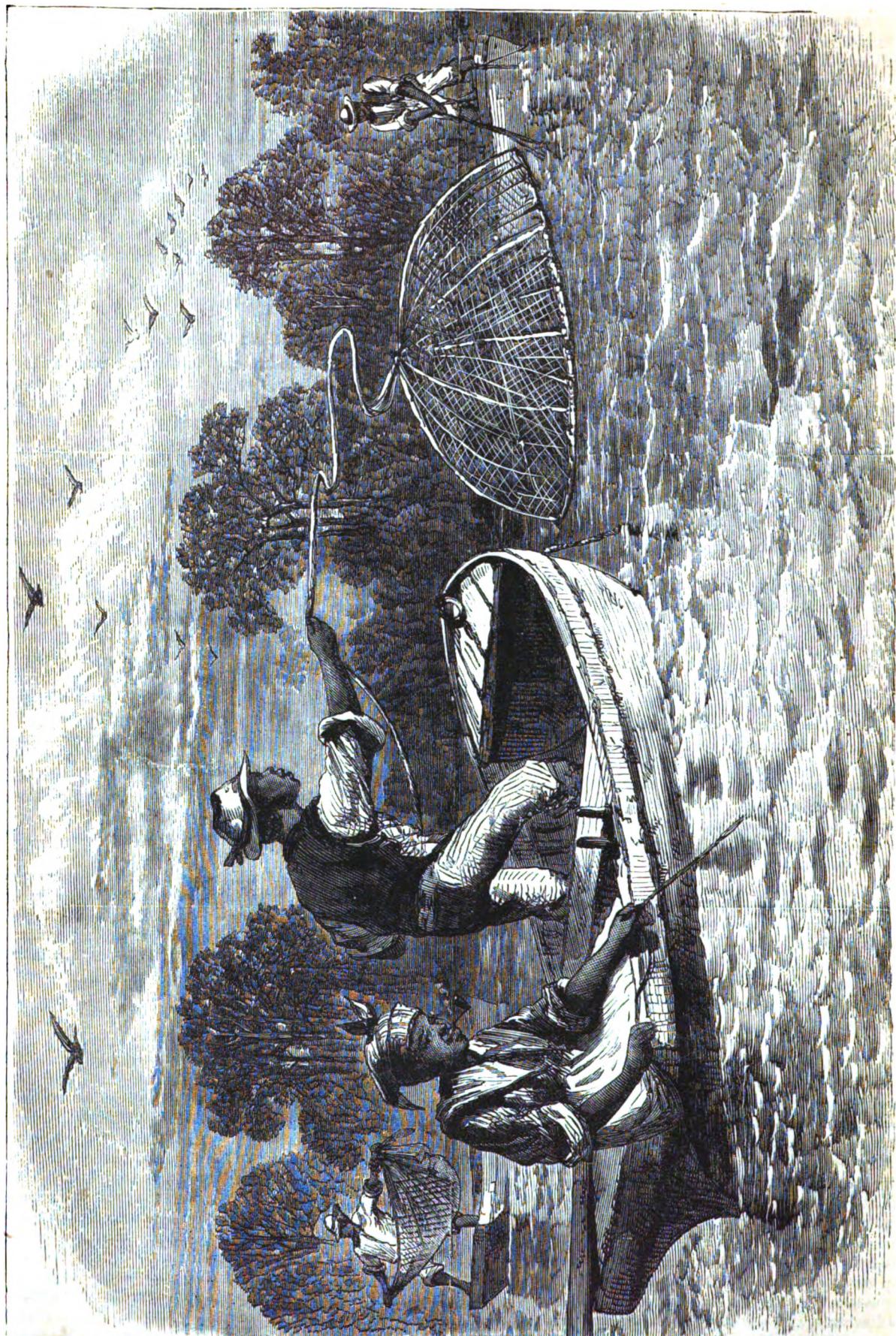
fectedly imitated the song of that bird. In the kernel of an almond: a Dutch windmill for sawing wood; at each representation the mill actually sawed a piece of wood. In an egg-shell: an apartment magnificently carpeted, in which a lady opened a piano and played two airs; in the back part was a marble chimney-piece, with a clock upon it of bronze, representing Napoleon on horseback. In a walnut: an elegant coffee-house with all belonging to it. A lady is at the buffet; and two ladies playing a game of billiards. In a mussel-shell: a gastronome sat before a table, and seemed to eat with great appetite the bits for which he opened his mouth each time. And lastly in an egg: an automaton, who answered in writing any question asked him, traced drawings, added up any numbers proposed to him almost as quickly as asked, and presented the total.

Cardinal Richelieu.

A FIGURE at once elegant and imposing, a majestic bearing, features delicate, yet stern, and the eye of an eagle, such is the portrait of the great cardinal, which has been handed down to posterity. In society the terrible and relentless statesman was gay and spiritual; his conversation, from the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his mind, delightful, and at the same time diversified by bon mots and the gossip of the time. In the society of ladies he was the most polished of gallants; he was a constant frequenter at the Hotel Rambouillet; assisted aux thèses d'amour des Précieuses, and even spoke the jargon of the romances of the period. Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is not of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milksop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be judged. It was a vast task he imposed upon himself—out of the anarchy into which his age had fallen to create order. His order, truly, was absolutism, but, nevertheless, it was the first link in the chain which led to liberty. He reformed with axe and sword. Yet he, before whose frown the haughtiest nobles and even the royalty of France trembled, he who held at his will the lives of millions, was transported with delight by the hand-clapping of a few toadies and groundlings. He was as much the fox as the lion, the dwarf as the giant; he could even cringe and play the sycophant unto abasement. He was as vindictive as he was ungrateful, and never forgave either slight or injury. His vanity descended to the absurd and undignified. Such was Armand Richelieu, statesman, churchman, and soldier.

Earthquake Investigations.

FATHER BERTELLI, an Italian monk, for several years past, has made a study of the tremblings of the earth, and more especially those which are so extremely slight as not to be perceptible save by pendulums placed in the fields of microscopes. In one year he recognized 5,500 of these movements; and graphically representing the same over many years by a curve, he finds that the line corresponds neither with the thermometric curve nor with the tidal phenomena, nor can it be brought into any relation with the distances or positions of the sun or moon. With the barometric curve, however, it is otherwise; and it appears that, in the large majority of cases, the intensity of the movements augmented with the lowering of the barometric column as if (as the investigator states) the gaseous masses imprisoned in the superficial layers of the earth escaped more easily when the weight of the atmosphere diminished.



PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—PRAWN FISHING.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

The Prawn Fisher and Sweep of Savannah.

THERE are many sights and scenes in our fair Southern land that seem strange and unfamiliar to the Northern eye, and perhaps nothing is more noticeable than the peculiar employments to which the freedmen have betaken themselves, since emancipation imposed upon them the necessity of providing ways and means for their bodily sustenance.

A considerable extent of the Southern coast is bordered by a series of land-locked lagoons or sounds, separated from the ocean by narrow strips of sand, pierced at intervals by inlets. Of these sounds, Albemarle, Pimlico, and Warsaw are the chief, and together form a sheltered channel of navigation much traversed by vessels of light draft. Their waters swarm with many species of fish, while the rice marshes, which line their shores, are the favorite haunt of multitudes of aquatic birds. This is the paradise of the sportsman; and here, too, the negro fishermen turn an employment pursued in ante-bellum days as a mere pastime into a means of livelihood.

A favorite delicacy in Southern markets is the prawn, a small shell-fish, similar in appearance to the shrimps sold by the New York street venders—in fact, a sort of lobster on a small scale.

At certain seasons of the year the waters of these land-locked bays fairly teem with the tiny crustaceans, and then the negro fishermen are in their glory. Several methods are employed in prawn-fishing; pot-traps are set in the same manner as in eel-fishing; bag-nets are also sometimes used, but the scoop-net is generally preferred. Our illustration shows the last-mentioned manner of capturing these little shell-fish, as practised by the negro fishermen on Warsaw Sound and the Savannah River. One darkey lazily sculls the boat slowly along, while the other handles the clumsy-looking net with a dexterity and quickness that generally results in "a good haul."

The prawns are readily sold in the Savannah markets, and

the dusky fisherman, having invested the proceeds in a liberal allowance of tobacco for himself, and a little tea, with perhaps a calico frock or a gay bandanna handkerchief for the partner of his bosom, returns to his rude cabin "down de bayou," there to revel and idle until an exhausted larder compels him to resume his warfare upon the finny inhabitants of the sea.

The other picture presented is an accurate portrait of a Savannah chimney-sweep, "taken from life," as the artists say, and the sooty climber is certainly a decidedly unique object.

In our Northern cities the trade of the chimney-sweeper

is almost a lost occupation, although a rheumatic old darkey may occasionally be seen perambulating our streets shouting his musical cry of "Sweep-Ho!" The chimneys of modern houses are so built as to rarely need the cleaning—a fortunate circumstance, when we consider that their narrow flues could never admit of the descent of the historical small boy.

In the South, however, the case is different. The huge chimneys of many of the ancient houses, nearly large enough for the passage of a hogshead, require frequent cleaning, and here our negro sweeper finds abundant employment. We cannot, however, say much for his enterprize, since he employs a rude broom of birch switches, made by his own hands, instead of the



PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—THE SWEEP OF SAVANNAH.

convenient and serviceable telescopic chimney-sweeper employed by his Northern counterpart; while his dilapidated clothing would seem to indicate that, in common with most of his race, he has yet to acquire habits of industry and economy.

There are many such queer types of semi-civilization among the Southern negroes, and the study of their peculiarities affords great amusement to the observant traveler.

Savannah is becoming a very popular Winter resort, and such a selection is amply justified by the beauty of the city and surroundings, and the salubrity of the climate. A very charming Winter trip is that to the orange groves of Florida,

taking Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah *en route*, and those of our readers who may essay the journey will find it both enjoyable and beneficial.

FIRE-MAKING.



If one were called on to define a special ability, trait, or characteristic that, more than any other, distinguishes man from what we loosely call "an animal," one thing done on one side, and never done on the other, which constitutes a complete separation, absolute and certain, between humanity and the brute, what would it be? Reason? But brutes reason; *that* is as demonstrable as that man does.

Man builds houses! So does the beaver, and, for that matter, the bee. Man has affection. Try to take away the young of your pet hen, and see if she does not demonstrate it strongly. Men use articulate language; but is it more intelligible to his fellow than that of the dove to his mate?

Man builds ships, and navigates them across the main. Are we not told that the squirrel, wishing to pass a river, launches a piece of bark, and, spreading his tail for canvas, sails to the opposite bank?

But who ever heard of beast or bird, orang or gorilla (our putative ancestors) making a fire? They will come to it for warmth sometimes, as Carlo, our dog, and Puss, our cat, will do. But they will not replenish it—and as for making it, why, they do not—never did.

Man, therefore, is not altogether what Plato—or somebody else—once described him to be: a two-legged animal without feathers; but he is, *par excellence*, a Fire-making Animal. Chiefest among his distinctions is his ability to make a fire!

His next great glory is that he is a cook. In other words, he does not relish raw meat, except, perhaps, in the case of canvas-back ducks—which, we are told, are sufficiently cooked by being carried rapidly through a warm kitchen.

Now, if we were to ask George Washington Jefferson Smith, or John Quincy Adams Jones—our latest contribution to the census of 1870, aged five years—how to make a fire, he would probably say, scrape a match, light the advertising sheet of the *Herald*, and put it under the grate.

This youth, precocious as he is—he has already had a love-affair or two, and has made some highly successful efforts at smoking a cigar—is yet ignorant of the fact that his proud progenitor was far from being a chicken when the first "lucifer" or "locofoco" match made its appearance. He remembers when a flint and steel and a piece of what some people called "spunk," but which he knew as *punk*—and knew how to get it, too, out of the decaying tree-trunks in the maple woods—when these were the means whereby the fire was lighted on cold Winter mornings—mornings on which it was his privilege, as the eldest son, to rise first and set the blaze agoing.

But that time is not far ago, and fire was kindled by man ages before. In fact, we can scarcely suppose the existence of men without fire, and without a knowledge of the means of producing it.

There are stories of a fireless people, but they are apocryphal. The best authenticated tale of the kind is that told by Commodore Wilkes, in his narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition. He says that when he visited Fakanfo, or Bowditch Island, in 1841, he found neither places for cooking nor signs of fire, and that the natives evinced alarm when they saw sparks from flint and steel, and smoke

from cigars. But that is only negative evidence. And, besides, Mr. Hale, the philologist of the expedition, gives us a vocabulary of the language of these islanders, in which we find that they had a name for fire, *af*, even if they did not possess it in fact.

But, after all, we come back to the inquiry, how did man come to know about fire at all? Did he get his first knowledge of it from the volcano or from the lightning? This problem the Greeks attempted to resolve in the fable of Prometheus, who stole it from heaven, where it was the special possession of the gods.

It does not matter much how the first knowledge of fire was obtained. We only know that all races and tribes of men possessed and possess the knowledge, although they have various ways of kindling the genial flame. And it is of these different ways that we propose to speak. Probably the friction of two pieces of wood was the original means of fire-making used by man; but it is a difficult process, as any one can prove to his own satisfaction by trying it. Whoever makes the attempt will probably succeed without much effort in getting a charred surface, and a considerable degree of heat. But to get ignition is quite another affair.

One of the simplest means of producing fire is, by what may be called the stick and groove method—*i. e.*, a blunt stick is run along back and forth in a groove of its own making, in a piece of wood lying on the ground, as shown in the engraving, No. 1. Mr. Darwin, the great naturalist, tells us that this is, or was, a common process in the Sandwich Islands, where a very light wood is used for the purpose.

Although a practised native could bring out the fire in a few seconds, Mr. Darwin himself found it rather hard work, but succeeded in the end. This process is common in all the South Sea or Polynesian islands.

Another, and more widely-diffused process, is what may be called "fire-drilling," represented in its simplest form in cut No. 2. This has been found, a little more or less modified, in every quarter of the globe. Cook found it in Alaska and Australia, and it was in use in Ceylon and Central America, among the Malayans and the Mexicans.

In the paintings of the latter people we find some striking illustrations of the process, as shown in cut No. 3. Captain Cook's account of it, as seen by him in Australia, leaving aside minor details, may be taken as a general description. He says:

"They produce fire with great facility, and spread it in a wonderful manner. They take two sticks of dry, soft wood, one eight or nine inches long, the other flat; the first they shape into an obtuse point at one end, and pressing it on the other, turn it nimbly between their hands, often moving them up and then down, to increase the pressure. By this means they get fire in less than two minutes, and from the smallest spark they increase it with great speed and dexterity."

As nations advanced, they improved on this process, and devised a contrivance on the principle of the common carpenter's brace, with which he works his centre-bit, as shown in cut No. 4. This mode is still in use among the *gauchos* of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres. One of these takes an elastic stick, eighteen inches long, against one end of which he presses firmly with his breast, placing the other end, which is pointed, in a hole in a piece of dry wood, then rapidly twirls it as the carpenter does his centre-bit.

The next advance on this process would obviously be to wind a thong or cord around the drill, and then, by pulling the two ends alternately, make it revolve rapidly—much faster than if rolled between the hands. In some parts of India butter-churns are worked in this way, instead of by the up-and-down dasher, which we still find in some parts of our

own country. Although they have simpler and easier processes, the Brahmins still use this mode of producing fire on sacred occasions.

Comparatively low in the scale of development, as evidenced in other matters, in the art of making fire the Esquimaux had mastered the process last described, and possessed it at the time of their first contact with Europeans. Davis, after whom Davis's Straits are named, describes how, in 1586, a Greenlander "beganne to kindle a fire in this manner: he tooke a piece of a board, wherein was a hole halfe throw; into that hole he put the end of a round sticke, like unto a bedde-staffe, dipping the ende thereof in traine-oil, and in fashion of a turner, with a piece of lether, by his violent motion, did speedily produce fire."

The cut (No. 5), representing two Esquimaux making fire, is taken from a drawing of the last century. One man holds a cross-piece to keep the spindle steady and force it well down, while the other pulls the thong. This apparatus takes two men to work it; but the Esquimaux had another, which one man could work unassisted, as shown in cut No. 6.

This was not only used in making fire, but, when the shaft was pointed with stone, as, for instance, green jade, for drilling holes in stone and wood. The thong being passed twice around the drill, the upper end is steadied by a mouthpiece of wood, having a piece of the same stone imbedded with a counter-sunk cavity. This, firmly held between the teeth, directs the tool. Captain Belcher says: "Any workman would be astonished at the performance of this tool on ivory; but having once tried it myself, I found the jar or vibration on the jaws, head, and brain quite enough to prevent me from repeating it." The same apparatus has been found in use in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

The next advance on this apparatus is obviously the mere thong or cord of a bow by which one hand can be made to do the work of two in driving the spindle. The bow-drill thus formed was used by the ancient Egyptians, as it still is by us, for certain purposes. Cut No. 7 represents the apparatus lately and possibly still used for making fire by the Sioux Indians of the Northwest.

There is another contrivance, used equally for drilling and fire-making, which may be described as the "Pump-drill." Cut No. 8 shows it as used in Switzerland and elsewhere, for drilling, armed with a steel point, and weighted with a wooden disk. As the hand brings the cross-piece down, it unwinds the cord, driving the spindle round; as the hand is lifted again, the disk acting as a fly-wheel, runs on and re-winds the cord, and so on. This apparatus is used in several of the South Sea Islands, only the spindle is armed with a hard stone, instead of a steel point, as shown in cut No. 9. It was also used among the Iroquois Indians of New York, and is thus described by Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, the historian of the Five Nations, who also gives a sketch of it (cut No. 10). He says:

"It consisted of an upright shaft, about four feet in length and an inch in diameter, with a small wheel set upon the lower part, to give it momentum. In a notch at the top of the shaft was set a string, attached to a bow about three feet long. The lower point rested on a block of dry wood, near which were placed small pieces of punk. When ready for use, the string is first coiled around the shaft, by turning the latter with the hand. The bow is then pulled downward, thus uncoiling the string and revolving the shaft toward the left. By the momentum given to the wheel, the string is again coiled up in a reverse manner, and the bow again drawn up, etc. This is continued until sparks are emitted at the point of the shaft, which are caught on the punk, which is thus ignited," etc., etc.

The natives of Tierra del Fuego (Land of Fire) ought to have had some means of making the flames from which

their Austral country derives its name. And so they had, if we credit Magalhaens—from which the Straits of Magellan take their name. But they made fire by the possibly more advanced mode of percussion—that is to say, from a flint on a piece of iron pyrites, the spark being received on some kind of tinder. Iron pyrites was used in this way elsewhere, as, for instance, among the Slave and Dog Rib Indians, near the Arctic Circle. Both the Greeks and Romans used iron pyrites in the same way.

It is very well known that some varieties of cane, or bamboo, contain large proportions of silica, which is the same substance that, in another form, we call flint. If we may credit some accounts, in Sumatra, Borneo, and other islands of the Malayan Archipelago, fire is or was produced by striking or rubbing together splints of bamboo, the siliceous coating of the cane making ignition possible.

Lighting fire by means of burning-lenses, or concave burning-glasses, is by no means of modern origin. Pliny mentions glass globes (practically double convex lenses) with water put in them, which, when set opposite the sun, would so concentrate its rays as to set clothes on fire. He also mentions the use of concave mirrors in concentrating the rays of the sun so as to produce ignition. We need not refer in this connection to the story of Archimedes setting fire to the fleet besieging Syracuse, by means of these "burning-mirrors." We only know (or, rather, we are told) that the Inca of Peru, in his triple capacity of prophet, priest, and king, lighted the fires of his nation annually, on the occasion of the Winter solstice, by means of concave mirrors fashioned out of nodules of iron pyrites, which are capable of being polished to the brilliancy of silver or steel. It was in this way, if we may credit that aggregation of fables called Ancient History, that the vestal virgins lighted the eternal fire it was their duty to keep forever burning in the fane of Vesta, on the banks of the Tiber. If these virgins allowed the eternal fire to go out, they were well whipped by the priests, "whose custom it was to drill into a board of auspicious wood till the fire came, which was carried to the temple in a brasier."

Although the Incas professed to be sons of the Sun, the latter did not always shine on the festival given in his honor, and then the lightning of the new fire by his direct action became impossible. In such case the fire was kindled by friction.

The last mode of fire-making, by means of friction matches, is spreading all over the world, and the primitive methods are now preserved only by the most savage tribes. Among the Indians on some of the upper waters of the Amazon, among the recesses of the Andes, I was surprised to find boxes of matches bearing the all too familiar revenue stamp of our own country.

It is remarkable that in the Bible, in which we have so many references to primitive customs, the erection of stones, cave-burial, etc., we find no reference to fire-making.

A CHIEF JUDGE of Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Hâdî, was a noted instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. It is related of this judge that, on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. "Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the Caliph is to pay for your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply; "the Caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."



PRIMITIVE MAN'S CONQUEST OF FIRE.

"THE FIX MR. FERRARS WAS IN."

"FOOL," said Mr. Bob Ferrars, desperately. "Yes, a fool! Oh, confound a fool, you know!"

The above remarks being offensive ones, had they been addressed to an inoffensive individual, might have appeared doubly unpleasant, but taking into consideration the simple and significant fact that they were addressed to Mr. Bob Ferrars himself, by himself, one's indignation at such forcible language is naturally modified. How is the disinterested reader to know that Bob Ferrars' observations were incorrect as well as forcible?

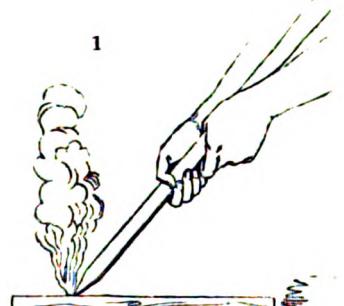
The fact was that Mr. Robert Ferrars was in what is vulgarly termed a fix. Hence his anathema.

"Yes, confound a man that's made a fool of himself!" proceeded Mr. Ferrars, with modest cheerfulness. "And if it

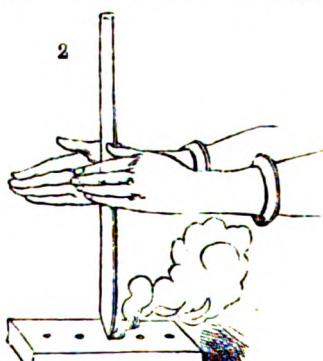
comes to that, I suppose I am the individual in question." And putting his rather vagabond-looking pipe into his mouth again, he replaced his heels upon the mantel in their previous graceful position, and proceeded to take a bird's-eye view of his surroundings.

And rather queer surroundings they were upon the whole. But his manner of apostrophising them will be their best description.

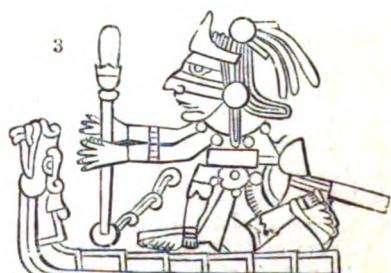
"Palatial sort of a mansion to think of bringing a wife to, ain't it?" he said. "Nice sort of reception-room for a bride —this. One airy attic on the sixth floor, lighted by one flat window on the roof, with an extensive view of the neighboring chimneys, and a lovely aviary of draggled sparrows. Furniture of the most gorgeously Oriental description. Item, one chair; item, one barrel; item, one crazy wooden bedstead; the whole bearing the unmistakable impress of wealth, luxury, taste, and refinement. By Jove! why couldn't I have stayed at home, that one day at least? Why didn't I have the sense to inquire where she was? Why didn't I go to the —?"



FIRE-MAKING—SANDWICH ISLAND PLAN.



FIRE-MAKING.—DRILLING PROCESS.



FIRE-MAKING.—ANCIENT MEXICAN FIRE-DRILL.

"If yer pleasir," piped up a voice at his elbow—"if yer pleasir, missus sent me up 'ere to see if I could ketch yer at 'ome, and 'ud like to know if yer've got that trifle o' rent

about yer,
which she's a-waitin' to pay
the milkman—
if yer pleasir."

Mr. Bob Ferrars turned with a start.

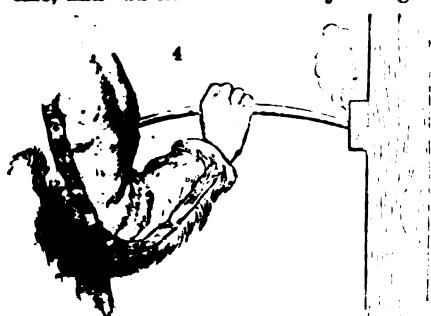
A small girl, apparently any age, from fourteen upwards, was standing at his elbow. A

queer-looking small girl, with a horribly dirty face, and a frightfully smutted apron, and withal having her mop of hair fastened on the top of her head with a jagged old comb. Goodness! what a dilapidated small girl she was!

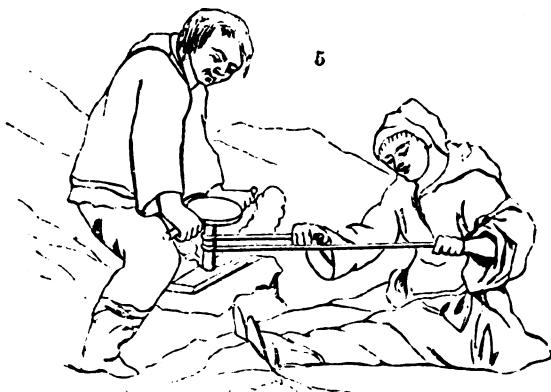
"Hallo, youngster!" said Bob. "Where did you come from?"

"From the kitchen," piped the voice again; and if yer pleasir —"

But Mr. Ferrars stopped her.



FIRE-MAKING.—GAUCHO METHOD.—SEE PAGE 102.

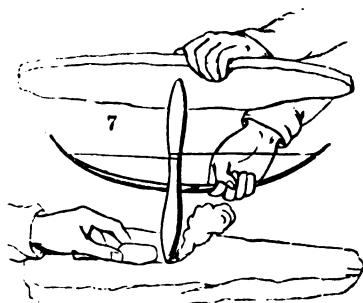


FIRE-MAKING.—ESQUIMAUX PLAN.

"Dunno what yer mean, sir," replied the Mite; "but missus is a-waitin', sir, an' —"

"Ah! about that trifle of rent, my dear," interrupted Mr. Ferrars, carelessly. "To be sure. I had forgotten it. Pray excuse my inadvertence. You may tell your mistress that I will attend to the matter immediately, and at the same time be sure to inquire whether she would prefer to have it in gold or notes. I'm going round to my bankers' this morning, and will accommodate myself to her wishes."

It was rather a melancholy joke to jest about bankers, and gold, and notes, with empty pockets, but to this inconsistency, jovial-spirited, rollicking Bob, a joke could not be robbed of its relish under any circumstances; consequently, when the dilapidated Mite giggled, and showed two rows of milk-white teeth as a redeeming point to contrast with her unseemliness, he actually laughed too—a jolly, hearty, outright, downright laugh.



FIRE-MAKING.—SIMPLER ESQUIMAUX PLAN.

"I say," he put in, "I never saw you before. What is your name?"

"Am'ble, sir;" was the answer. "If yer pleasir."

"Amiable?" returned Mr. Ferrars, tranquilly. "Inviting name that. Amiability I take to be one of the most important of virtues. Without it we become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Which last is a quotation from Scripture, my young friend.

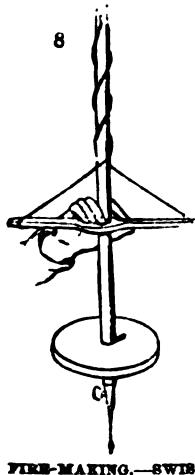
And the cymbal is an obsolete musical instrument."

"Yes, sir," began the dilapidated Mite again; "but if yer pleasir, missus —"

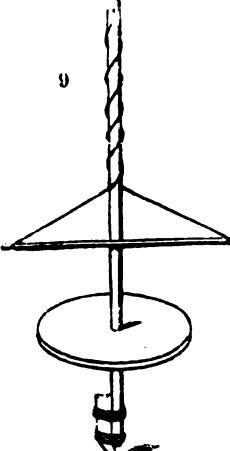
"Pardon my seeming impoliteness," interposed Mr. Ferrars, with great suavity; "but, I say, where do you live?"

"Nowheres, sir; on'y I'm a-stayin' here now. I'm a Foun'lin, sir."

"Foun'lin," queried Mr. Ferrars. "New-foun'lin, may I ask?"



FIRE-MAKING.—SWISS PUMP-DRILL.



SOUTH-SEA PUMP-DRILL.

"I haven't got a picayune, my amiable Foundling," he said next. "I suppose you know that."

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Wait a minute," he said, and then began to empty his pockets. "Not a cent, Foundling," he added, looking rather puzzled. "Well, just tell her I'll try to pay it this evening. If I can't, she will have to wait. It is not necessary to tell

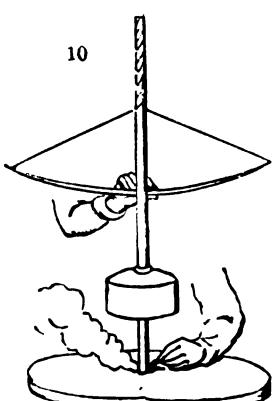
her that, however. It mightn't be discreet."

"Yes, sir," answered the edified Foundling, and slipped out of the room. Bob looked after her, scarcely knowing that he did so.

"She has got a pretty foot," he commented, half-mechanically, "if it wasn't for the heathen of a shoe. Poor little soul."

Then he lighted his pipe again, and began to smoke furiously, with a reflective face.

"I am in a bad fix,"



FIRE-MAKING.—IROQUOIS METHOD.

he said ; "and I can't see any better plan at present than to think it over."

And as to the merits and demerits of the "fix" in question, let the reader judge. Mr. Robert Ferrars, Jr., was a banker's son, which was (or had been) the very worst thing in the world for him. He had been brought up like a prince of the blood, educated to extravagance and idleness, and then—thrown on the world without a son to call his own. To be brief : Ferrars, Sr., having indulged in speculations, had at last discovered a slight discrepancy in his arrangements, which was nothing more nor less than an embarrassing inequality between his income and his liabilities ; and having made such discovery, he had—very discreetly, though perhaps rather incorrectly—absconded to parts unknown, taking all his wordly goods with him, and, with true parental forethought, leaving his only son but a blasted name and ruined prospects. To be plainer still, Ferrars, Sr., had proved himself a scoundrel, and left poor Bob to bear the blame and disgrace he himself had earned.

And even this was not the worst. If he had been a free man, Robert Ferrars would doubtless have borne the ignominy bravely, and gone to work to retrieve his honor with that unconquerable light-heartedness and a wonderful muscle-biceps as sole capital. But he was not free. Just before the crash came he had met his fate in the form of a pretty, loving little creature, with a face like a mountain daisy, and generosity enough to be willing to sacrifice her whole life to him under any circumstances. But Bob was not the man to accept such a sacrifice ; and, besides this, there was another obstacle in the way. Bella was the fortunate possessor of a very sensible but very irascible papa, and when Bella's papa heard what a cool-blooded, dishonorable scoundrel Bella's papa-in-law in prospective had shown himself, he whisked Bella off to a far-away city before she had time to hear a whisper of the truth, and then he sent for Bob. Mr. Robert Ferrars came—humble, yet proud—disgraced, yet honest—and to Bella's papa's surprise it was he who opened the subject in hand.

"Look here, Mr. Van Ressler," he said, "I know why you sent for me, and what you are going to say; and, by Jove ! I don't blame you for intending to say it. Still there was no need of going to the trouble. I should have come without being sent for. I love Bella too well to injure her, and if I married her now I should act like a rascal—as it runs in our family to act, you know—and I don't mean to do that. *Ergo*, I renounce my claims to my darling for the present."

Mr. Van Ressler stared at him. Bear in mind, he was irascible as well as sensible. And the last clause raised his ire, though he could not deny that this son of a villain was a very straightforward young man.

"You do, eh !" he said. "Well, that's all right and fair enough, but what do you mean by 'for the present' ?"

"I mean I don't intend to give Bella up forever, though I don't lay any claims to her now. I am going away from here as soon as possible, but I am coming back some day, and if no one else has been before me—as, of course, there are a hundred chances to one some one will have been—I shall come here for my sweetheart."

"Go to Jericho," said Mr. Van Ressler, forcibly.

Now, to say the least, this was impolite, but I regret to say it was the old gentleman's favorite expletive, and Mr. Robert Ferrars was aware of the fact. He had heard him say it often enough before, so he only bowed.

"Thank you," he replied, "but it remains for me to prove whether I intend going there or not. In the meantime, I will write to Bella, and tell her all about the matter. I won't trust myself to see her, poor little thing ! she would be sure to cry on my shoulder, and make gelatine of me instead of muscle, and what I want now is muscle."

So there was an end of the matter. He wrote to his poor

little sweetheart, and bade her farewell, telling her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ; and what was far more deserving of credit in the son of a rascal, he trusted the letter to Mr. Van Ressler, and never even asked for her address, so that he would be utterly without clue if he felt inclined to falter. Then he went to a city a thousand miles away, and looked about him."

Week first, he lived at a first-rate hotel, like an honest fellow as he was, spending nine hours of the day in searching for employment ; week second, he went over the same programme, and found his finances getting low ; week third, he moved to a garret in a shabby boarding-house—the very garret in which we find him ; week fourth, he sold his watch, and began to live on the proceeds, still without meeting success ; week seventh, he began to subsist on his wardrobe, and so subsisted until he had sold all but his shabbiest coat. Men of not half his merit or education stepped over his head into position, simply because they had been clerks and book-keepers all their lives, and "knew the ropes." Alas, for those who do not "know the ropes" !

He had just lived through three months of this when we first encounter him, and in this, his last week of the third month, he had made an astounding discovery. Instead of running away from his pretty Bella, he had run toward her ; trusting to chance to guide him, he had by chance arrived at the very place to which her father had sent her, and only four days ago he had met her face to face.

In a queer way, too.

Of course he was not going to starve, if he could help it—this stalwart hero of mine ; and, singular as it may appear, he neither intended to beg, borrow, nor steal ; so, finding himself in a strange city, without friends, money, or bread, and with no prospects of getting better work, he had the straightforward rashness to take the first job that presented itself, which job was the trifling one of holding a gentleman's horse, the owner of said animal giving him a curious scrutinizing glance before he tossed him the bridle.

"I am going into this jeweler's place here," he said, "to meet some ladies, so I may not be out for some time. Keep a tight hold on him, he is easily startled."

And so Mr. Robert Ferrars had stood, with his usual cheerful *bonhomie*, erect at the horse's side, until a carriage drove up to the pavement, and three ladies alighted. One, a handsome, matronly woman ; another, a handsome girl, evidently her daughter ; and the last, a pretty little creature, with a face like a mountain daisy—Bella Van Ressler, in fact !

One start, and then Bob recovered himself. She did not see him, so he pulled his hat over his eyes, and turned away.

"She wouldn't know me if she saw me," he said, something actually like a little moan rising in his throat. "Poor Birdie ! She would only be frightened, in her timid way, if I were to speak to her, looking like this. Oh ! by Jupiter ! this is hardish."

But being only a great-hearted, blundering fellow, Mr. Robert Ferrars was not so wise after all. What did he know about women ?

In the course of half an hour the party reappeared—the owner of the horse, mamma, the pretty daughter, and Birdie, as Bob had always called her.

"Look at him," the gentleman was saying, in an undertone ; "queer sort of a job for a fellow like that, seedy as he is."

The lady looked, the handsome fellow looked, Birdie herself looked, shyly, and then broke out into a sweet, thrilling, little scream.

"Oh, goodness !" she cried out, her dear little thrushlike voice fluttering in her throat. "Oh ! it is him, Aunt Caro—yes, it is. Oh, my poor darling ! Rob——"

And there, right under the eyes of the astonished trio, Birdie gave a soft little gasp, and fainted.

Mr. Robert Ferrars was himself in a second; he even helped them to carry her back into the jeweler's establishment. His pluck never failed him. He must get out of the way, or he knew he could not withstand Birdie, and by this time he had discovered that he could not deceive her either.

He touched his hat respectfully to the owner of the horse.

"Thank ye, sir," he said, on reception of his pay. "Sorry to 'ave made the young lady ill, sir. Mistooked me for some hother party, sir, but I'm honly just hover from Hengland, sir, so I can't be 'im. Good-day, sir."

Then he turned homewards with a bit of a groan, and dashed into his room, and was seen no more for that day, at least.

Bread must be earned, however, and he was obliged to go out again, and out he went, keeping a bright look-out for a little figure and an innocent pink face, with sweet eyes; and whether it is to be adduced to the bright look-out or not, he saw no more of Birdie. And this was the fix Mr. Ferrars was in when the small tatterdemalion applied to him for the wherewithal to pay the milkman.

Day after day passed on after this—even week after week—and matters assumed no brighter aspect. Through being brought up an idle gentleman, and not "knowing the ropes," this once *débonnaire* Bob Ferrars had only managed to pick up odd jobs enough to pay his rent and half-feed himself, and he was beginning to look pale, though he still trusted in the most sanguine manner, even at this late day, to the muscles-biceps. He had made a friend, however, in spite of his misfortunes, though the friend in question was only a dilapidated Mite. He had made a friend of the Foundling.

He could not help being good-natured and jovial, and, as there was no one else to be good-humored with, he was good-humored with the Foundling. When he met her on the stairs, he sang out, "Hallo, youngster! good-morning;" when she came into his room for anything, he gave her as jolly a smile as he could muster without warning, and once or twice, when he encountered her carrying heavy buckets of water or coal, he exercised the muscles-biceps, and carried them for her. Consequently, the Foundling conceived an affection for him. She blacked his boots on the sly, and tidied up his garret, and, whenever she could snatch the time, lighted his poor fire, so that he would find his kettle boiling when he came in. At first Bob did not quite understand it, but, one day, coming in tired and hungry, he found the Foundling on her knees before his grate, broiling a rasher of ham. Of course his surprise expressed itself in the usual way:

"Hallo, youngster!" he said, "what's up now?"

"Pleasir," said the Foundling, in fear and trembling—"pleasir, nothin', sir."

Bob came to the fire, with his chill hands in his pockets, and looked down at her.

"What are you doing?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"Broilin' a slice'er 'am, sir," replied the Foundling. "It's fur you, sir—pleasir."

"What?" cried Bob, huskily. "Why's that, youngster?"

The Foundling deserted her task to give vent to her feelings in a gush of tears, half fear, half amiable imbecility.

"Don't be mad, mister," she said; "I thort yer'd like it, maybe. Yer never eats nothin' but bread, I knows by the crusses; an' bread's mighty dry eatin'. So, pleasir, I bought a bit o' 'am, and this 'ere's it I'm a brilin'. An' don't be mad, mister; yer've bin mighty kind ter me—yer never chaffs me, nor turgs my hair, nor throws yer boots at me, nor—nor nothin'; an'— Don't be mad, mister."

Then the wrangling Bob gave way utterly, for the first

time. He slipped down on a chair, and dropped his face into his hands with the same little groan his meeting with Bella had forced from him.

"Oh, Lord!" he said; and then he began to cry like a child.

Then the Foundling overflowed, also, after the usual pathetic manner of small vagabonds.

Bob was the first to get over it. He lifted his head, after awhile, as if a thought had suddenly struck him.

"Look here, youngster, he said, "who is it that chaffs you, and pulls your hair, and throws their boots at you?"

"The other floors," answers the Foundling. "First floor, he throws his boots at me, and second floor, he throws his'n; third floor, he twigs my hair, and fourth, he chaffs—chaffs orful, mister," looking up at him with swift piteousness.

Bob ground his teeth.

"Snobs!" he burst out. "Well, can you give them a message from me, youngster?"

Foundling nods.

"Very well, then; just tell them that you have got a protector in the sky-parlor, and that if he hears of them again he'll knock their confounded teeth down their respective throats."

Foundling acquiesced with joy, and then recurred to the ham again:

"Won't yer 'ave it, sir!" she asked, timidly.

Bob sprang up, and patted her on the head.

"Yes, I will," he said; "I'm not such a snob as to refuse it yet, thank Jupiter. We'll eat it together, Foundling."

And they did eat it together, to the Foundling's delighted abasement, Bob utterly refusing to let her wait upon him, as she proposed doing.

She was a sharp Foundling this. She had actually begged a scrup of old table-cloth from her mistress, and hemmed and washed and ironed it; and there she had it spread on the barrel in a trice, with Bob's plates, and a couple of knives and forks borrowed from the kitchen; having completed which gorgeous preparations, she reviewed her handiwork with exultation.

"It looks more'n white," she said, beaming. "I likes white things, somehow. Mebbe it's 'cause I ain't used to 'em."

Bob patted her shoulder once more—a trifle nervously this time. His mouth was twitching again.

"Yes, it does look nice," he said. "All right, Foundling: fall to."

And the Foundling fell to with secret ecstacy.

It was not the last meal they shared together, by any means, during that never-to-be-forgotten Winter. Their friendship increased daily, and, finding out that the Foundling was not too well taken care of, Bob always shared his luck with her—when he met any—which was but seldom.

What with heart-ache, suspense, humiliation, and hard-living, by the end of the Winter the muscles-biceps gave way a little. He was not so strong as he had been, and having caught cold he began to have a cough. Then he gave up Birdie.

"She will never know, bless her innocent soul!" he would say, sometimes; "and all the better. Better think me a rascal than grieve her poor little heart out over me. Some better man will get her, that's all."

But one raw day in March he was out looking for luck, as usual, in the shape of odd jobs—he was too shabby by this time for anything else, even if he had known "the ropes" as well as the best of them—when he turned a corner just in time to see a gentleman dismount from a horse before a warehouse door.

"Want a job—" the individual was beginning, when he

stopped, and stared Bob in the face. "Oh! it's you, is it?" —hold my horse for a few minutes, if you want something he said. "The English fellow who frightened Bella! to do; and take care of him; he's more skittish than ever." What's the matter now—climate not agree with you? Here Bob touched his hat, and took the bridle without a word.



He felt as if he had come to the end of his tether now. Perhaps this very man was the one who was to gain what he had lost—the “better man,” who was to rival him with Birdie. What a fool he had been to think he would ever retrieve the past; such a disgrace was not to be wiped out in

beggar as himself—her soft, innocent eyes as full of pity as a morning-glory of dew; he remembered the night he had told her he loved her, and how she had hidden her blessed little face on his coat-sleeve, and cooed her pretty, loving answer like a dove. His heart heaved within his breast



THE FIX MR. BOB FERRARS WAS IN.—“SHE WAS A SHARP FOUNDLING, AND HAD BEGGED A SCRAP OF OLD TABLE-CLOTH, WASHED AND IRONED IT, SPREAD IT ON A BARREL WITH BOB'S PLATES AND A COUPLE OF KNIVES AND FORKS, AND THEN REVIEWED HER HANDIWORK WITH EXULTATION.”

one man's life. You see, he was losing his spirits; and no wonder.

He could not help thinking of her as he stood there in the raw, chill morning air, beggared, outcast, bankrupt, perhaps holding her lover's horse for a miserable pittance. He thought of the first time he had picked out her sweet, mountain-daisy face from the midst of a crowd of over-dressed belles in a ball-room; he thought of how he had once seen her stop in the street and speak to just such a

fiercely for a moment, and then throbbed more slowly than ever. He could not stand *that* memory. He held the horse with a light hand as he pondered; he looked neither one way nor the other. He had just reached the stage when surroundings become absurdities in their contrast of triviality with wretchedness. What did he care about the passers-by? They were nothing to him—less than nothing now, when he was trying to make up his mind to give up his darling forever.

So, in his abstraction, he neither saw nor heard the rattle of certain wagon-wheels dashing by at unusual speed and with unusual commotion. But the horse heard it and started restlessly, and so, giving the bridle a jerk, roused Bob all at once. He looked up, and in a second more saw the animal rearing high above his head, with fiery eyeballs, and frantic hoofs beating the air viciously. He flung out his free hand, and tried to grasp the bridle nearer the bit, but it was no use; he flung all his strength into his entangled arm, and tried to hold the mad creature in some check. Then he saw his blunder, and tried to free himself; but the beating hoofs were too quick for him in their frantic air-pawing; there was a loud cry of terror from the bystanders, something crashed against his side, and he fell, gasping.

"It's all over," he panted. "Birdie—" And then there was another crash; this time upon his head. In a second he was blind with blood; the street and the shrieking, hurrying people danced before his eyes, red with blood, too, he thought; and then all was blotted out.

* * * * *

He stirred a little on his pillow, he caught his breath faintly, he opened his eyes and saw—the Foundling standing on a stream of sunshine, which somehow reminded him of Spring time. It did not look like Winter—that stream of sunshine—and besides the air was absolutely balmy, and he smelt flowers. Where were the flowers, and where did they come from? This was what his languid brain crept round to at last, and even this simple mental effort wearied him. He would ask the Foundling. So he began to speak, but found, to his surprise, that he could not utter a word above a whisper, and was obliged to content himself with a single word.

"Flow—ers?" he managed to say, faintly.

But even this seemed to cause his small protégé great delight, though it appeared that she was under the necessity of restraining herself, for she fairly wrung her hands in endeavoring to control her excitement, and then only succeeded so far as to burst forth in an insane stage whisper, her words tumbling one over the other:

"Yes, sir—if yer pleasir," she said. "In ther winder, sir. Yer better now, sir. Ah, I'm so glad!" Then he remembered all about it.

"Flow—long?" he faltered.

"Yes, sir—pleasir. Two weeksir. But yer better now'n. Ah, 'm so glad!"

He shut his eyes wearily, simply because he was too weak to keep them open; but, strange to say, a queer little muffled sound from the door startled him as he did so. But he would not open them again it seemed, so he lay without trying, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers he could not see, and feeling the warm sunshine in a curious, not unhappy languor, considering all things.

It was strange that he should have lived through it, and wakened to life after ten weeks of death. Happier men would have died; but he—a disgraced, broken-spirited outcast—lived. For what? Not for Birdie, and he had cared for nothing else.

Were those tube-roses he smelt? Birdie had always loved tube-roses, but how could such flowers get here?

Wandering mentally from thought to thought, in this weak languor, he lay from day to day, until he began to regain his strength a little. He was even too weak to inquire where his food came from; but it was always there, and the Foundling was always on hand with something delicate and tempting to bolster him up.

He was dimly conscious, too, of muffled whisperings outside the door, and a recurrence of the queer little sound he had heard at first; but no one ever came in but the Foundling; and though that small person was in the most elevated

of repressed spirits, she never explained what gave rise to them. She waited on her friend indefatigably, however, and kept the bare room in a wondrous state of neatness; and, strange to say, had always a bouquet of flowers upon the table, which flowers Bob discovered, when he was able to think about the matter, were not common market-house purchases, but rare, hot-house blossoms.

"Pleasir," she said, one day, "a distrik visitor brought 'em. She's a-comin' to see yer when yer strong enough to talk. She come to see yer afore, when yer was delirious."

But though he was grateful enough, Bob could not honestly say that he cared very much about seeing even the best of district visitors. The stronger he got the more his spirits failed him, till at last he was almost ready to wonder what Birdie would say if she heard of his wretchedly-dressed body being washed ashore amongst the river slime, at some of the bridges. But this was only at the worst, and in spite of it he got better slowly, until one morning the Foundling came into the room with a new bouquet, and, instead of carrying it to the vase on the table, walked straight to his bedside, and, with a frantic attempt at composure, delivered herself, with the most distinct enunciation, of these remarkable words:

"If yer pleasir, the distrik visitor's come, 'n she's a-waitin' outside for yer to calm yerself, 'n she says, says she, 'Please tell him her name it's Birdie.'"

The poor fellow burst into a low cry that was fairly wild, and then he began to tremble. He heard the queer little sound outside and knew it for what it was—knew it for nothing less than a muffled little sob of loving anguish.

"Ah, Foundling, my poor girl!" he cried out, "Why did you let her know? It will only be worse now for us both—"

But he was not allowed to finish. The door flew open, and the poor little ex-district visitor burst in, and, rushing at the shabby bedstead, knelt down by it and flung her sweet young arms about the patient's neck, sobbing pitifully, clinging piteously, and kissing his eyes, and forehead, and hands all in a wild, loving gush of pity and joy.

"Oh! my dearest!" she cried, "Oh, my own love! Did you think I could let you go? did you think you could hide yourself from me? did you think I would let you die while I could watch over you and pray to God for you? Oh, my own cruel darling, how could you—how could you!"

Bob had caught her in his arms, but he was as pale as death. "Darling!" he cried, "my own sweet love, I dare not let you stay here."

"Dare not!" she echoed, sobbing, "you dare not send me away. No one shall ever send me away. I am yours if every one else gives you up—my own. They may take your money, and your home, and everything else, but they can't take *me*." And then she sobbed afresh, clinging still with her soft hands.

But at length she lifted her face to look at him, all flushed and tear-wet, but more like a mountain daisy than ever.

"It was this good girl who told me," she said, smiling at the bewailing Foundling. "I should never have known where you were but for her. She knew me somehow, and when she thought you were dying, she came to me for help, and—I came and found my darling;" with another burst. "And she has helped me to take care of you ever since, and I shall love her always for that. And I was afraid to let you see me at first for fear it would make you ill, and so I sat on the door-mat outside for days and days, just to be near you and hear you move, but now I shall stay with you always. Yes, forever and ever."

"But, my dearest," argued Bob, mournfully, "your father?"

She stopped him in a second.

"Papa!" she said. "I am waiting for him now. I sent

Cousin Hu—it was Cousin Hu's detestable, frightful horse that kicked you—to tell him all about it. Cousin Hu says you are a brick, darling, and so you are if a brick means anything brave and beautiful, and lovable. And I wrote to him to come and see you, and help you, and—and I told him that if he would not make you happy, he could not part us again, for I intended to stay with you whether you wanted me or not. And starve if you starve—and die if you die." (Sobs again.) "And if you don't want me, I shall ask the lady of the house to let me be a servant like Amabel, here. And I'll pay her to let me be one. Yes, sir; I am very determined. You don't know me yet, but papa does—to his cost."

Argument was useless. She would not listen to a syllable of it—this tender little she-dragon. She kissed him, and cried over him, and bewailed his wrongs, and anathematised Cousin Hu's horse with such delirious pathos that Bob was so happy that he shed a few secret tears himself in the very weakness of joy.

Then she got up and scolded herself for exciting him, and then sobbed again sweetly, and kissed the Foundling until she was obliged to wash her face by reason of a strongly-marked sweat on her round dimpled chin. And, of course, after this she must sit near him, and hold his hand on pretence of letting him go to sleep, thereby putting sleep entirely out of the question.

She was sitting thus, cooing over him like a brooding dove, when the Foundling reappeared in a fresh state of breathless excitement.

"Which of yer, pleasir? I think its 'im, mam," she said; and then slid out, and ushered in the paternal Van Ressler with a disturbed, but by no means stern, face; upon seeing whom, Bella rushed at him, and being met half-way, and clasped very close, cried for the thirtieth time upon his portly shoulder.

"Look at him, papa," she sobbed. "Yes, just look at him, and look at this room, and think what he has suffered, because he was brave and honorable, and so determined to keep his word to you. He has held horses, papa. (Yes, my darling has held horses!) And—and he has run errands. (Oh! just think of my love running errands!) And he has starved, and been cold, and had no one to take care of him. No one, papa, and I so near and so wicked as not to know and find him out!" The paternal Van Ressler made his way to the bed as well as he could in his entangled condition; and when the bandaged head and hollow but heroic eyes met his view, he burst forth into a gush of something uncommonly like sympathy.

"Good heavens! my dear boy," he said, "I never thought it would come to this."

"But it did," cried Bella. "And he had his ribs bro-bro-broken, and his head ki-ki-kicked. And they did something awful to his skull with silver, papa. Oh, my poor dearest!"

But Bob looked up at him with a half sad smile.

"I tried to keep my word like a gentleman, sir," he said, "but my poor little love found me out—just in time to save me."

The paternal Van Ressler groaned.

"Oh, Lord!" he ejaculated. "What a blundering, asinine old villain I have been! Never mind that, my poor fellow, never mind the past. You have proved yourself to be the right metal. Hu has told me all about it, so I take that folly back. Just get better, and I will give you Bella, and help you to begin the world. I can afford to do it, and I will. Only get better, or I shall feel like a murderer."

And, accordingly, with these inducements Mr. Robert Ferrars did get better, though his recovery was but a slow one; and when he recovered he took the Foundling and

went home with Bella to Bella's papa. He would not have left the Foundling on any account. She had led him back to happiness through her faithfulness to him, even if it was only by chance. And when Bella was his wife, and with Mr. Van Ressler's assistance and his own honest willingness to work, he had begun to square accounts with the world again, he was fonder than ever of his affectionate protege.

He educated her, and helped her to a happy life, and Birdie would not have been forced to part with her under any circumstances, for in the midst of her happiness the tender little soul could never quite forget the past, and never failed to shed a few pathetic tears when anything occurred to recall to her mind the terrible "fix Mr. Ferrars was in."

A HUNT WITHOUT A HUNTSMAN.



OW, Randall, tell us a story. It's your turn now," said the major, as he sat at the head of the mess-table, beaming with good humor.

The table itself glittered with costly plate, and the cutglass decanters flashed back the light from their golden wines, while the officers of the —th Hussars, one of the "crack" corps at that time on duty in India, sat around the table in full enjoyment of the conviviality.

"Ours" was an expensive regiment to live in, and most of its members were men of family and fortune.

The first, each man was proud of; the second, like Don Cesar de Bazan, they were doing their best to spend.

And generally they had a respectable amount of success in their laudable undertaking.

Our colonel was a prince of the blood, and he had more money than he could run through with, but the lieutenant-colonel (who commands in all British regiments) was living at the rate of twenty thousand a year on an income of fifteen.

The consequence was that he had been forced to exchange and go home, some months before, to retrieve his affairs from utter ruin, and, until the arrival of his successor, Major Sir Charles Kennedy had assumed command.

This evening being the Queen's birthday, we had indulged in a little jollification, and it was agreed that every officer in turn was to make a speech, sing a song, or tell a story.

"Captain Randall's story!" cried little Lord Houghton, a newly-fledged cornet, recently joined, but already half-drunk.

"Story! story!" was echoed from all parts of the table.

Captain Randall arose to command silence. He was the only one among us who had not been "born in the purple," and had actually risen by the force of a desperate bravery from the position of a high private in the regiment to a commission.

This is a very rare thing in the English army, and still rarer is it to see such an officer rise higher than the position of adjutant or riding-master.

But Randall was evidently a gentleman all over, both in manner and education, and somehow or other had contrived to win the respect of the rich and haughty patricians around him, till he had become the most popular officer in the regiment. And yet he was of course a poor man, but equally proud. He never accepted a seat in Lord Houghton's drag without the latter feeling that the captain was conferring a favor on him; and his single black horse was more envied in the regiment than the dozen or so kept by other officers.

Captain Randall, then a tall, slender, wiry-looking gentle-



A HUNT WITHOUT A HUNTMAN.—“JUST AS THE POOR STAG FELL, ALMOST UNDER A TREE, A FINE ROYAL TIGER SPRANG OUT FROM A THICKET, AND POUNCED UPON HIM.”

man, of near forty, with a magnificent dark brown beard flowing over his decorated breast—he wore five service medals and the Victoria cross—rose to his feet in answer to the universal cry.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you appear to be very anxious for a story from me, and I might get off much easier by making a speech."

"No, no! we've had enough speeches—hic," interrupted little Lord Houghton.

Randall smiled.

"I'm afraid you have, Houghton, my boy; but if I tell you a story you'll go to sleep, perhaps."

"No we will not," chorused the table.

"Well, then, if you *must* have a story, I'll tell of a curious incident I once witnessed out in the upper country, close to the edge of Nepaul. Will that do?"

"All right, old fellow."

"Fire away, Randall."

"Tip us your story, my boy."

Such were the exclamations that came from various parts of the table.

Men began to take out their cheroot-cases, and settle down for a quiet ending to the uproarious jollification of the early part of the evening.

Captain Randall emptied his wine-glass, lighted a cheroot for himself and thus commenced:

"You know, boys, that Nepaul's a wild sort of a country, and very thinly inhabited. Well, I'd a six months' furlough at one time, soon after I was commissioned"—Randall was never a bit ashamed of having been in the ranks—"to enjoy myself, and go home if I wanted to. But I've no one that I care to see at home now. All my associations are here.

"So I concluded to spend my time in exploring the less-known parts of India, and enjoy myself thus, while gathering information at the same time."

"What a learned old chap you will be in—hic—in time!" observed little Houghton, solemnly, at this juncture.

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"Oh, stop your noise!"

"Go to bed, Houghton."

"You are drunk, you little mope."

"How can we hear Randall?"

Poor little Houghton subsided.

Randall laughed.

"Houghton, I'm afraid your mother would not approve of your conduct to-night, my child; but never mind, I appeal to to-morrow morning; that will be my best avenger."

"Well, boys, to make a long story short, I went to Nepaul with an old German friend of mine, a naturalist, and we enjoyed a splendid trip."

"Richter accumulated specimens in ornithology and entomology, and I shot the big brutes for him to classify."

"At last the hour drew near for us to go back, or at least for me to return to duty."

"I can tell you that I was very sorry for it when the time came, and for the last week I was out constantly drinking deep draughts of inspiration from nature."

"One day I rode out alone on a little *tulloo*—you know what they are—rough country ponies, as strong as young elephants. I left Black Prince at our bungalow, for I didn't expect to have much running to do, but I took my double-rifle with me, and rode out to find a tiger."

"There was no need to look

far in that wild country, for tigers were plentiful enough. I rode on through the forest, which was all alive with birds in the early morning. The globules of dew sparkled like diamonds on every bush, and the brilliant little mountain-finches flitted across the path, while glorious peacocks every now and then whirred up ahead, and both golden and silver pheasants were to be seen occasionally."

"I rode slowly, with the bridle hanging on the pony's neck, allowing him to trot on at his own will."

"We rambled on through the shady woods, listening to the gay caroling of the birds, frequently interrupted



THE BLACK CHARGER OF HERNANDO.—"THEN SHE TOOK HIS PRECIOUS ARMOR AND LAID IT SAFELY BY, AND SHE CARESED THE GALLANT BLACK CHARGER, AND LED HIM AWAY TO HIS FRESH LITTERED STALL."—SEE PAGE 115.

by the plaintive cry of the soaring shaheen falcon, far overhead.

"Insensibly I got further and further into the forest, the pony following a devious path that wound about with apparent caprice, turning aside here and there. We crossed several tinkling brooks that rippled over the pebbles merrily enough; and, at last, the forest began to grow more open, and I could see open glimpses of country before me.

"The pony kept gallantly on, tossing his shaggy, stubborn-looking head, and ambling away at a great rate.

"Then we suddenly turned a corner in the path, around the bole of an immense tree, and a beautiful landscape burst on my sight.

"As far as the eye could see the country sloped gradually away, open, and dotted with little patches of cover, while the silver threads of several streams meandered along till they converged into one river, a tributary of the Ganges.

"The graceful herds of spotted axis-deer were browsing here and there, and I could see gigantic argulahs and cyrus-birds stretching their long necks after the fishes, as they stood knee-deep in the nearest streams.

"Far away in the distance were the heavy forms of a herd of wild elephants, lazily browsing on the branches of a clump of trees, and yet in all the vast landscape there was not a solitary sign of human habitation.

"Involuntarily I drew rein and gazed in silence.

"The pony was not so much impressed as myself, for he kept fidgeting about.

"I hardly noticed his uneasiness, so absorbed was I in the beautiful scene before me, when he suddenly made a bolt, and jumped out of the shade of the trees, where I had been resting, with a terrified snort.

"Almost at the same instant a large stag burst out of the woods at full speed, and dashed past me within a few feet, his antlers laid flat on his back, and his whole body straightened out in his desperate haste.

"I had hardly time to wonder at the singularity of the occurrence, when I heard a low, whimpering noise, as of an eager pack of hounds before they open cry, and a crowd of reddish-dun dogs poured out of the woods, and were after the stag in hot pursuit.

"My pony reared and snorted with terror, as the whole of the pack, at least sixty in number, swept by us at full speed, opening cry something like foxhounds, but lower.

"In a moment they had passed us without taking the least notice, and were hard on the haunches of the stag.

"As soon as they passed, my pony seemed to catch the infection of the chase, and dashed after them at full speed, almost leaping out of his skin in his mad efforts.

"I did not try to stop him. I had heard before this of the dholes, or wild hounds of India, and of their great sagacity, and I was not sorry for the opportunity of seeing a sight seldom or never granted to European eyes.

"They ran splendidly, exactly in the style of foxhounds, whom they strongly resemble in form and size; but all were of one uniform red-dun color.

"The stag was evidently exhausted, and made for the water.

"A part of the pack observing this, and to all appearance directed by a leader, began to make a circuit, running harder than ever, to cut him off.

"The rest slackened their pace, and the stag was leaving them.

"But the poor stag did not know the wiles of his enemies. Finding he was distancing the main pack, he ran more slowly, being almost tired out.

"Then the wary old hounds got ahead of him, and the whole pack closed in, front and rear.

"I had kept back at a sufficient distance to view the

chase without interrupting it, and I saw the poor hunted beast swerve from his course at right angles.

"But here he was again met, for the pack that was left behind had been inclining in that direction, and, finally, ran him down, after repeated turns, almost at the edge of the woods.

"I had followed so closely all the time, that I saw the first dog spring at the stag's throat, and there would soon have been nothing left of him, if a new adversary had not suddenly arisen.

"Just as the poor stag fell, almost under a tree, a fine royal tiger sprang out from a thicket, and pounced upon him.

"Here was fun! Would the dholes allow the tiger to take away their prey without a fight, as the jackal would, under similar circumstances?

"The great brute stood above the stag, lashing his tail, with his eyes darting fire, and roaring furiously.

"The pack of dholes kept closing in around him. I rode up without hesitation. I was safe enough from the tiger, with my double-rifle, and I did not think that the dogs would attack me.

"And I had resolved to see the fight. It soon began.

"The dogs circled around the tiger, till they formed a large ring, in dead silence, but exhibiting no fear whatever. I could not help thinking that I was glad they were not after me.

"Suddenly an old dog gave a short howl.

"The whole circle rushed at the tiger like enraged fiends.

"In a moment, it seemed, so quickly was the thing done, the tiger was covered and hid from view by a mass of furious hounds. Then came a wild struggle.

"At one minute the tiger would shake himself clear of his opponents, and strike with his paws right and left, covering the ground with the dead and dying; at another he would be down on his back, overwhelmed by numbers tearing away at him on all sides.

"At last he showed the white feather, and, turning, tried to escape. But this was not so easy. The pack of dholes, nearly frantic with excitement, were upon him ere he had gone a step, and again the battle began.

"By this time, I began to see which way it would end.

"The wild hounds were losing fearfully, but the tiger was covered with blood, and only fighting to escape.

"Again and again he shook off his fearless enemies, and tried to climb a tree. Before he could rise two feet from the ground, the dogs were on him, pulling him down again.

"At last the contest drew to a close. The tiger had fallen, and the sharp teeth of the dogs were tearing at his bowels. He fought still, but more feebly. Every stroke of his paw was the death-blow of a wild hound, and, if they came near his head, he would grasp one with his terrible jaws, and throw him away dead in an instant. But it was seldom he got an opportunity. The sagacious brutes, grown wary by the sight of repeated deaths, kept out of the reach of his formidable weapons of offense, and still kept working away at the lower part of his body.

"He was almost gone now. And then the pack retired out of reach for a minute, and suddenly made a simultaneous rush once more, which terminated the contest.

"I did not wait any longer. I was satisfied. The tiger was killed, and the plucky hounds went to work at their two victims.

"I was not over-anxious to cultivate their acquaintance, so I did not offer to rob them of their prey. I took warning from the fate of the tiger.

"But next morning, when I revisited the scene, the bones of the tiger and stag were picked clean, and the skeletons only of twenty-three wild hounds remained.

"Whether the pack ate their own dead brethren, after the manner of wolves, I am unable to say, but I suspected the jackals and the white ants to be at the root of the matter.

"I returned to Cawnpore, in due time, to the regiment, and I can truly say that I never enjoyed a leave as much as I did that one spent in Nepal.

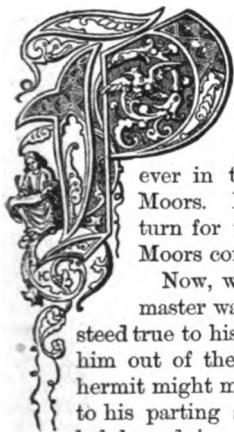
"That's all, boys."

"Thank you, Randall, said the major. "I believe you're the first white man I've seen who had actually met those devils at work."

"There are not many niggers, neither," returned Randall. "Some of you fellows take that little lord to bed. He's drunk."

Little Lord Houghton was fast asleep.

THE BLACK CHARGER OF HERNANDO.



OOR, indeed, was Hernando, the old knight, who had spent all in the service of his country. He had nothing to call his own but his stout armor, his high-couraged black charger, and his bold lance; and with these he was ever in the thickest of the fray against the Moors. But at last his turn came; and, in return for the losses he had caused them, the Moors contrived to surround and slay him.

Now, when his black charger knew that his master was wounded to death, like a valiant steed true to his Christian master, he turned and bore him out of the fight to a lonely dell, where a pious hermit might minister the last consolations of religion to his parting soul. But a sordid Moor, seeing the helpless dying man thus borne along, determined to possess himself of his stout armor and his bold, black charger; he followed, with fruitless attempts to arrest the gallant beast, until it pleased him to stop before the hermit's cell, where it waited patiently while they lifted the sacred burden down—the hermit and the Moor together; for the Moor desired to possess himself of the outer shell of his armor, and the hermit, the inner shell, namely, his body, that the kernel—that is, his soul—might go up holy and clean before God. Then his soul had scarcely passed away, when the Moor stripped him of his armor, and packed it all safely on the back of the black charger, and prepared to lead him home, for he was afraid himself to mount him. But the black charger no sooner perceived his dear master's remains safe in the care of the hermit, to bury them, and his armor safe in his own, than he started off at his wildest speed, leaving the Moor, who had ventured to lay his infidel hands on the reins, to measure his length in the dust. And on and on he went, nor stopped till he reached Hernando's hillside home.

Doña Teresa, his wife, had never ceased every day to look for her Hernando's return. And when she saw his black charger, bearing his empty armor, she knew at once all that had come to pass; and, like a noble Christian spouse, she had the strength to thank God that her Hernando had spent his life in the service of his religion and his country. Then she took his precious armor, and laid it safely by, and she caressed the gallant black charger, and led him away to his fresh-littered stall.

Then every day she tried the armor on the young Hernando, and made him bestride the black charger, that he might be a valiant slayer of Moors like his father.

Now young Hernando was slight, and young Hernando was pale. And he shrank from the cold, hard armor, and the tall, snorting steed. But his mother Teresa was brave,

brave as became a Christian spouse, and she listened not to his fears; but bade him be of good heart, and put his trust in Christ.

And, at last, the day came when she bade him go forth, and do battle to the Moors. Young Hernando's heart beat high, for his spirit, indeed, was willing; and he burned to add his name to the long traditions of prowess which his mother told him of his house. But his arm was all untried, and he shrank from the thought of pain, for the young, tender flesh was weak. But he would not belie his mother, so he crossed the bold, black charger; and the noble charger snorted when he felt that once more he bore a Christian to the battle. By night they traveled on; and by day they slept in the shade. In the morning, when the sun began to dawn, they rose, and set out on their way; and, as they crossed a plain, young Hernando saw a tall Moor coming toward them. And his heart smote him for fear; and he would gladly have turned out of the way. But he bethought him it became not a Christian to shrink away before a Moor; so he nerved him with what courage he might, and rode on steadily along his way.

Now, when the bold black charger scented the pagan hound, he snorted, and shook his mane, and darted to the encounter. So young Hernando was borne along, and found himself face to face with his foe. Then his father's shield rose to protect him; and the lance lifted up his arm; and the black charger rode at the Moor; and the lance cast him down from his seat. Then the sword leapt from its scabbard, and, planting itself in young Hernando's grasp, struck off the pagan's head.

So Hernando tied the head to his saddle, and bound the body upon its mule. Thus he rode on to the town—to the town of Royal Burgos. And when the people saw him bestriding the bold black charger, the grizzly head hanging from his saddle, and the headless body following behind, bound fast to the African mule, they cried:

"All hail to the victor! All hail to young Hernando who conquered the pagan Moor!"

And so they brought him to the king, and his ghastly burden with him, and the headless rider behind. And the king rose and embraced him, and the queen held her fair white hand, and gave it to the youth to kiss. And she said:

"A youth so comely and valiant should have armor rich and bright, and a steed with a shining coat."

So she called a page to bring a suit of polished steel, and a horse from the royal stables, and present them to young Hernando. Then they took off his ancient armor, and laid it on the old black charger, and Hernando donned the new, and sprang into the saddle of the horse from the royal stall.

Now the bold black charger was grieved to be thus set aside, so he snorted and turned his head, and rode back to Doña Teresa. When Doña Teresa saw him ride back with the empty armor, she thought that her son was dead, and rejoiced as a Christian mother, that the Moors had sent him to glory. So she laid up the ancient armor, and caressed the bold black charger, and led him to his fresh-littered stall.

Young Hernando meantime feared, as he sat on the fiery steed; for in his far-off hillside home he had but that black charger tried. Nor had he learnt to handle the weapons they gave him to bear.

But the king, who had seen him come in bearing along such goodly spoils, took him for a practised warrior, and gave him a work to do which needed a valiant heart.

"Now keep this pass," he said, "for the rocks are narrow and high, and one at a time, as the enemy comes, with your sword you will strike them down."

Young Hernando durst not say "Nay"; for his spirit within him was bold, though his young tender flesh was weak. And as he watched there alone, with only the moon for guide, "Oh, had I my old black charger, and my father's armor!" he cried. And the bold black charger felt, as he stood in his far-off stall, that his master's son was in danger, and he snorted to get away. And Doña Teresa knew when she heard him snort and snort there was work to do far away. So she bound the armor on him, and away he fled like the wind, nor stopped till he reached Hernando.

"To me! my bold black charger! To me! 'tis yet in

and my arm are weak, but my father's arms and my father's steed alone put the foe to flight."

So the king let him have his will; and as he found him so brave and successful against the Moors, he sent him to carry a message of encouragement to Don Diaz, to whom the Moors had laid siege. Now, as he came back from the errand, he was crossing the lonely plain, when, anon, it was covered with horsemen—Moorish horsemen, arrayed in their might. He knew that his trust was sacred, and he might not endanger the letter he bore by encountering so overpowering a host. But 'twas vain that he tried to turn, for



CATCHING A CORSAIR.—"IN AN INSTANT A DOZEN DEEP-MOUTHED CANNON PROTRUDED FROM AS MANY Portholes, AND BELCHED FORTH A STORM OF IRON HAIL, WHICH TORE THROUGH THE CORSAIR, STREWING HER DECK WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED."

time. To me!" And he mounted the charger bold, in his father's armor clad.

Then stealthily came the Moors, all creeping through the pass, and Hernando's lance and Hernando's sword laid them low on the ground that night. And when the king came up, Hernando sat at his post, and his prostrate foes around him.

When the king saw he had done so bravely, he would have given him a new suit of armor, and a new bright-coated steed. But Hernando said :

"Good king! pray leave me my father's armor, and my father's charger bold, for I am but a stripling, and my hand

the bold black charger refused; but, as if he had been spurred, with his might he dashed right into the pagan midst. The lance sprang in Hernando's hand, and pierced through the Moorish king. Then the host, dismayed, exclaimed :

"This one rider, alone in his strength, no mortal man is he: it is one of their Christian saints come down to scatter the Prophet's band."

So they turned and fled apace, and on the black charger rode behind; and Hernando's lance and Hernando's sword laid low the straggling host.



A CANINE AFFLICTION.—THE KING CHARLES.—SEE PAGE 118.

And such fear had fallen on all the Prophet's children that day, that on bended knee they sent to sue a truce of the Christian king. And to purchase a term of rest, they set all their captives free, and with tribute and with hostages made peace with the Christian king.

So young Hernando rode home—to his home by the steep hillside. And Doña Teresa came out to greet her boy on his gallant steed. And with her fair Melisenda walked, who a gentler greeting gave; she was his bride betrothed, and she knew that now peace was made, they would lovingly live together, in that far-off hillside home.

And they stroked the bold black charger, and led him to his fresh-littered stall. And 'tis said that while yet the land was blighted by one strange Moor, that bold black charger never died; but whenever the fight raged high, or the Christian host needed aid, there he bore his rider to turn the day. But where he died or when he fell, no mortal ever knew.

CATCHING A CORSAIR.

THE horrible massacre of prisoners, a few years since, by the bandits of Greece, brings to mind the effective service against the pirates of the Grecian Archipelago rendered by the late Commodore Lawrence Kearney, of the United States Navy, in the early part of the present century. So successful were his efforts, that he received highly complimentary mention in the British Parliament.

There were many adventures which befell the officers of his ship, the old sloop-of-war *Warren*, while engaged in this service, some of which were very exciting, as will appear from the following relation:

There was considerable excitement in the hamlet which lies at the head of the little land-locked bay of Milo, one



A CANINE AFFLICTION.—THE "WAMIBBLE HANIMAL."



A CANINE AFFLICTION.—“HAMIBILITY.”

morning, when the *Warren* appeared off the entrance of the harbor with the evident intention of coming into port.

There was a light breeze blowing from seaward, and as the ship headed in, with all sails set, the sunlight gleaming on the broad field of white canvas, the picture was grand and beautiful.

In a few moments the rumbling of chains was heard, then the sullen splash of the anchor, and as if without an effort she folded her wings and swung round to her moorings, with nothing aloft but the delicate tracery of rigging and spars, from which the nimble sailors were fast hurrying to the deck.

Before night a great change had taken place in the appearance of the vessel. Yards had been sent down, masts housed, and a general dismantling, as if for a long stay in port, and a thorough overhauling of the ship had taken place.

It was not altogether idle curiosity which caused the inhabitants of the hamlet to watch so closely the proceedings on board. In the first place, the stay of a man-of-war in port is always a source of profit; and, in the next, the movements of the dreaded *Warren* were of too much importance to the pirates to escape the closest espionage by their agents and spies.

The signs of an intention to remain some time in the harbor were, therefore, gratifying in a double sense, and before night a swift felucca had sailed from the other side of the island for one of the pirates' rendezvous in an adjacent island with the welcome news. That night there was music



A CANINE AFFLICTION.—“BEING USEFUL ABOUT THE HOUSE.”

and rejoicing on shore, in which some of the sailors, who had gotten "liberty," uproariously joined.

It was late before the inhabitants retired to rest, and the first who arose next morning naturally turned their thoughts upon the war-ship. Where was she? In vain they gazed over the harbor, rubbed their eyes, and looked again. She was nowhere to be seen.

With the midnight land-breeze, her spars and rigging replaced, she had spread her canvas, flitting away like a shadow!

The hamlet was soon astir, and in the wonder and surprise of its inhabitants, it was hours before the thought occurred to send to the pirates advice of the occurrence. It was too late, however, to avail them.

Upon the information of the previous day, an expedition had sailed, and already one of their largest and best manned war feluccas was hovering on the path of the merchant-ships bound for Smyrna.

It was late in the afternoon that a large, heavy-laden ship was descried from the deck of the corsair. Her sails were old and patched, her sides stained with iron-rust, her yards carelessly trimmed, her rigging badly set up, and all the evidences about her of a long voyage and a rich cargo.

The felucca, which was to windward, at once bore away for the merchantman, and as soon as the former's intention was perceived and her character suspected on board the latter, alarm was manifested in her movements. She was got before the wind, and sail after sail slowly set, as if she were short-handed. It appeared all too late, however, for the swift keel of the corsair glided two knots to the merchantman's one, and in little more than an hour she was close upon the latter's quarter. To the pirate's peremptory summons to "Heave to!" a hoarse, indistinct reply was bellowed through an old, battered trumpet, by a rough-visaged, gray-headed old seaman, who shook his fists in seemingly impotent rage at the intruder.

This pantomimic defiance was answered by a shout from the pirates, who now swarmed their deck, armed to the teeth. The helm of the felucca was put up, and she came rapidly down to lay the prize aboard; but just as she was abreast, and before the vessels touched, a wonderful change had taken place in the ship!

Boarding nettings were triced up in an instant from her bulwarks, and her old, strained side seemed to open as if by magic, while a dozen deep-mouthed cannon protruded from as many portholes, and in an instant belched forth sheets of flame and a storm of iron hail, which tore through the hull, rigging and sails of the corsair with terrific effect, strewing her deck with the dead and wounded, and leaving her but a wreck, incapable of resistance or escape.

The survivors, who now saw the "Stars and Stripes" floating from the peak of the seeming merchantman, understood at once that they were in the grasp of the terrible Kearney, and made signs of submission.

The boats of the *Warren* soon rescued the corsair's crew from the sinking wreck, and taken in irons to Smyrna, the pirates were delivered over to the Turkish authorities.

This was but one of many bold and successful stratagems by which, with a single vessel, Captain Kearney almost cleared the Archipelago of pirates, earning the thanks of Turks as well as Christians, rendering his name famous, and conferring honor upon the naval service of the United States.

A CANINE AFFLICTION.

"Muzzle your dogs."—CITY ORDINANCE.

FRANK LESLIE: You will pardon me for intruding my sorrows upon your indulgent ear, but I speak from an overcharged heart, and am sure that I appeal to a sympa-

thetic chord in yours. I am dying of dog on the brain. I came down to breakfast one morning about four weeks ago in my usual happy and genial frame of mind; *mens sana in corpore sano*. I know that to have been the case, for in coming down I stumbled over a pitcher of water which a careless chambermaid had left on the stairway, plentifully deluging a new pair of Spring pants, and making my brightly lacquered boots the color of a carman's. Undoubtedly I made an exclamation—human nature would not be human nature if she forbore exclamations under such wet circumstances; and the exclamation may have been a strong one, but it was all to myself; and I walked into the breakfast-room and smiled on Mrs. Spitzboozy, and pinched the cheeks of the little Spitzboozies, as if nothing had occurred, and as if I were not standing in two feet of water. I am habitually an unruffled and temperate man, and this circumstance shows that on that morning I was particularly so.

Mrs. Spitzboozy was sitting at the head of the table, and, as she passed me my first cup of coffee, said:

"Did it ever occur to you, dear, that we haven't a dog?"

I knew, of course, that we never *did* have a dog, and thanked heaven for it; but whether it had ever occurred to me or not I was not quite sure, and, not wishing to commit myself before I knew at what Mrs. Spitzboozy was driving, I answered, hastily, "No!" I was pretty safe in the assertion, for I had never given the subject a moment's thought one way or the other.

"Well, dear, we *ought* to have a dog. He will be such a pet for the children, you know—besides, a dog is so useful about the house."

Of what earthly use a canine brute, yelping in the parlors, and tripping up people as they came down-stairs, could possibly be in a man's house, in town, I did not know; but Mrs. Spitzboozy had asserted that *she did*, and I had only to confess my ignorance, and insert "Buy a dog for Mrs. S." in my memorandum.

"Send him up before dinner, dear—and you'd better buy a silver collar, and have "Spitzboozy" engraved upon it, in case we should lose him, you know!"

The dying accents of Mrs. Spitzboozy's canine solicitation fell upon my ears as I came down my stoop, like the howl of Cerberus upon the tympanum of the pious *Æneas*. I secretly determined that if the dog ever should be lost, and anybody *should* bring him back, I'd have an action of trespass against him. But the dog was inevitable; Mrs. Spitzboozy had said one would be useful about the house, and whatever was useful in a domestic point of view, Mr. Spitzboozy was bound to furnish. I walked meditatively down town, till I reached Trinity churchyard. A man was leaning against the railing, with a basket full of dogs. There were five of them—delicious little creatures, with no ears, nor tails, nor eyes, as far as I could see. They were about three inches long, each, and the man said they were of the King Charles breed. As Mrs. Spitzboozy did not state the breed which would be most useful about the house, nor give any particulars in regard to the size, but merely stated that a dog was needed in the house, and as it appeared to me that the King Charles breed in its present state would at least be as quiet as any other, for some time to come, I gave the man five dollars for one of the execrable little snub-nosed brutes, and told him to take it home. I congratulated myself that this was a *chef-d'œuvre* of domestic strategy. Mrs. Spitzboozy was certainly provided with a dog, and a very good dog, and I was assured of my comfort because, thank heaven, the little mottled villain wouldn't be able to be useful about the house for a long time yet; and if it *should* happen to die—but it was hoping against hope to anticipate such a happy consummation.

I walked about my business as cheerful and happy as usual, and nobody who spoke with me would have known that I was suffering because of a dog in the house. I met Mrs. Spitzboozy in the hall as I reached home that evening. The King Charles had just arrived, and a servant was holding the delicate little creature in his hands.

"How could you send home such a foolish little thing?" inquired Mrs. Spitzboozy.

"Why, my dear, that's a King Charles!"

"It looks as much like a cat as like a dog," said Mrs. Spitzboozy, "and very little like either."

"To be sure, my dear, he won't be useful about the house at present, but he will be a great pet for the children, and then he'll grow, I'm confident he will."

"But this is not the sort of dog I meant, Mr. Spitzboozy. We want a shaggy dog with a tail and eyes—a dog that knows how to bark!"

Here was the upshot of my strategy! All I had got by it was the superaddition of a barking qualification to the other requirements of a useful dog. I invariably got the worst of it whenever I tried tactics with Mrs. Spitzboozy.

I saw nothing canine that answered the requirements of Mrs. S. that day or the next. But the day after I was driving with a friend in the upper part of the island, when a white and black example of the *genus canis* flew from behind a fence, and commenced howling and yelping around the horse's feet in the most pertinacious and extraordinary manner. In vain the whip-lash flew around his sprightly legs; the tuneful animal persisted in the music; it was the most dogmatic bark I had ever observed.

I drew up the horses. Here was the animal for Mrs. Spitzboozy—an animal that knew how to bark! As I stopped, the sonorous brute bolted behind a fence, and squatting spitefully upon his haunches, sat bolt upright and stared at me. I viewed him with a critical eye, for I was becoming a connoisseur in dogs. He was certainly shaggy, for every hair stood out straight and stiff, as if it had been driven in with a mallet, and he had a tail doubtless, though that wasn't much to brag of, and there was no question about his eyes; but the crowning excellence of that dog was his voice; such a glorious bark! I knew he would realize Mrs. Spitzboozy's fondest wishes.

I informed my friend that I was about to purchase the animal.

"You're going to buy that yellow cur, Spitzboozy? Nonsense!"

I was spared any more of my friend's painful criticisms, by the arrival of the owner, who appeared to be a traveler—a foot traveler.

"Will you sell me your dog, sir?" I inquired, rather timidly, for I did not know but the man had become attached to him (I had heard of such things), and would be loth to part with him.

"Sell that hamiable hanimal—that hanimal as has followed my tracks, and shared my wittles for nine precious long weeks! Sell that useful and voracious-brute! Yes!"

"What is your price?" I asked.

"Well, sir, there was a time when three-and-sixpence wouldn't ha' bought a lock of his precious hair, but he's a little less valuable now, on account of the high price of provisions, and that beautiful dog can be took off my hands for two shillin'!"

I was surprised at the cheapness of the animal, and charitably gave the man a dollar, the surplus being meant as a reward for his candour and honesty.

With some difficulty the playful brute was caught, and placed in the bottom of the wagon. My friend kept his heel on his head all the way home, to repress the little exuberance of spirit which he seemed disposed to manifest.

"There," said I, "Mrs. Spitzboozy," as I entered the parlor, and pointed to my last purchase, which was nosing impertinently in every corner of the hall, uttering all the while little detached snarls; "there is the dog you want; that animal has the finest bark you ever heard!"

"Doesn't he look dirty, dear? I am afraid he's cross; he hasn't a pleasant expression!"

"Not a particle of it, Mrs. Spitzboozy. He followed a man nine long weeks, and became greatly attached to him, which shows that he is a dog susceptible of human feelings, Mrs. Spitzboozy, and that your suspicions do him great injustice!"

Just then there was a prolonged yelp, followed by a diminutive squeal, in the hall, and we both ran out to see what was the matter. The "hamiable hanimal," in the progress of his investigations, had discovered the King Charles, who was lying in the bottom of the hat-stand, and having seized him by the nape of the neck, was making mince-meat of his royal highness in double quick time.

"Don't touch him, dear!" said I,

"But he will kill the little creature!" said Mrs. Spitzboozy.

"Then, for God's sake, don't touch him!"

"For shame, Mr. Spitzboozy!" and my wife's humanity lent vigor to the little foot, which sent the carnivorous brute yelping to the farther end of the hall.

I informed Mrs. Spitzboozy at breakfast next morning that a friend of mine had a dog which I thought would suit her; but as I had succeeded so badly in my selections, I would have him sent to the house before purchasing him, that she might judge of him herself. Mrs. Spitzboozy said that was an excellent plan.

I stopped at my friend's house on my way down town, and looked at the animal. He was a large thick-boned brute, of a dubious tan-color. My friend said he was a watch-dog—distantly related to the St. Bernard breed—and that he should never, never think of selling him, but he was going to give up his house in town, and had no need of a watch-dog. It struck me that this animal would be useful about the house; and in the hope of satisfying Mrs. Spitzboozy, I was about to pay for him at once, when the prudential plan we had agreed upon, of submitting the next dog-purchase to her inspection, occurred to me, and I asked my friend to send him up to the house, and let Mrs. P. have a sight at him. He promised to do so.

As I ascended my stoop in the evening, I felt a little annoyed, to be sure, at what I regarded a very fair prospect of turning my house into a dog-kennel; but I was sustained by the consciousness of having tried to gratify Mrs. Spitzboozy, and so turned my latch-key with an eminently happy and contented feeling. I had scarcely opened the door, when a savage face, and a peculiarly white row of very sharp teeth, showed themselves at the opening, and I was greeted with a growl that made me slam the door again with extraordinary energy. At the same moment, a window opened above, and Mrs. Spitzboozy put out her head.

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, do kill that dog."

"Is that *my* dog? Have you bought that savage brute?"

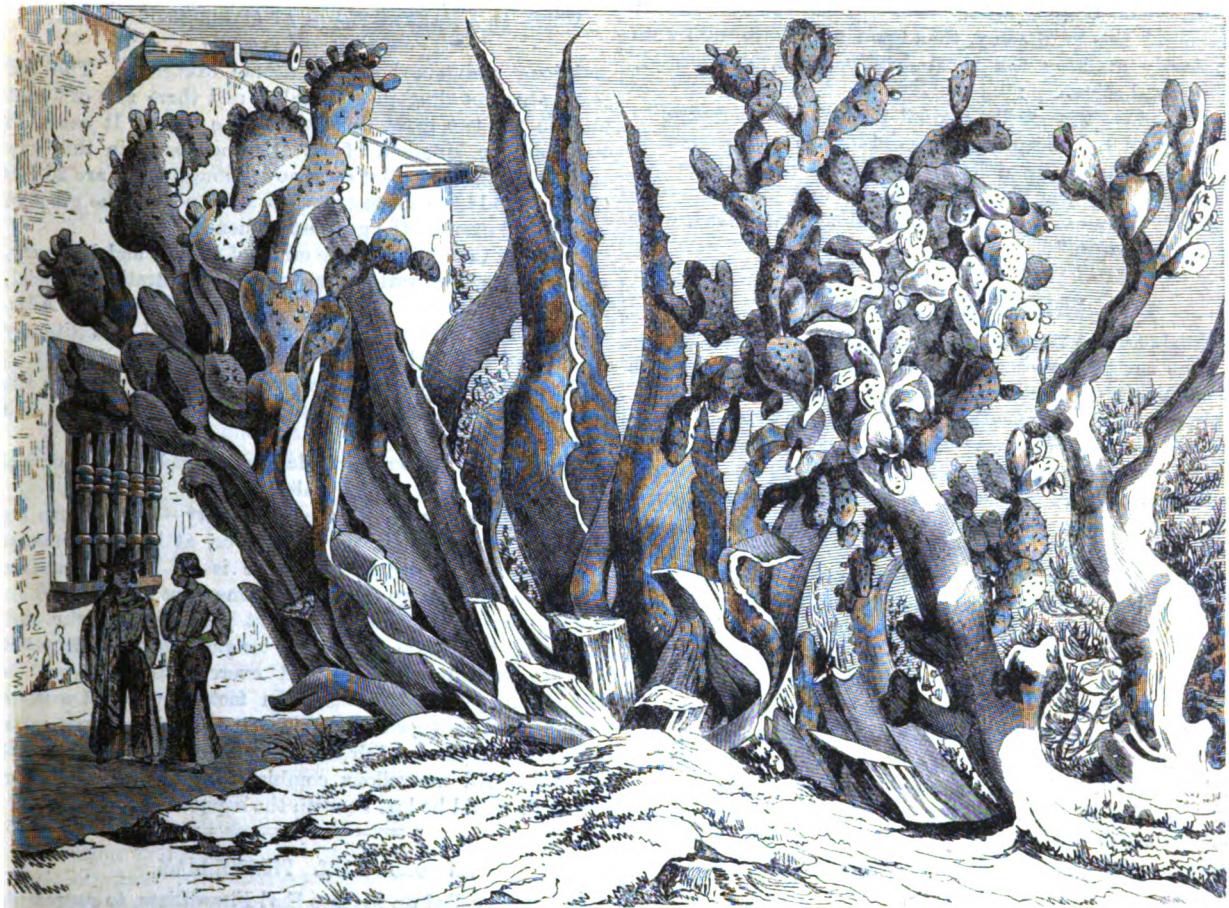
"Yes, dear; and we are all up-stairs. Nobody dares go down. The cook hasn't been able to get to the kitchen for three hours, and there is no dinner ready. That fearful animal stands at the foot of the stairs, and won't allow any one to go by him."

"He hasn't killed the King Charles, and the other scraggy thing, has he?"

"Oh, no, they're up here with us, half frightened to death."



KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.



VEGETATION IN CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 122.

"He hasn't been making himself useful about the house, then, Mrs. Spitzboozy?"

I procured a revolver of a neighbor, and, opening the street door, shot Mrs. Spitzboozy's purchase in the eye. The distant relative of the St. Bernard breed rolled over dead at the foot of the stairs. I was sorry to do it; but while I paid the taxes I concluded I had the first right of possession to my own premises.

Since that day Mrs. Spitzboozy has said nothing about any *new* dogs. I have abandoned the dog business, except that I am making efforts to dispose of the stock I have at present. I find it difficult, and fear that I shall have to wait till warm weather, when the dog ordinance is in force, and then turn the animals unmuzzled into the street.

Meanwhile, Mr. Editor, if you know anybody who has a fancy for canine curiosities, I have two which are in the market—one a King Charles, the other a nondescript—both family dogs, and very useful about the house.

KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.

KING ALFRED was sitting one day in his palace, dispensing justice, and surrounded by his barons, or thanes, as the nobles of the country were called in those days, when, as his eye glanced over the assembled group, he observed that the place of one faithful servant was vacant; and, in answer to his inquiries as to the cause of the absence of the Earl of Holderness, the king was informed that the noble thane and his lady had both died some short time previous. Before the monarch could express his grief, his informant, the warrior Wulph, proceeded to ask Alfred to confer on him the estates of Holderness (that part of Yorkshire lying between the mouth of the Humber and the German Ocean) as a reward for

prowess in war. Instantly, another noble, the wise Thurstan, spoke:

"Nay, king, it would be more just to bestow them on me. For dost thou not remember how, when, at thy command, I crossed the sea, my wisdom was of more avail at the Danish court than all the warlike skill and bravery of Wulph?"

At that moment a door at the far end of the room opened, and a pale, toil-worn woman entered, leading by the hand a lovely boy, whose flaxen hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion plainly showed his Saxon origin. With difficulty she pressed through the throng of anxious and excited nobles, until she stood before the monarch himself. Then, bending low, she said:

"Oh, gracious king, I ask that justice may be done to this boy, the only child of the late Earl of Holderness and Lady Alice. He has no father now to defend him, no mother to care for him; but, orphaned and utterly friendless, he looks to thee for protection. His is the orphan's claim—O king! regard it."

Here she was interrupted by one of the thanes, who angrily exclaimed:

"His claim, forsooth! What! dost thou think, then, that our king needs the services of babes such as that? No. In these troubled times, when our Danish foes are threatening us on all sides, we want men with active bodies, stout arms, and brave hearts. If the lands of Holderness be given to that child, even though he were the lawful heir, say what could he do to guard his country?"

The little fellow lifted his bright blue eyes to the stern speaker, and replied:

"I would pray to God in heaven!"

The good King Alfred, than whom a nobler or better

never sat on England's throne, looked earnestly first at the upturned face of the boy, then upon his thanes, who were anxiously awaiting the royal decision, and, rising, said, slowly and solemnly :

"The king will gladly give all praise and due reward to the faithful thanes who have served him so well in times of need ; but the estates of Holderness must be restored to this child, for they are his by birthright, and his claim—the orphan's claim—is before all others. His father is God, who reigns in heaven."

VEGETATION IN CHIHUAHUA.

THE luxuriant vegetation of the tropics is seen in Chihuahua, on our southwestern border. Those who see the cactus at a florist's, or an agave, a maguey or pulque-plant in the conservatory of some gentleman of wealth and taste, can form but a feeble idea of the size that some species attain on their native soil. The immense pulpy leaf shoots out till man looks like a dwarf beside it. Even the varieties of grass tower up as if in mockery, and the pitahaya lifts its tall stems like gigantic candelabra in the temple of nature. From the maguey the Indians obtain their favorite drink, pulque. The centre of the plant is cut out, and in the hollow left the sap collects, which, fermented, becomes a powerful liquor. The mesquite (*prosopis glandulosa*), a very common plant in all this region, is also highly useful. Though a shrub rather than a tree, there are woods of it. The seed, or bean, is eatable, and the pod, which is bitter-sweet, is most refreshing to a traveler making his weary way across the parching plains where it thrives. It seems placed there by Providence for the relief of men, and even of the antelopes and other animals which resort to it. The Indians use the plant as their favorite fuel, and also employ it for thatching their lodges.

Some of the agaves furnish a fibre which the Indians, from time immemorial, have used for mats, nets, and even for clothing of a coarser style.

These plants cover the plains for miles, and when a traveler is pressed and compelled to quicken his pace, impelled either by hunger or by some hostile band of Indians, these thorny specimens of the vegetable world form a terrible barrier, and garments and flesh suffer fearfully.

THE TIRED STREET-MUSICIANS.

PHILANTHROPY has at last moved to save from their life of misery, too often a mere apprenticeship to crime, the young who from sordid motives have been forced to earn a living as street-musicians, acrobats, or other performers. The Italian consuls joined in the effort, and the inhuman traffic in the young, so long a disgrace, has been broken up. Mr. Bergh, who has done such good service to humanity by organizing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has since been instrumental in the formation of a similar society which has the still higher and nobler view of saving young boys and girls from misery.

Who can look on this picture without in mind traveling to the far-off home where they first saw the light : the little Italian village, whence they were lured by some device, or obtained from parents whose poverty was blinded by the golden promises of the wretch who sought merely to gain little slaves whom he could use and abuse at his option in some far land where the cry of childish misery would be unheeded ? Such a picture now in real life will call for an investigation, and investigation leads to relief.

Poor children, how much their little weary feet have traveled ! how poorly are they supplied with the food needed at this time to give promise of future usefulness by healthy and vigorous frames !

SCENE IN A MARKET-PLACE AT AUGSBURG, GERMANY.

(Continued from page 128.)

and long maintained a quarrelsome existence. The old feeling has not altogether subsided, and there is a different look in the two great divisions of the town. It came, at last, into the kingdom of Bavaria, increasing in this way the Catholic party. But even now, though there are 25,000 Catholics to 14,000 Protestants, the latter possess the greatest wealth and exercise the greatest influence.

It is now the capital of the circle of Swabia and Neuburg, and is the seat of various superior administrative, judicial, and clerical boards. In Augsburg is published the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of the foremost political and literary journals of the world, issued by the great house of Cotta.

The fine public library shows by its constant increase the intelligence and culture of the place, and is especially rich in manuscripts.

Augsburg is a considerable commercial and financial centre of influence and of trade.

It is a quiet city ; no bustle, no activity—a city where an American would die in six months, or, at least, become a hypochondriac. Scarcely a vehicle is to be seen in the streets, and people go along as if time were eternity. The market-place itself, which, in most places, shows stir and movement, the cackle of women's tongues, the loud disputes between exorbitant sellers and overreaching buyers, is here, calm, philosophic, still. In fact, how could women with such sleeves gesticulate ? such a dress requires calm sobriety—and the head-dresses defy anything like a coquettish toss. All marvellous combinations of hair, real or acquired, would be lost beneath the caputal sugar loaf.

AN OLD EARL FITZWILLIAM.

A FARMER called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had during the Winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury ; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you."

The farmer replied that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought, as the crop seemed entirely destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were the most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and, being introduced, said :

"I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

His lordship immediately recollects the circumstance.

"Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss ?"

"Yes, my lord ; but I find that I have sustained no loss at all ; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and therefore I brought you the £50 back again."

"Ah," exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like ; this is as it should be between man and man."

He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him several questions about his family, how many children, and what was the age of each. His lordship then went into another room, and, on returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for £100, saying :

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son shall become of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion which produced it."

The conduct of the farmer was most honorable to himself; and the conduct of his lordship was no less becoming, for, in doing such a noble act of generosity to an excellent character, he at the same time adopted a most effectual means of transmitting a lesson of integrity to another age, and of stamping the deed with his approbation.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.



HIS institution was founded by John Jacob Astor, who died in New York in 1848, leaving a legacy of \$400,000 "for the establishment of a public library in the city of New York." From this bequest was erected what is known as the "south building" of the present structure, on the east side of Lafayette Place, between Fourth and Eighth Streets.

This building is 65 feet wide, 105 feet deep, and 70 feet high. Its main hall is used as a reading-room, and was first opened to the public on January 9, 1854. Two years later, Mr. William B. Astor, eldest son of the founder, donated to the Astor Library a piece of land adjoining this building, and erected thereon the present "north building" of the library, which we illustrate, and which is of the same dimensions as the other. These two buildings have a capacity of 200,000 volumes, and at present contain about three-fourths of that number.

In addition to his donation already mentioned, the late Mr. William B. Astor presented considerable sums of money to the library at different times, his latest gift while living being made in 1866, and amounting to \$50,000. The entire sum which, during his life, he added to his father's munificent bequest, amounted to about \$250,000, to which a codicil of his will adds the sum of \$200,000.

John Jacob Astor was born at Waldorf, near Heidelberg, July 17, 1763. He was the youngest of four sons of a farmer, and his boyhood was passed on his father's farm. In 1769, he followed one of his brothers to London, where he remained in the latter's service, in the business of a musical instrument maker, until 1783, when, with a stock of musical instruments, amounting in value to a few hundred dollars, he sailed for America, designing to speculate in the business with which he was best acquainted.

Meeting on the voyage, however, a furrier, with whom he formed an acquaintance, and from whom he learned much concerning the fur trade, which inclined him to consider it worth favor, Mr. Astor exchanged his stock in New York for furs, and began to devote himself to disposing of these, with a view to building up a business of his own.

So successful was he in his new occupation that, in a very few years, he owned several ships, by means of which he established a prosperous European trade—sending his furs abroad, and receiving in return the products and manufactures of foreign countries.

In the beginning of the present century Mr. Astor was worth about \$200,000. He now began to devise grand schemes of profit, and, with a view to their execution, established a trading port at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia River, whence he purposed supplying the civilized world with furs. His well-formed plans failed, from a variety of antagonistic circumstances, and he made only losses. The history of this enterprise will be found written at length in Washington Irving's "Astoria."

Mr. Astor now turned his attention to the purchase of

real-estate in the city of New York, having early divined the vast future progress of the metropolis, and the certainty of its real-estate becoming greatly advanced in value. In fact, the rapid growth of the city was commensurate with his anticipations, and his wealth became fostered and increased by this means alone, until, at his death, in 1849, Mr. Astor was estimated to possess a fortune of about \$30,000,000.

In the meantime, an elder brother—Mr. Henry Astor—had come to New York, engaged in the business of a butcher, become wealthy, followed his brother's example by purchasing large tracts of land, chiefly on the east side of the city, and, at his death, had bequeathed his property to his nephew, Mr. William B. Astor, who, at the time he inherited the bulk of his father's wealth, was estimated to be worth \$6,000,000 in his own right.

The latter gentleman—and whose death, on the 26th of November, produced a marked impression throughout the country, as well as in the locality where he lived and died—was born in September, 1792, and was 56 years of age when he inherited his father's property.

Already a millionaire, Mr. Astor also inherited and encouraged those habits of care and judgment in managing a large financial interest, whose practice by his father had preserved for him the interest to manage.

Devoting himself to his life-long task with that degree of labor and assiduity which alone could result in success, Mr. Astor, nevertheless, permitted none of the projects which his father had at heart to languish, but found time amid his multiplied business engagements to extend a fostering care over each of them.

And thus the "Astor Library," in New York, and the "Astor House," Waldorf—the latter a benevolent institution founded by John Jacob Astor, in a codicil to his will—were firmly established on the foundation laid by their original benefactor; while, particularly in the case of the former establishment, and thanks to his fine intellectual perception, aesthetic tastes, and a liberal education, the world has reason to be grateful to the son, in as full a degree as to the father, for liberal and judicious expenditure in its behalf. Established and sustained through the wise generosity of these two members of the Astor family, the library which bears their name is at once an honor to their memory and the intellectual position of the country.

Much of its usefulness is, of course, owing to the judicious and experienced intelligence of the late Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the learned bibliographer whom the elder Astor selected with wise foresight to dispose of his munificent legacy with the best practical wisdom looking towards its future benefit to the city it was designed to do much towards educating and refining. Dr. Cogswell was for many years Superintendent of the Library, and in that capacity organized its system of classification, purchased the bulk of its contents, and completed his arduous labors by compiling the catalogue of the institution. Having done all of this, he retired from his directorship, and presently laid him down to die in his home at Cambridge, Massachusetts, followed by the affectionate and respectful mourning of all who knew him—all of whom loved and admired him.

Following Dr. Cogswell, the superintendence of the library fell in the hands of Mr. Francis Schroeder, formerly, and for many years, United States Minister to Stockholm. On his retirement, Dr. E. R. Straznický, the first assistant librarian, was advanced to the position, and still holds it. Dr. Straznický was for many years Secretary of the American Geographical Society, and is a gentleman of large acquirements, and particularly a distinguished linguist. He is assisted chiefly by Mr. Frederick Saunders, the well-known and graceful Essayist, and by Mr. Arthur W. Tyler, a young, but highly-considered authority in theological literature.

The Astor Library contains in the neighborhood of 150,000

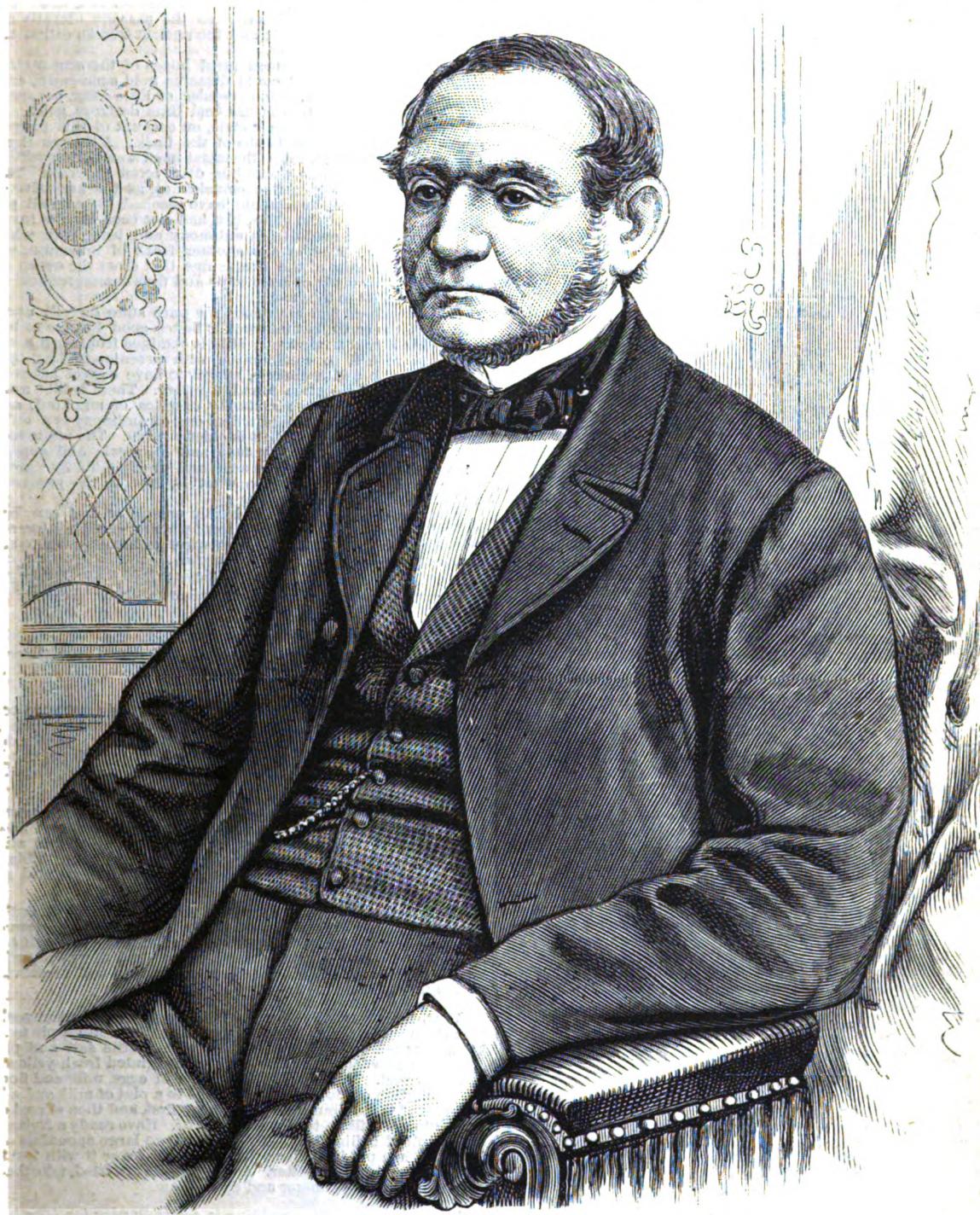


THE NORTH ROOM, ASTOR LIBRARY, LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

volumes, and is divided by its two buildings into two grand classes—Literature in the north and Science in the south building. The minor classification of both these grand divisions is after the system of the French bibliographer, Brunet, and is at once minute and comprehensive.

As a working-library, for students or authors, the Astor is,

study. In fact, many of these readers are themselves a study, and very much can be learned concerning human nature, by considering carefully, and at length, the characteristics, habits, and topics of thought, of the hundreds, male and female, who daily spend hours in poring over novel or recondite literature in the reading-halls of the



THE LATE WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

perhaps, unequaled by any other of its size in the world. It is sufficient to state on this point that the "History of Civilization," projected by Henry Thomas Buckle, could have been written in its alcoves.

Being a reference-library, the Astor is chiefly useful through the aids it furnishes to writers and instructors. Yet it is filled daily with readers for pleasure as well as for

great and beneficent institution which owes its existence and its usefulness to the princely Astors.

CHINESE PRECEPTS.—Be not ashamed of bad food and coarse clothing. Do not buy useless things. Be not over fond of feasts. Do not learn to imitate the rich and great.

SCIENCE.

INHABITANTS of the planet Mars can make the tour of their world dry-shod, or in forty days, if they have accomplished rapid transit. The land is not divided off in islands, as with us, the amount of water being barely enough to form lakes.

NARROW gauge railways are meeting with considerable favor in Switzerland. The longest road of this class now in course of construction is that from Geneva to Lausanne, along the Jura Mountains. Its length is fifty-five miles. Narrow gauge railways have been introduced in Zurich.

SILK culture is increasing so rapidly in South America that the Government of Brazil contemplates offering subsidies to scientific cultivators of the worm. The climate is well adapted to the industry, and the country possesses an abundance of the Palma Christi, a plant upon which the worm feeds with avidity.

PURE glycerine should not produce, when locally applied, a burning sensation, which it always does when the fatty acids are not all extracted. But even absolutely pure glycerine, when undiluted, is a water-extracting body. It should, therefore, when used as a cosmetic, or for medical application, be always diluted with water.

THE proprietors of a furnace in Vinton County, Ohio, by using a patent separator for working and cleaning coal, have succeeded in producing an excellent article of coke from the hill coals found in that region. The consequence is, that the experimenters expect to produce by the use of this fuel a superior quality of iron at a reduced cost.

M. LEON SAY has proposed to one of the commissions of the French Assembly that a prize of 200 francs should be offered for the discovery of process by which it may be possible to determine immediately and practically the amount of alcohol in any mixture, no matter how composed. The commission voted unanimously in favor of the proposal, and M. Dampierre was charged to draw up a report on the subject.

MR. T. MELLARD READE, C. E., F. G. S., has read an interesting paper before the Liverpool (England) Geological Society, containing a series of novel investigations on the action of tides on the seabottom. He expressed his conviction that the diurnal and semi-diurnal movement of the tides, acting down to the profoundest depths of the ocean, account for the preponderance of life in it over that exhibited by the fauna of the Mediterranean.

A SMALL boulder, bearing all the distinguishing marks of a meteoric stone, was found in Wyndham County, Conn., recently. It is in the form of an oblate spheroid, the longest diameter being nine inches, the shortest six inches. About one-third of the entire mass, probably split off either by explosion in the atmosphere or by collision with the earth when it fell, is wanting. The weight of that portion that remains is $19\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The external surface, of a dark-brown color, is very smooth and even, with the exception of slight indentations here and there. The elementary composition is felspar, with a small intermixture of metallic alloy, probably nickel and iron.

LIFTING POWER OF PLANTS.—A good deal of interest has been felt by scientific men in the experiments made by Professor Clark, of the Amherst Agricultural College, on the lifting power of growing plants, and one of the results which has attracted as much attention as any is his discovery that the greatest weight lifted by a growing pumpkin in the course of its development is nearly two and a half tons. The lifting power of plants, however, is well known to be very great. Dr. Carpenter relates the case of a paving-stone, weighing eighty-three pounds, which was raised an inch and a half from its resting-place by a mass of fungi which grew underneath it. A still more remarkable story may be here recorded. A man who owned a cask of sweet wine placed it in an empty cellar in order to allow it to mature; but, when he went to examine it several years afterwards, it had risen from the floor of the cellar to the ceiling, having been borne upward, as it were, on the shoulders of the fungi, with which plants the cellar was filled.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

ANTIMONY.

THE story goes that a Benedictine monk, named Basil Valentine, who lived about the time of Luther, at Erfurt, and was fond of scientific researches, gave metallic powders to some hogs, the effect of which was to purge them thoroughly and then to fatten them. He wrote a book called the "Triumphant Chariot of Antimony," in which occurs the following curious passage:

"Let men know that antimony not only purgeth gold, cleaneth and frees it from every peregrine matter, and from all other metals, but also (by a power innate in itself) effects the same in man and beasts. If a farmer purpose in himself to keep up and fatten any of his cattle—as, for example, an hog—two or three days before let him give to the swine a convenient dose of crude antimony, about half a drachm, mixed with his food, that by it he may be purged; through which purgative he will not only acquire an appetite to his meat, but the sooner increase and be fattened. And if any swine labor with a disease about his liver, antimony causeth it to be dried up and expelled."

In the kindness of his heart, Valentine thought what a good thing it would be to give some of this fattening power to his fasting brethren. Unfortunately for the success of the theory, all who

partook of it died; whereupon the poisonous mineral was called *anti-moine*, or *antimony*—destructive to monks. There is probably more fancy than fact in this narrative; but as it serves to lighten the tedium of a lecture on this metal, it will no doubt retain its place in our books, and be told to all future generations as a capital joke upon Valentine.

The compounds of antimony were known to the most ancient races, and it was used by the women of the East chiefly for staining the upper and under edges of the eyelids, so as to increase the apparent size of the eye. It is said of Jezebel that she "put her eyes in sulphuret of antimony," as the passage literally means, when Jehu came to Jezreel; and the ancient Greeks called the ore *broad eye*, from this custom.

The alchemists entertained great hopes of the new metal. As they called the acid that could dissolve gold *aqua-regia*, or royal water, so they named antimony *regulus*, or little king, because it so easily attacks and renders brittle, and thus destroys gold. It was also called the wolf among metals, on account of this property of devouring the harmless lambs of the flock. Although the compounds were so long known, the metal itself was not prepared until about the same time as Columbus discovered America. There is something interesting in this coincidence, as the narrative of the great navigator's exploits would have reached but a small portion of the inhabitants of the globe, if it had not been for the invention of movable types made from antimony and lead, with which to print the story. And to cite another freak of invention, we will state that the shafts of the steamships that cross the ocean rest in bearings largely made of antimony—and thus commerce and letters owe a great debt to this metal.

We sometimes find antimony in a pure state directly upon the surface of the earth, but this would be too good fortune to be lasting, and in actual mining very little is obtained from such a source. We meet with it in combination with arsenic—in fact, the two metals, arsenic and antimony, appear to have a great affection for each other, and are often found together. Their habits are very much alike, and they are mutually enemies of mankind, as they are violent poisons. The principal ore of antimony is a sulphide called stibnite, and from this it is chiefly made. The ore is roasted, and afterward fused with potash and charcoal; and sometimes purified by being dissolved in acid, and precipitated by water, and again fused so as to produce what is, even to the present day, called the *regulus* of antimony.

The metal is very brilliant, highly crystalline, and can be pulverized the same as a mineral; from which it can be inferred that we cannot draw it out into tubes or wires, or hammer it into sheets, as we can copper and many other metals.

(To be continued.)

RECIPES.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—Three cups of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour and a little salt. Bake in earthen cups, half filled. A quick oven.

APPLE JELLY.—Cut the apples in quarters—do not pare or core them; dip each quarter into clear water, and put them in a jar, and place them in the oven to cook until quite tender. Strain off the juice, as usual, and boil with a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. The most delicious jelly will be the result, with the full, pure flavor of the apple.

PLUM PUDDING.—Quarter of a pound of fine chopped suet; the same of grated bread crumbs, currants, raisins, and flour; add two tablespoonsfuls of molasses and half a pint of milk; mix all well together and boil in a mold for three and a half hours. This pudding will be found inexpensive, but, if served with a good sauce, most delicious.

PICKLE AND PRESERVE JARS.—Remember that pickle and preserve jars should always be washed in cold water, dried thoroughly, and kept in a dry place. If they are washed in hot water, it cracks their glazed surface, making them porous, and therefore unfit for use; since one of the great points in pickling and preserving is thoroughly to exclude the air.

VEAL FRITTERS.—Take some thin slices of cold roast veal and trim them in a circular form. Beat them with a rolling-pin to make them very tender, and season them with a little salt and pepper and some powdered nutmeg. Also some grated fresh yellow rind of lemon peel. Make a very light batter of eggs, milk and flour, in the proportion of four well-beaten eggs to a pint of milk and a large half-pint of sifted flour; the eggs beaten first, and then stirred gradually into the milk in turn with the flour. Have ready a frying-pan, nearly full of boiling lard. Drop into it two large spoonfuls of the batter. Then put in a slice of the veal and cover it with two more large spoonfuls of the batter. As the fritters are fried, take them up with a perforated skimmer and drain them.

RICE PUDDING.—Rice pudding is certainly very familiar, but we give a new recipe, which those who have tried it pronounce excellent. It is peculiar from the fact that it contains neither raisins, butter, nor water. Take two quarts of new milk, five ounces of rice, and five ounces of sugar, flavor according to taste, and add a little salt. Place the mixture where it will heat slowly, and stir occasionally while the rice is swelling. When the milk is boiling hot, place the pudding in a moderate oven and bake for one hour, or until the rice is quite soft. Do not stir the pudding after placing it in the oven, but try to ascertain if the rice is done before removing it. Serve cold. This is certainly a very simple pudding, but it is much preferable to the more elaborate recipes containing fifteen or twenty ingredients.

WESTPHALIAN CROQUETTES.—These are very simple and easily made, but at the same time they will serve as an additional dish in the case of an emergency. Mix a little grated ham with some mashed potatoes, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, and add butter, salt and pepper to suit the taste, and make into croquettes.

BISCUIT PUDDING.—Pour a pint of boiling cream or milk over three penny Naples biscuits grated; cover it close when cold, add the yolks of four eggs, two whites, nutmeg, a little brandy, half a spoonful of flour, some sugar; boil this one hour in a china basin; serve it with melted butter, wine, and sugar.

STEWED OYSTERS.—An ancient matron furnishes the following recipe for stewing oysters, and adds that, if any other mode is adopted, the oysters will be simply spoiled: Take half a dozen medium-sized oysters, freshly opened, and place them in a lined saucepan with their own liquor, and pour over them about a gill and a half of boiling water. Let the vessel stand over the fire for a moment only, and skim the froth rising to the surface. Then remove from the fire, and pour the contents from the pan into a heated dish, being careful to retain all particles of shell or other sediment. Rinse out the pan and return to it the contents of the dish, add a lump of fresh butter about the size of a walnut, a half a water-cracker grated very fine, a little cayenne pepper, a few grains of whole allspice, and a little salt. Return the vessel again to the fire, and add a gill of fresh cream, and as soon as the oysters are cooked through, but before they are shriveled, remove them.

AN EXCELLENT AND VERY CHEAP SOUP.—Have a quarter of a pound of fat bacon cut into dice, peel and slice two good-sized onions, or three small ones, and put both into a stewpan, with one ounce of dripping; fry them gently until slightly brown, then add two ounces of turnips, two ounces of carrots, and one ounce of leeks, and one ounce of celery; cut them thin and slanting, fry for ten minutes, and fill up with seven quarts of water, and, when boiling, add a pound and a quarter of split peas, and let them simmer for two or three hours, until reduced to a pulp, which depends on the quality of the pea; then add two ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, quarter of an ounce of mint, mix one-half pound of flour in twelve ounces of water to a thin batter, pour into the soup, stir it well, boil one-quarter of an hour, and serve.

BEEF CARVING.

AITCH-BONE OF BEEF.—A boiled aitch-bone of beef is not a difficult joint to carve, as will be seen on reference to the accompanying engraving. By following with the knife the direction of the line from 1 to 2, nice slices will be easily cut. It may be necessary, as in a round of beef, to cut a thick slice off the outside before commencing to serve.

BRISKET OF BEEF.—There is but little description necessary to add, to show the carving of a boiled brisket of beef, beyond the engraving here inserted. The only point to be observed is, that the joint should be cut evenly and firmly quite across the bones, so that, on its reappearance at table, it should not have a jagged and untidy look.

RIBS OF BEEF.—This dish resembles the sirloin, except that it has no fillet or undercut. As explained in the recipes, the end piece is often cut off, salted and boiled. The mode of carving is similar to that of the sirloin, viz., in the direction of the dotted line from 1 to 2. This joint will be the more easily cut if the plan be pursued which is suggested in carving the sirloin; namely, the inserting of the knife immediately between the bone and the meat, before commencing to cut it into slices. All joints of roast beef should be cut in even and thin slices. Horse-radish, finely scraped, may be served as a garnish; but horse-radish sauce is preferable for eating with the beef.

SIRLOIN OF BEEF.—This dish is served differently at various tables, some preferring it to come to table with the fillet, or, as it is usually called, the undercut uppermost. The reverse way, as shown in the cut, is that most usually adopted. Still the undercut is best eaten when hot; consequently, the carver himself may raise the joint, and cut some slices from the under side, in the direction of from 1 to 2, as the fillet is very much preferred by some eaters. The upper part of the sirloin should be cut in the direction of the line from 5 to 6, and care should be taken to carve it evenly and in thin slices. It will be found a great assistance, in carving this joint well, if the knife be first inserted just above the bone at the bottom, and run sharply along between the bone and meat, and also to divide the meat from the bone in the same way at the side of the joint. The slices will then come away more readily. Some carvers cut the upper side of the sirloin across, as shown by the line from 3 to 4; but this is a wasteful plan, and one not to be recommended. With the sirloin, very finely-scraped horse-radish is usually served, and a little given, when liked, to each guest. Horse-radish sauce is preferable, however, for serving on the plate, although the scraped horse-radish may still be used as a garnish.



ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Why are pianos the noblest of manufactured articles?—Because they are grand, upright, and square.

TEACHER.—“What is the definition of flirtation?” Intelligent young pupil: “It is attention without intention.”

A SCHOOLBOY says that when his teacher attempts to show him “what is what,” he only finds out which is switch.

It is said that the reason Sweden never has to send abroad for cattle, is because she always keeps her Stockholm.

HOOK AND EYE.—Coleman being once asked if he knew Theodore Hook, answered, “Oh, yes; Hook and Eye are old associates.”

The boy's first really great lesson in acting usually takes place upon meeting his mother in search of the pantry key, which lies securely at the bottom of his trousers pocket.

WILSON, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage, near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: “We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces.”

MR. JOHN BROUHAM, happening to be seated by the side of Coronor Connery, and feeling thirsty, said to that gentleman, “What will you drink?” “A little claret,” responded his friend. “Claret!” exclaimed Mr. Brougham; “claret for a coroner! why, there's no body in that!”

ON A SMOKER.
My weed's to ashes turned, and, lo,
Out of my ashes weeds do grow!
Then to my widow thus I say,
“You take to weeds—I'll turn to clay!”

HOW TO DRESS A CALF'S HEAD.—Take your head and rub in a thick lather all over the face, then pare off with a sharp instrument. Wipe well with a clean towel, and place pieces of starched linen about half-way up the cheek. Lard the crown with any kind of grease—a few drops of oil may be an improvement—and your calf's head will be dressed in the most approved style.

THE BUTT END.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer a wink, and exclaimed, “Always take the butt end!”

A LADY was telling a friend from the country of a very grand party she had given recently. “We had two generals, one judge, a popular author, and a play-writer.” “Yee,” chimed in her wicked son, “and there was a deputy-sheriff too, who said he wanted to see dad, and they went out before supper, and dad has not come back yet.” When that youth went to school the next day with his head all tied up, he told the boys he had a dreadful toothache.

At one of the railroad depots, the other day, a lady walked up to the ticket-window and smilingly said, “I know just how women are, and I don't propose to bother any one. Answer me a few questions, and I'll sit down and say nothing till train time. How far is it to Grand Rapids? What's the fare? When does the train leave? When do we arrive there? Where do they check baggage? Which track will the train start from? How can I get to Muskegon from Grand Rapids? How far is it? What's the fare? Do I change cars? Is there a palace coach on the road? Shall I get a lay-over ticket? Can I check my baggage clear through? Is there a conductor to this road named Smith? Do you allow dogs in the passenger cars? And can a child ten years old go for nothing?” Having been answered, she kept her promise to sit still, and the depot policeman had not the least trouble in seeing her off.

FULL OUTFIT.—An officer in the army, who was going abroad to join his regiment recently, made all his purchases at a famed up-town establishment where the boast is that everything can be had there cheap and of the best. The customer was such a large buyer that the proprietor, contrary to usage, stepped forward to thank him, and to express a hope that the officer was perfectly satisfied, and had been able to find everything that he required. The captain thanked the proprietor, and answered, “Nearly all.” “Not all,” was the quick query of the proprietor—“not all? I hoped, sir, we could find you everything.” “Why, it is a little out of your line!” “Out of our line? Not at all, sir.” “Oh, you are quite sure of that, are you?” “Quite certain, sir.” “Well, then,” continued the captain, laughingly, “I want a wife!” “Step this way, sir,” and the astonished military man followed. He went through strange labyrinths, and up and down stairs innumerable. En route the proprietor communicated these facts: About three or four months prior a beautiful, highly-educated girl, of good family, who had lost her parents, and with them all resources, applied to him for employment. He had, after listening to her story, though she was a novice to business, been touched by her friendless situation, and gave her employment, and he had found her a worthy and exemplary girl. The captain saw and admired. He bought of her, and introduced himself. He came often, bought more, and, upon inquiry, found all particulars to have been truthfully stated. His manners and appearance pleased the girl, and, when he told her the story of how his last want had been mentioned to the proprietor of the establishment, it ended in a hearty laugh on both sides—but after the laugh they were married within three days, and she is now on her way to India.



THE LITTLE STREET-MUSICIANS—FOOT-SORE AND WEARY—SEE PAGE 122.

Scene in the Market-place at Augsburg, Germany.

AUGSBURG! Yes, everyone knows about Augsburg, for everybody has heard of the celebrated Confession of Augsburg. Yet we warrant most will make a frank confession that they know little more about either document or city than the name. When they look into the market-place by means of our telescope, they will further confess that the dresses are quaint enough, and the women's sleeves preposterous.

Augsburg is a German city with a Dutch look, so completely is it surrounded by the waters of the Lech. It is a venerable place, that boasts of having delivered Germany, 900 years ago, by routing the Huns.

At the Reformation the city divided into two camps—the votaries of the old faith and the new—adopted different hats, dresses, coffee-houses, physicians, brewers, and cemeteries,

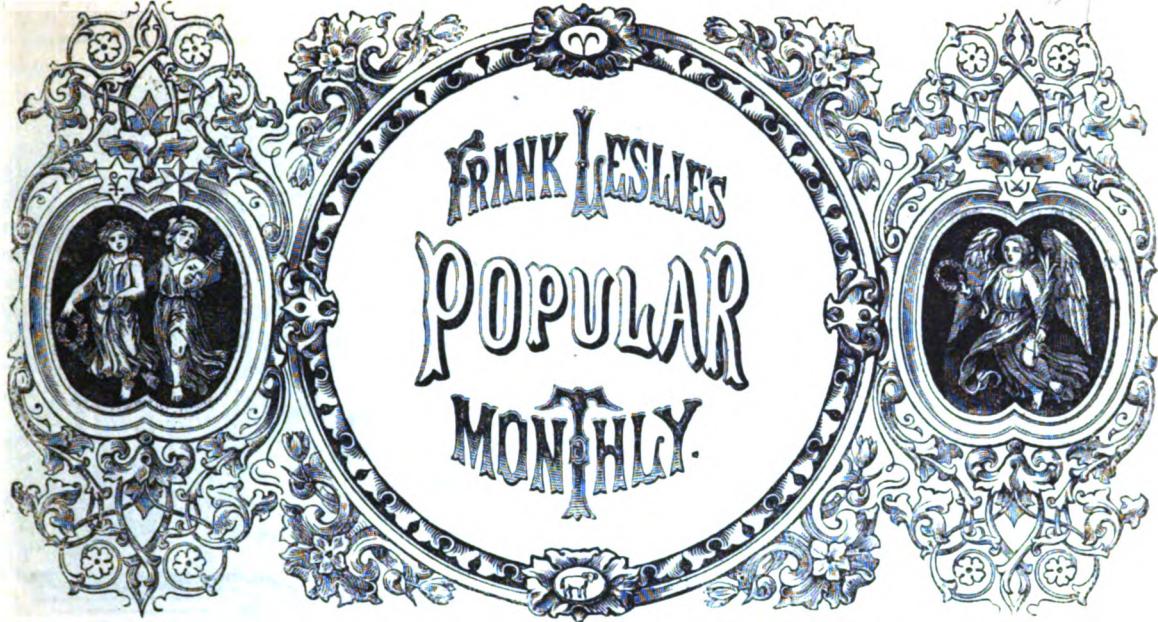
(For continuation, see page 122.)



SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT AUGSBURG.



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TURKEY: ITS PAST CONDITION AND PROMISED REFORMS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the ancient Byzantium, was founded in 667 B.C. Lying upon the Thracian Bosphorus, its position was at once secure and enchanting. It commanded the shores of Europe and Asia; it had magnificent facilities for trade, and was surrounded by picturesque and varied scenery. In 440 B.C. Byzantium revolted from Athens, though it afterwards returned to an alliance with that city. Under Alexander the Great it retained for some time a certain degree of independence, but later was tributary to the Gauls, and finally attached itself to Rome. In 196, A.D., it was captured by Severus and destroyed, but afterwards rebuilt; and in 330, A.D., was made, by the Emperor Constantine, the capital of the Roman Empire, and called after his own name.

TURKISH CITIES, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

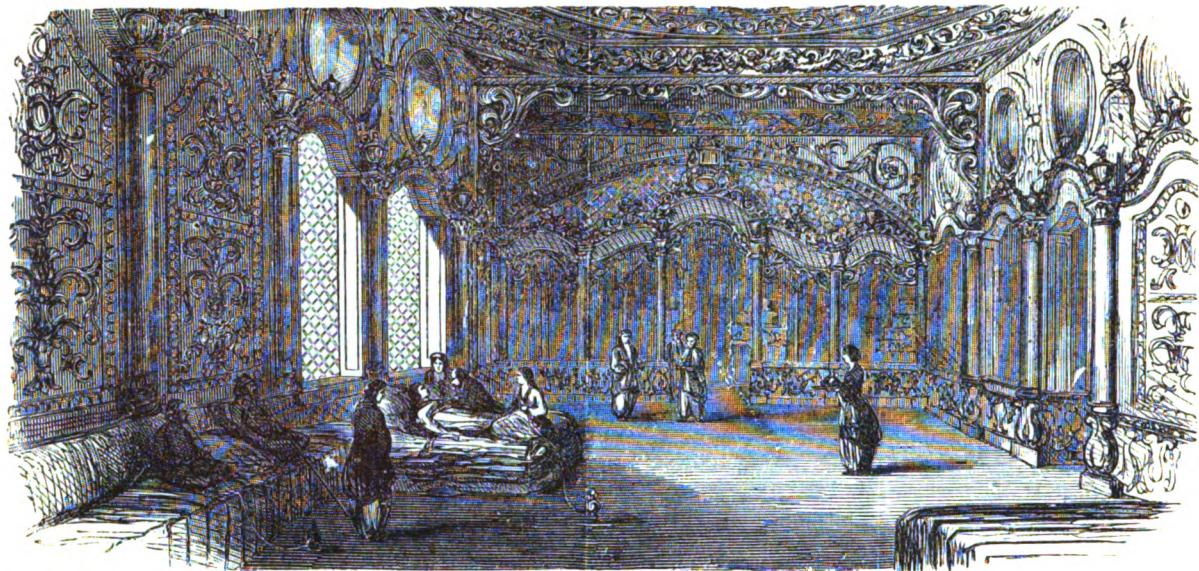


THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

It continued to be the residence of the Roman and afterwards of the Byzantine emperors until 1453, when it was taken by the Turks, since which time it has been the capital of Turkey and the principal residence of the Sultan.

On no spot in the world are the customs of the people in all eastern and western countries so blended in proportions as in this city. Nowhere else are seen the European hat, bonnet and chignon, and the Turkish fez, turban, and yashmach.

The male Turks are now generally dressed in European costume, excepting the fez, which is still worn. The ladies and the clergy are almost the only classes who have preserved the ancient costume, and there are few sights more picturesque than to see a group of women, as they appear in Constantinople, clad



A TURKISH SICK-ROOM.

in fabrics of every imaginable color, and made of the customary material.

The city itself is built on hilly ground, and with its numerous gardens, cypresses, mosques, palaces, minarets and towers, it presents a very splendid appearance as seen from the side of the Golden Horn. But a nearer approach reveals the characteristics common to every eastern town: narrow, crooked, filthy streets, and miserable houses of wood and clay; although, since the Crimean war, the city has been greatly improved in this respect. Great fires, which took place in 1865, 1866, and 1870, swept away square miles of old wooden houses on both sides of the Golden Horn, and on these spaces handsome stone buildings have been erected in the modern European style.

Constantinople contains many magnificent buildings, of which the mosque of Santa Sophia, the grandest ecclesiastical building in the Levant, is the most attractive. This was formerly a Christian church, and is built in the form of a Greek cross, 269 feet long by 243 broad, with a flattened dome 180 feet above the ground. Outside, the building is colored with alternate bands of pale red and yellow, and displays little of the magnificence within, where rich golden mosaics, porphyry columns supporting figures of arabesque patterns, metallic ornaments, richly carpeted floors, and other glittering and showy display in various materials, altogether present a very sumptuous appearance. The mosque of Sultan Achmet is also one of the attractions of the city. It has six minarets, each with two galleries. It is considered the finest specimen of a purely Turkish building in Stamboul.

But the greatest attraction to strangers in Stamboul is the bazaar, a collection of passages covered with stone-barreled vaults. On each side are wooden closets, like very large wardrobes, only they open in the middle, horizontally. The merchant pulls up the upper half of the doors, which forms a sort of canopy over his head, and is used for the suspension of choice articles. He lets down the lower half, which can be supported by posts in the ground; he then sits down upon it, surrounded by his wares. This, however, is only one description of a shop, and there is great variety in their construction. Sometimes the bazaar is held on each side, in which case there is an arch supported by pillars.

The bazaars are given up to different trades, as the drug, jewelry, slipper bazaar, etc., each being generally congregated in one street by itself. Thus, near the mosque of

Sultan Solyman, there is a row of shops tenanted by the makers of inkstands and penholders; near that of Biazid is another occupied by the braziers.

Another remarkable feature in Stamboul is the number of fountains of all shapes and sizes, from a simple arch to serve to keep off the sun, to the elaborate affair like that of the Seraglio Gate, consisting of a square edifice with circular towers at the entrance, the use of which is to enable persons outside to supply cups of water to passers-by. The more important fountains are generally covered with a coating of marble and decorated with surface ornament, comprising representations of vases filled with flowers, or dishes with fruit. These fountains, when carved in stone, are most elaborately colored and gilt; but when of marble, they have only a little gilding and but little color.

As to the population of Constantinople and its various suburbs, they are motley indeed! Of the Asiatic tribes, as a rule, one sees only a mere rabble walking, and but rarely a lady. The throng of horsemen, cabs, and broughams is enormous, and the rush of travel is coincidently great. The Turkish women still wear the yashmach, though completely modified. It consists of a coarse linen fold, swathing the brow, also covering the mouth, leaving full one-third of the face for the women of the people; and with a veil of the finest kind, and somewhat in shape like that customarily worn by ladies in Europe and America, for the use of those of higher rank. From this, all that can be seen in the throng is an occasional pair of black eyes shining out, a dusky brown complexion, round faces; occasionally the outline of exquisite features is perceived through some carriage window; but of the customary female figure no other idea can be imagined than that of a shapeless bundle of white clothes loosely hidden by a long blanket-like cloak with broad sleeves—usually a dark green, deep crimson, or sickly yellow, and, more rarely, a white and red check plaid.

The population of Constantinople and its suburbs has been variously estimated. In 1873, it probably contained about 800,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-half were Mohammedans, one-fourth Greeks and Armenians, one-eighth Franks, and one-eighth Jews. There are more than three hundred mosques, some public libraries—both Turkish and Greek—of which that of the seraglio is particularly rich in the treasures of Oriental literature; and there are several Turkish and European printing-presses.

The public baths and coffee-houses are exceedingly numerous and much frequented. Some of the peculiar manu-

factures of the East are carried on, as in leather, carpets, etc., but the manufactures of Western Europe abound in the markets. Constantinople is now connected by railroad with the interior of the northwestern part of Asia Minor. The railroad which runs from Stamboul to Bellova was opened on the 17th of June, 1873, and passes through one of the richest parts of Europe. It will be connected with Western Europe by a branch line crossing the Danube.

One of the peculiar sights of Constantinople is the dancing dervishes. To see thirty-four of these strange fanatics of different sizes, ages, and degrees of corpulence whirling about in a sort of waltzing step, which their naked feet perform skilfully to the sound of the music of a reed flute, is certainly a strange exhibition, particularly when one reflects that it is all done in the interests of religion. The howling dervishes have their habitation across the Bosphorus, over in Scutari. Here the process consists of fierce invocations not unlike those to be heard in a Methodist camp-meeting; and is heard in the midst of a thick, stifling incense, the quaint, wild ejaculations of "Oh, Mediator!" "Oh, Beloved!" "Oh, Advocate!" "In the day of judgment," etc., sounds certainly strange enough, and much unlike the performance of human beings; the dervishes at length howling out their "*La illah—illah la!*" as if they were turning into wolves; while the motion of bending and gesticulating, which is performed to music at the same time, becomes mechanical, and sometimes almost epileptic.

The Turkish shopkeepers all sit upon their platform counters robed and turbaned, looking as if they had been acting stories from "The Arabian Nights" in private theatricals the night before, and had not yet had time to change their clothes. They are always sitting cross-legged, generally smoking, and half-dozing. Donkeys pass and bump up against the door-post, thieves run by pursued by angry soldiers with drawn and flashing sabres, the "Sick Man" himself rides past, sad and hopeless, with the ambassador at his elbow; but nothing moves the calm, self-possessed shopkeeper in his white-and-green turban.

In fact, the Turkey shopkeeper is the type of the Turk in general, of whom the nineteenth century one is the same as that of the seventeenth century—reticent, stolid, incapable of fret or worry, and as qualified to return to his Asian tent to-day as he ever was.

Travel through the narrow streets of Constantinople is one of the most difficult imaginable kinds of peregrination. The continuous stream of ox-carts, water-carriers, and oil-carriers, ass-drivers, bread-sellers, carriages with Turkish ladies, pack-horses, children, and Circassian loungers, with praying dervishes at every step, dogs, innumerable melon-stalls, and beggars—altogether this furnished a whirling maelstrom of difficulties terrible to men and impossible to women.

Pipe shops are among the most common in Constantinople, where cherry stems from Asia Minor, and jasmine saplings from Albania, with their small red tea-cups of a bowl, the latter crammed with the choicest tobacco of Salonica, furnish the chibouque that the Turk so loves. Opposite to these will be found coffee shops, where men can lunch off a cup of coffee without milk or sugar, and the puffs of a narghile. Next, perhaps, comes the maker of vermicelli, followed by a print shop, and that by a baker's establishment. Fez shops are also numerous, for turbans decrease, though slowly. The fez is of a deep crimson in color, having at the top a little red stalk, to which the heavy blue tassel is tied.

Tailors are uncommon, as are stationers and booksellers. The jewelers have their establishments chiefly in the bazaars, where they sit, sorting heaps of seed pearls, or weighing filagree earrings, with veiled ladies looking on, and black duennas in yellow boots in waiting.

As we have already mentioned, the dogs of Constantinople

are a prominent feature of the population, as they say 80,000 of the canine species are domiciled in the different quarters of the city. They are fierce and quarrelsome; but troublesome as they are, are tolerated as scavengers, since they clear away the offal, as the hyenas do elsewhere, or the buzzards at Aspinwall. If a horse or camel dies, or even one of their own number, the carcass is not left to taint the air, but is taken into possession by these animals, who pick the flesh from it, leaving only the bones. They are a fierce race, but, if unmolested, will not attack you in Constantinople; but they are dangerous if met in the open country, though even here they will fly from a stone.

The pavement of the city is roughly put together—the pedestrian hobbles and the equestrian stumbles. In regard to lighting, the yellow lamps swung across the streets serve only to make the darkness visible, and render it necessary to carry a light for your own comfort and protection. These lamps even are only to be found in the European suburbs of Pera and Galata. The genuine Osmanli thinks nobody should be out of his own house after nightfall.

Scutari, which is across the Bosphorus and in Asia, will be remembered as the locality of the hospitals during the Crimean war. It is from Scutari that the caravans depart for the desert. Here there is a picturesque object called Leander's Tower, or, by some, the Maiden's Tower, which has a legend attached to it. According to this legend, one of the Sultans had a lovely little daughter, of whom he was so fond that he was anxious to know what the Fates had in store for her in the future. Through the intervention of astrology, the child's nativity was cast; and the reply was, that, if she survived her sixteenth birthday, her life would be long and happy. But she must beware of all serpents. The Sultan, accordingly, caused a tower to be erected, in which was centred everything that could be procured for her accommodation and delight, and she was placed within it, not to leave until the time was fully passed.

The eventful day arrived, the fair princess was dressed handsomely, awaiting her father's coming, who was to release his child from the prison in which paternal love had immured her. She was looking for the Sultan when she perceived a small basket, covered over with fresh leaves,



A TURKISH WOMAN ABROAD.
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WOMEN AT A FOUNTAIN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE TOWER AT GALATA, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

standing on a ledge which surrounded a pretty garden that had been contrived for her, such offerings being common among people who felt interested in her fate. With girlish pleasure she ran to fetch the gift, and, reaching it, sat down to examine its contents. When the Sultan came, he rushed up, surprised at not being met by the princess—and found her evidently arrayed for the occasion, but seemingly asleep. He called to her, "My child!" No answer. An asp that dropped from the basket revealed that hers was the sleep of death. The serpent had been concealed among the flowers. This story will be recognized by our readers as almost identical with one common to all modern fairy books—the "Sleeping Beauty."

The interior of Turkey comprises a heterogeneous population of different races. The Turks there are the Osmanlis and Turkomans. Then there are Sclaves, Romans, Arnauts, Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Arabs, Druses, Gipsies, Tartars, Circassians, Kopts, Nubians, Berbers, etc. Of these the Greeks and Armenians are traders. The Turkomans and Kurds are herdsmen and nomads. The Sclaves, Romans, and Albanians are the chief agriculturists in Europe, and the Osmanlis, Armenians, Syrians and Druzes in Asia.

The Government of Turkey is a pure despotism. The sovereign, who is commonly styled Sultan, being also entitled Padishah, Grand Seignor,

and Khan. But, though nominally absolute, his power is much limited by the chief of the Ulemas, who has the power of objecting to any of the Sultan's decrees, and frequently possesses more power over the people than his sovereign. Next in rank is the Grand Vizier, after whom come the members of the Cabinet or Divan, being the Presidents of the Supreme Council of State.

The Provincial Government no longer has power of life and death, and the introduction of stated tax collections has greatly diminished their power of practising extortion on those under their rule.

The established religion is Mohammedanism, but all other sects are recognized and tolerated; and of late years a Moslem has even been free to change his religion at pleasure, without becoming liable to capital punishment, as was formerly the case.

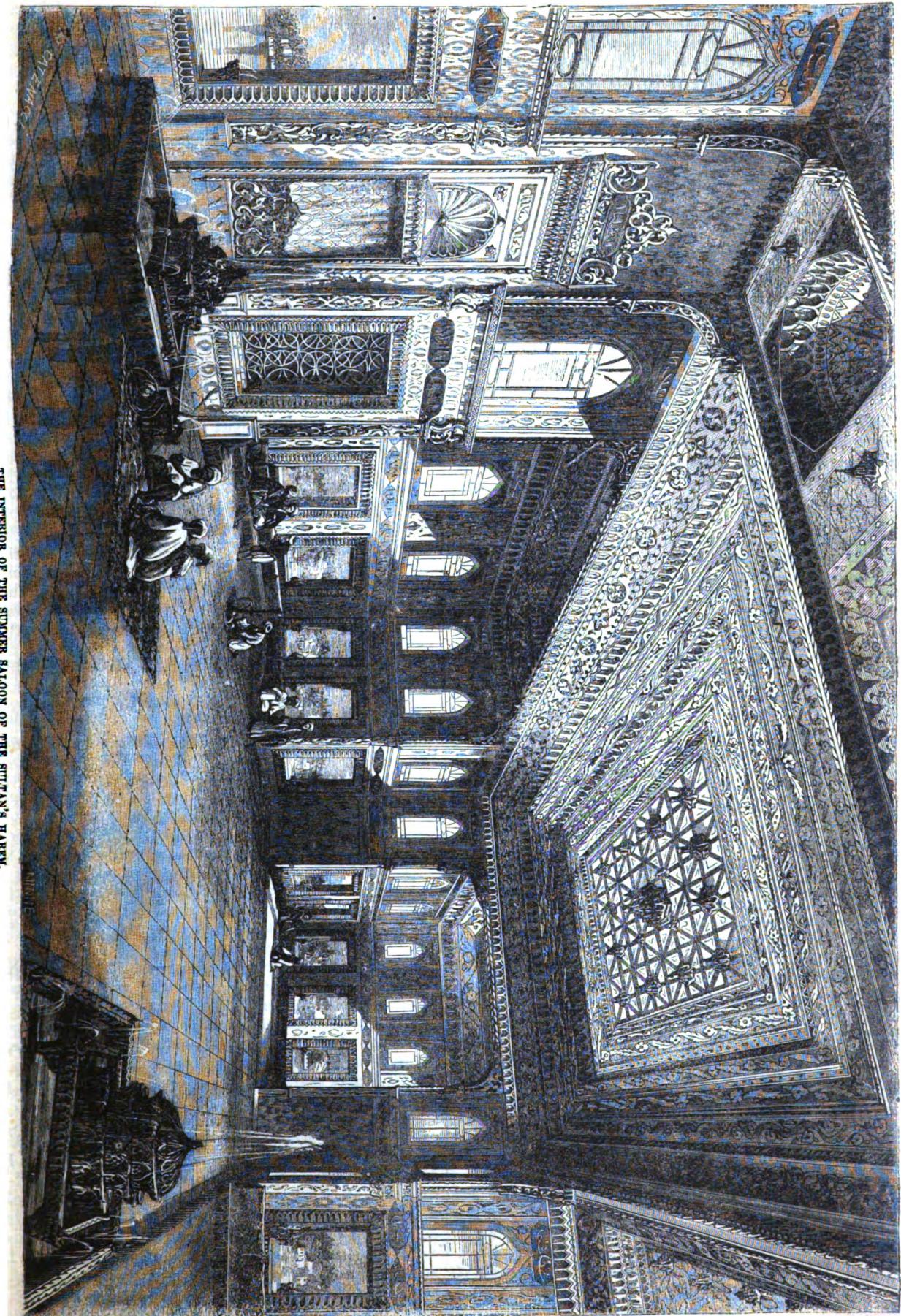
The term "harem" has been greatly misunderstood by foreigners in its true signification among the Turks. It means simply the domestic fireside or "home," and is as

sacred in the Oriental usage as are these other terms among us. The Koran, which is both moral and social law among the Osmanlis, affords to each believer a plurality of wives, and consequently, to themselves, the following out of this ordinance is not even incorrect—much less improper.

Oriental women are judged



HOWLING DERVISHES AT THE TOMB OF A SHEIKH.



THE INTERIOR OF THE SUMMER SALLON OF THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

by their Western sisters to be subjects of pity, in that their movements are, to a certain extent, under regulation and circumscribed. While the condition of inaction, which they are presumed to sustain, is, in the highest degree, objectionable to these others; yet, when all is said and done, it is at least questionable if the European or American woman, with her thousand-and-one worries and annoyances, her ambition for "woman's rights," and her excited interest in the affairs of men, is personally any more comfortable in her life or any happier than the women of the harem.

In Turkey the recognized condition of the female is that of subserviency to man. Satisfied with this condition, she is content to do the bidding of her lord and master, at the same time shouldering whatever responsibility there may be as to human affairs upon him. Among the Turks, as says a recent writer, "the man is considered the *vital* principle, and the woman the *material*."

We, who are inclined to give to the sex a higher standing among human beings, may rail at this philosophy, but we cannot justly say that those who practice it are not consistent, or even wise, in accordance with other customs which prevail in their midst.

That the Turks seclude the females of the family from the public is rather evidence of a desire to protect them from scandal than of abstract jealousy. And yet it is the fact that Turkish ladies can go about unattended by gentlemen, and protected only by a strong public sentiment of respect for their sex.

To salute or accost a lady in public is, among the Turks, an act of manifest rudeness; even members of the same family restricting themselves on such occasions.

As a rule, Turkish ladies are modest and refined in their deportment, and among foreigners do not evince curiosity as to differences of costume or habit, unless specially invited so to do. Their own costume consists of long flowing robes, and they wear the hair either long or cut short, according to taste. Sometimes the fez is used for a head-dress, sometimes the turban. The dress is invariably cut high, though sometimes left open at the neck. Full trousers are worn, and frequently a Cashmere shawl or light gauze scarf is fastened about the waist by a belt ornamented with gold and jewels. Of the latter species of adornment Turkish ladies are particularly fond, and jewelers find ample employment in attending to their caprices in this matter. The complexions of Turkish women are generally fair, owing to the constant use of the bath and their seclusion. Their features are regular, with "almond eyes," dark and lustrous. Beauty spots, or moles, are prized among them, and they frequently tip their fingers and toes with the stain of the *Henna*.

Polygamy is by no means as common in Turkey as is supposed; indeed, this custom is falling greatly into disuse. The abolition of the Circassian slave-trade has done much to change the habits of the country in this regard, and Turks are constantly becoming more and more addicted to restricting themselves to one wife.

Turkish ladies are by no means so confined to the harem as is generally supposed, being frequently met riding in the public streets in European carriages, while in the vicinity of Constantinople there are numerous watering-places which are favorite resorts.

Harem life has in recent years been made known to the world through the books of certain English and other ladies, who have been employed by high Turkish officials as governesses and teachers; so that gradually the many foolish notions which have obtained abroad in relation to the domestic concerns of the Turks are being dispelled.

The Turks are generally brave, simple in their mode of life, intelligent, religious, and thoughtful. They are, however, bigoted, cruel in warfare and not uncommonly in peace, hard task-masters, and deceitful to Christians, whom they

contemn. Altogether, they derive the special qualities of their character from their religion, and from the esteem in which this is held among them, as the only true religion afforded to man.

THE HISTORY OF TURKEY.

Midway between Asia and Africa, having the Black Sea upon the north and the Mediterranean Sea upon the south, lies Turkey. In one sense, the centre of the hemisphere which contains it, this country, by its geographical position as well as its political import, is, so to speak, the "hinge" of the eastern continent.

Comprising in Europe 196,770 square miles, with a population of nearly seventeen millions, and in Asia 664,272 square miles, and a population about equal to that in Europe, there are to be added to the area, 1,036,350 square miles in Africa, having a population of eleven millions; making a grand total of about two millions of square miles, and forty-four millions of people. This entire country, including all dependencies, is known as the Ottoman Empire.

And the significance borne by its geographical situation has been, almost since its first existence as an empire, sustained by its political import in the affairs of Europe and Asia. For this reason, and equally—whether we consider it in its palmy days and under monarchs whose achievements have become matters of high consideration in the history of the world, or at the present time, when, as the "Sick Man," it challenges no less the attention of humanity everywhere—Turkey may not improperly receive the title which we have ventured to give to it: that of the hinge of the eastern continent. Shorn, by the exigencies of war and the devastation of foreign hosts, of much of its ancient dominion, the Ottoman Empire at present comprises, besides Turkey in Asia and Turkey in Europe, the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, Servia and Montenegro in Europe; Egypt, with Nubia, Tripoli, and Tunis in Africa, and a part of Arabia, including the holy cities of Mecca and Medina in Asia.

Although bordering upon the confines of European civilization, Turkey has but little in common with the genius of that spirit of progress which has advanced, in so marked a manner, the condition of the western portion of the eastern hemisphere. It is only, in fact, since a very recent date, that western civilization has made any steps towards a foothold among this remarkable people. To trace the history of such a people from its origin in eastern Asia, beyond the time of its progress westward, even to the conquering of Greece and endangering of Austria, and from this period down to its assumption of its present dwarfed proportions, is a task which almost seems impracticable in the limited space of a magazine article.

The Osmanlis, as they are termed, are of Tartar origin; and even yet the Tartar peculiarities are to be found, though softened and embellished, in the genuine Turk of Constantinople—and this not alone in person and demeanor. Their style of architecture is that of the Tartars, while many national characteristics will at once suggest themselves to the traveler or sojourner among them, as asserting and repeating the peculiarities of their ancestors. The myth, or tradition, from which the Osmanlis date their descent, is original and peculiar. They claim to come in a direct line from Turk, a son of Japhet, who is said to have taught his subjects the arts of working in metals, of writing, and of computing time. From this first progenitor, we are told, descended great kings and princes, the last of whom introduced monotheism, and established his capital at Samarcand. The name of this prince was Oguz; and from his great-grandson, Osman, we have a powerful dynasty and a name, of which Abdul-Aziz is the present representative. This Oguz lived in the thirteenth century, and his tribe inhabited the steppes lying east of the Caspian Sea. Down

upon their heritage came swarms of Mongolian invaders from the northwest, and the comparatively small body of Oguzian Turks were swept before them like the sand of the desert before a storm. They are said to have numbered at that time but fifty thousand souls; and, borne onward before the Tartar invasions, they fled westward to the mountainous region of Armenia. The death of its chief divided this tribe; and it was not until the time of Osman that its adherents were again united in an independent power, located at that time in Phrygia. But from this small beginning, by means of an aggressive policy closely followed by successive sovereigns, the Turks gained a foothold in Europe, even, at length, establishing themselves in Greece.

War was, in fact, the business as well as the delight of the earlier Sultans, and it would seem almost that they had conceived the possibility of extending their conquests over all Europe. The Byzantine Empire was reduced, the great confederacy of the Slavonian tribes of the Upper Danube were defeated, with dreadful slaughter, late in the fourteenth century; and under Bajazet I., in the beginning of the next century, the Turks ravaged Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia; this tempest of conquest being finally given pause by the defeat and capture of the Sultan Bajazet himself by Timur-Beg, the Mongolian, vulgarly known as Tamerlane, who routed the Turks after a long and obstinate contest at Angora, July 20, 1402.

Bajazet was followed by Mohammed I., and he by Amurath II.; and under these monarchs the irrepressible inroad of the Tartar conqueror proved a sufficient quietus to the spirit of Turkish conquest for nearly half a century. In the meantime, however, there was war with the Venetian Republic; and, under the latter Sultan, the conquest of the Greek Empire was completed by the reduction of Macedonia and Greece proper. After these came Mohammed II., who, storming Constantinople in 1453, destroyed the last relic of the empire of the Cæsars; and after him, again, was Bajazet II., who pushed the boundary lines of the Turkish Empire far north of the Black Sea to the east, even to the mouth of the Don, and including in his conquests portions of Dalmatia, and Otranto in Italy.

But the greatest of all the Turkish Sultans was born in 1496, and under the title of Solyman II., surnamed "The Magnificent," succeeded his father, Selim I., in the government of the Ottoman Empire. Solyman reminds us, in the magnificence of his projects and the vigor of their execution, of the greatest conquerors and statesmen alike who have lived—Alexander, Atala, Genghis-Khan, and Napoleon. He exterminated the Egyptian Marmalukes; he attacked Hungary, and captured Belgrade; he drove the Knights of St. John from Rhodes, attacked Buda and Pesth, and, by treaty with France, first opened the commerce of the Levant to the French flag.

During his reign the Ottoman Empire was at the height of its power and splendor, and then no ship belonging to a nation hostile to the Turks dared to navigate the Mediterranean, so completely did his ships crowd that sea. But not alone in war was Solyman great and worthy of renown. Among the Turks he is known by the title of the law-giver. Under his judicious administration, property which had been unjustly confiscated was restored to its owners; officials who were found unfit for the discharge of their duties were removed from office; mosques were raised, educational institutions were established, justice equitably administered, and toleration prevailed. At that time Turkey was as well governed as any of the Christian States of eastern Europe, and far better than its Muscovite neighbor.

After Solyman came Selim II.; and the most remarkable event of his reign occurred in the first collision between the Turks and the Russians. Singularly enough, in the light of

recent events, this collision was brought about by an attempt on the part of Selim to cut a canal between the Don and the Volga which should allow the passage of ships from the Black Sea into the Caspian. With this brilliant idea in his mind, Selim sent five thousand men to cut a canal, and eighty thousand more men to protect them while doing it. But the conception was destined to go no farther. Unfortunately for the plans of Selim, the possession of Astrachan formed part of his programme, and an attack upon this town brought down upon the enterprising Turks the vengeance of the Russians—a people till then comparative strangers to southern Europe, though destined at a later period to become much more familiar in that locality—and the result of whose opposition to the canal scheme was its summary discontinuance under pressure; all of which shows that Russia constitutionally objects to foreign canals when these may perchance be utilized to her disadvantage.

Under Amurath III. the prestige of the Turks had perhaps reached its highest point of importance. They dictated to the Poles whom they should choose as their king, they received the first English Embassy, fought a successful war with Persia, and held a long contest with Austria. But in this last, although the Turks gained advantages and even penetrated within forty miles of Vienna, they afterwards suffered terrible reverses, and were at length compelled to evacuate all Hungary and Transylvania. It is about this time, or in the beginning of the seventeenth century, that symptoms of the decline of Turkish prowess and power first manifest themselves. Yet, in the East, the Osmanlis conquered Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Armenia, and presently captured from the Poles their conquests, and from the Venetians all their strongholds in the Aegean Sea.

Time and space will not permit of a close consideration of the following reigns down to that of Mahmoud II., in the beginning of the present century. Their history is that of constantly changing fortunes on the part of Turkey; leaning, however, always towards that decadence which eventually came to cast the shadow of failure, and almost of oblivion, over the previous conquests and successes of this extraordinary empire.

The name of John Sobieski, and his defeat of the Turks at the siege of Vienna, furnish prominent episodes in the early portion of this period; while wars in Hungary, and against Austria, Persia, and Russia occupy the major portion of Turkish history at the same time. In fact, it is probable that, but for political complications in western Europe, Turkey would have become a dependency of Russia before the period which we are now about to consider.

Mahmoud II. found the Ottoman Empire fast falling to pieces. Many of her most important provinces had passed, after unfortunate wars and still more unfortunate treaties, into the hands of Russia. The Turkish character did not stand high in the general estimation of Europe. The Greeks were in a state of insurrection, and had gained sympathy throughout the West. The interior condition of his realm was even worse. Subordinate officials ruled despotically in Asia Minor, in Lebanon, in Egypt, in Constantinople. And, since the latter city was at this time governed, in fact, by the Janissaries, it becomes necessary for us to consider especially this remarkable military organization.

The Janissaries formed a force originally organized by Orchan, the Osmanli Sultan, in 1330. They were young Christian prisoners compelled to embrace Mohammedanism; and, being more perfectly disciplined by Amurath I., became, in his reign, a well-ordered host of about ten thousand men, specially educated from childhood to a military life. The children of Christians, captured during the conquests of the Turks, were taken at the age of twelve years and trained to forget their country and their religion, and to know no

other parent than the Sultan. On reaching manhood, they were guaranteed special privileges, and, eventually, their ranks were filled by conscription from among the natives. Originally designed as a guard to the Sultan's person, this force became augmented until they numbered four hundred thousand men. In times of peace they acted as a police force, they served on foot, generally formed the reserve of the Turkish army, and were noted for their wild impetuosity in attack. Their dress consisted of a long gown with short sleeves, which was given them annually by the Sultan at the feast on the first day of Ramadan, and, in lieu of the turban, they wore a cap with a long hood, which hung upon their shoulders.

Their arms consisted of a sabre and a carbine, though in time of peace, at Constantinople, they only carried a long staff. In Asia, they bore a bow and arrow and poniard. In early times they fought with darts, arrows, and hatchets, though the sabre was their favorite weapon. They rarely married, believing that a married man made a worse soldier than a bachelor. The discipline observed among the Janissaries conformed in many things to that used in the Roman legions, and, like them, they became formidable to their masters as their strength increased.

They deposed Bajazet II. in 1512. They procured the death of Amurath III. in 1595. They robbed Osman II. of his empire and his life in 1622, and two months later dethroned Mustapha, whom they had made his successor. In 1649 they deposed the Sultan Ibrahim, whom they strangled, and in 1730 they deposed and imprisoned Achmet III., and advanced Mahmoud I. from prison to the throne in his stead.

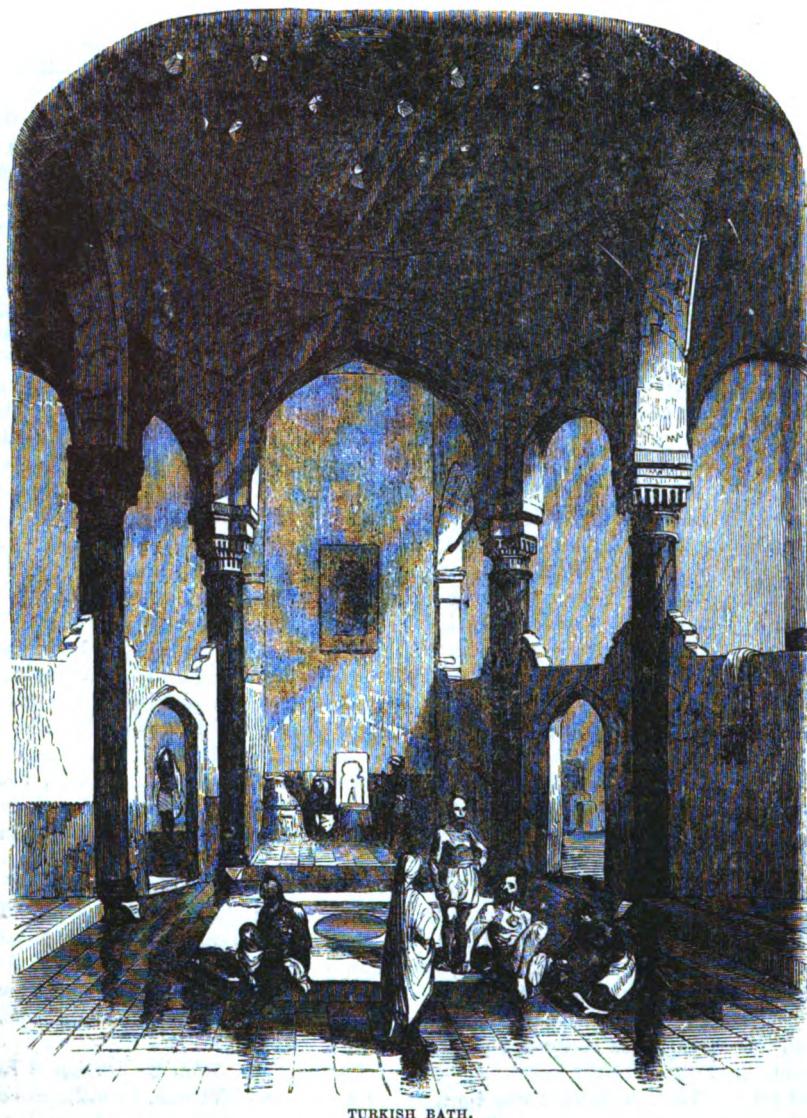
Bearing the burden of this history,

dience. He next assembled all of them, whom he could immediately control, in the square of Atmiedan in Constantinople for review. The sides of the square had been lined with the Sultan's new levies, and also with masked batteries, and no sooner had the Janissaries assembled than the avenues to the square were closed, and, at a signal, the whole mass of men were shot down with dreadful slaughter. It is said that they displayed that heroic valor for which they had been always distinguished, and that the Sultan Mahmoud shed tears for the loss by his own order of so many of his finest and bravest troops.

But there was no alternative. He must either reign or die; and, as he chose the former course for himself, the latter only remained for the Janissaries. Eight thousand of them are said to have perished in this bloody attack; and the proclamation which immediately followed, declaring the Janissary force forever dissolved, completed their destruction. Not fewer than fifteen thousand were executed, and more

the Janissaries came under the authority of Mahmoud II., and it is little wonder if this monarch trembled at the fate which he might properly reason would be in store for him, should he not succeed either in placating or destroying this vast and ungovernable body of men, trained to the art of warfare, and accomplished in all the *technique* of insurrection. This Sultan seems to have early formed his conclusions as to his necessary action under the circumstances. He proceeded as follows:

Issuing an order incorporating the Janissaries with new troops which he had raised, and commanding them to adopt the same dress and arms, he was, as he had expected, peremptorily refused obe-



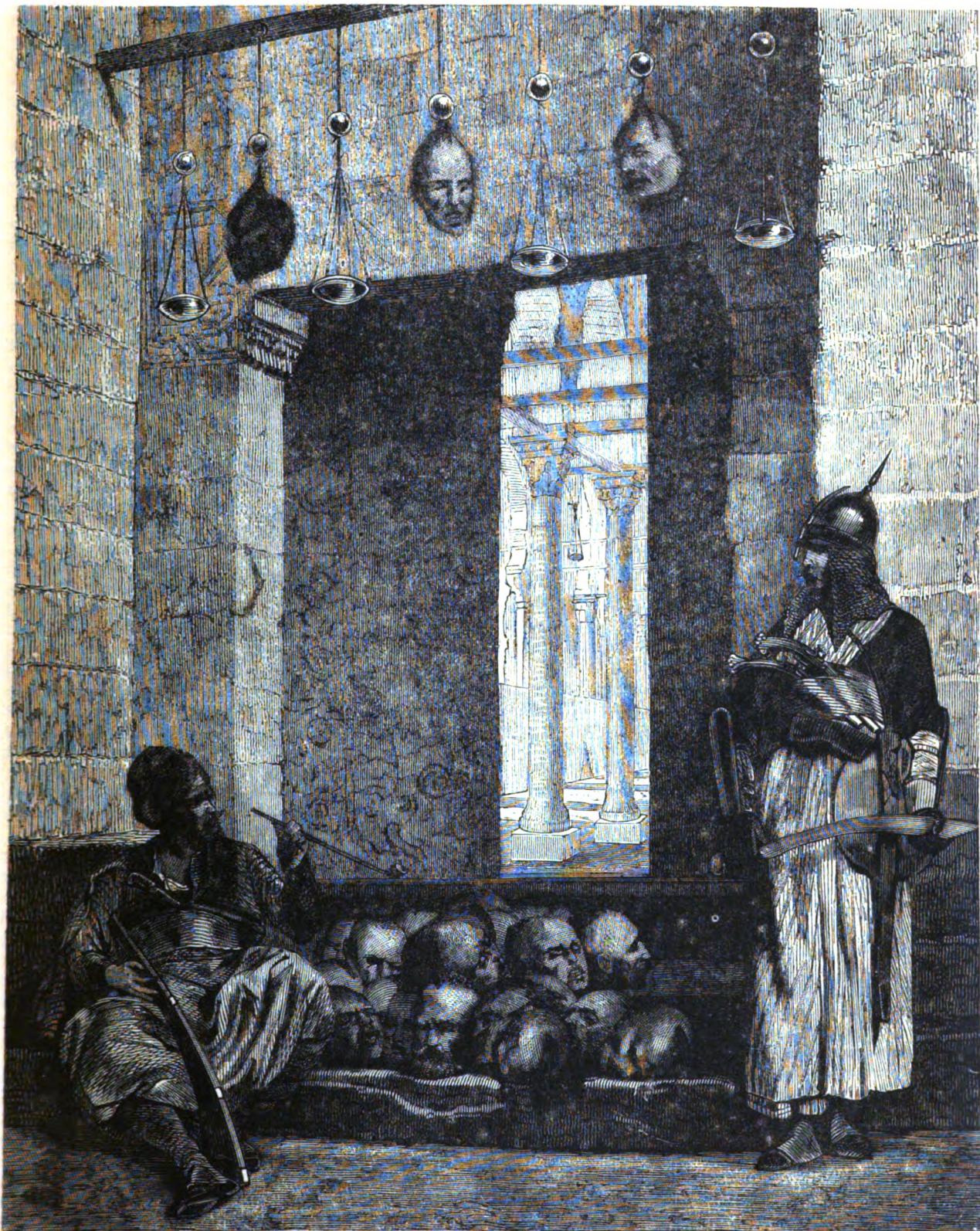
TURKISH BATH.



THE MUEZZIN CALLING TO PRAYER.

than twenty thousand were banished. This occurred a few years after the revolt of Greece, which was commenced in 1821, but whose independence was not secured

nor the triumph of the Russians in gaining by the Treaty of Bucharest the country between the Dniester and the Pruth; not all the external tribulations sustained by



THE MASSACRE OF THE JANISSARIES.

until the battle of Navarino in 1827—that country not being recognized by Turkey as a separate kingdom until April, 1830. Neither the successful revolt of the Greeks,

Turkey, together with the internal commotion of the Janissaries, could swerve Mahmoud from his original design: which was to raise his country out of the slough of despond

into which she had fallen, and bring her once again into her proper place among nations. He established thorough reforms in every department of the administration, progressed far in his plans for granting his subjects civil and religious liberty, modified and reduced the taxes, formed a militia, established schools, abolished the export duty on grain, and generally conceived and sustained measures of sound policy which tended largely to consolidate the newborn prosperity of Turkey. The conduct of this monarch is the more to be commended not only in contrast with that of many of his predecessors, but especially because of the fact that it was persisted in, in the face of the disastrous war with Russia on the one hand, and that of the revolt of Egypt—except so far as the present nominal dependence of that country is concerned—on the other.

After Mahmoud came Abdul-Medjid, with the main events of whose reign our readers are doubtless tolerably familiar, the chief of these being the Crimean war; a contest brought on by an attempt, on the part of Russia, to obtain the exclusive protectorate of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey. This war continued during 1853–55, and resulted in the victory of the Turks, joined with the allied powers of France and England, being distinguished by the siege of Sebastopol, and the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava. By the Treaty of Paris which followed, Turkey regained a portion of territory north of the Danube, extending between Moldavia and the Black Sea, and along the coast to the mouth of the Dniester. Abdul-Medjid, although not a very energetic man or monarch, proceeded in the path of reform entered upon by his predecessor. His efforts to give freedom to all religions, and his chivalrous act in refusing, at the risk of losing his throne, to give up Kossuth and the other political refugees to the menaces of Austria and Russia, will cause his name to be remembered in the annals of humanity. He was the thirty-first sovereign of his race, and the twenty-eighth since the taking of Constantinople.

In 1861 he was succeeded by his brother Abdul-Aziz, the present Sultan. Under Abdul-Aziz, the situation of Turkey, though constantly threatened, has not ceased to be generally tranquil. Probably the chief element of interest in this reign has been the frequent raising of new loans, the eleventh of these having been in 1872, when the foreign indebtedness of Turkey amounted to nearly ninety millions sterling, and the internal debt to about forty millions. The recent insurrection in Herzegovina has also attracted considerable public attention. This country is a province situated between Croatia, Bosnia proper, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. Originally a dukedom, it fell into the hands of the Turks in the fifteenth century, and was for two centuries thereafter the battle-field between the Christians and Mohammedans.

Aided by Montenegro, and possibly Austria, the rebels of Herzegovina have succeeded thus far in offering such resistance to the Turks that the definite conclusion to the revolt in any given time is uncertain. The war, meanwhile, has been prosecuted with great severity on both sides—the Turks devastating the country of the unhappy Bosnians, while the latter are enabled only to continue a desperate guerrilla warfare, encouraging murder and violence. It is proposed by Turkey to divide the rebellious province into its former subdivisions—Bosnia and Herzegovina—both to be governed by a Christian governor; this, doubtless, in deference to the sentiment of western Europe. Under this administration each province would have a local legislature, the delegates to be chosen by each race and religion, according to numbers. Oppressive taxes would be abolished, and revenues collected legitimately by duties on luxuries, while freedom of worship and security of person would be guar-

anteed. Should all of this charming programme be carried out, the Great Powers would, unquestionably, so far as they are concerned, remain satisfied. But, unfortunately, Abdul-Aziz, though himself, doubtless, a man versed in good intentions, is incapable of sustaining these by any vigorous acts; and, inasmuch as the subordinate officials in power in Turkey and the Mohammedans throughout the country are bigoted and unscrupulous, and hate the Christians, moreover, with a deadly hatred, it is easy to imagine that such plans, even if honestly designed, would never reach consummation.

Having thus traced the history of the Ottoman Empire in its more noteworthy particulars, and in accordance with our limited space, we may turn now to those personal and national characteristics which go to make up the individuality, so far as that exists, of the Turkish people. Bearing in mind, however, that the population of Turkey comprises elements from very many races, whose union, while existing in the form of political and social cohesion, has never reached homogeneity.

In the history of Turkey we have the peculiar situation of a distinctively Asiatic people brought into immediate and close contact with all the elements of Western civilization for a period covering centuries. And yet, through the peculiar exigencies of necessary diplomacy and the political combinations of sovereigns, we find this people retained, as it were, in a condition of practical isolation from their nearest neighbors. That this is an anomaly in history, is shown by the far different condition of that other Asiatic people—the Japanese—who, even in the little intercourse, extending over only a few years, which they have held with the European and American people, have assumed to themselves and developed very many Western ideas, and conformed to Western customs. And this difference, as regards Turkey, is, doubtless, only owing to that geographical position which has made her inimical to the jealous consideration of each of the great European powers. Turkey, conquered by any other European power, would afford, to a far greater extent than is offered by the Suez Canal, a key by which to control and unlock the vast wealth of eastern and southern Asia. That each of these other powers should appreciate this pregnant fact, and guard jealously against such a conquest by any one of them, is not remarkable. What may be the conclusion of the historical paradox to which we have referred, is, doubtless, a question which will require not many years for its solution.

Meanwhile, however, Turkey must remain the "Sick Man." Threatened by the power of Russia on the one hand, and sustained by the still greater power of the Rothschilds on the other; harassed by internal disturbances and oppressed by external manifestations, she must remain the same combination of mysterious fragments, whose flimsy union has thus curiously brought her into a condition both of antagonism and harmony with the purposes and interests of her present guardians.

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM.

Inasmuch as the Koran is at once the law and the creed of all Mohammedan nations, it is essential, in order rightly to understand the Turkish character, that we should have a clear conception of the nature and tendencies of their religious faith.

Mohammedanism takes its name from Mohammed (Arabic, "The Praised"), who was the founder of Islam, the native term by which the religion, prescribed by the Koran, is known. Mohammed was born about the year 570 A.D., at Mecca. His father was a poor merchant, and Mohammed is said to have been handed over by his mother to a Bedouin woman, and nursed by her in the desert.

In his infancy, the prophet is alleged to have been subject

to fits, which were ascribed to the influence of demons. His early years were passed in tending the flocks of the Meccans, though he is said to have accompanied his uncle on his caravan trips to southern Arabia and Syria. When still a young man, Mohammed entered the service of a rich widow, and accompanied her caravans, possibly as a camel-driver, to the fairs.

At about this time the fortunes of the embryo law-giver were suddenly and unexpectedly changed by his marriage to the rich widow, whom he served—the offer, as is said, coming from her. It was not until his fortieth year that Mohammed's life became of importance to the world and religion. At this time he is said to have been a man of middle height, lean, but broad-shouldered, and strongly built. His eyes were large and coal-black, a long beard added to the dignity of his appearance. His presence is said to have been imposing.

At this time Christianity had penetrated into the heart of Arabia from Syria and Abyssinia. Judaism likewise played a prominent part in the peninsula, chiefly in the northern part, being introduced by emigrants after the destruction of Jerusalem. Besides these major religious elements, there were numerous sects—the first outcropping of the disturbances effected by Christian proselytism. These were Sabians, Mandæans, etc., who managed to sustain a considerable religious ferment, and produced numerous men of power who preached against the ancient Pagan creed.

The times were, in fact, ripe for a radically new departure in religious belief; and with the times appeared the man. Mecca was at this time the centre of the pilgrimages of the Arabian tribes attending sanctuaries which had been held carefully in charge by the very tribe to which Mohammed belonged. Ruminating over many things, as he doubtless had ample time to do, it seems to have occurred to Mohammed that there was opportunity for the introduction of a new faith which should dispense with idolatry on the one hand, and with Judaism and Christianity on the other. According to his own account and the belief of his followers, it was on the 23d night of the month Ramadan that the angel Gabriel came down from the presence of God and purified the heart of Mohammed. Gabriel, it seems, commanded him to preach the true religion and to spread it abroad by committing it to writing. Afflicted, as the prophet was, by constitutional epilepsy, it is easy to determine the origin of the numerous visions with which he was presently favored, and under whose influence a something, not clearly known to himself—something like the ancient *Dainion*—moved him at times, so vehemently, that during his revelations his eyes became blood-red, he foamed at the mouth, streamed with perspiration, and is said to have roared like a camel. Under these influences he heard voices impressing him with religious teachings which at first, however, he did not seek to disseminate out of his own family. In four years he had made but forty proselytes.

The Koran, as asserted by him, had been projected from the upper to the lower heaven, in readiness for use by the prophet. It was delivered to the world in verses consisting originally of brief rhymed sentences. With these for his text, Mohammed now inveighed against the superstition of the Meccans, exhorting them to a pious and moral life, and to believe in Allah, the All-mighty, All-wise, Everlasting, Invisible, All-just but merciful God, of whom Mohammed was the prophet.

It appears from his personal history that Mohammed was acquainted with both the Jewish and the Christian doctrines, and that he was familiar with the legendary poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, but that his knowledge of the New Testament was confined to a few apocryphal books. It is conceded, however, that he considered Jesus and Moses as the greatest prophets in religious history—after himself!

Doubtless from this knowledge, which, at least, included the magnificent imagery which appears in the early enunciations of both the Jewish and Christian law-givers, Mohammed derived many of his own poetical and beautiful ideas which were embodied in the Koran.

It is related that, at first, the Meccans did not object to the preaching of the new prophet. They esteemed him a common poet or soothsayer, who, moreover, was probably a little out of his mind, in their esteem. But, as his success in making converts increased, he began to appear dangerous, and soon fierce opposition arose against him. Many of his converts suffered terrible punishment; and, at last, Mohammed himself was forced to fly to a fortified castle belonging to a relative. Now troubles began to come upon him. His faithful wife, and his uncle—a man powerful in his day—both died. And after this came poverty. Later he married again, and afterwards increased the number of his wives, so that, at his death, he left nine of them.

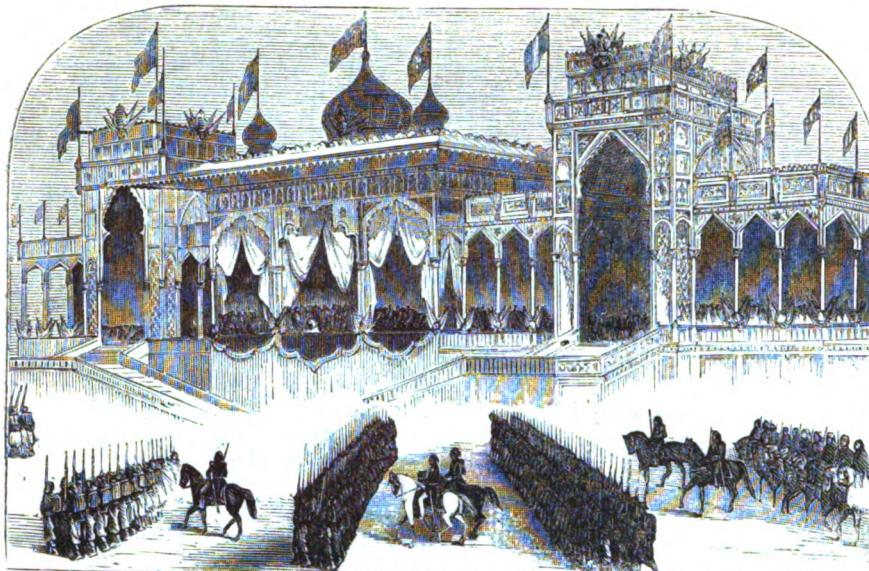
His preaching continued to bear harvest, and, as numbers of his new adherents came from Medina, Mohammed conceived the idea of locating himself in that city. Accordingly, in 622 A.D., he made the celebrated Hegira, preceded by about one hundred families of his converts.

From this period dates a future of success and importance in the history of the prophet. Formerly a despised impostor, he now assumed the position of judge, law-giver, and ruler of the city of Medina, and over two powerful Arabian tribes. The Hegira has been considered of sufficient importance to date from, in the Mohammedan calendar.

Towards the end of the tenth year of the Hegira, Mohammed conducted a pilgrimage of forty thousand Mussulmans to Mecca, and there, on Mount Arrafat, instructed them in important laws and ordinances, exhorting his believers to righteousness and piety, and recommending them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury. He died on the 8th of June, 632 A.D.

The personal character of Mohammed has been sharply criticised, and, as is believed, unjustly. He is said to have been at times deceitful, cunning, revengeful, cowardly, and addicted to sensuality. There is, however, much to be said in his favor. His amiability, his faithfulness toward friends, his tenderness toward his family, the frequent readiness to forgive an enemy, the extreme simplicity of his domestic life—these are favorable qualities, which are amply testified to by those who knew him best. Melancholy of temperament, nervous to a degree often bordering on frenzy, a poet of the highest order, he had the weaknesses of a poet in excess. Although preaching the abolition of superstition, he believed in omens, charms and dreams. That he was an impostor, however, is now not generally believed. A man of varied characteristics, of strong personal magnetism, possessing undoubted genius as the simple preacher of a religion, pure, humane, and not priest-ridden, Mohammed must ever occupy a position before mankind as an extraordinary, and, in many particulars, exceptional being.

The religion known as Mohammedanism takes lofty ground in its assumptions! Starting with the theory that it is the only orthodox creed existing from the beginning of the world, it is asserted, in its behalf, that all children are born in its faith, and only removed therefrom by the false teachings of parents or guardians. It is claimed to be of divine origin, eternal and uncreated, and that the first transcript of its doctrines rests near the throne of God on a table of vast dimensions called "The Preserved Table." On this are also written the divine decrees, past, present, and future; and to those who object to the eternity of the Koran on the ground that much of it was adapted to the circumstances of Mohammed's attainments, and not a little to the gratification of his personal wishes, it is answered that these things were predestined from all eternity. The



A REVIEW OF TURKISH TROOPS AT CONSTANTINOPLE, IN HONOR OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

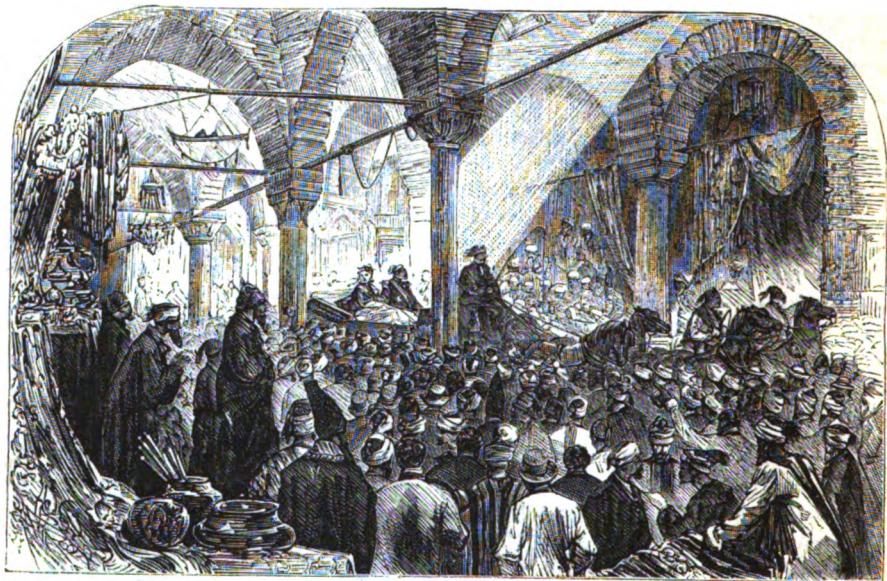
revelations of the Koran, as has already been stated, were made in single verses, and as soon as a chapter had been collected from these and taken down by amanuenses, the whole was read over by the followers of the prophet and committed to memory.

The fundamental principle of the entire work is contained in the two articles of belief: "There is no God but God; and Mohammed is God's apostle."

Next to a belief in God, that in angels forms a prominent dogma; while Jesus is referred to, but as a prophet and apostle who was superseded by Mohammed, as the Koran superseded the Gospel. Meanwhile, the crucifixion is said to have been suffered by deputy; Christ having been taken up to God before the decree was carried

out; it being further predicted that He will come again upon the earth to establish everywhere the Mussulman religion, and to be a sign of the day of judgment.

It is very evident that Mohammed borrowed his ideas from the Jewish legends, and from the new Christian theories, with an admixture of Persian traditions; and this process is worthy of comment as displaying remarkable shrewdness on the part of the prophet, inasmuch as, by its means, he avoided running counter in the main to any of the prevailing religious doctrines of the age, directing his attention more particularly to the abolition of what he deemed a factious and false symbolism and the worship of unauthorized gods. Beyond this, his design seems to have



THE VISIT OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO THE GRAND BAZAAR AT STAMBOL.



THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 6TH, 1870, IN THE ENVIRONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE—THE CONFLAMATION AS IT WAS SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF GALATA.

been at once a judicious and a virtuous one—that of disseminating lofty and religious aspirations, and the prosecuting of good works. In fact, by this ingenious scheme, Mohammedanism was dovetailed into all preceding doctrines, but proclaimed as the greatest of them all—the keystone to the magnificent arch of religious belief which had been in process of formation since the foundation of the world.

Thus, while the Koran admits the existence from first to last of some two to three hundred thousand prophets, among whom three hundred and thirteen were apostles, it distinctly denominates six, as especially commanded to proclaim new laws and dispensations. These were Adam, Noah,

Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. By this means, we have a complete body of belief resting in its various orders, the one upon the other, like the steps of a ladder; with the Father of Mankind at the foot, and the Prophet of Islam at the summit.

The Koran proounds a belief in the resurrection and final judgment. It likewise embodies the classical theory of transmigration of souls. It comprises a conception of paradise, which is the happy hunting-ground of the Indians of North America over again. And, finally, the prophet himself believed—although in this he has not been altogether followed by succeeding theologians—that at the last day, both soul and body will be raised from the dead. The end of all things is predicted, as also that its coming shall be recognized by certain signs, nearly all of which are taken from the legendary part of the Hebrew Talmud or Midrash. These are the decay of faith among men, the advancement of the meanest persons to the highest dignities, wars, seditions and tumults, and consequent dire distress, so that a man passing another's grave shall say, "Would to God I were in his place!" Then the sun shall rise in the West, Constantinople will be taken by the descendants of Isaac, the Antichrist will come, and be killed by Jesus. There will be a war with the Jews, eruption, a great smoke, an eclipse, Mohammedans will return to idolatry; the Kaata, or sacred stone, at Mecca, will be destroyed by the Ethiopians; beasts and inanimate things will speak; and, finally, a wind will sweep away the souls of those who have faith, even if equal only to a grain of mustard-seed, so that the world shall be left in ignorance. After this shall come the last day. Then forty years of oblivion, followed by the resurrection.

Next, the day of judgment, when the righteous shall enter paradise, and the wicked hell; both, however, having first to go over the bridge Al Sirat, laid over the midst of hell, finer than a hair, sharper than the edge of a sword, and beset with thorns on every side. Upon this uncomfortable

thoroughfare the righteous will proceed with ease and swiftness; but the wicked, probably overweighted by their sins, will be precipitated headlong into hell—a place divided by the Koran into seven stories or apartments, respectively assigned to Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, Sabians, Magians, idolaters; and the lowest of all to the hypocrites, who, outwardly professing religion, in reality had none.

There appears to be even a purgatory in the scheme of Mohammed—since paradise is divided from hell by a partition, in which a certain number of half-saints find place.

Paradise itself appears to be chiefly tenanted solely by God's mercy, and not by good works or merits. It is also alleged that the poor will enter therein five hundred years before the rich; and—

horribile dictu—that the majority of the inhabitants of hell are women! Further than this, paradise is recommended to the faithful as a purely material elysium. Here, as it appears, the senses are to be given all that they crave. Feasting in gorgeous and delicious variety, costly and brilliant garments, and ravishing odors, these are among the attributes of this brilliant and delightful place. Every believer will have eighty thousand servants, and seventy-two girls of paradise, besides his own former wives, if he should wish for them. A large tent of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds is to contain this rather liberal family. Three hundred dishes of gold shall be set before each guest at



A TURKISH BAZAAR.

once, and the last morsel will be as grateful as the first. With this enormously increased capacity, we need not be surprised that wine, which will then be permitted to Mussulmans, will flow copiously and without inebriating. Those who desire children shall have them, and see them grow up within an hour.

A separate abode of happiness, it is said, will be reserved for women; but there is considerable doubt thrown over the nature of the enjoyment which is to be furnished for them. Prayer is an important element in the practice of the religion of Islam, and to this is added invariably a partial ablution, which is performed with water when that is

convenient, but with sand or dust when it is not. The times of prayer are sunset, nightfall, daybreak, noon and afternoon. These times of prayer are announced even to the present day in Mussulman settlements by the Muezzins, from the minarets or towers of the mosques, bells not being permitted by the Mohammedan religion. While praying, the face of the worshipper should be turned in the direction of Mecca. Women, although not strictly forbidden to enter a mosque, yet are not practically allowed to pray there, lest their presence should be hurtful to true devotion.

After prayer, in importance, stands the duty of giving alms. Of this there are two kinds—legal and voluntary; though the former has now been practically abrogated. The second is, according to law, to be given once every year, and rates between two and a half and twenty per cent of the annual produce. Besides these, a special custom enjoined upon believers, is to bestow a measure of provisions upon the poor at the end of the sacred month of Ramadan.

The duty of fasting, and that of pilgrimage to Mecca, complete the positive injunctions, by ordinance, of the religion of Islam.

The prohibitory laws include those against drinking wine and other strong liquors; games of chance, which are considered so wicked that a gambler's testimony is considered invalid in a court of law; usury—even interest-taking being severely condemned—and idolatry.

Polygamy is allowed, but restricted to the having as many wives as the individual can comfortably take care of; and even further, in the explicit words of the Koran, four wives and a certain number of concubine slaves is as far as a Mussulman may legally go. A Moslem man may marry out of his creed, but a Mohammedan woman cannot; under any circumstances, marry an unbeliever. Divorce is a comparatively light matter with the Mohammedans; mere dislike is a sufficient reason for a man to dissolve conjugal ties, and his saying, "Thou are divorced," and paying part of the wife's dowry, is all that is required from him by the law. A wife, on the other hand, is bound to the husband forever, unless she can prove flagrant ill-usage or neglect of duty on his part; and even then she forfeits a part, or the whole, of her dowry.

A woman disobedient to her husband may be declared rebellious, and her husband is not bound by law to care for her.

The law is very lenient toward debtors. Insolvency and inability to work for the discharge of the claim dissolve all further obligations. The most conscientious performance of private contracts is, however, recommended.

Murder is punished with death, or the payment of a fine to the family of the deceased, according to their own pleasure. Theft is severely punished; while infidelity, or apostacy from Islam, is a crime to be visited by the death of the offender, if he have been warned thrice without recanting. Finally, the complete body of Mussulman divinity, and which most distinctly reflects the intention of the author, and the least changed in the course of time, is the ethics of the Koran.

Herein injustice, falsehood, pride, revengefulness, calumny, mockery, avarice, prodigality, debauchery, mistrust, and suspicion are inveighed against as ungodly and wicked; while benevolence, liberality, modesty, forbearance, patience, endurance, frugality, sincerity, straightforwardness, decency, love of peace and truth, and, above all, trusting in God and submitting to his will, are considered as the pillars of truth, piety, and the principal signs of a true believer.

Whatever is to be the judgment of mankind as regards Mohammedanism, in comparison with the other religions of the world, its effects during the first centuries of its propagation must be admitted to have been helpful and advantageous to civilization. It has been justly alleged that the Mohammedans may be said to have been the enlightened

teachers of barbarous Europe from the ninth to the fifteenth century. Classical literature would have been irredeemably lost had it not been for the home it found in the schools of the unbelievers of the Dark Ages. Arabic philosophy, medicine, natural history, geography, history, grammar, rhetoric, and poetry were the precursors and foundation of all that has been done in these sciences and arts under the guidance of succeeding doctrines.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE wordy and weak discussions which have filled up the time of the so-called "Social Science Conventions" have not availed to fix public attention upon social evils more strongly than before they were uttered. The few suggestions made for reform, and the correction of acknowledged existing evils, have been of the most impracticable kind, and showed most glaringly superficiality of thought in those who uttered them. If there be not now, it is high time there ought to be such a thing as social science.

It is painfully evident that society is in some respects going from bad to worse. We will not say that on the whole it is deteriorating; but granted even that it is growing in virtue and increasing in knowledge, that its sanitary condition is improving, and its moral health better than in the dark ages—all this is not enough.

It is sad to reflect that whatever progress has been made, or is now making, is the result of bitter experience to those who have gone before us, and whose blood and tears have stained the pages of history for ages.

Is there no way to adjust society on immutable principles? Must all progress be in the future as in the past secured by experiment? And must what we call social science be for ever a mass of ill-assorted facts culled from history? Surely there is some more solid basis than this for social organization.

Did we want proof that nothing like social science exists among us, it is found in all that surrounds us. Very little that passes current in society will stand the test of reason. Our eating, our working, our dress, and even our sleeping, are alike performed with a general disregard to physical law. Pauperism has become a profession. Disease, though on the average, perhaps, not so deadly as it was a century ago, if not more general, is still not less diffused. Perfectly healthy people are the exception, not the rule. The professions of law and medicine still find enough in the misery and crime of humanity to amply sustain them. The administration of justice too is often a mockery, and legislation has become a matter of barter and sale. The drones of society are on the increase, and honest hard-working producers are compelled to contribute to their support.

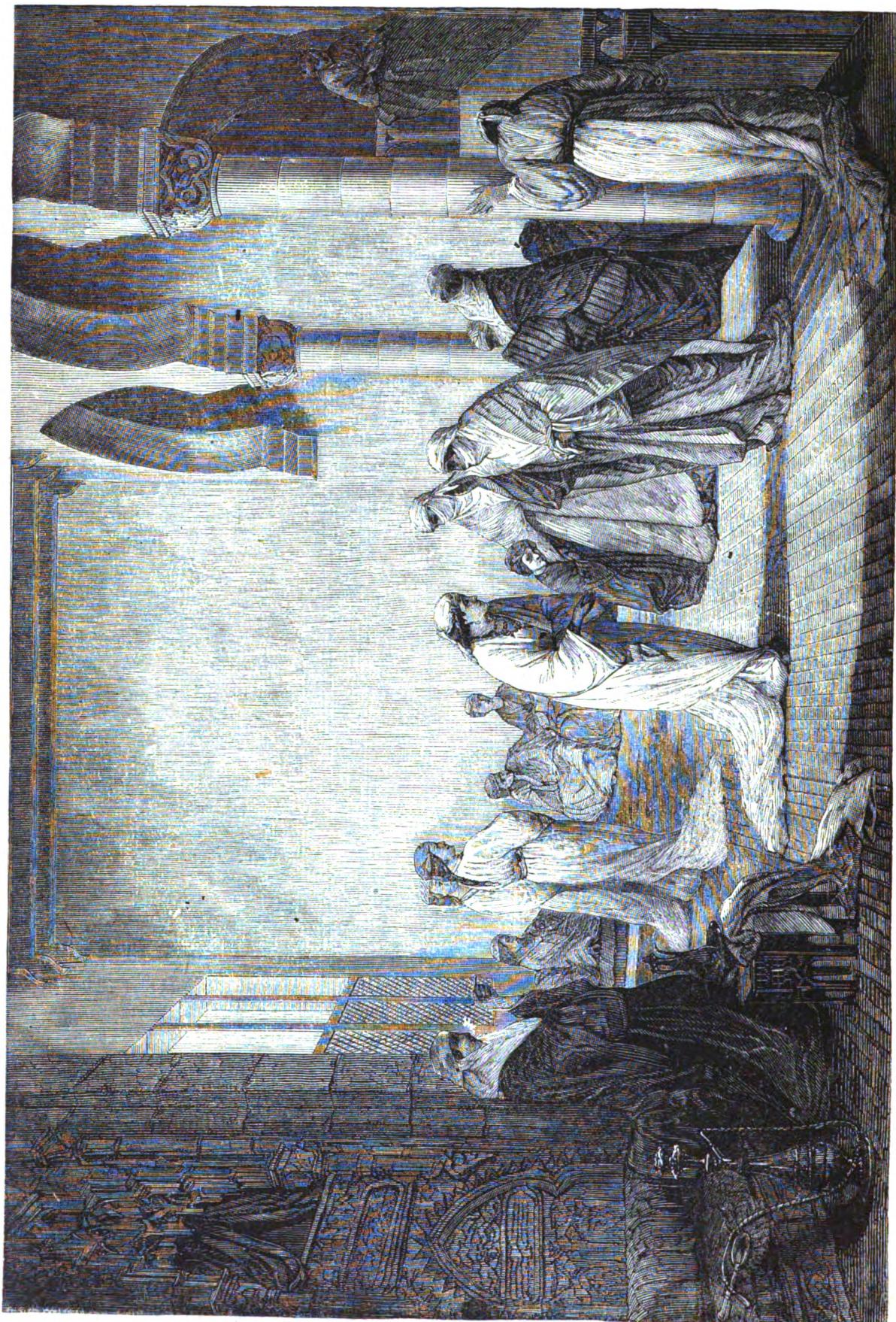
Could these things be if social organization had been reduced to a science? Blackstone, in his "Commentaries," has laid down some general principles upon which all society must be based, and any departure from which is a step toward anarchy; but these principles underlie the civil rights of people united in a national compact. They leave untouched great and fundamental physiological and biological laws, the disregard of which has burdened society with the greatest evils under which it now groans.

Until some prophet arises capable of grappling with this subject from a physical and biological, as well as a political, point of view, and tells us how society may be constructed in harmony with all the conditions of pure living, regardless of creeds, conventionalities, or traditions, let us not flatter ourselves that such a thing as social science exists. A heterogeneous mass of facts does not constitute a science, any more than a rude heap of stones, and sand, and lime may be called a temple.

TURKISH EMPIRE

MAP OF THE





VISIT OF CEREMONY TO A HAREM.



JOAQUIN MILLER.

IN THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

SOUND! sound! sound!
O colossal walls, and crowned,
In one eternal thunder!
Sound! sound! sound!
O ye oceans overhead,
While we walk subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses under
And beside the swift Mercéd.

Fret! fret! fret!
O ye sounding banners, set
On the giant granite castles
In the clouds and in the snow.
But the foe he comes not yet—
We are loyal, valiant vassals,
And we touch the trailing tassels
Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
From the white Sierra's vergo,
To the very valley blossom.
Surge! surge! surge!

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Yet the song-bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasseled tree-tops toss them
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
O ye heaven-born and deep,
In one dread-unbroken chorus!
We may wonder or may weep,
We may wait on God before us;
We may shout or lift a hand,
We may bow down and deplore us,
But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
We advance, but would retreat
From this restless, broken breast
Of the earth in a convulsion.
We would rest, but dare not rest,
For the angel of expulsion
From this Paradise below
Waves us onward, and . . . we go!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE PINK COUNTESS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER I

THE ONE FAIR WOMAN.

"The one fair woman of the whole wide world."
—BROWNSTEIN.

"Others for others, but she for me—
The one fair woman beneath the sun."
—HAY.



UCCESSFUL men live in the age in which they are born. Great men live in advance of it. Poets and painters belong to no age. They fit in nowhere on top of the earth. They are more out of place than the other great men in the world's gallery of statuary. This young man, whom we shall name Murietta in order that his real name may be concealed, was of this class.

In the year 18—, the world applauded this young artist, Murietta, and pronounced him a genius of the very highest order.

As the world is nearly always wrong,

it is safe to say that in this case it was at least partly so. In justice to the young artist, who was being borne as it were on the shoulders of his seniors, and held up to the full gaze of the great, I may say that he himself half suspected that the world lied. Yet he was not so terribly displeased after all at the falsehood.

In the year 18— the world denounced the young artist Murietta as an impostor, a libertine, and a fraud of the very worst stamp.

As the world, if we may repeat the expression, is nearly always wrong, perhaps it was mistaken again. As for young Murietta, he was this time himself perfectly certain that the world lied. But this time he was certainly displeased and troubled too. And sad as it was, and certain as he was in this conviction, in truth I must say that this time he stood almost alone in his belief.

His had been an eventful story, which we may come upon further on. Boy as he was, he was scarred all over by battle. He had lived the life of a man in his boyhood. His heart lay broken in bits and scattered like clay all over the world where he had wandered. With all that, he had never yet met the one great woman of his life, the one whom somehow he felt all the time was standing somewhere in the world by his path of life, waiting till he should come that way.

Woman, full, complete, and perfect woman, was to him the whole wide world. He would follow her, worship afar off, wait and watch if by some chance he might be able to do her service. His soul, and sense of duty to woman, was that of a knight of old. Murietta was born out of his time. Amid the revolutions of his land, he had grown up in the field and camp almost without culture, and was what the world, with its usual felicity for fitting a man in his proper niche, was very happy to call a half-savage.

That the young new-risen star was a little rough in his appearance and blunt in expression, is true. But his voice was low and soft, his manner gentle, engaging, almost child-like, certainly timid, shrinking, shy of the gaze and attention of men. He stood alone, mantled in the gloom of his individuality.

A soldier by chance and fortune, yet his figure was lithe and light as that of a woman. His was a striking face for that age. Men were always saying, "Why, I have seen that face before!" In fact, it was a face that men would paint,

would see, without knowing it. Artist as he was by nature, his face, half hidden in blonde and abundant hair that hung to the shoulders, was such a face as painters would paint and men would buy and hang on their walls, and yet know not why. And still it was not beautiful, not by any manner of means. It was a sympathetic face, full of affection and full of truth, of resolution, self-will, defiance, doubt. That is, sometimes.

Faces change so. Let a face be backed by blood and mettle, let the soul be tempered by experience and made mellow as a ploughed field by troubles that have torn it up, let it be made charitable of the sins of others by a sense of its own sins—and you have a face that will win you, plain as it may be, and a face that will wear as many changes of expression as the wind and weather.

This man had come upon his art by instinct. He had fancied, or perhaps really seen, things of beauty; he knew they were hiding back behind his canvas, that some day they would come out from there, stand before him, droop, lean, reach, live, look him in the face, and talk back to him and answer the solitude of his soul. In his solitary hours he had seen them, distant, dim, faint, and far away. They seemed to be afraid to draw near.

By devotion, self-denial, adoration, love for the beautiful, and a sincere and simple life, he made him familiar with their ways, and then they came, and he made them his friends for ever.

With all his love for woman, as I have said, he had never yet seen the one certain destiny of his life. Yet he knew she lived. He knew perfectly well that she would come, as the figures and faces of beauty had come on his canvas. And he knew he would recognize her when she came. He pictured her a tall and silent woman, dark and half mysterious; strong, moving a world, yet scarce moving a hand, a central figure, a sun with a thousand stars that moved as she moved, that knew no light but hers.

The first year, the one and only year, of his glory was gone. The young artist was no more a wonder. People began to measure their praise, to doubt, to damn with a definition of qualities. Soon made, soon marred. All sudden growths, as a rule, are the story of Jonah's gourd.

At last, without design, without desiring such a thing now, at a time in fact when he almost wished his dream of her to be and remain for ever but a dream and fancy, he met this one fair woman face to face in one of the highest social circles of London society.

He had heard her name without knowing it or caring for it. He had been dreaming all day, was dreaming still. He did not see her till he stood before her in the gorgeous saloon, splendid with all the magnificence of modern art and civilization, and set about by beautiful women and noble men, and she the one chief centre stone in the shining casket.

Then he lifted his eyes to hers, dark and deep and thoughtful, and full of fire. Their light startled him. He wakened from his dream, shrunk back embarrassed, stammered some strange words that he himself did not understand, and in the whirl and movement of the company took refuge at once, and was perhaps at once forgotten by this wonderful woman. At least she betrayed no consciousness, no emotion, no interest whatever.

Possibly she had not heard his name. Possibly she had heard too much of it. Possibly she, too, had been dreaming like himself that night, and did not waken at all. All these and a thousand other possibilities poured through the young man's brain from that day forth. He did not dare to see her again. Yet dreaming or awake he saw nothing but her, heard no sound but her voice—a voice that was so full of soul, of song, of sympathy, so refreshing, soft, and mellow; like the fountain of Trevi.

Murietta, as I have said, knew certainly that he would on one day meet this woman. Knowing this by some sort of intuition, a sort of revelation that belongs to certain natures cursed or blessed with intense sensibility, he had been content to wait, to go on silently and in a satisfied sort of way with his work, without once considering what he should do when the time came.

No doubt if he had been asked, or if he had asked himself, he would have replied confidently that he should at once address her, tell her the truth briefly, freely, frank and bold as a soldier, and possess her.

As it was, however, he did not address her at all. He ran away. He began for the first time in his life to fear. He could not exactly tell what it was that he feared; but he felt himself tremble in the presence of woman, of man, alone, in crowds, and all the time impressed with the fear that something dreadful was about to happen. Strange horrors began to pour in upon him from a hundred quarters. He had done nothing at all but hide himself away and try all the time to get that one face from between him and his old loves and beautiful princesses on the canvas. It was impossible. He was now miserable beyond expression. Men began to note his change of manner and of mind. His enemies were delighted; his few, very few friends shook their heads and left him nearly alone.

This could not go on with a mind like his. One day in a mood of desperation he resolved to ask who she was. Strange enough, he had not dared mention her name to any one since that night. When at last, pale, excited, trembling, he found the man who could tell him what he sought to learn of her, he found his tongue tied and his mouth dry as if he had had a fever. He wanted to take this man by the collar and lead him into a dark place and turn his face to the wall, and make him tell him there, with his eyes held down and in a voice that only he could hear, who she was and what her name and history.

That, I should say, is love—love, deep, self-denying, indescribable.

To his relief, the man led up to the subject of his heart, and told him all about her while he stood by the fire in early Autumn, and looked out through the window at a man, with a tray on his head and a little bell in his hand, hawking his wares.

The tale was soon told, or at least so much as the man chose to relate, and the artist still stood looking out of the window. The friend set down his glass and laid his hand on his shoulder. The artist started.

"I was looking at the man with the tray and bell. Very singular; very pretty; 'twould make a picture."

The friend stooped a little and looked through the window; but no man with a tray was to be seen. In fact he had gone on half an hour before. But to the artist he was still there, ringing his little brass bell up in his own right ear, as if to be certain he made a great noise to attract the little people to buy his wares.

The men looked each other in the face. The artist was pale and embarrassed.

"You are ill. You must stop work. Do you know what your friends say?"

"My friends?"

"Aye, your friends—the world?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Well, yes, since we had as well hear one falsehood from the world as another."

"But it will offend you?"

"I have passed that phase."

"I fear it will annoy you."

"Nonsense. You annoy me by your insinuations. Speak plain."

"Well, then, my dear fellow, you must stop work."

"Is that what the world says?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but—"

"But, but, but!"

The artist drew up his hands and wrung them nervously as he looked at his so-called friend.

"But—but! Well?"

"They say you—you—that you are ill—and—"

"And—and!" This time the hands clutched the shoulder. They shook the man, and they shook these words from out between his chattering teeth.

"And that you—you—are—that you will go mad—insane!"

The artist shook off his friend and found his way into the street.

"Cabman. India Docks."

"Right."

The Italian flag was fluttering from the masthead of a ship steaming as if just about to start. It bore the word "Genoa."

"Genoa! Genoa? why not? That is in Italy. And *she* is in Italy."

Down the stormy channel around the rocky gates of Hercules, and up the choppy, ugly Mediterranean, and they drew in upon the isolated city of palaces.

At his hotel the good consul sought Murietta out; but he was still sad and thoughtful.

"You will dine with me?"

"No."

"You will at least call and spend an hour—see my family."

"No, no, no. I am not in a mood to see happy people."

Then suddenly turning to the consul after a moment's silence—

"Consul, do me a favor."

"With pleasure, if it is in my power."

"Then take me to see those that are unhappy! the miserable. I was born to that estate. I belong to that class."

The consul hesitated.

"I am miserable to-day; take me among my kind to-day! To-morrow I shall be more cheerful."

They passed up the narrow crowded streets with mighty marble palaces on either hand, up past many fountains, up many steps, under many arches, around a spiral stairway of marble, till suddenly they stood before the Jardin Nero with its tropical flowers, its fountains, its birds, its beasts, and its thousand happy children and beautiful women.

The consul turned his back to this, and led across the shady walk to the beautiful public drive, with its double rows of trees, its fountains, its bands of music, and its whirl of carriages that follow one another around and around on this delightful drive overlooking the sea, that seems to have been fashioned from a half-leveled mountain.

"There!"

"Folly, folly! I asked for the unhappy. You bring me to this whirl of gaiety—this giddiness of delight!"

"You asked for the miserable. Here they are! There they sit in those carriages! There are the truly unhappy! and so it is the wide world over."

Murietta grasped his hand. He looked him in the face as if he would look him through.

"You have uttered a great truth. I knew it before. I have felt it often before, but dared not say."

Around and around the carriages whirled two and two, and then in double line in meeting, they drove four deep, and the horses took in the spirit of the splendid sunset scene, and bent their necks and tossed their manes and stepped as if they scarcely touched the ground. A group of peasants in gay and beautiful dress with their glorious hair about their shoulders danced below an acacia tree in

the sprinkle of the fountain, while the officers in splendid uniforms moved leisurely up and down, bowed to the black-eyed women seated here and there in twos and threes, and the black-eyed women blushed behind their fans in return; and all the time the fountains plashed and played in the gold of the sloping sun, while the bands played martial airs and then low and tender melodies.

The carriages were largely those of foreigners. They were filled with beautiful women and men who wore a look of more care certainly than was consistent with the scene. There was a fearful rivalry between many of these splendid equipages.

This one had the best horses in Genoa, but that one had a carriage that shone with gold and silver; then this carriage bore the most beautiful woman in the world, while that one claimed a special glory because it bore the Crown Prince of Italy.

CHAPTER II.

THE LADY IN PINK.



URIETTA stood there looking at, and yet not half beholding, the scene before him. He was devouring the thought that the consul had given him as if his soul had been hungry. He was turning it over, testing it, trying to prove that it was false, and yet at every turn of the gay equipage finding evidence of its truth.

From the first there was one carriage, however, that had a special attraction for him. A little boy, with long light hair like gold and sunshine woven together, sat on a front seat dressed in

blue velvet, and looking down at the happy peasant children, as if he would like to join them and be happy too.

Beside this boy sat or lounged a great six-foot seaman-looking fellow in a white vest, pea-jacket, and sailor hat, which he was constantly lifting, and sometimes to people who did not respond, and a swagger in his air that spoke as plain as words could speak that his place and position in the world, whatever it was, was about as unsteady as the deck of a ship. Yet he had a powerful face, powerful for wickedness. He certainly had a chin like Dante. He as certainly had an eye like the devil. One hand was constantly employed in lifting his hat; the other kept a sort of reach and regard for the little boy at his side.

As this carriage whirled past, the consul lifted his hat to the very beautiful blonde lady dressed all in soft shades of pink or rose, who sat with her husband on the back seat; and the big man with the big chin lifted his hat in return and bowed twice to the consul.

The beautiful lady smiled with an expression of sadness that was even painful, but only smiled. The husband, a handsome, graceful, Italian-looking gentleman, with a small hand and a small weak nose, and a small head which was slightly bald, lifted his hat also, with that ease and composure which shows at least the gentleman bred and born.

"Beautiful!" said the consul.

"Sad!" sighed the artist.

The two walked on together.

But Murietta could not forget that face. It was the face of a child. The eyes were large and liquid, yet soft and timid as those of a baby. Her complexion was rose and alabaster. She seemed to blush to her shoulders as she breathed. With her pure pitiful face, sad and sweet and lonesome, with its touch of tenderness for her little boy with hair so like her own, she to Murietta was by far the most beautiful of all the beautiful women of Genoa.

"Who are they?"

"It's a sad story."

"I knew it was sad. Let me imagine it. It will give me food for to-night whilst prowling through the silent city."

The sun had set on Genoa. The pretty dancers had disappeared, the bands had broken in pieces, and here and there a man, with a great brass instrument coiled about him, stood bantering, cap in hand, with some fair woman.

The two men were leaving the garden as the carriage with the sad pretty face above the soft rose robes was passing. The consul bowed. The fair woman half turned her head to the man beside her, and he reached his arm and touched the footman. The footman turned his head to the coachman, and the carriage stopped.

The consul stepped up towards the carriage door, shook hands with the gentleman, and then took the extended hand of the big man with the big chin, while the little boy only looked down from the carriage at the doves that strutted about and pecked in the dust near to the wheels and the horses' feet.

"Glad to see you, dear consul," said the big man with the big chin as he clutched the hand in his. "Glad to see you," continued the deep bass voice. "I am a man who carries his heart in his hand, you know. A rough but honest sailor. Glad to see you looking so well, 'pon my word."

The lady looked in the consul's face with her great, sad child's eyes, so full of wonder all the time, and then she looked at his companion, who had held back as if to escape an introduction.

"My friend Murietta—the Countess Edna."

The lady smiled sadly, sighed as if from habit, and bowed as the artist lifted his hat and held it poised in the air. Then he shook hands with the gentleman at her side who was introduced as "Count Edna," and was about to withdraw.

"You are not of the family of Murietta, the artist?"

The artist blushed and bowed in the affirmative.

The consul said something in a half whisper, and then the lady again reached her hand. The gentleman at her side was over civil; and, while the great captain by the little boy, who had just been introduced, was declaring that he was a man who carried his heart in his hand, and was only a rough but honest sailor, the polite gendarme came with his finger to his cap, motioned the carriage to proceed, and the two parties were separated.

The day was done, and the consul and the artist were walking on together toward the Hôtel Italie.

"The poor count has a sorry time of it indeed," observed the consul.

"And why? He certainly seems the happier of the two."

"Ah! you do not understand. He is a poor Italian, of illustrious family, who has married this American heiress. She, it is believed, is mad. She tells strange things of the count and his companions. Well, then, there is a history!—a sort of story which nobody knows much about; for the count is so affectionate, so faithful, and so careful of his wife's good fame, that he would die rather than reveal it. Still, I am partly in his confidence; and he has hinted at enough to make at least a dozen men miserable."

"Well, she at least is miserable."

"She is mad!" added the consul, emphatically.

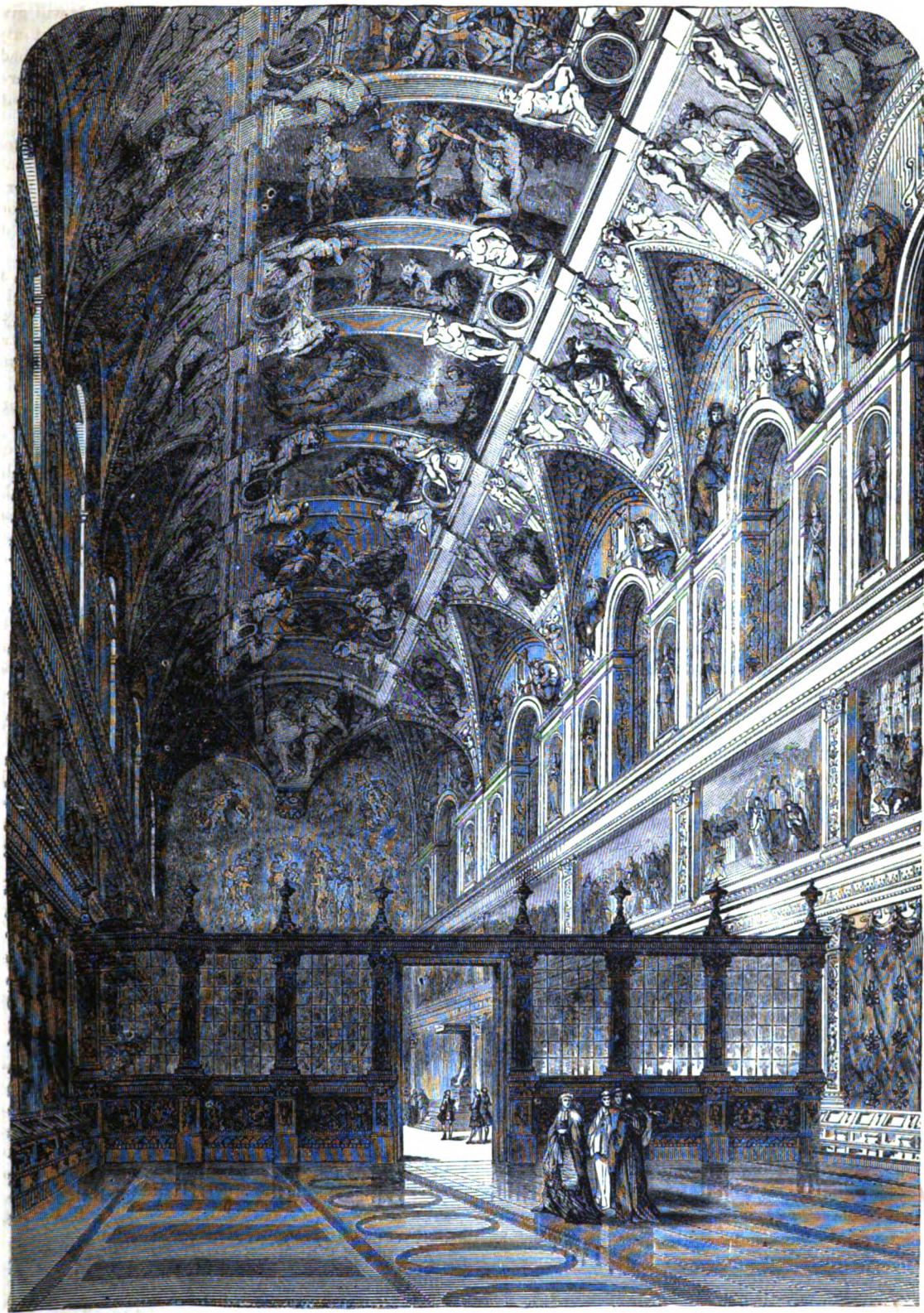
Murietta put his hand to his brow. He began to wonder if the consul had heard what his enemies had said of him. He looked in the face of his friend, and drew a breath of relief.

"And that big man with the little boy?"

"A sort of keeper, and a friend of the good count's."

"And are they long in Genoa?"

"Oh, so-so! for the season of a few weeks like all travelers. And they too, like all the English-speaking people, are at the same hotel with yourself."



THE INTERIOR OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL AT ROME.

Murietta shrugged his shoulders, and wished them almost anywhere else.

"Whatever she is, I am not in a mood to meet her. As for the count, he is too soft. I should despise him."

As Murietta turned the corner in the street, he laid a finger of his left hand in the open palm of his right, and said emphatically, "Honest men don't tell you that they carry their hearts in their hands." Then they parted.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTESS EDNA.

If this fair sad-faced lady, the Countess Edna, was beautiful as she sat in the carriage, she was tenfold more so as she moved in her rich Italian dress down the hall to the *salle* that evening to dinner.

Murietta was there before she entered. He had his face

on his upturned palm, and was moody and silent, and dissatisfied with Genoa. He had not seen her enter, although he had been looking straight in that direction. When he first saw her, she was walking, or rather gliding, moving as if on waves, coming noiselessly, save the rustle of her trailing pink garment straight upon him. He rose to his feet, and her husband, who followed, very gently seated her at the table only a remove or two away.

Agnin Murietta fell into his mood, let his head fall on his upturned palm in an abstracted *abandon* that had been rudeness in any other than this careless kind of repose, and fell to thinking of her he fain would find.

There was the prettiest little laugh, and the beautiful countess turned her head just a little, and Murietta turned to look, admire, and listen.

The big admiral sat opposite, bowed to Murietta low, reached his hand as if he held his heart in it—and then turned to look with a sort of hungry expression at his prisoner.

The Count Edna sat beside his lady, and beyond her sat the red-faced, fat, very proper English clergyman, in black clothes, with his napkin tucked up under his chin.

The lady had been speaking to this clergyman, and he had evidently been talking of or quoting the Italian poets.

"Dante!" laughed the lady, "ha! ha! it was Dante who wrote all about hell, was it not?"

The clergyman bowed profoundly.

"Well, was Dante ever married?"

The clergyman laid down his knife and fork, and rolled his eyes about, and lifted up the lower part of his napkin and threatened his mouth with it, and held it there theologically and in silence.

The count sighed, and looked down the table for sympathy. A very long spinster in gold spectacles away down the table said, "Poor lady," loud enough for all to hear, and the hungry admiral whipped out a book and wrote something under the shadow of his enormous chin.

"Because," continued the countess, as if she had not heard or seen a thing that passed, though she heard, saw, felt all, and more than all—"because I want to read Dante once more, and must inform myself on this point, for I have no confidence in authors who get their information and ideas of hell second-hand!"

As the dinner advanced the big admiral melted away under the influence of Italian wine, and withdrew, taking the count in tow. The man sandwiched in between the artist and the countess was fairly absorbed by the literary lady in gold spectacles, and finally drawn out to her side; and thus Murietta found himself at last almost alone by the very woman he had wished to avoid.

He had expected her to begin and wear him out in a dozen ways at once. On the contrary, she sat silent, as far as he was concerned, and only addressed herself to the little sunshine of a boy by her side.

"Yes," at last she answered to the old stereotyped question every traveler puts to his fellow-traveler by way of breaking the ice—"yes; she liked Genoa well. It had such a history—had been such a brave old crusader!"

"And then it discovered us!" added the artist.

The count and the lady's keeper had not returned. The little boy had been led away by a servant; and Murietta could do no less than offer the countess his arm. They entered the great parlor, and sat by the window alone overlooking a portion of the great city. It was white and splendid in the mellow moon.

"Look," said the lady, pointing to a great palace all covered with beautiful frescoes. "Does it not look as if the palace had been filled full of splendid pictures, and was now boiling over and spilling down on the outside?"

Her face was glorious with enthusiasm. But she stopped

suddenly. She felt, rather than saw, that she was being watched. Murietta turned his head.

There stood the count in the doorway under the shadow of the enormous chin. Both men were glaring hard at the two who sat by the window, out of the dark of the doorway, and both men were drunk.

She leaned towards Murietta as if continuing the conversation.

"I have something to say. Ah! I *must* say it, and say it soon. Do not—do not run away from me. They all run away—all of them—whenever I begin to tell them how it is I am prisoner. I am watched! I have talked to you to-night to prove to you that I am not mad. Am I mad? Do you think I am mad? Will you some day tell me? Will you some day sit still and hear me? Oh, I am so alone!"

She almost hissed these words into his ear. She had risen as she spoke, and now reaching her hand timidly, she said "Good night!" and was gone, through the door, into the hands of the count and under the shadow of the enormous chin.

Murietta paced his room that night. He was perfectly certain he had never seen so much beauty, so much quiet dignity, such devotion to art, and clear good sense in any one woman before. He was certain something was wrong. He had wished to avoid her. He was a knight by nature; but he did not care for a tilt now. The more he thought of the situation of things, the more he was perplexed and annoyed.

At last he drew back his foot, kicked an ottoman with all his might, said "Confound that woman!" and went to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. The indescribable beauty of this woman was before him all the time. She seemed to be less of earth than of heaven. And then the sad and untold story of her life—the mystery. The weak, quiet count; the strong and stormy old admiral. Yet this was not the woman of his heart. He did not love this woman. He wished it was her as he tossed in his bed. Had it been her he had risen up and possessed her. He arose next morning with a fever.

The Countess Edna still lingered at breakfast in the coffee-room, and Murietta was not at all annoyed to see her there, bright and beautiful, as he entered. There was no cloud lowering over this sun in the shape of the count, no shadow of the great chin; and the little woman sat there sideways at the table in her light pink clothes, her little feet in pink slippers on a footstool, and seemed tranquil as the morning. Her lap was full of morning papers, which she perhaps had never meant to read, for they were tumbled promiscuously with magazines and little paper-covered novels right and left before her on the table.

She smiled her recognition, subdued and in silence, and turned her eyes to the chair opposite. Murietta hesitated. At another time when the sun shone less brightly, or his heart beat less lightly, he had not hesitated at all, but would have gone straight on to the little table away back in the corner, and stowed himself there out of sight as was his habit. But now he stood still and looked inquiringly around.

The lady lifted her eyes to his. She took hold of him as if he had been a prisoner. She led him with her eyes silently and gently to the place opposite, and as he bowed helplessly before her, and said, "With your permission," set him down there a captive to her beauty.

"Yes, the count was out on the bay with little Sunshine and the big admiral."

"Dear, dear, dead old Genoa!" The artist said this, half to himself and half to the lady, as he looked at the crumbling frescoes on the great palace wall opposite, for he did not wish to think of that ugly man the admiral on a morning

of such matchless beauty. The great brown eyes were wide open as if with wonder. The little pink feet tapped impatiently on the ottoman, and the papers rustled in the lap with the dress, and against the ruffles of soft pink and rose.

"No, no, no! Genoa is not dead. It seems to be taking a second growth. There are factories and machine-shops growing up about the outskirts of the town; and now and then a new palace or hotel is creeping up from the crowded mass of buildings within the walls. You can well imagine, however, that once the city slept. You can see where it stood still for nearly a thousand years—until the wonderful little Corsican came down the Alps and awakened all Italy with the thunder of his cannon. And since then there has been no sleep! but it has gone on steadily step by step—politically, socially, and materially—till the country stands in nowise in the rear of nations."

Murietta began to be troubled in his mind again. The pretty Italian actor, dressed for his part, and perfect in it, as if he had been all night at rehearsal, came sailing in here with two very bright and shining instruments lifted high in his hands, and held by two black and crooked handles. He came sidewise and bowing up to the table by Murietta, and bowing again, tilted his instruments, and at one and the same time turned a little cataract of boiling chalk and water, and a little cataract of burnt beans, misnamed coffee, into a great white coffee cup, and bowing again tilted back his instruments, lifted them in the air on a level with his head, and bowed himself back and sidewise with such artistic perfection that Murietta almost expected to see the curtain come down, and was a little disappointed that there was now a storm of applause from the frescoed ceilings and walls around.

"And I suppose you have 'done' Genoa?" he observed to the countess.

"No, no, not 'done' Genoa at all. Genoa is like Rome, inexhaustible!" she said. "One cannot well tire of looking at the old, old palaces, built Heaven knows when! One sees them still roofed with Roman tile, and on the side next the sun as red and bright as ever, but on the other slope gray and mossed, and made velvet, as if for the feet of Time. And then, within, the walls are made alive with master-pieces of painting; and some are hung with implements of war—trophies that were won, and banners that were borne in triumph through the Holy Land."

Again the papers and the ruffles rustled, and the little pink feet tapped restlessly on the gorgeous ottoman.

"Then there is a museum of antiquities—the collection, unlike those of our country and of England, made up mostly from older lands than Italy—as if these people counted theirs but a new country, and only the Orient gray enough to give them relics worth preserving. What a curious collection it is indeed! The implements of war are all gnawed and bitten by the teeth of Time; and the stained and yellow statuary is broken up as if it had been overthrown and ground and ground beneath the wheels of his chariot."

"We had an earthquake here last month; do you like earthquakes?"

The curtain was raised, or at least two actors entered here, bowing gracefully, dressed in splendid stage array, and bearing aloft a tray in each right hand, as they glided sideways towards the table. The china and the teaspoons met in convention on these trays, talked for a moment in an undertone, the stray bits of bread gathered themselves together as these graceful actors moved their hands over the linen. The trays lifted up light as balances; the graceful actors bowed, and, edging sideways, were gone, and the curtain seemed to come down and the piece was over.

"You have been to Nervi?"

The brown eyes, so soft, so childlike, so lonesome, so

hungry for love, so wishful for just one friend, man or woman, brother, sister, mother, any one—they lifted to his timidly. Then as if half frightened they turned aside, and the lady laughed as if to divert herself, and tapped the ottoman and passed the regiment of novels all up and down with her little babylike right hand.

"Well, you must go to Nervi. I will tell you all about it. It is a little resting-place five or six miles down the line of the sea, and I often go out there for a day or two to see the patient, simple peasants at their work. The drive is the only really pleasant one around Genoa. You pass right under the little mountain where we first met—you look surprised. Well, you will find the road to the eastern gate of Genoa leads right under and through the little, half leveled mountain, on which that beautiful drive and garden with the trees is built. Then you pass through a great moss-grown gate that opens from the old and crowded city, and you pass many Madonnas fastened up in the walls of houses and over doors. And before these lamps are always burning, and the peasants never pass them without crossing themselves and lifting their tattered hats."

She stopped, looked away, and seemed to forget her narrative.

"Well?" said Murietta, as if to call her back to her subject.

"There are soldiers mounted on the mighty walls of the city, which is at least twenty miles in length; and you rarely pass the gate without having an officer peer into your carriage and pull at the robes, or whatever he likes to lay hands on.

The pretty actor entered, walked across the stage, let down the colored curtain, against the sun, and withdrew as she continued:

"And here as you drive on are our little lean and ever-patient friends the mules, in long dusty caravans, climbing up and down and around the rocky hills. Everything—milk, meat, bread, wine, pigs, chickens, children, old men, old women—all things, animate or inanimate, belonging to the peasantry, seem to climb up out of the dust into the baskets that hang from the sides of my thoughtful but not always silent little friends. I met one of these little fellows, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, not long ago as I came into town. The two little bare-headed and bare-footed boys, who were on their way to the mountains to get a load of wood, had climbed into the baskets, and there they lay curled up like kittens and fast asleep. It was a very warm day, and the solemn little donkey was taking it very slow, and letting his long ears flop and flag as if they had wilted in the sun; but he did not stop nor bump the baskets against the walls, nor do anything to disturb the little sleepers."

"Babes of the woods! How I should like to paint them!" mused the artist.

"I am bound to say they are all very lazy," she continued. "You see them asleep by the roadside—asleep among the grape-vines—asleep on the great stone walls. It is my opinion that when an Italian is not singing an opera, or acting a piece, he is asleep. On this pleasant drive to and from Nervi, I must tell you there are two institutions that you cannot avoid, and with which you must not quarrel. One is an old demented beggar, who fancies that he is an officer, and insists on inspecting your carriage for contraband goods. A penny, however, will satisfy him that it is all right, and he will let you pass. The dear old fellow has learnt that from the real officers; such a satire, is it not? The other institution is a one-legged beggar with matches. Now there is no use in trying to drive away from this man. I have tried it, and there is not a horse in all Genoa that can escape him. He is the liveliest Italian I ever saw. It is safe to say that he can outrun any

two-legged peasant to be found on this grape-clad slope of the Apennines."

The soft tones stopped at last; the little pink feet played their tattoo again, and the nervous little dimpled right hand began to set the regiments of novels in motion as if a battle was about to begin.

The brown eyes opened wide and clear and candid, and she looked to Murietta as if he could rise up in spirit and march in through those beautiful broad, opened doors and enter her soul, and sit down there and rest perfectly satisfied that there was nothing but good, but peace, but charity, but sympathy, hope, and faith, and love.

"I will go to Nervi, lady." He leaned over the table on his arms as he spoke, and looked full in her face with his old enthusiasm and frankness. "I will go to Nervi. I will go as if on a road that a saint had traveled. I will lift my hat as I pass the places you have named. Your little peasant boys, your beggars, even the little mules, shall have all the road as for me, for I will turn aside and let them pass. I will see in each one of them an immortal picture. Your custom-house officer shall take me a prisoner, and your one-legged beggar—"

The lady turned white as the marbles on the mantel. Her eyes fell, she did not look around. She knew that he was there, and the blood went back to her heart in such floods that it beat and beat as if there was indeed to be a battle.

The enormous man with that dreadful chin was standing in the door, and the mild-eyed count, with his weak nose as red as a priest's, was standing under his shadow, watching the beautiful woman and the enthusiastic artist.

The warm blood of Murietta flowed also. But it was not with fear. He saw the situation of things but imperfectly, yet he saw enough to know perfectly well that there was a wrong, and that a woman was the sufferer.

A man has no right to ask to know more. This to a man should be enough to ensure his action. But it is not enough in this day of shops and shoddy. The creature man, the coward, must first know that he, his name, his position, his money, his all, is not only safe, but that he is to be paid for his services as a sort of upper servant is paid, and then he works. Bah! Out upon the time!

Murietta did not move. He did not even draw back his eager face, but sat there the same as if no one had come upon the scene.

The beautiful lady, pale as a California lily, sank and settled down, as if she would disappear in the rosy folds of her robe.

"Lady," the artist went on as if he still spoke of the drive to Nervi—"lady, do not fear, do not move unless you desire. No hand shall touch you, no tongue shall insult you here."

"Oh sir, you do not know what you say. You do not know what you promise. You do not know a thing about it. Ah, if you only knew! Now—now—now—" she put her little hands to the side of her head as if in pain—"Ah, I have wasted time! I was coming to it, you know. I was going to tell you. I wanted to prove to you that I was all right—that—that—you—"

"Will you come?" called the count, at the same time lifting his hat civilly.

"Come, come, it's past meridian," thundered the admiral.

The lady rose, smiled sadly, bowed, looking back, and went out a prisoner.

Why did they not come in? and why did she go away?

CHAPTER IV.

GOOD-BYE, BEAUTIFUL LADY!

MURIETTA, finding himself left alone, after loitering an hour or two about the hotel, went to his friend the consul.

The consul was a good man, which is a new thing in an American officer abroad. The consul was also a politician and a politic man, which is not a new thing at all. In fact, had he not been a politician he had not been a consul.

The consul shook his head and laughed.

"My dear boy, this is no new thing. Pardon my liberty, but the lady does not suffer. She tells, or tries to tell, some sort of a story to every one who will listen to it. At least, so I hear," added the consul in a sort of foot-note, for he was a politician, and did not like to be positive or say anything that meant an open assertion.

"Has she ever told anything to you?"

"No, nothing."

"And you have known her and you like her?"

"Yes," bowed the consul.

"And you have known her long and like her much?"

"Like her? yes, exceedingly. She is a good woman, as good as she is beautiful, and that is saying much! but she is really, you know—" The consul touched his forehead, tapped it with his fingers, and shut his eyes.

"Yes, I understand what you mean. But may you not be mistaken? May not she be a prisoner? May not this husband be a jealous little monster? an old man of the mountains?"

The merry consul laughed again, rose up, reached a cigar, struck a match, and with his cigar between his teeth, and the light still burning in his fingers, which he held around it like a lantern, said:

"Murietta, look here! You are an artist, an enthusiast, and a dreamer. Half the time you are asleep, the other half you are altogether too much awake. You do things in a wild and unreasonable way. Now you listen to me. I do not sleep, I do not dream; I am always awake. Level head, you see."

He tapped his bald head with his finger after throwing away the match, and seated himself by the side of his friend.

"I see," said Murietta, though he did not exactly see what he meant.

"Well, I make no mistakes. Now let me tell you what to do. Will you hear me? will you take my advice?"

"Yes, that is—"

"That is, what?"

"Well, when I see anybody in trouble, I am not to be persuaded to let them suffer; you may take my word for that."

"Suffer! Do you suppose a lady with a hundred thousand francs, a husband, a titled gentleman of culture, who is with her as if he was her shadow, can be allowed to suffer? No, no, my boy, depend upon it you are in the wrong. You have no experience with women—no *savoir*, as your Mexicans would say. Besides, you cannot afford to mix up in this matter, even though there should be the least bit of tyranny."

"And why could I not afford it?"

"Well, what would the world say?"

"That for the world, and all it can say and all it can do." Murietta sprang to his feet and snapped his fingers, as if he was snapping the cap of a pistol in the face of the world. "In the teeth of the world I have lived thus far, and in the teeth of the world I shall die! Let me have the good opinion of myself, and I will whistle in the face of men and win them at my feet."

He threw away his cigar, came up and stood before the consul. The flame that had shot up, beautiful as it was, was dying out. It had been too intense. His mind had been strung to a sort of madness that morning, and now, in the presence of the cool and clear-headed friend, it was tempering down.

"Well, you will pardon me. I am sorry. I want only to

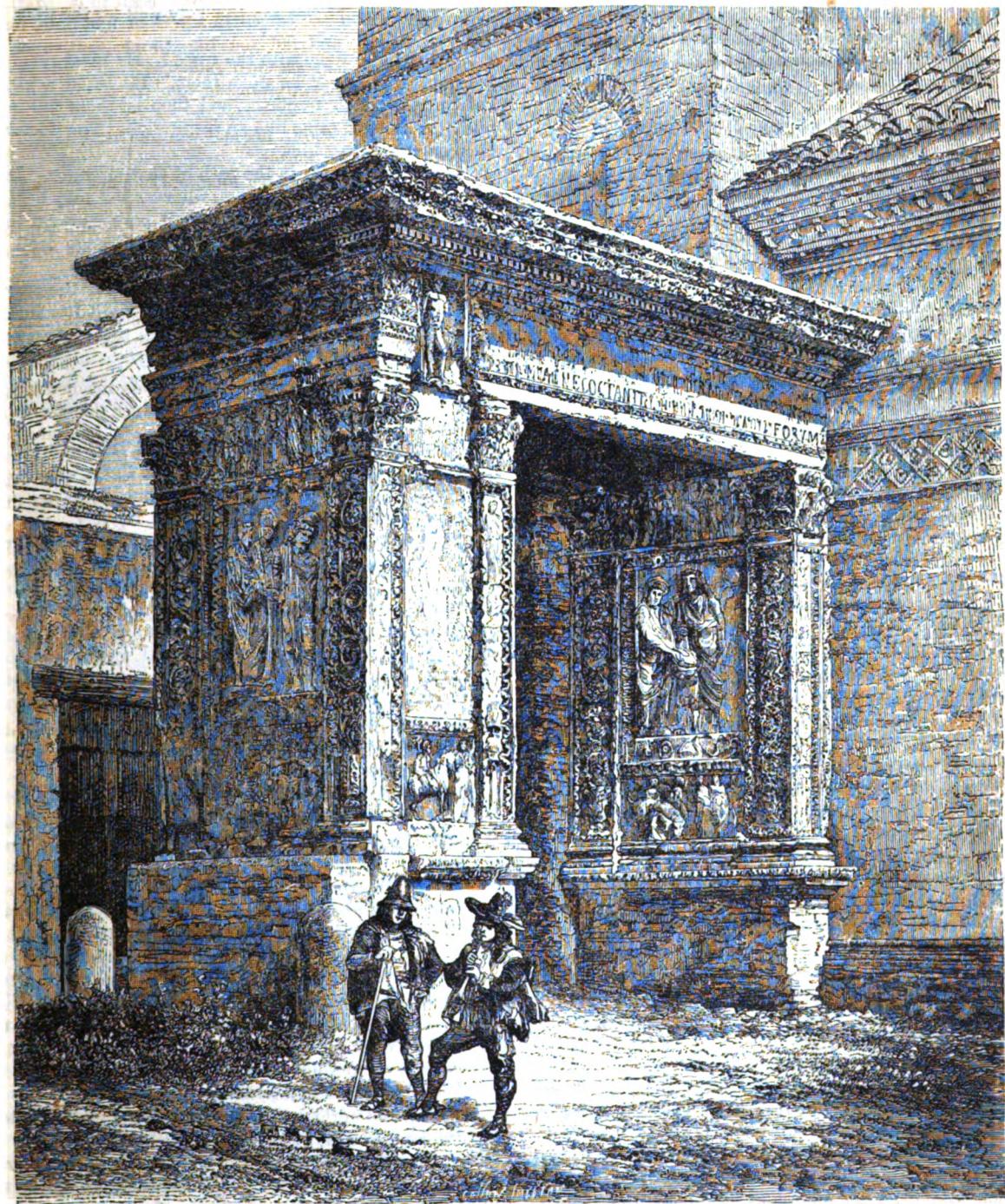
serve the lady, not to annoy you. I see that you are wiser in these things than I. Besides, what can I do for her?"

"Listen. Will you do as I advise?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will *do* Genoa to-day and to-night. At dawn to-morrow there is a ship goes out for Naples. A glorious sea, and a glorious sail it will be. You, my friend, are not

That night Murietta stood by the old city wall above the sea, and watched the sun go down on Genoa. Away to the left the sea and sky were one unbroken curve of blue; but to the west the sun wedged in between the two and lit it up like a far light in some vast and eternal temple. And then it fell like a sinking isle of fire, and it was night in the city of the Holy Grail.



THE MONEY-CHANGERS' ARCH AT ROME.

now the man to reach a hand into any man's or woman's affairs. You would only spoil all. Wait, if you must interfere, for a more convenient season."

The artist thought a moment, thought of the old trouble, the days before he left the British Isles—and this confirmed him. He reached his hand.

"You are perfectly right and I trust you. I will go on the ship that leaves Genoa for Naples to-morrow morning."

The artist did not retire. He did not even return to his hotel. He passed the night wandering through the dark mysterious streets of Genoa. As morning approached he touched the high wall to the north. The sea winds blew and fanned the stars into a tender light.

Looking up the Apennines and beyond the wall, Murietta saw a thousand—nay, ten thousand—lights on the mountain sides that looked down upon the city from the cottages of

men who trimmed the vines or tended goats upon the hills. Higher and higher the eye followed the loftier Apennines, further and fainter shone the little lights from the grape-growers' doors, until the mountain-tops were lost in the distance and the cottage lights were lost among the stars.

The sun came suddenly over the hill, blew out the little lights of the cottages and the little lamps up in the purple heavens—and it was morning in Genoa!

"Good-bye, beautiful lady!" The dreamer stood on the deck of the ship as she foamed through the opaline sea, and looked sadly back and kissed his hand and said—

"I am a coward."

CHAPTER V.

ROSES IN HER PATH.



ROM man and from woman Murietta wished to fly. Nature opens her arms, her heart to man, when weary of his follies and of his kind. He found an old man—a sort of American missionary—for a guide, and made haste to ascend Vesuvius. At the hermitage they stopped, dismounted, and turned to look on the world below. Ships on the bay blew in and out, white as sea-gulls' wings, and their sails seemed scarcely larger. The great city of Naples seemed drawn up close to the base of the mountain. The sea seemed to be almost under them.

Suddenly some clouds blew in between them and the sea. These clouds were below them. The thunder growled as if it had been a monstrous beast shut up in the caves of broken lava.

Then there was lightning. Then the clouds rolled black and dense, and tumbled like seas of the north.

Then the lightning wove and wound below them as if running threads of fire and gold in this woop and warp of storm and darkness. Then stab, stab, stab! the lightning struck at the earth as if angry; and the thunder boomed, and then the great white rain, high-born, beautiful rain, poured down below them, and then all was light and bright as Summer morning.

Out of this rain rode a lady. She had a better horse than was to be had of the brigands below, and she sat it as if she had been born in the saddle. She led her party, and an old man, a tall man with a severe face who might have been her father, rode at her side.

Murietta mounted and rode on as he saw her ride out of the cloud and rein up one of the terraced curves of the tortuous road below, for he had no desire to be disturbed that day by the presence of strangers.

Peasants were coming down in parties, bearing wood on asses all along the road, and baskets of flowers on their heads. Wild, splendid-looking women they were, and polite as if bred at court. Right and left were high-heaved masses of lava in all conceivable shapes, and over these ugly masses ivies were climbing and twining tenderly, as if to hide them from sight. Nature had been on a spree, and, now penitent, was trying to cover up what she had done.

Here and there the smoke came curling up through fissures in the road. And over there, to the right, the smoke curled up as if from many wigwams. Yet all over this grew roses and grapes, and olives and oranges, and fruits of the four parts of the world.

A beautiful peasant girl aroused the artist from his pensive mood with the present of a beautiful pink rose from the basketful which she bore on her head.

The artist handed her a franc. Then the grateful girl reached him the whole basketful, for he had given her thrice the price of it. He took the fragrant and beautiful basket of roses up before him, smiled, and wondered what in the world he could do with it.

There had been some delay, and, fearing lest the party led by the lady might be drawing very near, he looked back down the road over his shoulder. They were indeed very near, but he could not see the lady well for the walls and trees by the tortuous road.

What shall be done with the roses? He must ride on or the strange lady will be upon them. He lifted a handful and breathed their fragrance, and then let them fall in the road. A thought came like an inspiration. The doctor was in advance awaiting him.

"I will scatter roses in the path of that stranger. In the way of that lone, brave woman, whoever she may be, I will strew roses and wish that they shall have never a thorn. Here on this mountain of fire, in this strange land, in a pilgrim's path, a pilgrim shall scatter roses."

And then the man rode on slowly and lifted the roses by the handful and scattered them in the pleasant Roman road, in the path of the strange woman, while the pretty peasant girl, who seemed to understand and sympathize with the sentiment and admire his strange fancy, ran beside him, showing her pretty teeth and shaking out her abundant hair.

The artist emptied the basket, handed it to the girl, but did not dare look back lest he should see the strangers. He put spurs to the little pony, rode on, and joined the sedate doctor of divinity or missionary.

After two hours' pleasant journey they touched the base of the great ash-heap or cone, dismounted, left their horses in charge of boys stationed here for that purpose, and began at once slowly to ascend.

The other party came up as the two ascended the cone, and one of the gentlemen was carried up in a chair by eight of these reformed brigands; but the lady laid hold of ropes, and, tucking her dress prettily up under her pretty waist, came boldly on at the head of her party.

Naples seemed to be nearer than ever; and the ships sailed right up against the base of Vesuvius as it seemed, and wound and wove over the bluish bay in a dreamy sort of way that seemed almost supernatural, and is certainly indescribable. To the right and left lay little white towns dotted over the plains, and below them the white houses looked like flocks huddled together and at rest.

Away, away at sea the little fishing boats, with their snowy sails, looked like swarms of swallows blowing idly in the sun.

Another hour up this field of plowed land set up on its edge, and the ground grows very warm to the feet. Then you come upon little seams and puffs of smoke curling lazily out from under the clods beneath you. Then you begin to smell sulphur, and coal, and tar, and turpentine, and almost every other concoction that you can conceive of.

It is certainly very hot as you draw nearer to the crater; and the plowed land seems to be plowed a great deal deeper, and to be sowed and planted with fire—which seemed to be coming up in a first-rate crop, for Murietta stopped at a little crevice by the way and coolly—if one may be allowed to say coolly in this case—lighted his cigar.

And now after two hours and a half, suddenly and almost before they expected it, they stood by the great crater of the New Vesuvius.

The first view of this chasm of smoke and fire is awful in the extreme. Broad and bottomless, round and vast, boiling and seething, it seems alive and full of pent-up strength.

You can hear the monster breathe. You stand, you lean over, you look down, down into the monster's open mouth—

the monster that has swallowed up cities and even seas—and you are mute and dumb with awe and wonder. You feel a fascination and desire that you hope never to feel again. It is an impulse, almost irresistible, to leap into this awful fiery mouth of restless mother earth, and become a part of the grand spectacle before you.

The yellow smoke curls lazily about the rim of the crater at your feet; but the opposite side of the vast round and hollowed mountain, half a mile away, stands up before you clear and fair as pictures on a wall.

It is sometimes perfectly clear of smoke and flame. At such times you see an unbroken perpendicular wall away down, almost a mile down into this mountain, made light and bright with fires from below, and you see little mountains of flame and sulphur at the very bottom.

Surely here are colors that no man has named

CHAPTER VI ON THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE.



They were about to descend, there came up out of the smoke a very, very beautiful lady, with a party of English and American tourists.

She seemed to lead them, for she came on, dimly seen through the smoke, ahead of all the party. How tall and superb she seemed as seen through the curling smoke that wreathed about her form as she advanced, as if she was borne in a chariot of fire!

At first only this lady was visible; and Murietta stood contemplating her from a distance with awe and wonder.

How tall she was! how gracefully she moved! She seemed to ride on the rising clouds of smoke that curled about her dark mantle. She came on but slowly up the steep and stupendous field of fire, and Murietta felt an almost irresistible desire to go down and lead her to the summit.

At last through the smoke he saw dimly behind her the faces of others. Only their faces were seen through the clouds of smoke, and it gave them a weird and unearthly appearance. Their feet and forms were hidden in the smoke that curled up from out a thousand pores and fissures of the earth; but their faces lifted above this and they seemed to be floating in the air. They looked, back there in the dim, drifting, shifting clouds, as if they were spirits following always after, and attending on the tall and wonderful woman in black who was just now emerging from the smoke, and turning the crest of the pyramid.

Murietta had resolved to go forward and offer her his arm. He took a step forward as she emerged from the smoke. Then he saw her face fairly and fully for the first time, and stepped back, turned his head, and hurried away to one side. His heart beat with a mad and intense delight.

It was Annette, the one fair woman. At last he had again looked upon the one woman of all the world for whom he had waited, and the woman who had visited him for years and years in his dreams.

She stood at last, as he shrunk back into the smoke up on the topmost rim of the pyramid in the full light, leaning on her staff, resting there, looking down into that matchless and magnificent panorama of colors and the awful commotion of the elements.

She was silent as before. Her brows lifted, a hand passed back the splendor of midnight hair that blew loosely about her shoulders, but she did not speak.

How fitting it was that she should stand alone! Murietta clasped his hands and bent his knees till they touched the

steep side of the mountain where he stood, and he lifted his face in gratitude.

This to him was the most perfect moment that he had ever known. It was a moment large and full and rich to overflowing. He felt that it was such a time, such a scene, such a combination of grandeur and beauty and splendor, so much of history, of love, of poetry—the past, the present, the future—as he had not found before, and would probably never know again. It was such a scene, he thought, as his soul had aspired to from the first dawning of his adoration for things that are divine.

Still clasping his hands, he held his head, and said softly to himself :

"I—I scattered roses in her path. It is a good omen. I scattered roses in your path, O beautiful and divinest of women, without knowing that it was you! Some day I will tell you this, and you will look at me and will not be displeased."

The lady moved. He was afraid he would be seen. He hastily arose and fell back further in the smoke and down the mountain almost out of sight. He had sooner dared go into the presence of the Madonna had she stood there on the crest of the mountain invoking the Deity.

The doctor and guide came down and stood with him as if ready to descend.

Murietta looked up once more. The beautiful woman was moving along the rim of the mountain now in the midst of her party.

"I scattered roses in her path," he kept saying to himself, and thanking heaven for the happy thought and the happy opportunity that had led him to do this little service for the only woman he had ever really loved, or now could ever love.

He was the happiest man in all that happy land of happy people. Never had the sun looked down so soft and golden and glorious as it did now. Never had fair Italy seemed half so fair as at this hour. His heart was full of gratitude, and all things seemed fair and good, and full of hope and happiness.

"I scattered roses in her path," he said, and peered among the clouds of smoke that curled about his face as if they had been blowing curtains, as if to see her still more perfectly.

Then the clouds blew low and close to the ground, and left him quite unveiled before her. He turned hastily and half frightened down the mountain, as if he had stolen into Paradise and was afraid of being seen.

"I scattered roses in her path!" he said again, and still kept watching her, and retired slowly down the mountain, and deeper into the smoke, as if to be certain he could not be seen.

"I scattered roses in her path. Will she follow me down here? Perhaps she will come directly down this way! Then I shall be covered with confusion. Possibly I shall leap down this precipice into the chasm of St. Sebastian. Oh, if it would please her, if rather she would weep and think of me, I would leap into the depths of Vesuvius!"

"I scattered roses in her path!" Poor man, she had not seen him or thought of him at all. Such is life—such is love.

No one attempted to go around to the other side of the crater again that day. The smoke was now rolling dark, thick, and threatening, and the new comers decided to return to the plain.

Seeing that the fair lady was about to return, and from some unexplained timidity fearing above all things to meet her then, Murietta led the way, and descended by a more steep and direct route, the great ash-heap moving with them as they strode down in steps that had amazed the giants.

There is nothing more exhilarating and exciting than this descent. It is much like going down a very precipitous mountain after a deep fall of snow, when the new snow moves down the mountain in little avalanches with you. In less than fifteen minutes they were mounted and on their return to town.

"I scattered roses in her path. It is a good omen."

That night as he slept he could see only this tall, dark woman towering above the smoke and fire of Vesuvius, and all the time he kept thinking of and thanking God for the roses.

It is remarkable how constantly, and all the time, one turns to look at Vesuvius when in this part of Italy. You see people—people who were born in Naples, perhaps—standing in the street staring up at the gray and grizzled mountain. No matter on which side of the bay you find yourself, it is the last thing you look upon at night or going indoors, and the first thing in the morning. You know you will be lonesome without it when you go away.

The next day they went down to the bay, the doctor and Murietta, to look at the little town of Pozzuoli, where St. Paul was landed when brought to Rome. How beautiful! how peaceful! What a touch of tenderness in all things! And yet Murietta found himself, as they stood together on the broken piers of twenty centuries ago, looking away across the bay at the curling smoke of Vesuvius.

Yonder upon the hillside still steamed the hot bath of Nero. There, but a stone's-throw away, was the spot where he had his mother butchered. There was the headland where Æneas had landed after deserting Dido, and from that little hill to the right Pliny had witnessed the eruption of Vesuvius, and waited in vain for the return of his uncle.

The sun, that had stood in high mid-heaven all day, like a warrior with lifted shield, now settled his shield on his low left hand. Lower and lower he let it fall, and settle, and sink, till it touched the sea. The sun had set on Vesuvius.

Again Murietta found himself gazing at the rising column of smoke. The great gray column grew and grew from the summit of the mighty mountain, taller than a cedar of the Sierras—and then it branched and branched away and blossomed into stars.

While he stood gazing at Vesuvius, watching the sun go down, and drinking in the scene with all the thirst and eagerness of a poet's or a painter's longing, unsatisfied soul, another party had silently come upon the pier; and they, too, stood still and reverential, as if awed by the scene and the story of the holy place.

At last the winds blew in and fanned the stars till they shone like torches, and Murietta reluctantly turned to go.

He turned, and there with her party, right in his path, before he had time to retreat or escape in any manner, stood the lady he so earnestly and devoutly worshipped.

She seemed full of the scene before her. She gathered her blown garments closer about her, and stepped even a step nearer. Murietta's heart beat as if he was about to take part in his first battle.

She was looking away at the sea, and did not speak or notice him, although he could distinctly hear the rustle of her robes. He could almost touch the hem of her garments with his hand. Then she turned a little, and looked down the coast in the direction of Naples, at the three little islands.

How earnest her eyes were! what a glow and glory in her beautiful face as she looked on the spot where Brutus took his last farewell of Portia, and turned his iron breast to the battle front! What could she have been thinking of?

Murietta bowed his head as if he had stood in a sacred temple and the high-priest stood before him. He did not even dare lift his eyes for fear he would disturb her and break her meditations.

She turned at last to look out to sea, and as he lifted his

face their eyes met. His hat was in his hand, and he bowed and tried to speak, but he could only stammer inaudibly, and his voice trembled like his half-extended hand.

She did not answer; she did not lift her hand towards his: she did not even smile, nor bend her head, nor make any sign whatever.

She only stepped a little to one side to let him pass from the pier.

Murietta did not lift his eyes again. He could have gone into battle and died with perfect delight; he would have smiled at death. He could have leapt into the warm, soft sea-water, and ended it all there and then; but lift his eyes! he could not have done it for the kingdom of Naples. He felt that every one of that strange party was looking at him—laughing at him, and he felt as if he had been crushed beneath a weight.

On, over the broken pier; on, up the dusty road; on, past the little town—the doctor hurrying after—the man strode, almost ran, with his head held down, and his heart as if it was a great stone in his breast.

He reached his hotel, and sent for the landlord.

"Landlord, what is the best route to reach Barcelona?"

"Barcelona! Barcelona? Ah! you may take the train here, pass through Rome, through Florence, Turin, the Mont Cenis tunnel, and so through France down to the sea. But you may find it besieged by land, and in that case you had better go by water."

"Well, well, the best way—I will go by water, then."

"To Barcelona? Do you know they are fighting there?"

"Are they, landlord? Are they fighting—fighting sharp—killing each other by the regiment?"

"Ah, indeed they do kill!"

"Good! I will go to Barcelona to-morrow."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE ETERNAL CITY.



ONG before the sun had risen Murietta stood all ready for the voyage; for he had not slept, had not even cared to take off his coat again in Naples.

How ugly all things seemed that morning in the gray dawn! There were shrill ugly voices calling in the street that he had never heard before. The island of Capri, away out yonder, looked like an ugly humped camel pushed away into the sea. Vesuvius was not beautiful; it was terrible and ugly, an instrument of destruction—the mouth of hell—hell with the lid off.

The ship, after all, was not to go that day. There was cholera on shore, and ships of war at sea, and the Italian captain hesitated about taking in the coast of Spain at all.

Murietta could not remain in Naples. He would leave Naples that day if he left it on foot, and barefooted at that. What would be the time to the seat of war by way of Rome? Not long, but you would have to remain over night at Rome.

This to the artist was particularly unpleasant. Rome was a sort of shrine—a temple into which he did not care to enter without his mind at peace and his heart pure and his hands clean. He thought of all this, and was more and more perplexed. At last, throwing off the load of indecision which was crushing him, he drove to the station, took his ticket for Rome, and Naples, good and bad, was as a dream.

This artist, this enthusiast, was about to enter Rome. How much this shrine had been to him it is hard to say.

It was much more than all the world besides in art and beauty, in tradition, and in the history of the world. To him there had been, there could be, but one Rome.

He had talked with his sister and his brother, when playing on the shores of the Pacific in the shadow of the linden trees, of this Eternal City, and had said to them, "I shall some day see Rome." And they had said, "When you see Rome think of us, for we shall then be dead."

And it was so. He was about to enter Rome, and they were dead, and he was thinking of them.

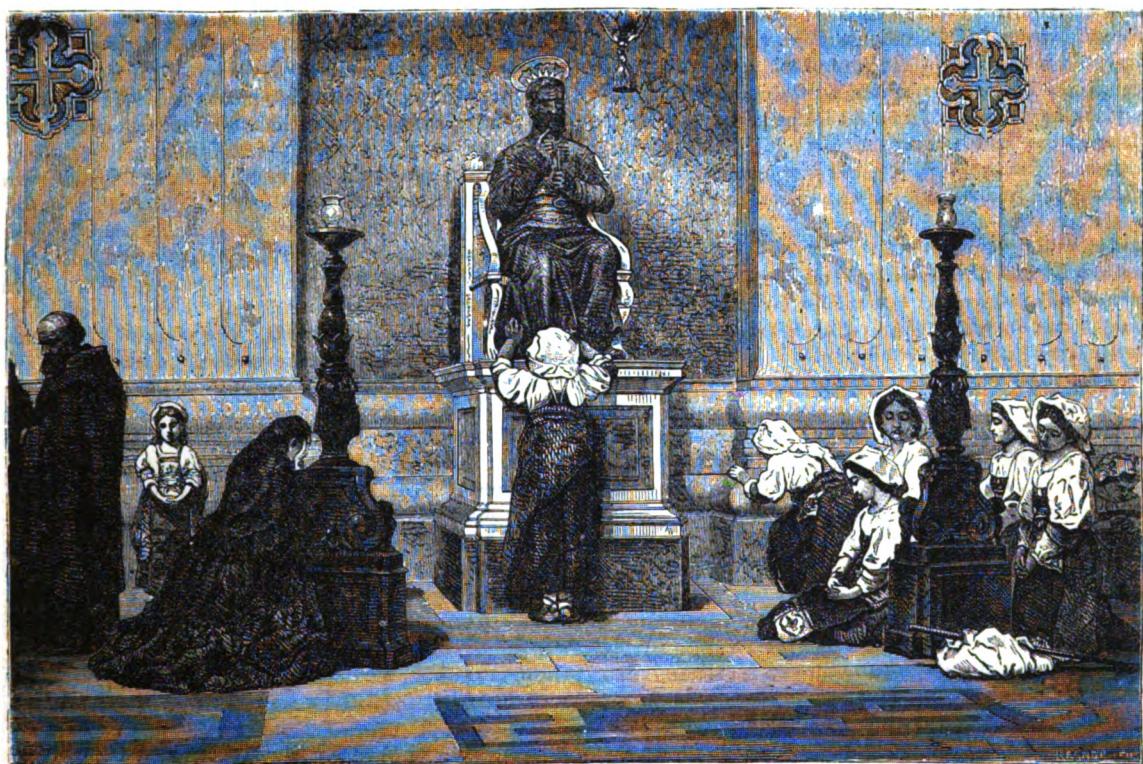
He sat alone, wrapped up in a corner, angry that all men around him were laughing, smoking, drinking at every station, getting in and out, coming and going with a flow of spirits that was like a sunny stream. The man was growing selfish. He was sad that his fellow-men were glad.

Yet who could blame him? How his heart had gone out to this one woman! How patiently, how devotedly he had loved her, looked up to her, worshipped her, waited before

Eternal City again, he would stop, leave the train at the last station, and, taking his shoes in his hand, and a pilgrim's staff, walk with bared head into the hoary presence of the past, where Time sits by and wags his beard at Rome.

Then he thought he tried to escape from the city, and went disguised to the People's Gate, opening toward Ponte Molle and Florence, and, mixing with the tide of passers-by, thought to pass out unnoticed. A heavy hand reached out, and fell like a thunderbolt upon his shoulder. He turned his face in his terror, looked up, and saw an enormous chin, and heard a voice thunder, "I am a man who carries his heart in his hand. A rough but honest sailor. Come with me."

He followed this fearful man a little while, and then losing himself in the crowds of people, crossed the city, and was passing out of the gate that St. Peter passed when attempting to escape crucifixion. He was almost out; another step and he would be free. His heart leapt with hope; he looked



PILGRIMS AT THE FOOT OF THE STATUE OF ST. PETER, IN ROME.

her as if she had been divine—and then to be forgotten, to be unnoticed and unknown!

"I scattered flowers in her path and she despised me." And sitting wrapped up he fell asleep, and dreamed a hideous dream.

He dreamed that he entered the walls of Rome, and there somehow, and before he hardly knew it, and in fact in a moment he could not recall, he committed some great sin. What that sin or crime was he did not really know. He only felt the intolerable weight of his crime, and knew that he was trying to escape from the city. He never before had felt how terrible a thing it was to do wrong. This crime lay upon his soul like a nightmare, and could not be shaken off.

All the time he was thinking, too, how he had promised to enter Rome barefooted and bareheaded, and think of scenes and faces that were no more. He thought he had entered Rome thoughtless, and loud, and full of merriment, and that this was, perhaps, his punishment. He promised himself that if ever it was permitted him to enter the

sharp round, lifted his foot, was about to spring forward, threw up his hands with delight, and—

"I am a man who carries his heart in his hand. A rough but honest seaman." The hand came down, and the great chin overshadowed him, and led him back as before.

Again he loosened himself from this hard horny hand, and again got lost in the crowd, and again attempted to pass the gates of Rome.

This time it was Porta Pia opening to the rising sun. There were not so many people passing this way, for it seemed to Murietta that it was night, and people who pass here live far out against the mountains and in and under Tivoli, and rarely keep their road at night, save in their high wine carts, drawn by white oxen or mules, fairly mailed in shining harness of brass and copper.

Murietta was desperate. He thought he climbed up into one of those carts, with its hundred jingling bells hanging about the little rookery, where the driver sits all the time asleep, and stowed himself in between the empty wine-kegs.

The bells jingled and rang, and rang and jingled, and the

cart drove up under the gate. Murietta was again glad, for this time he certainly would escape. Then the cart stopped, and then all the bells stopped, and that wakened the sleeping driver, and the custom-house man put out his long sharp rod, and the cart again began to move, and the bells to jingle as before. Murietta fairly buried his nails in his clenched hands in his anxiety. He felt the perspiration streaming from his face. He crouched his head down like a coward, and shut his eyes tight lest he should see the man with the mighty chin hanging over him like a nightmare.

The bells jingled and clashed, and clashed and jingled—and a hand fell on Murietta's shoulder, and shook him and shook him, and a voice shouted as only an Italian can shout when excited.

The artist sprang up and attempted to loosen his hands from the folds of his cloak, and strike the man before him—for he still thought himself in the hands of the admiral of Genoa.

"Signor! Signor! How you do sleep! It is Rome, Signor—and you must pass out here, and you must pass in here and be purified there after passing through Naples, for Naples is a place of plagues, and of all the curses of the flesh." And here he pushed Murietta through a door into a place so full of smoke and infernal smells that the man fancied he had not wakened at all, but had been seized upon and carried off by the big man with the big chin directly to hell, where he was to suffer for his fearful crime.

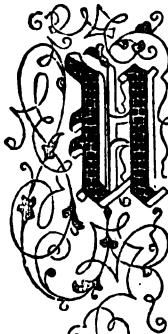
Murietta was growing wild. He would have shrieked; but the smoke and the smells stifled him, and he could only cough and catch his breath. He began to feel about in the dusk and dense smoke, but he found himself borne along with the crowd, and heard people behind and before, and the voices of the officers giving directions to their men.

At last they were shot out of a great wide door, as if out of the mouth of a mighty cannon. The smoke curled about them as they came out, and clung to their clothes and wreathed out and about and in their hair. They were shot out of the big cannon right into a row of yellow omnibuses backed up to the step, and these omnibuses began to shoot down hill, and to rattle over the stones of Rome.

Murietta had been shot into an omnibus. This omnibus shot down one of the seven hills and shot him into a hotel. He had taken no heed; chance had thrown him there. The responsibility was with chance. He came out in the moonlight, stood irresolute a moment, called a cab, and then said, "Coliseum!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCENE IN THE COLOSSEUM.



NDER the Arch of Titus, with the images of the golden candlesticks brought from plundered and overthrown Jerusalem, and then down a steep and stony road the distance of a rifle-shot, and the man with the string of fire-crackers stopped snapping his silk, looked back over his shoulder at Murietta, waved his hand towards a structure that towered there like a dome of Yosemite, and Murietta got out of the little basket-trap, handed the silent man with the silk and fire-crackers a franc, and, passing through an arch that a ship might sail under, stood in the Coliseum.

This entrance was at the west. The moon was just then trying hard to get up high enough in the east to look into the arena. There were many people passing slowly and silently around.

On the left hand a party was just arranging to go up with the guide and mount the topmost wall to the north. They were lighting torches, and laughing and talking so loud that Murietta knew that the American was abroad and in Rome.

There was a great black cross in the centre of the little half-a-mile circle of leveled ground, and there were people coming and passing before it, and kneeling in circles around it, and rising up in silence, and passing out, bowed and penitent and silent, as they had entered.

All the time the moon to the east was sliding around and climbing up and peeping over the loftiest and strongest wall that now stands up to tell us of the mighty builders of old.

The party to the left began their ascent, and now and then you could see their torches through the broken arches, and you would hear an owl beat his wings against the wall as he flew about blinded and awakened. You could hear the American shout now and then in a sort of war-whoop of triumph as he gained some great height and got a particularly good view of Rome and the Campagna outside the walls of the city.

The moon at last seemed to get her chin up over the edge of the wall, and peeped in like a great round-faced country girl full of curiosity.

A little party of priests in black came by, walked across the ground sacred to the Christian Martyrs, and did not even whisper. Then a Capuchin monk, bare-headed and in sandals, with a rope around his waist binding to his thin and emaciated frame his one long brown garment, the only thing he is permitted to wear, walked slowly from station to station around the edge of the arena, and said a prayer at each as he passed.

What a pitiful face was his! He was literally starving to death. If these Capuchin monks in sandals and brown robes bound up with hempen cords do not get to heaven they will be losers indeed, for earth to them can only be a torment and crucifixion.

You have seen pictures of these pious men where they are made merry with wine, red-faced and riotous with good living, fat from over-feeding, and sitting drunk at the wine-tap in their cellars.

The Capuchin monks have no wine-cellars. Their cellar is a wooden basket or box which they carry on the arm, and lifting the lid from door to door, they take home whatever men have left from their breakfasts or dinners or suppers. They eat what others refuse to eat. They have no storehouse. They are not permitted to lay in store. They live from day to day, depending on the charity of the world.

When these men rise at four o'clock in the morning and go shivering to prayers in this one brown garment, often two or three years old and threadbare and full of rents, they do not know what they are to have for breakfast, or where that breakfast is to come from.

You may listen all day and you will not hear one of these brown men speak. You may look a lifetime, perhaps, and you will not see one of them smile.

The mournful Capuchin kept on his silent and solitary round of penance, and the people came and went from under the shadow of the great black cross in the centre of the sacred ground, while away up yonder, almost against the stars, a Comanche savage, in the garb of a Christian, shouted his delight at having at last attained the topmost rock of the Coliseum.

Then through the eastern arch, looking out toward the gate of St. John Lateran, there came a party of peasants who had just entered here on their way to market. They had made a long journey on foot from the hills away out yonder twenty miles across the Campagna, and were very

tired. They huddled up close together and seemed half afraid. Perhaps this was their first visit to Rome, for the peasants of the mountains had ever a terror of this city.

There were old men and young men, old women and young women, and they all bore loads on their backs in great baskets, precisely as do the Mexican peasants and the California Indians. These baskets are pointed at the bottom, and broaden out towards the top. You see these same baskets in Como, in the Tyrol, and in Switzerland.

There was something beautiful in the trust and faith and sense of security with which these half-wild people of the mountains gathered about this cross, and bowed their heads and invoked their God.

The women had their hair in pretty braids, but the long, black, and bushy hair of the men fell down in gloomy folds about their shoulders and it pushed up in great shocks about the brows, as if determined to push the black and brigandish hat, feather and all, from the head of its proud and artistic owner.

The feet of all were bound in sandals made from the skins of the buffalo bull of the Pontine marshes, and the legs were wound up in some kind of cloth and bound in a plaid work of many colored stripes. How beautiful were these women kneeling there, crouching close to husband, parent, or lover, as if in fear that the old story of Romulus and the Sabines might be repeated!

Go out yonder to Tivoli, an old town, old when Rome was young, that overlooks the Campagna and that overlooks Rome, that looks over Rome and on and into the Mediterranean Sea, although twenty miles to the east of Rome, and ask any peasant there—no matter how wild and savage he may be, how ignorant or stupid—about Rome and the people of Rome.

The hands of the peasant go up, and he prays for deliverance. Rome to him is a sort of purgatory. No, no, no, he would not go to Rome for the world! The men of Rome are robbers, the women have neither virtue nor beauty. And then if you have a little time and a very little money to spare to buy ten cents' worth of wine, he will sit with you till the bottle is finished and will tell you, word for word, of this Rape of the Sabines. He will tell it to you with all the earnestness and mystery and emphasis of a Hamlet. He will leave his marble bench at least a dozen times before the bottle or the story is finished to play the piece, to show you just exactly how bad the people are in Rome, and how they do these things.

What is very remarkable about this, and most amusing, is the fact that he tells it as if it happened only within the last year or two.

No wonder these weary peasants kneeling before the cross, as the moon still kept climbing up and reaching out and peering over as if to get a good look at them, huddled up close together, and kept looking from under their dark brows at any strange footstep that came near, with all the look of a wild beast for the first time brought to look into the face of man.

Murietta kept close in the shadow of the mighty wall and out of the full of the moonlight, and yet stole up as close to these people as possible, for to him they had a strange interest. He looked on their picturesque dress and their savage beauty with something more than the interest of a painter. To him they were but a counterpart of the people with whom he had spent most of his life. They were to him in some sense brothers—men who knew not civilization or its sins, men who lived close to the earth, women who blossomed down in the lowliest fields, and he felt he loved them with all of a brother's affection.

The moon kept climbing and climbing, and peering in and peeping over, till it looked right straight down on the group of gathered worshippers kneeling under the shadow

of the great black cross, and made a picture that any man might remember, carry with him around the world, hang on the walls of his heart, and wear it there! and though fire and flood might sweep away all that he possessed in the world, still that picture should remain and rest and refresh its possessor whenever he chose to open his heart and look in again.

Higher and higher the moon climbed up till her great round face reached high over the wall, and she seemed to reach and lean and look and peer as if for something back in the shadow that she could not see. Higher and higher she climbed, and looked and leaned and reached her face above and over the walls, and down as if she would twist her head from her shoulders. Up! up! up! over the wall and down. And then she saw her! and then she touched her with her fingers, and the lady rose up and came forth into the full light, and moved in silence towards the cross, with her head held down in her hands, her maid following after, and a man back yonder in the corner of the Coliseum with his enormous chin just visible in a bar of moonlight that fell through a rent in the eternal wall. A little slender man stood beside him—a shadow, an echo.

Murietta started. He stepped back into the shadow of the wall, and the beautiful countess went on, slowly on, with her hands to her bended face, towards the cross and the supplicants before it. This woman did seem so beautiful, she seemed so sad, so weirdly beautiful and pitiful—the scene was so strange, so inspiring, so full of soul and sentiment, so complete—that Murietta leaned against a jutting spur of the wall and grew tranquil from the greatness and perfection and fullness of the occasion.

He heard a sob as the woman passed, and in the moonlight streaming full on her face he saw something glistening like diamonds from her fingers. She was weeping as if her heart would break.

The big man came out from the shadow, and the little man came also, and they stood there scowling on the scene before them.

"Come, enough of this nonsense to-night."

The man with the big chin had tried to say this in a subdued voice, but the roar of the lion was only subdued to a growl, and his voice sounded as if it had been that of a lion of old lying there, waiting for the blood of a Christian, growling that he had been kept waiting a moment for his prey—and the peasants trembled.

"Come, enough of this nonsense to-night," said the echo.

But the count spoke in a kinder tone, a sort of softened echo, and he even lifted his hat as he spoke. The admiral frowned, and then the count took down his hand, and tried to frown also and look terrible.

"Come! Come away from among these beasts; you'll get fleas on you."

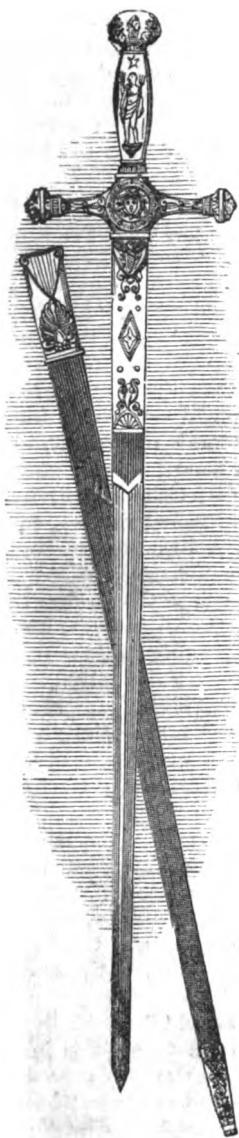
The peasants, startled, huddled together a moment, prayed devoutly, and then began to rise and resume their loads.

"Come away, will you? You'll get fleas on you," said the little count; and the countess, also startled by the terrible voice, rose up, turned her face from the men without answering or even looking in their direction, and walked rapidly, with her head down and her face half concealed, towards the entrance.

"That's the way to do it," growled the admiral to the count as the two followed after her.

"That's the way to do it, I suppose," said the count, and they followed the countess through the archway, and the three were gone.

Murietta was full of emotion. Here was something to do better than go to battle. Here was a woman certainly suffering, certainly being persecuted to death, a sort of dreamer possibly who had not any practical sense, and so, perhaps,



THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

knew not how to proceed to extricate herself from the toils that held her in her prison. This man professed to be anxious to confront death. He slackened his pace a moment and reflected. "If I am to die were it not as well," he said to himself, "to die for this woman in peace, as to die for a strange land in battle?"

All of the best part of Murietta's nature was being aroused again.

Here is a man to be punished—a woman to be avenged! But how? What will be the result? The result! He laughed at himself, and began to despise himself that he could stop to ask the result or weigh the danger when a lady needed his help. He walked on out, mechanically following the long line of peasants on their way to market.

All roads lead to Rome. The carriage drove off in advance; the peasants followed, and then Murietta came on slowly after. He stopped as he came up to the Arch of Titus. There was an old woman on the left, under the shadow of the arch, rattling a little tin cup with a few centimes in it, and calling out, "Blind! blind! blind."

He stopped, after stepping up close to her with some pence in his hand, and stepped back. There was an old man on the other side of the arch who seemed not only to have his eyes, but to be very comfortable as well as something of a merchant, for he had roasted chestnuts and apples for sale.

Murietta turned and gave this man the pennies, and passed on almost cursing the wretched old woman with the tin box. At length he said, "No, no, no! I loved her in a grand, proud way. I did not persecute her. I stood far off, content to know that she lived and was happy. I did not even speak to her. I scattered roses in her path. And what came of it?"

He set his teeth together as he said this, and set his face and his heart against woman as he slowly sought his hotel.

(To be continued.)

THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON has said, "The pen is mightier than the sword," but it is the sword that has produced effects that have retained a more lasting impression upon the world. Even the influence of the pen is

due in no small degree to the power of the sword; as, for instance, where would have been now the influence of the classic pens of ancient Rome if the sword of Cæsar and the Roman Legions had not opened the way for it?

There are thus swords which are historical. Who would not like now to look upon that which Alexander wore when he cut the Gordian knot, or Cæsar drew when he crossed the Rubicon? The Punic sword of Hamilcar or Hannibal would be of as much interest now, if we could but grasp it, as the pen of the mightiest writer. In modern times no sword surpasses in historical interest that of Napoleon. From the time it first blazed with genius at Toulon, till its light flickered and went out at Waterloo, it was a brand of living flame.

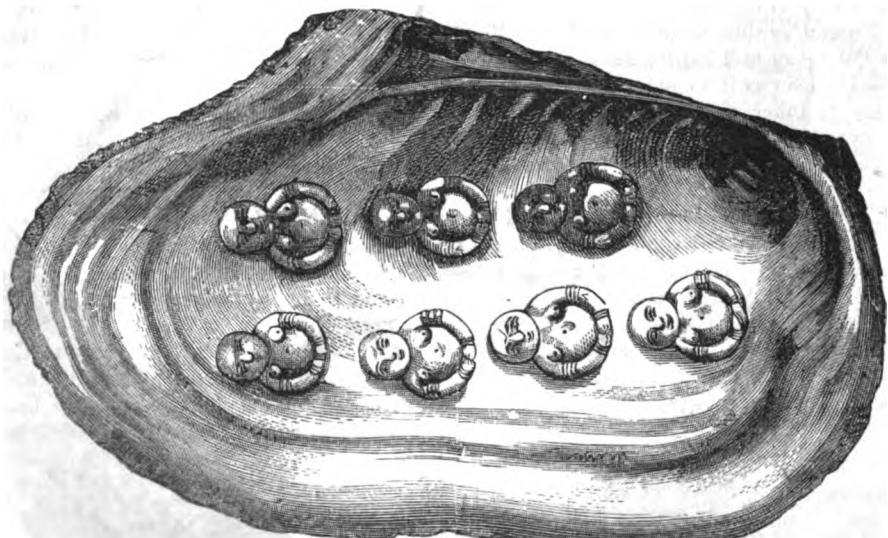
In the collection of arms at Windsor Castle, there is preserved with scrupulous care this interesting relic of the Emperor. "The hilt and guard of the sword are of ormolu, beautifully chased, the style of ornamentation being in the classic taste which arose after the first Revolution: the head of Medusa, the thunderbolts of Jupiter, figures of Neptune, etc., being amongst the enrichments. The blade is engraved for a short way below the hilt, and gilded, and a small shield-formed part is blue. The scabbard is of black leather, the chape, etc., being of ormolu." A sword of similar character to this was taken at Waterloo, and is now in the possession of the descendants of the Duke of Wellington.

CHINESE ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

PEARLS are concretions found in several kinds of molluscs. These shell-fish deposit on the interior surface of the shell the pearly substance in the form of a slimy secretion from the exterior of the mantle. If a grain of sand, or any other foreign substance, lodges between the mantle and the shell, it produces an irritation of the delicate tissues and the mollusc deposits the pearly matter around it for protection. Advantage is taken of this in China for the production of pearls of various shapes and dimensions.

This manner of producing pearls is only practised in the Celestial Empire, in the neighborhood of Ning-po, and, until very lately, but very little was known of the manner in which they were formed, the account which was first published, it seems, by Sir Joseph Banks, being looked upon as an imposition upon that distinguished naturalist, and was then permitted to be forgotten.

It appears that the Chinese engaged in this business gather the mussels in the month of May and June. They are brought in bamboo baskets a distance of twenty or thirty



CHINESE ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.



THE SCHOOL-TEACHER AT BOTTLE FLAT.—“‘MORNIN’, MARM,’ SAID TOLEDO, RAISING A MOST SHOCKING HAT, WHILE THE REMAINING COMMITTEE-MEN EXPEDITIOUSLY RANGED THEMSELVES BEHIND HIM, SO THAT THE TEACHER MIGHT NOT LOOK INTO THEIR EYES.”—SEE PAGE 162.

miles from the Lake Ta-hu, in the province of Kiang-su of Chi-keang.

Care is taken to select large and healthy specimens, and a few days are allowed them in their new depository, so that they may recover from the effects of transportation before

they are brought into service. This accomplished, the mussel is taken out of the reservoir in which it is kept and carefully opened with a small knife or spatula, great care being taken not to wound the fish. The matrices for nuclei upon which the artificial pearl is to be formed are then

introduced between the pallium or fleshy part of the fish and the inner part of the shell, and the mollusc is then returned to the reservoir.

These matrices are made of various forms and of different materials. Sometimes, as in the specimen given in our engraving, copper images of Buddha, cast in molds, imitations of fish, flowers, and amulets. Sometimes pellets of clay are strung together on threads and introduced, but the best matrices are said to be made by introducing fragments of mussel-shell which, in time, become round and smooth, and resemble very closely the genuine pearls.

These foreign substances being introduced literally into the flesh of the animal, it is found that the irritation from these foreign substances increases the pearly secretion of the fish, and the matrices are rapidly covered with a layer of nacre or "mother of pearl." When these ornaments are sufficiently coated to answer the purposes of trade, they are cut off from the shell and used as decorations, or in any way that may suit the fancy of the proprietor. The operation seldom fails of success, and affords the means of livelihood to a considerable number of people. Large quantities of the shells with the matrices adhering to them are carried to the port of Ning-po, and are bought by foreigners as curiosities. The shell, which we give in an illustration, has upon its interior surface, as will be seen, quite a number of little copper figures of Buddha; they are well covered with the pearly secretion, and at a distance seem to be wrought out of the mother of pearl, yet possess a polished surface that indicates it could not have been given by any artificial means. The art is a new evidence of the ingenuity and cunning of the Celestials. Should the outside barbarians ever get into the empire, there is no doubt that many inventions that "beat the Yankees" will be found common among those most peculiar people.

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER AT BOTTLE FLAT.



T certainly was hard. What was the freedom of a country in which the voice of the original founders was spent in vain? Had not they, the "Forty" miners of Bottle Flat, really started the place? Hadn't they located claims there? Hadn't they contributed three ounces each, ostensibly to set up in business a brother miner who unfortunately lost an arm, but really that a saloon might be opened, and the genuineness and stability of the camp be assured? Hadn't they promptly killed or scared away every Chinaman who had ever trailed his celestial pig-tail into the flat? Hadn't they cut and beaten a trail to Placerville, so that miners could take a run to that city when the Flat became too quiet? Hadn't they framed the squarest betting code in the whole diggings? And when a 'Frisco man basely attempted to break up the camp by starting a gorgeous saloon a few miles up the creek, hadn't they gone up in a body and cleared him out, giving him only ten minutes in which to leave the creek forever? All this they had done, actuated only by a stern sense of duty, and in the patient anticipation of the reward which traditionally crowns virtuous action. But now—oh, ingratitude of republics!—a school-teacher was to be forced upon Bottle Flat in spite of all the protest which they, the oldest inhabitants, had made!

Such had been their plaint for days, but the sad excitement had not been productive of any fights, for the few married men in the camp prudently absented themselves at night from "The Nugget" saloon, where the matter was fiercely discussed every evening. There was, therefore, such an utter absence of diversity of opinion that the most quar-

relsome searched for provocation, but the effort proved fruitless.

On the afternoon of the day on which the opening events of this story occurred, the boys, by agreement, stopped work two hours earlier than usual, for the stage usually reached Bottle Flat about two hours before sundown, and the one of that day was to bring the hated teacher. The boys had well-nigh given up the idea of further resistance, yet curiosity has a small place even in manly bosoms, and they could at least look hatred at the detested pedagogue. So about four o'clock they gathered at The Nugget so suddenly, that several fathers, who were calmly drinking inside, had barely time to escape through the back windows.

The boys drank several times before composing themselves into their accustomed seats and leaning-places; but it was afterward asserted, and Southpaw—the one-armed bar-keeper—cited as evidence, that none of them took sugar in their liquor. They subjected their sorrow to homeopathic treatment by drinking only the most raw and rasping fluids that the bar afforded.

The preliminary drinking over, they moodily whittled, chewed, and expectorated; a stranger would have imagined them a batch of miserable criminals awaiting transportation.

The silence was finally broken by a decided-looking red-haired man, who had been neatly beveling the door-post with his knife, and who spoke as if his words only by great difficulty escaped being bitten in two.

"We ken burn down the school-house right before his face and eyes, and then mebbe the State Board 'll git our idees about eddycation."

"Twon't be no use, Mose," said Judge Barber, whose legal title was honorary, and conferred because he had spent some time in a penitentiary in the East. "Them State Board fellers is wrong, but they've got grit, ur they'd never hev got the school-house done after we rode the contractor out uv the Flat on one of his own boards. Besides, some uv 'em might think we wuz rubbin' uv it in, an' next thing you know'd they'd be buildin' us a jail."

"Can't we buy off these young uns' folks?" queried an angular fellow from Southern Illinois. "They're a mizzable pack of shotes, an' I b'lieve they'd all leave the camp fur a few ounces."

"Ye—es," drawled the judge, dubiously; "but that's the Widder Ginneys—she'd pan out a pretty good schoolroom-full with her eight young uns, an' there ain't ounces enough in the diggin's to make her leave while Tom Ginney's coffin's roostin' under the rocks."

"Then," said Mose, the first speaker, his words escaping with even more difficulty than before, "throw around keards to see who's to marry the widder an' boss her young uns. The feller that gits the fus Jak's to do the job."

"Meanin' no insult to this highly respectable crowd," said the judge, in a very bland tone, "and inviting it to walk up to the bar, and specify its consolation, I don't b'lieve there's one uv yer the widder'd hev." The judge's eye glanced along the line at the bar, and he continued softly, but in decided accents—"Not a cussed one. But," added the judge, passing his pouch to the barkeeper, "if anything's to be done, it must be done lively, fur the stage is pretty nigh here. Tell ye what's ez good ez ennything. We'll crowd around the stage, fust throwin' keards for who's to put out his hoof to be accidentally trod onto by the infernal teacher ez he gits out. Then satisfaction must be took out uv the teacher. It'll be a mean job, for these teachers hevn't the spunk of a coyote, an' ten to one he won't hev no shootin' irons, so the job 'll hev to be done with fists."

"Good!" said Mose. "The crowd drinks with me to a square job, and no backin'. Chuck the pasteboards, jedge—The—dickens!" For Mose had got first Jack,

"Square job, and no backin'," said the judge, with a grin. "There's the stage now—hurry up, fellers!"

The stage drew up with a crash in front of The Nugget, and the passengers, outside and in, but none looking teacherish, hurried into the saloon. The boys scarcely knew whether to swear from disappointment or gratification, when a start from Mose drew their attention again to the stage. On the top step appeared a small shoe, above which was visible a small section of stocking far whiter and smaller than is usual in the mines. In an instant a similar shoe appeared on the lower step, and the boys saw, successively, the edge of a dress, a waterproof cloak, a couple of small gloved hands, a bright muffler, and a pleasant face covered with brown hair, and a bonnet. Then they heard a cheerful voice say :

"I'm the teacher, gentlemen—can any one show me the schoolhouse?"

The miserable Mose looked ghastly, and tottered. A suspicion of a wink graced the judge's eye, but he exclaimed in a stern, low tone, "Square job, an' no backin,'" upon which Mose took to his heels and the Placerville trail.

The judge had been a married man, so he promptly answered :

"I'll take yer thar, mum, ez soon ez I git yer baggage."

"Thank you," said the teacher ; "that valise under the seat is all."

The judge extracted a small valise marked "Huldah Brown," offered his arm, and he and the teacher walked off before the astonished crowd as naturally as if the appearance of a modest-looking young lady was an ordinary occurrence at the Flat.

The stage re-filled, and rattled away from the dumb and staring crowd, and the judge returned.

"Well, boys," said he, "yer got to marry *two* women now to stop that school, an' you'll find this un more particler than the widder. I just tell yer what it is about that school—it's agoin' to go on'spite uv any jackasses that wants it broke up; an' any gentleman that's insulted ken git satisfaction by—"

"Who wants it broke up, you old fool?" demanded Toledo, a man who had been named after the city from which he had come, and who had been from the first one of the fiercest opponents of the school. "I move the appointment uv a committee of three to wait on the teacher, see if the school wants anything money can buy, take up subscriptions to git it, an' lay out any feller that don't come down with the dust when he's went fur."

"Hurray!" "Bully!" "Good!" "Sound!" "Them's the talk!" and other sympathetic expressions, were heard from the members of the late anti-school party.

The judge, who, by virtue of age, was the master of ceremonies and general moderator of the camp, promptly appointed a committee, consisting of Toledo and two miners, whose attire appeared the most respectable in the place, and instructed them to wait on the schoolmarm, and tender her the cordial support of the miners.

Early the next morning the committee called at the schoolhouse, attached to which were two small rooms in which teachers were expected to keep house.

The committee found the teacher "putting to rights" in the schoolroom. Her dress was tucked up, her sleeves rolled, her neck hidden by a bright handkerchief, and her hair "a-blowl' all to glory," as Toledo afterward expressed it. Between the exertion, the bracing air, and the excitement caused by the newness of everything, Miss Brown's pleasant face was almost handsome.

"Mornin', marm," said Toledo, raising a most shocking hat, while the remaining committee-men expeditiously ranged themselves behind him, so that the teacher might by no chance look into their eyes.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Miss Brown, with a cheerful smile; "please be seated. I suppose you wish to speak of your children?"

Toledo, who was a very young man, blushed, and the whole committee was as uneasy upon its feet as if its boots had been soled with fly-blisters. Finally, Toledo answered :

"Not much, marm, seein' we hain't got none. Me an' these gentlemen's a committee from the boys."

"From the boys?" echoed Miss Brown. She had heard so many wonderful things about the Golden State, that now she soberly wondered whether bearded men called themselves boys, and went to school.

"From the miners, washin' along the creek, marm—they want to know what they ken do fur yer," continued Toledo.

"I am very grateful," said Miss Brown; "but I suppose the local school committee—"

"Don't count on them, marm," interrupted Toledo; "they're livin' five miles away, and they're only the preacher, an' doctor, an' a feller that's jined the church lately. None uv 'em but the doctor ever shows themselves at the saloon, an' he only comes when there's a diffikilt, an' he's called in to officiate. But the boys—the boys hez got the dust, marm, an' they've got the will. One uv us'll be in often to see what can be done fur yer. Good-mornin', marm."

Toledo raised his hat again, the other committee-men bowed profoundly to all the windows and seats, and then the whole retired, leaving Miss Brown in the wondering possession of an entirely new experience.

"Well?" inquired the crowd, as the committee approached the creek.

"Well," replied Toledo, "she's just a hundred an' thirty pound nugget, an' no mistake—hey, fellers?"

"You bet," promptly responded the remainder of the committee.

"Good!" said the judge. "What does she want?"

Toledo's countenance fell.

"By thunder!" he replied, "we got out 'fore she had a chance to tell us!"

The judge stared sharply upon the young man, and hurriedly turned to hide a merry twitching of his lips.

That afternoon the boys were considerably astonished and scared at seeing the schoolmistress walking quickly toward the creek. The chairman of the new committee was fully equal to the occasion. Mounting a rock, he roared :

"You fellers without no shorts on, git. You with shoes off, put 'm on. Take your pants out uv yer boots. Hats off when the lady comes. Hurry up, now—no foolin'."

The shirtless ones took a lively double-quick toward some friendly bushes, the boys rolled down their sleeves and pantaloons, and one or two took the extra precaution to wash the mud off their boots.

Meanwhile Miss Brown approached, and Toledo stepped forward.

"Anything wrong up to the schoolhouse?" said he.

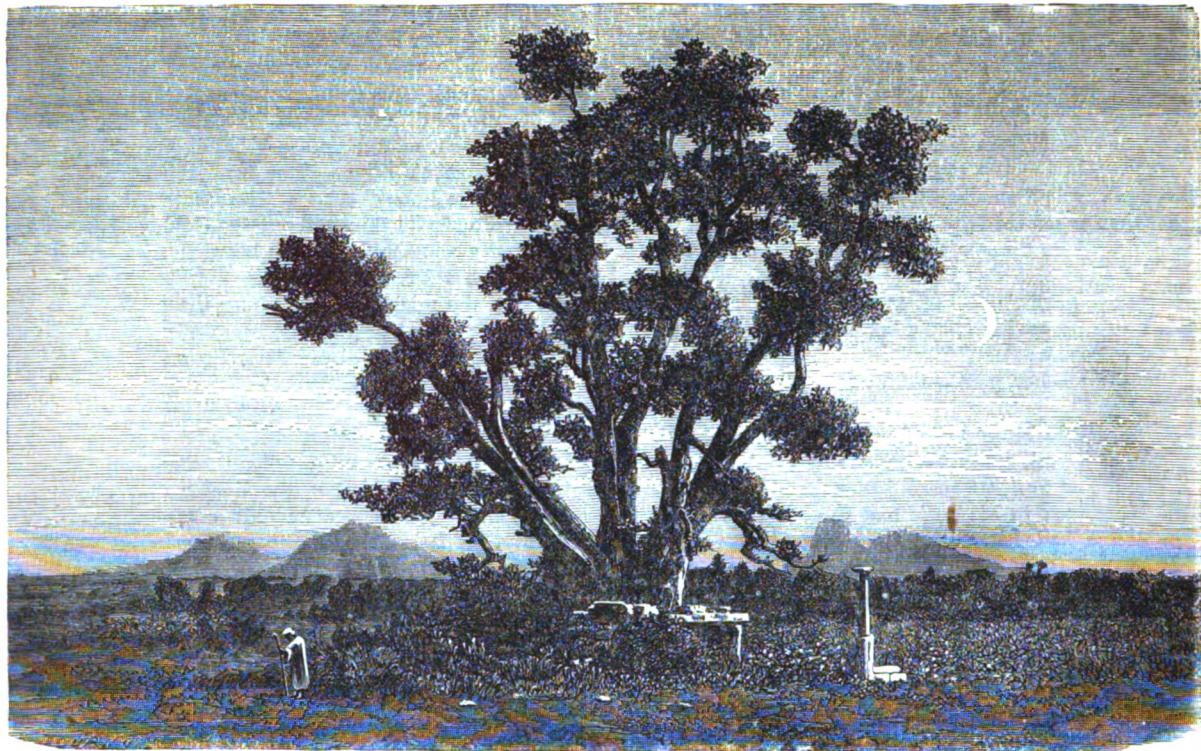
"Oh, no," replied Miss Brown, "but I have always had a great curiosity to see how gold was obtained. It seems as if it must be very easy to handle those little pans. Don't you—don't you suppose some miner would lend me his pan and let me try just once?"

"Certainly, marm; ev'ry galoot ov 'em would be glad of the chance. Here, you fellers—who's got the cleanest pan?"

Half a dozen men washed out their pans, and hurried off with them. Toledo selected one, put in dirt and water, and handed it to Miss Brown.

"Thar you are, marm, but I'm afraid you'll wet your dress."

"Oh, that won't harm," cried Miss Brown, with a laugh



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE SACRED TREE OF BUDDHA.—SEE PAGE 167.

which caused one enthusiastic miner to "cut the pigeon-wing."

She got the miner's touch to a nicety, and in a moment had a spray of dirty water flying from the edge of the pan, while all the boys stood in a respectful semicircle, and stared delightfully. The pan empty, Toledo refilled it several times; and, finally, picking out some pebbles and hard pieces of earth, pointed to the dirty, shiny deposit in the bottom of the pan, and briefly remarked :

"Thar 'tis, marm."

"Oh!" screamed Miss Brown, with delight; "is that really gold-dust?"

"That's it," said Toledo. "I'll jest put it up fur yer, so yer ken kerry it."

"Oh, no," said Miss Brown, "I couldn't think of it—it isn't mine."

"You washed it out, marm, an' that makes a full title in these parts."

All of the traditional honesty of New England came into Miss Brown's face in an instant; and, although she, Yankee-like, estimated the value of the dust, and sighingly thought how much easier it was to win gold in that way than by forcing ideas into stupid little heads, she firmly declined the gold, and bade the crowd a smiling good-day.

"Did yer see them little fingers uv hern a-holdin' out that pan?—did yer see her, fellers?" inquired an excited miner.

"Yes, an' the way she made that dirt git, ez though she was useder to washin' than wallopin'," said another.

"Wallopin'!" echoed a staid miner. "I'd gie my claim, an' throw in my pile to boot, to

be a young 'un, an' git walloped by them playthings of Hans's."

"Jest see how she throwed dirt an' water on them boots," said another, extending an enormous ugly boot. "Them boots ain't fur sale now—theim ain't."

"Them be durned!" contemptuously exclaimed another. "She tramped right on my toes as she backed out uv the crowd."

Every one looked jealously at the last speaker, and a grim old fellow suggested that the aforesaid individual had obtained a trampled foot by fraud, and that each man in camp had, consequently, a right to demand satisfaction of him.

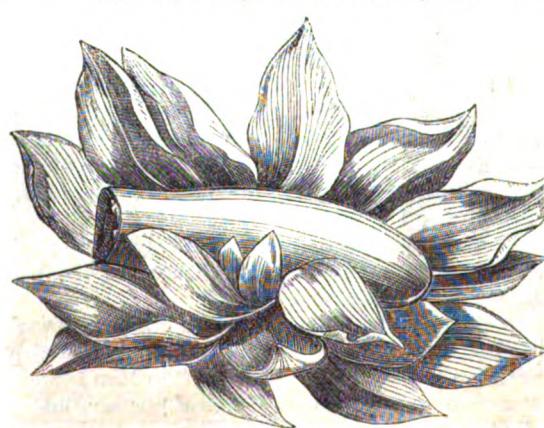
But the judge decided that he of the trampled foot was right, and that any miner who wouldn't take such a chance, whether fraudulently or otherwise, hadn't the spirit of a man in him."

Yankee Sam, the shortest man in the camp, withdrew from the crowd, and paced the banks of the creek, lost in thought. Within half an hour Sam was owner of the only store in the place, had doubled the prices of all articles of

clothing contained therein, and increased at least six-fold the price of all the white shirts.

Next day the sun rose on Bottle Flat in his usual conservative and impassive manner. Had he respected the dramatic proprieties, he would have appeared with astonished face and uplifted hands, for seldom had a whole community changed so completely in a single night.

Uncle Hans, the only German in the camp, had spent the preceding afternoon in that patient investigation, for which the Teutonic mind is so justly



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE DALADA, OR SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

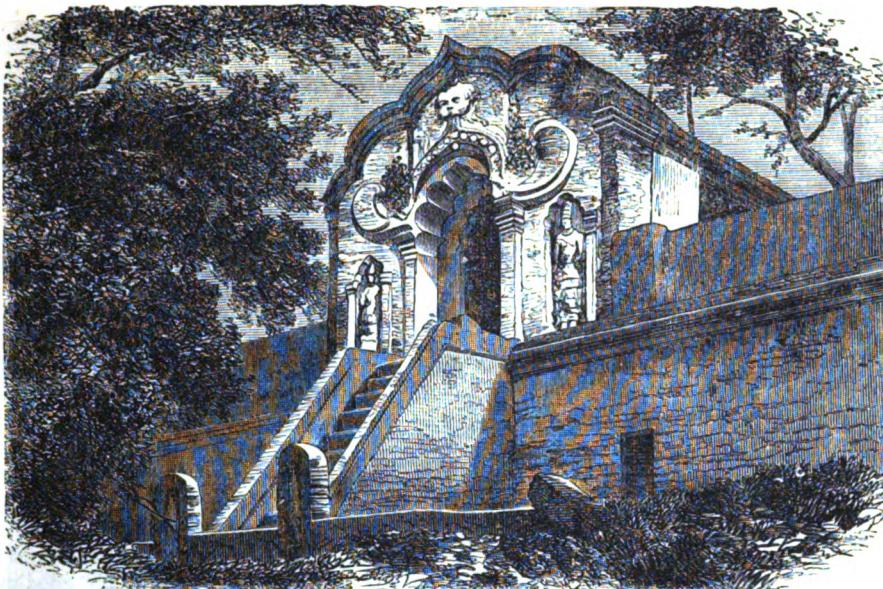
noted. The morning sun saw over Hans's door a sign, in charcoal, which read, "SHAVIN' DUN HIER"; and few men went to the creek that morning without first submitting themselves to Hans's hands.

Then several men who had been absent from the saloon that night before struggled into camp, with jaded mules and new attire. Carondelet Joe came in, clad in a pair of pants, on which slender saffron-hued serpents ascended graceful gray Corinthian columns, while from under the collar of a new white shirt appeared a cravat displaying most of the lines of the solar spectrum.

Flush, the Flat champion at poker, came in late in the afternoon, with a huge watch-chain and an overpowering bosom-pin, and his horrid fingers sported at least one sealing each.

Several stove-pipe hats were visible in camp, and even a pair of gloves were reported in the pocket of a miner.

Yankee Sam had sold out his entire stock, and prevented bloodshed over his only bottle of hair-oil by putting it up at a raffle, in forty chances, at an ounce a chance. His stock of white shirts, seven in number, were visible on manly forms; his pocket-combs and glasses were all gone; and there had been a steady run on needles and thread. Most of the miners were smoking new white clay pipes, while a



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE MALEGAWA, OR SHRINE OF THE DALADA.

few thoughtful ones, hoping for a repetition of the events of the previous day, had scour'd their pans to a dazzling brightness.

As for the innocent cause of all this commotion, she was fully as excited as the miners themselves. She had never been outside of Middle Bethany until she started for California. Everything on the trip had been strange, and her stop-

ping-place and its people were stranger than all. The male population of Middle Bethany, as is the case with small New England villages, consisted almost entirely of very young boys and very old men. But here at Bottle Flat were hosts of middle-aged men, and such funny ones! She was wild to see more of them, and hear them talk; yet her wildness was no match for her prudence. She sighed to think how slightly Toledo had spoken of the minister on the local committee, and she piously admitted to herself that Toledo and his friends were undoubtedly on the brink of the bottomless pit, and yet—they certainly were very kind. If she could only exert a good influence upon these men—but how?

Suddenly she bethought herself of the grand social centre of Middle Bethany—the singing-school. Of course she couldn't start a singing-school at Bottle Flat, but if she were to say the children needed to be led in singing, would it be very hypocritical? She might invite such of the miners as were musically inclined to lead the school in singing in the morning, and thus she might, perhaps, remove some of the prejudice which, she had been informed, existed against the school.

She broached the subject to Toledo, and that faithful official had nearly every miner in the camp at the schoolhouse that same evening. The judge brought a fiddle, Uncle Hans came with a cornet, and Yellow Pete came



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—CINGALESE BRIDE AND GROOM.



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

grinning in with his darling banjo. There was a little disappointment all around when the boys declared their ignorance of "Greenville" and "Bonny Doon," which airs Miss Brown decided were most easy for the children to begin with; but when it was ascertained that the former was the air to "Saw My Leg Off," and the latter was identical with "The Three Black Crows," all friction was removed, and the melodious howling attracted the few remaining boys at the saloon, and brought them up in a body, led by the barkeeper himself.

The exact connection between melody and adoration is yet an unsolved religio-psychological problem. But we all know that everywhere in the habitable globe the two intermingle, and stimulate each other, whether the adoration be offered to heavenly or earthly objects. And so it came to pass that, at the Bottle Flat singing-school, the boys looked straight at the teacher while they raised their tuneful voices; that they came ridiculously early, so as to get front seats; and that they purposely sung out of tune, once in a while, so as to be personally addressed by the teacher.

And she—pure, modest, prudent, and refined—saw it all, and enjoyed it intensely. Of course, it could never go any further, for though there was in Middle Bethany no moneyed aristocracy, the best families scorned alliances with any who were undegenerate, and would not be unequally yoked with those who drank, swore, and gambled, let alone the fearful suspicion of murder, which Miss Brown's imagination affixed to every man at the Flat.

But the boys themselves—considering the unspeakable contempt which had been manifested in the camp for the profession of teaching, and for all who practised it—the boys exhibited a condescension truly Christian. They vied with each other in manifesting it, and though the means were not always the most appropriate, the honesty of the sentiment could not be doubted.

One by one the greater part of the boys, after adoring and hoping, saw for themselves that Miss Brown could never be expected to change her name at their solicitation. Sadler but better men, they retired from the contest, and solaced themselves by betting on the chances of those still "on the track," as an ex-jockey tersely expressed the situation.

There was no talk of "false-hearted beauty," or "fair temptress," such as men often hear in society, for not only had all the tenderness emanated from manly breasts alone, but it had never taken form of words.

Soon the hopeful ones were reduced to half a dozen of these. Yankee Sam was the favorite among the betting men, for Sam, knowing the habits of New England damsels, went to Placerville one Friday, and returned next day with a horse and buggy. On Sunday he triumphantly drove Miss Brown to the nearest church. Ten to one was offered on Sam that Sunday afternoon, as the boys saw the demure and contented look on Miss Brown's face as she returned from church. But Samuel followed in the sad footsteps of many another great man, for so industriously did he drink to his own success that he speedily developed into a bad case of *delirium tremens*.

Then Carondelet Joe, calmly confident in the influence of his wonderful pants, led all odds in betting. But one evening, when Joe had managed to get himself in the front row and directly before the little teacher, that lady turned her head several times, and showed signs of discomfort; when it finally struck the latter that the human breath might, perhaps, waft toward a lady perfumes more agreeable than those of mixed drinks, he abruptly quitted the school and the camp.

Flush, the poker champion, carried with him to the singing-school that astounding impudence which had long been the terror and admiration of the camp. But a quality which

had always seemed exactly the thing when applied to poker seemed to the boys barely endurable when displayed toward Miss Brown.

One afternoon Flush indiscreetly indulged in some triumphant and rather slighting remarks about the little teacher. Within fifteen minutes, Flush's final earthly home had been excavated, and an amateur undertaker was making his coffin.

An untimely proposal by a good-looking young Mexican, and his prompt rejection, left the race between Toledo and a Frenchman named Lecomte. It also left Miss Brown considerably frightened, for until now she had imagined nothing more serious than the rude admiration which had so delighted her at first.

But now who knew but some one else would be ridiculous? Poor little Miss Brown suffered acutely at the thought of giving pain, and determined to be more demure than ever.

But, alas! even her agitation seemed to make her more charming to her two remaining lovers.

Had the boys at the saloon comprehended in the least the cause of Miss Brown's uneasiness, they would have promptly have put both Lecomte and Toledo out of the camp, or out of the world. But to their good-natured, conceited minds it meant only that she was confused, and unable to decide, and unlimited betting was done, to be settled upon the retirement of either of the contestants.

And while patriotic feeling influenced the odds rather in Toledo's favor, it was fairly admitted that the Frenchman was a formidable rival.

To all the grace of manner, and the knowledge of woman that seems to run in Gallic blood, he was a man of tolerable education and excellent taste. Besides, Miss Brown was so totally different from French women, that every development of her character afforded him an entirely new sensation, and doubled his devotion.

Toledo stood his ground manfully, though the boys considered it a very bad sign when he stopped drinking, and spent hours in pacing the ground in front of his hut, with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

Finally, when he was seen one day to throw away his faithful old pipe, heavy betters hastened to "hedge," as well as they might.

Besides, as one of the boys truthfully observed, "He couldn't begin to wag a jaw along with that Frenchman."

But, like many other young men, he could talk quite eloquently with his eyes, and as the language of the eye is always direct and purely grammatical, Miss Brown understood everything they said, and, to her great horror, once or twice barely escaped talking back.

The poor little teacher was about to make the whole matter a subject of special prayer, when a knock at the door startled her.

She answered it, and beheld the homely features of the judge.

"I just come in to talk a little matter that's been botherin' me some time. Ye'll pardon me ef I talk a little plain?" said he.

"Certainly," replied the teacher, wondering if he, too, had joined her persecutors.

"Thank ye," said the judge, looking relieved. "It's all right. I've got darters to hum ez big ez you be, and I want to talk to yer ez ef yer was one uv 'em."

The judge looked uncertain for a moment, and then proceeded:

"That feller Toledo's dead in love with yer—uv course you know it, though 'tain't likely he's told yer. All I want to say 'bout him is, drop him kindly. He's been took so bad sence you come, that he's stopped drinkin' and chewin' an' smokin' an' cussin', an' he hasn't played a game at The Nugget sence the first singin'-school night. Mebbe this all

ain't much to you, but you've read 'bout that woman that was spoke well uv fur doin' what she could. He's the fust feller I've ever seen in the diggin's that went back on all the comforts uv life, an'-an' I've been a young man myself, and know how big a claim it's been fur him to work. Ain't got the heart to see him spiled now; but he *will* be ef, when yer hev to drop him, yer don't do it kindly. An'-just one thing more—the quicker he's out uv his misery the better."

The old jail-bird screwed a tear out of his eye with a dirty knuckle, and departed abruptly, leaving the little teacher just about ready to cry herself.

But before she was ready, another knock startled her.

She opened the door, and let in Toledo himself.

"Good-evenin', marm," said he, gravely. "I just come in to make my last official call, seein' I'm goin' away to-morrer. Ez there anything the schoolhouse wants I ken git 'an send from 'Frisco?"

"Going away!" ejaculated the teacher, heedless of the remainder of Toledo's sentence.

"Yes, marm; goin' away fur good. Fact is, I've been tryin' to behave myself lately, an' I find I need more company at it than I git about the diggin's. I'm goin' some place whar I ken learn to be the gentleman I feel like bein'—to be decent an' honest, an' useful, an' ther ain't anybody here that keers to help a feller that way—nobody."

The ancestor of the Browns of Middle Bethany was at Lexington on that memorable morning in '75, and all of his promptness and his courage, ten times multiplied, swelled the heart of his trembling little descendant, as she faltered out:

"There's one!"

"Who?" asked Toledo, before he could raise his eyes.

But though Miss Brown answered not a word, he did not repeat his question, for such a rare crimson came into the little teacher's face, that he hid it away in his breast, and acted as if he would never let it out agin.

Another knock at the door.

Toledo dropped into a chair, and Miss Brown, hastily smoothing her hair, opened the door, and again saw the judge.

"I jest dropped back to say——" commenced the judge, when his eye fell upon Toledo.

He darted a quick glance at the teacher, comprehended the situation at once, and, with a loud shout of "Out of his misery, by thunder!" started on a run to carry the news to the saloon.

* * * * *

Miss Brown completed her term, and then the minister, who was on the Local Board, was called in to formally make her tutor for life to a larger pupil. Lecomte, with true French gallantry, insisted on being groomsman, and the judge gave away the bride. The groom, who gave a name very different from any ever heard at the Flat, placed on his bride's finger a ring, inscribed within, "Made from gold washed by Huldah Brown." The little teacher has increased the number of her pupils by several, and her latest one calls her grandma.



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.

From the top of the Pass of Kaduganawa, in Ceylon, a gentle descent leads, in about two hours, to the banks of the Mahawelli-ganga, the river which encircles the city of Kandy—soft and glittering, "like a necklace of pearls," as the Singalese express it. Four miles before we reach the city, we cross the celebrated Paradenia Bridge, built throughout of satin-wood. Not far beyond, and entered by a splendid avenue of india-rubber trees, are the Para-

denia Botanical Gardens, which have been brought to a high state of perfection by the services of Dr. Gardner, the late eminent botanist. Enclosing a space of 150 acres, these gardens are full of all the tropical plants and trees, and have been the centre where European and many valuable foreign exotics—such as the various spices of the East Indies—have been naturalized in Ceylon. The good they have done in this way, and in bringing before importing countries the useful vegetable products of Ceylon, has been quite incalculable. It is but a few miles more—through forest land—by cottages and bazaars, and we are in the centre of the city of Kandy.

We first hear of it as a city in the year 1267; but it was not till the close of the sixteenth century that it became the capital of the island. Its situation is rendered peculiarly picturesque by the lake of Kandy—of which we give an illustration. Originally a valley, and probably the site of part of the ancient town, it is, therefore, an artificial lake, and was constructed in 1807 by the last king of Ceylon. It is situated between high hills, and running along their base forms the boundary of the town. It is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and about 150 yards in breadth. The road, which encircles the lake for two miles and a quarter, and runs behind the Pavilion, winds round the wooded hills, and is known as Lady Horton's road. The scenery here is varied and beautiful; the course of the rapid Mahawelli-ganga flows below through green hills and forest-clad mountains, some of which rise 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The two principal streets in Kandy are Colombo Street and Trincomalie Street. The principal bazaar is where these streets intersect each other; but, besides, there are shops extending along the extremities of these and other streets diverging from them, well furnished, and differing but little from those at Colombo. The Church Missionaries have a very pretty residence and a schoolhouse, erected on a hill, about the middle of Trincomalie Street, on the east side. There is a burial-ground attached to the school. Bishop Heber visited the school during his stay at Kandy in 1825.

The temples of Kandy, situated under the shade of rich groves and in dilapidated courtyards, have fallen into slow decay. Of these, the most remarkable is that which enshrines the Dalada, or sacred tooth of Buddha. It has shared the fate of most relics. It has been destroyed and reproduced. Originally rescued, miraculously, from the flames which consumed the corpse of Guatama Buddha, in B.C. 543, it was venerated by millions, fought for, ransomed at enormous sums, and finally solemnly pounded in a mortar and consumed by the religious zeal of the Portuguese. But it did not perish. It was resuscitated by the clever trick of a politician; and the old tooth—which was destroyed in 1560, came again to the light, and took the form of which we give an engraving. It now closely resembles a crocodile's tooth; and Buddha must have been a giant indeed if he possessed a "canine" resembling this object of the reverence of millions.

According to the native historians of Ceylon, Gautama Buddha, the son of Suddho Lunu, sovereign of Maguda in Northern India, lived there with his parents for sixteen years, under the name of Primo Kumara. Having resolved on a life of penance, he remained for six years in the wilderness of Corawella, and had a desperate struggle with demons—personifications, it would seem, of his evil passions. Over these he eventually prevailed. Having assumed the character of Buddha, he passed over to Ceylon, then inhabited by a race of evil spirits, called Yakkhos: here he propounded his doctrines. He is said to have left the mark of his foot on the mountain called Adam's Peak, an object of great sanctity among his followers. Thus the Buddhists call it the impression of Buddha's foot; the Moors and Mahomedans claim it for Adam, stating it was worn into the rock

by the long penance of our great progenitor, who remained standing there on one foot for many years. After a long period, his penances prevailed : he was inaugurated as Buddha, and his supremacy acknowledged through the air above and on the earth beneath.

The Sacred Bo-tree (*Ficus Religiosa*, or *Jaya Sri Maha Bodin Wahansay*, the great, famous, and triumphant Fig-tree) is the branch of the tree under which Gautama sat the day he became a Buddhu. This tree is held in great veneration by the Buddhists, and is visited by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the island, as well as from the continent of India.

On our visit to the sacred tree, some years ago, two of its branches had shot across the walls, and were supported by the strong branch of a tree, somewhat in form of a crutch, having a little silk cushion, stuffed with cotton underneath, to prevent its holy arm from sustaining injury. A few years previous a branch was blown down during a storm, on which

occasion a great meeting of the priests was held from all parts of the island, when they lamented and howled over it for many days ; they afterward rolled it in silk, burned it on a pile, and buried the ashes with great solemnity and sorrow. This is the most celebrated tree in the world, and is, according to the native historians of Ceylon, 2,400 years old. Before permitting us to ascend the stone steps, leading up to the sacred spot, the priests obliged us to take off our shoes, lest the holy ground should be polluted by the leathern covering of our feet.

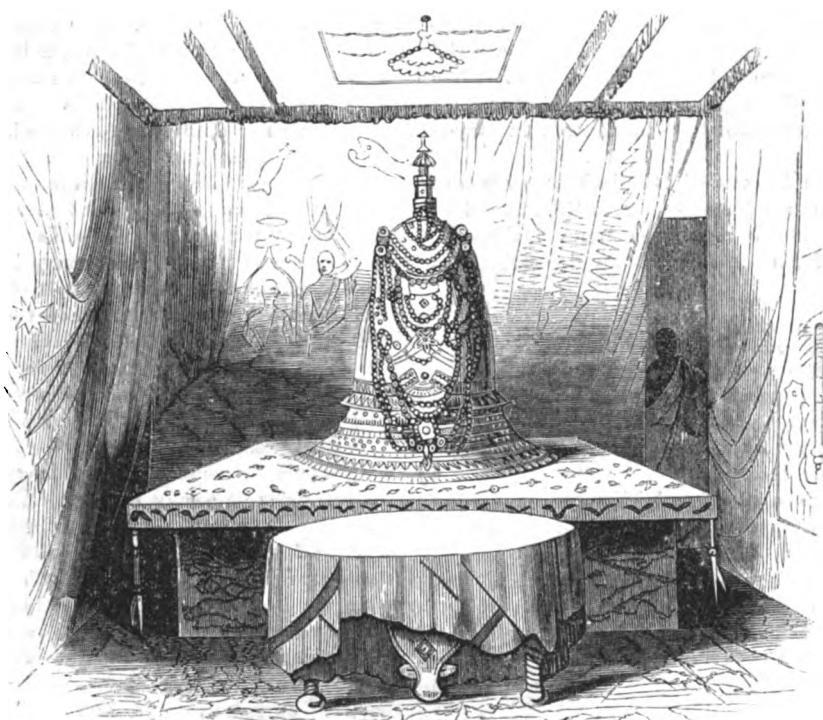
Gautama Buddha's death took place in the eighty-first year of his age, and before Christ 543. In the forest of sal-trees, near the spot where he expired, the funeral pile was prepared. Before the entire destruction of the mortal remains of his teacher, the priest Khoim rescued the Dalada from the flames, and it was then conveyed, as it had been prophesied, to the country of Kalunga (India), where, for centuries, it was treated with all the veneration that had been shown to Buddha when alive.

It was subsequently removed to Paelalup ; and here commenced what the Buddhists termed, "The trials of the tooth." It was ordered to be thrown into a pit filled with burning charcoal, whence they assert it burst forth in rays of light, which illumined the universe. It was afterwards buried in the deep, and trodden down by elephants, but reappeared in the heart of a golden lotus-flower. It was then cast into a filthy pool, which instantly became a clear pond, covered with the beautiful lotus-flowers, on one of

which it was found ; but the Ahoilakes believed these wonders to be deceptions, and placed the Dalada on an anvil ; the hammer was raised to destroy it, when it instantly sank into the iron. The king now permitted the Buddhists to prove the truth of their faith, when Subhadru, who built the temple, and had made many offerings to the Dalada, saw the relic remove with great effulgence from the anvil, and float in water, in a golden cup, which he held in his hand. The king acknowledged that these trials were the means of procuring a triumph to true religion.

The temple of the Malegawa, in Kandy, containing the Dalada, or sacred tooth of Buddha, is small, and built in the Chinese style of architecture. The sanctum is an inner room, on the upper story, into which a ray of sunlight never penetrates, and is lighted with oil-lamps. The folding-doors are paneled in brass, before and behind which is a curtain ; and round the doorway are elaborate carvings of elephants and other devices, executed in ivory.

The splendor of the place is very striking, the roof and walls being lined with gold brocade, while on a table of solid embossed silver stands the sacred relic, contained within five caskets, called "koranduas" ; the outer one is five feet high and nine feet ten inches in circumference, with a profusion of gold chains, having a great variety of costly gems suspended from them. It is richly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and many other



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE SHRINE OF THE SACRED TOOTH.

valuable stones ; and by a valuable cat's eye on the top end of the casket, set in jewels. The apartment is strongly impregnated with the scent of the Buddlu flowers, which are tastefully arranged in various devices around the object of their worship. The tooth of Buddha is considered their most holy relic, and is visited by pilgrims from all parts of India. It is considered the palladium of their country, as the Buddhists have a superstitious belief that whatever people or nation may become possessed of it, have a right to govern Ceylon. In 1815, when the British forces, after a protracted and severe struggle, overcame the Kandians, and captured their commanders, the taking of the tooth at once put an effectual stop to the rebellion. The natives exclaimed, "The English are, indeed, masters of the country, for they possess the relic. This, for 2,000 years, is the first time the Dalada was taken from us."

In conclusion, it may be well to say a few words on Buddhism. It was a reaction from Brahmanism, and it changed the religious aspect of nearly the whole of Asia. We may grant that Buddha, whose real name was Saky-



MADAME DE MAINTENON.

(See page 170.)

Gautama, Buddha being a name taken afterwards, and meaning "The Enlightened," was an historical personage belonging to the royal caste. Discontented with the artificial system of the Brahmanical philosophers and theologians, abhorring their Pharisaism and their priesthood, which made them the only mediators between God and man, he threw off the yoke, and after destroying the old became the founder of a new religion. He assembled around him the people of all castes, he argued with and defeated the Brahmins, he denounced their sacrifices and their penances, and said that the sole thing required in the case of sin was confession and promise to sin no more. He published a moral code, which for its purity cannot be equalled in all the history of heathen religions. His life was stainless; he practised the virtues he taught; and he died, after propagating his religion by the sole power of his word and of persuasion, with the serenity of a sage in the arms of his disciples. It is almost impossible to believe that such a man really taught the metaphysics which have been written on his doctrines by his followers. After a careful examination of the Buddhist books, Barthélemy St. Hilaire arrived at these conclusions:

"Buddhism has no God; it has not even the confused and vague idea of a Universal Spirit in which the human soul may be absorbed. It confounds man with all that surrounds him, all the while preaching to him the laws of virtue. Buddhism, therefore, cannot unite the human soul, which it does not mention, with a God, whom it ignores, nor with nature, which it does not admit. Nothing remained but to annihilate the soul; and in order to be quite sure that the soul may not reappear under some new form in the world, which Buddhism curses as the abode of illusion and misery, it destroys the very elements of the soul, and never gets tired of glorying in this achievement. What more is wanted? If this is not the absolute 'Nothing,' what is Nirvana?"

Nirvani, which is the state to which the Buddhists aspire, is not absorption into a Divine Being—it is "the blowing out, the extinction of light," the absolute annihilation of the soul.

Such a religion is only fit for insane persons, and it is probable that a part of it has been fitted like an excrescence on the original teaching of Buddha. "Nirvana," probably in his sense, meant not annihilation, but release from the ills of life; but still it is almost clear that he did not unite, to the high morality he taught, any notion of a personal God, or any doctrine of a future life. Whatever the metaphysics of the Buddhists have taught, the religion itself, when it became the religion of millions, could not hold together on the grounds of the metaphysicians. Man felt the necessity of leaning upon some one, and of a life to come; and the "Nothing," the Nirvana, was changed into a kind of paradise, and Buddha, who denied the existence of a God, was himself deified.

MADAME DE MAINTENON, AND THE LAST YEARS OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

MARMONTEL's remark—that throughout his life Louis the Fourteenth was always governed, either by his ministers or his mistresses—is profoundly true. Probably no important act of that long reign emanated from the unbiased judgment of the monarch—the most absolute that ever reigned over France. The influence of Fouquet, of Colbert, and of Louvois was great, but that of La Vallière, of Montespan, of Maintenon, so molded the inward and the outward life of their royal master that the reign of each of these sultanas

made a distinct epoch in his. That of the first was idyllic; its home was the sunlit glades, the umbrageous groves, the bosky dells of the woods of Versailles, as yet untrammeled by the gardener's art or denaturalized by the vast palace that now rises amongst them. What else could be the gentle reign of sweet Louise de la Vallière? The second was gorgeous, magnificent, oriental, a glittering of jewels, a clashing of cymbals, a braying of trumpets, and a pean of victory, such as befitted the puissance of the haughty Duchess de Montespan. The third and last, sombre, fanatic, a penitential psalm, broken by the hollow moans of a famishing, persecuted people, by the death cries of the wounded and the hurried tramp of flying soldiers; then the death dirge—the funeral pall descends, and all is over. Thus the history of his mistresses is the history of Louis the Fourteenth and his reign.

To the name of Madame de Maintenon, however, the epithet "mistress" must be applied in a broader and more honorable sense than to the names of her predecessors; in her case we should rather use the term "wife," as there can be little doubt that such was the relation she held towards the King. Perhaps there is no more extraordinary history upon record than that of this woman, who, after being born in a prison, and passing through so many strange phases of life, rose from the depths of positive destitution to be the queen, in all but name, of one of the proudest monarchs who ever wielded sceptre.

Françoise d'Aubigné was descended from an ancient and honorable family of Anjou. Her grandfather was Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, an inflexible Huguenot, and the friend and companion of the great Henry. Her father, Constant d'Aubigné, was a black sheep, who, after acquiring wealth and consideration at Court for betraying his co-religionists, for which treachery his father disinherited him, was detected in some treasonable correspondence with the English and thrown into the prison of the Conciergerie of Niort. His wife, a noble heroic woman, then *enceinte*, obtained permission to share his captivity, and there, on the 27th of November, 1635, nearly three years before Louis the Fourteenth, was born Françoise. Her godfather was the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucauld, her godmother was the daughter of the Baron du Neillant, the governor of Niort.

In misery, hunger, and raggedness passed the days of parents and children—for there were two other little ones, boys, besides the new-comer—until Madame de Villette, Constant's sister, hearing of their sad position, brought them help and took away the children to her home, which was situated in the neighborhood. But when the prisoner was transferred to Château Trompette at Bordeaux, the mother, unable to endure the thoughts of complete separation, took back her little daughter, whose home for some three or four years was thus within the gloomy prison walls, the prison-yard her playground, the jailer's daughter her only playmate.

In 1639, after endless solicitations, Madame d'Aubigné obtained her husband's enlargement, after which they embarked for Martinique, to try their fortunes in a new world. During the voyage little Françoise fell dangerously ill, and was at last laid out as dead. The body was just about to be committed to the sea when the mother, as she held it in a last passionate parting embrace, felt a slight movement. "My child is not dead!" she shrieked. "Her heart beats!" The little girl was put back into bed, and in a few days was restored to health.

By what trifles are the destinies of men and of nations decided! Had not the mother's heart craved for yet another embrace, or had the sailor who was to have been the grave-digger of the sea been but a moment quicker, the Edict of Nantes might never have been revoked, and the latter years of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth might have been

wholly different. What wonderful events hang upon moments!—upon some apparently insignificant life!

In Martinique fortune gave Constant d'Aubigné yet another chance. He acquired some large plantations, prospered, grew rich. After a time Madame d'Aubigné had occasion to visit France; when she returned she found her husband once more a beggar; during her absence he had gambled away all that he possessed. After this he obtained a small appointment in a village of the island, and there his wife devoted her life to the education of her children, but more especially to that of her daughter, who already gave promise of more than ordinary talent. She taught her to read Plutarch and ancient history; and to habituate her mind to reflection she obliged her to exercise it both in composition and in letter-writing, in which last Françoise excelled throughout her life. The noble and devoted mother, who had herself been so schooled in adversity, desired to instil into the child's mind something of her own courage and fortitude.

One day the house took fire. Seeing little Françoise weeping bitterly, Madame said reprovingly, "I thought you had more courage. Why should you weep thus for the loss of a house?" "It is not for the house I am weeping," answered the child quickly, "but for my doll!" The child is the father of the man—the mother of the woman. In those words are the germ of the future intensely selfish nature of Madame de Maintenon.

The next event of importance was the death of Constant, which happened in 1645. Madame d'Aubigné returned to France poorer even than when she left it. She was reduced to live by the labor of her hands; but indefatigable as ever, she set to work to endeavor to reclaim some remnants of her husband's first fortune, to gather in old debts, to get for her children something of the heritage which had been left behind by their grandfather, Agrippa d'Aubigné.

She once more, although unwillingly, confided her daughter to Madame de Villette, who readily undertook the charge. The cause of Madame d'Aubigné's unwillingness was, that her sister-in-law was a Calvinist. The result justified her Catholic scruples, for Madame Villette at once proceeded to train her little niece in the doctrines of the Reformed faith.

Years of tribulation, of poverty, of successive misfortune, of silent endurance, of living in the shadow of life, had hardened and chilled Madame d'Aubigné's character into coldness and severity, beneath which her virtues and affections were concealed. Madame de Villette, who had lived in the sunshine of life, was on the contrary smiling, tender, loving; and so, child-like, the little Françoise soon began to prefer this cheerful lady to the trouble-saddened mother, and to embrace all her teachings with the utmost docility.

One day Françoise refused to accompany her mother to mass. Madame d'Aubigné, terribly alarmed for her daughter's salvation, with her usual energy at once appealed to Anne of Austria to issue an order for the girl's restoration to her own custody. The order was granted, and the young Huguenot was handed over to her godmother the Countess de Neuillant, a zealous Catholic, to be brought back to the Catholic faith. But Françoise was not yet to be converted, so as a punishment for her contumacy she was set to perform the most menial offices, among others, to measure out the corn for the horses and to look after a flock of turkeys. "It was there, in the farm-yard," she used to say, "I first began to reign." As not even these degradations could bend her firm spirit, she was sent away to the Ursuline Convent at Niort. Strange to say, her Huguenot aunt, confident in the strength of her niece's convictions, and anxious to remove her from the painful position she held in Madame de Neuillant's house, consented to pay her board while at the convent. Alas, for Madame

de Villette's confidence! The arguments of the good abbess and her ghostly confessor proved so potent that Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was after a time induced to formally recant her "errors," and to become from that time forth a good Catholic, upon which her good aunt indignantly withdrew from her all further assistance. Pious Madame de Neuillant, having thus preserved her goddaughter's soul, considered that she had fulfilled her duty to the utmost, and left the body to do the best it could; in other words, she declined to afford her any pecuniary aid whatever; of course the good pious sisters of St. Ursula could not be further troubled with a person who was penniless; so, her conversion complete, poor Françoise was shown the convent door, outside which stretched a desert, a friendless world. The only person to whom she could turn was her mother, who could scarcely feed herself, much less her daughter. It was a miserable half-famished life, from which in a little time merciful death released one of these women. Yes, poor Madame d'Aubigné was at last permitted to lay down her cross and rest her weary head in the lap of mother earth.

An evil training this for a young girl who had not yet reached her fifteenth year! A training to wither the heart and to fill the soul full of bitterness, the flavor of which abides with us evermore; ay, though Fortune thereafter empty down our throats her cornucopia, filled with all the sweets of the earth. A childhood of privation is a poor preparation for a noble life; little that is truly generous, tender, and merciful ever came from it, but much that is hard, cold, selfish, and hypocritical.

For three months after her mother's death Françoise remained shut up in a room at Niort, existing heaven knows how. At the end of the three months pious Madame de Neuillant, afraid, perhaps, of some scandal falling upon her proselyte, paid her a visit, and shortly afterwards placed her at an Ursuline convent in Paris, from which she occasionally passed to the *séjours* of her protectress. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was beautiful, graceful, accomplished, clever, *spirituelle*; she attracted the attention of the visitors, among whom were some of the most distinguished and most celebrated people of the age. It was here that she was introduced to the Abbé Scarron, poet, satirist, buffoon, famous in the days of the Fronde for his lampoons against Mazarin and the Court; a monstrous deformity, who it was said had the free use of no member of his body except his tongue and his hands. When a young man he had, in a mad carnival freak, personated a savage, and run naked through the crowd pursued by a mob; being in danger of his life he was obliged to conceal himself in a marsh; a palsy, from which he never recovered, was the consequence of this disgraceful freak. His appearance at thirty (three years afterwards) is best described in his own words: "My head is a little broad for my shape; my face is full enough to make my body appear very small; I have hairs enough to render a wig unnecessary; I have many white hairs, in spite of the proverb. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are now wood-colored, and will shortly be slate-colored. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral angle, and at length an acute one; my thighs and body form another; and my head, always dropping upon my breast, makes me a pretty good representation of the letter Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgement of human miseries." But in spite of all he was gay, *sans souci*, and was forever jesting upon and laughing over his own sufferings and hideousness.

This deformity fell in love with the beautiful fifteen-year-old Françoise d'Aubigné! He was witty, kind, generous, compassionated her sad position and offered her his hand; and, marvelous to relate, she accepted it! Even allowing

her to have been frigid by temperament, what must she not have suffered of privation, of misery, of the bitter humiliations of poverty and dependence, to sell her young life to this paralyzed monstrosity for a home?

She was just sixteen at the time of her marriage. "The new wife," says Saint Simon, "pleased all the company who frequented Scarron's house, which was very numerous and of all kinds; it was the fashion to go there—wits, courtiers, citizens, the highest and most distinguished personages of the day; and the charms of his wit, of his knowledge, his imagination, and of that incomparable gaiety, always fresh amidst all his afflictions, that rare fecundity and pleasantry of the best taste that we still admire in his works, attracted everybody to his house."

This was the age of the Fronde, an age in which every moral restraint was broken through, and riot, debauchery, and licentiousness reigned supreme. It was also the first, and most vigorous, of the literary epochs of France; it was the epoch of the Duchess de Rambouillet and her lovely daughter, the foundresses of the *Précieuses*, to whom the French tongue is indebted for so many of its graces and for all its conversational polish; it was the epoch of Ninon l'Enclos, the modern Aspasia; of the Hôtel Vendôme, with its society of theorists, epicureans, scoffers, and sensualists; of the *réunions* of the poets at the *cabarets* of the *Pomme du Pin* and the *Croix de Lorraine*. Nor were the gatherings at Scarron's house in the Marais the least among the coteries, for here assembled all that was noble, great, witty, and dissolute. Hither came Turenne and Condé, Beaufort, De Retz, Coligny, Villarceaux, Madame de Sévigné, Saint Evremond, La Rochefoucauld, Bussy Rabutin, Molière, La Fontaine, Corneille, Boileau, Chapel, Bachaumont, the Abbé Chalié, etc.

Whether Madame Scarron kept herself immaculate in the midst of this noble, brilliant, and very immoral society, we have no means of positively determining. Ninon l'Enclos, in a very broadly-stated anecdote about her and the Chevalier de Meré, who professed himself her admirer, asserts that she was not. Madame Scarron was certainly the bosom friend of that celebrated courtesan, and of all the other Laïses and Aspasis of the period, and we all know the old proverb about handling pitch. But, on the other hand, it may be urged that Ninon l'Enclos and her sisters were tolerated in the best society of the time, even by such women as Madame de Sévigné; that they were among the most brilliant and witty of her husband's coterie, and being such it was impossible for her to neglect them. Yet, even when she became the cold ascetic wife of Louis the Fourteenth, Madame de Maintenon never slighted Ninon l'Enclos, never refused a favor to her or her friends. She evidently feared her. Scandal compromised Madame Scarron's name with that of the all-conquering Fouquet, from whom her husband received a pension, and who had her portrait hung beside that of La Vallière at Vaux. The letters, however, which would confirm such an accusation, are generally admitted to be forgeries.

But, be that as it may, she was *prudent*, preserved the outward forms of decency, and was at all times exact in the performance of religious observances. She won great influence over her erratic husband, and exercised it for good; from the time of their marriage his writings became less gross and immoral, and the conversations at his *réunions* somewhat purer.

Nine years was the period of this strange union, and then Scarron died. Incorrigible jester to the last, his almost parting words were, "I never thought it was so easy a matter to laugh at the approach of death." But nevertheless he was greatly troubled about the future of his young wife, to whom he was tenderly attached.

Grim poverty, which had been kept at bay during these

nine years of married life, once more pounced upon his victim. Scarron possessed no more than he derived from the productions of his pen and the bounty of his friends, and all such means died with him. More scandals against poor Françoise; Fouquet again, and the Marquis de Villarceaux. She goes back once more to the Ursuline Convent in the Rue St. Jacques, where she is suddenly surprised by the queen renewing in her favor her husband's pension, with an addition of five hundred francs; after which she retires to the hospital of the Place Royale, lives an irreproachable life in the exercise of charity and religion, is received at the Hôtel d'Albret, and at other great houses, where her graceful, pleasing, and refined manners render her a universal favorite.

The key-note of her conduct at this period is to be found in her own words, written just after the renewal of her pension: "I was raised a hundred points above interest. *I sought for honor.*" Whatever might or might not have been her youthful indiscretions, she had now rigidly renounced them; to be esteemed and honored was now her ambition. What was the ultimate object she proposed to herself by this conduct is not exactly clear; marriage with a man of high rank and great fortune was offered her, which she refused on account of his libertine character and because she could neither love nor respect him. We have all our peculiar ambitions; the widow Scarron had hers—truly a laudable one—which was to be more respectable than her contemporaries.

This refusal greatly offended her patrons and patronesses, who considered that, being poor, she had no right to take upon herself the judgment of what would constitute her happiness. About the same time the death of Anne of Austria again deprived her of her pension and reduced her once more to a state of destitution. She applied to the King for its renewal, but in vain. She was on the point of accepting a small post in the household of Mademoiselle d'Aumale, who was about to leave France to wed the King of Portugal, when she was advised to seek an interview with Madame de Montespan, whom she had frequently met in society. The interview was granted, and Madame de Montespan, deeply moved by the widow's sad story, undertook to present a petition to the King, and to use her utmost endeavors to get it granted. It was impossible that so small a favor should be refused to the favorite sultana; and so widow Scarron was preserved from a voluntary exile.

The fortunate event was celebrated by joyous suppers at Ninon l'Enclos's, followed soon afterwards by a sudden return to devotion and by constant attendance at the sermons of Bourdaloue. Some three years passed away thus.

We now come to the turning-point in her career. Henceforth the bright side of Françoise's character is turned away from us, and we shall see only its dark and base aspect. In the year 1669, she was solicited to take charge of some children of noble birth, the name of whose parents, however, was not to be revealed. She at once divined the secret. Resolved, however, to be no blind agent, but a confidante, she wrote in reply, "If the children are the King's I will do it willingly; I could not undertake the charge of Madame de Montespan's without scruples. Thus it is the King who must order me to do this. . . . Three years ago I should not have had this delicacy, but since then I have learned many things, which now prescribe it to me as a duty."

Three years ago she would have been ready to have charged herself with the children of *any* adulterous pair; but since she had become pious her conscience would permit her only to undertake those of the King, and then only by his special order! The constant exercise of the offices of religion—very convenient substitutes for *the spirit*—seem to be a perfect grindstone to worldly wisdom; thus it is, I presume, that all clericals, whether called monks, parsons,



MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

bishops, or ministers, are ever so keenly alive to their own interests. The cloven foot of hypocrisy, vilest of all vices, was beginning to peep forth beneath the widow's petticoat.

Her scruples would thus bring her into immediate connection with the King, his command would make her his confidante, and place him, as it were, under an obligation to her. Madame Scarron's scruples were respected and gained for her all that she required. She was established in a house at Vaugirard; carriages, horses, and servants were provided for her use.

The Maintenon estate was for sale; its proximity to Versailles would render it a most convenient residence for the royal children and their guardian, and Madame de Montespan begged the King to purchase it and bestow it upon Madame Scarron. But Louis disliked her; she had been mixed up with the society of the Fronde, of which throughout his life he entertained the greatest horror; she was a Précieuse, and Louis, ill-educated himself, hated learned women.

Too much had already been done for "that creature."

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he said, angrily ; he could not understand Madame de Montespan's fancy for her ; to him she was insupportable. Wept at last, however, by his mistress's importunities, he consented to grant this favor, provided that *he should never again look upon her face.*

But time and accidents work wonders. M. du Maine, one of the children, was lame. Madame de Maintenon—she had now assumed that title—took him into Flanders, in order to obtain the advice of a celebrated physician and the benefit of certain medicinal waters. She wrote long letters to her patroness, in which she very graphically described the incidents of her journey. These letters were shown to the King ; he was pleased with them ; his prejudices against the widow began to give way, and upon her return she was admitted more freely to the royal presence, sometimes passing whole evenings in the society of Louis and his mistress. Madame de Montespan was full of vain and capricious humors, which at times sorely tried the patience of her royal lover, who by-and-by found a consolation in talking over such vexations with the sympathising *gouvernante*, whose conversation he found to be quite charming. Madame de Montespan began to grow uneasy, jealous, under which influences her humors were more violent and unbearable than ever. The King began to grow weary of quarrels and reproaches, and attached himself more and more to Madame de Maintenon's society. The widow felt her power, and gradually withdrew from the mother all control over the management of the children, refusing to take any orders concerning them except from the King himself. By-and-by she grew even bolder, and preached to her royal patron upon the criminality of illicit love, the beauty of virtue, the nobleness of continence, exhorting him to penitence ; and to all this he lent a willing ear ; for when we grow weary of our vices it is so delightful to ascribe their renunciation to awakened piety. Louis was always susceptible to religious formulas ; so was his successor, who, while living a life of heathen debauchery, shuddered at philosophers and Encyclopédistes. The Bourbon religion never went beyond lip homage and a childish terror of the cloven-footed, horned devil of monkish legends, and upon this susceptibility the cunning widow founded over his mind an empire stronger even than that of lust.

And now the struggle between the two women began in earnest, and was continued through several years ; a very unequal struggle, since the strength of one was so overwhelmingly greater than that of the other. Writing of Madame de Maintenon as early even as 1676, Madame de Sévigné says, "Everything is subject to her empire."

There were bitter quarrels between the two women, frequently in the King's presence, in which he had to play the dignified part of arbiter or peacemaker. In one of her letters, Madame de Maintenon thus describes a scene of this kind :

"She (De Montespan) came to my house yesterday and overwhelmed me with reproaches and abuse. The King surprised us in the middle of this conversation, which ended better than it had begun. He ordered us to embrace and to love each other, but you know that the last article cannot be commanded. He added, laughing, that he found it more easy to restore peace to all Europe than between two women, and that we took fire upon trifles."

Assisted by Louvois, Madame de Montespan sought out and resuscitated all the ancient scandals which had been promulgated against the widow Scarron. Writing to her brother about this time, Madame de Maintenon says :

"All are mad against me, and do everything in their power to injure me : if they do not succeed we shall laugh at them ; if they do, we will endure with fortitude."

Determined, strong-minded, prepared for either fortune, she calmly faced her enemies—and conquered. In testimony of his disbelief in the vile stories circulated, Louis created

her, in 1680, second lady-in-waiting to the Dauphine. One of the first uses she made of this position was to win the assistance of that princess to bring about a permanent separation between the King and his mistress.

Her star was now in full ascendant ; the esteemed and honored friend of the Queen and the Dauphine, and the companion for four or five hours each evening of the King, who took great pleasure in her conversation, so admirable for its well-chosen language, its sagacity, terseness, great knowledge of the world, and brilliant wit, the whole so intoned with reverential piety. Added to these charms of the mind were the well-preserved remains of her youthful beauty, an infinite grace and ease of demeanor, and a certain pleasing deference of manner which she had acquired in her days of poverty, and which she still displayed in the royal presence.

This was the period of Louis's *amour* with Mademoiselle de Fontanges, which the death of that lady terminated within a year. It does not appear that Madame de Maintenon's moral sense was in any way shocked by this intrigue ; nay, it would seem that she rather rejoiced at it, as a further loosening of the bonds which held him to De Montespan. Had the young girl lived, her reign would have been brief, for, although exceedingly beautiful, she was insanely insipid, and being so could never have obtained any permanent influence over the King. Such rivals troubled not De Maintenon, in whose designs passion found no place ; she aspired only to govern his mind.

In 1683 the Queen, who had conceived a great regard for De Maintenon, died in that lady's arms. This created a new tie to still further attach her to the King. Smote with remorse by the memory of the suffering that he had inflicted upon the gentle spirit of her who had passed away, to which among the women whom he loved or had loved could he turn for consolation with so free a conscience as to her whom Maria-Theresa had called friend ? There are no grounds for believing that this communion ever exceeded the bounds of propriety. That Louis frequently importuned her is past a doubt, but she who could at fifteen become the wife of the paralytic cripple Scarron was not likely to yield to passion at forty-five. Yet while she drew back from such advances, she did not finally reject them, as is proved by the following line, which occurs in one of her letters : "I send him away always afflicted, but never in despair." Thus she strengthened her empire over his fickle affections, and tempted him into a more honorable mode of gratifying them.

From the hour in which the Queen died, Madame de Maintenon proposed to herself but one object in life—to become the wife of Louis the Fourteenth. And in that object there is little doubt but that she succeeded. Here is Saint-Simon's testimony :

"He," the King, "passed the first days after the Queen's death at St. Cloud, at Monsieur's, whence he went to Fontainebleau, where he spent the Autumn. On his return, it is said—for it is necessary to distinguish what is certain from what is not—that the King spoke more freely to Madame de Maintenon, and that she, venturing to try her power, skilfully entrenched herself behind her prudery and devotion ; that the King was not discouraged ; that she preached to him, and put him in fear of the devil, and that she played his love and her conscience with so much art one against the other that she brought to pass that which our eyes have seen, but which posterity will refuse to believe. But what is very certain and very true is, that in the middle of the Winter which followed the Queen's death, a thing which posterity will scarcely credit, although perfectly true and authenticated, Father La Chaise, the King's confessor, performed mass at midnight in one of the King's cabinets at Versailles. Bontems, governor of Versailles, first *valet de chambre* in waiting, and the most in the King's confidence

of the four, served this mass where the monarch and Maintenon were married, in the presence of Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, as diocesan, of Louvois, both of whom had obtained a promise from the King that he would never acknowledge this marriage, and of Mountchevreuil, as the third witness."

A further confirmation of this fact is found in a letter, still preserved in the library of the Louvre (Archives de Noailles), written to her by Paul, Bishop of Chartres :

"Love the King with all your heart, be submissive to him as Sara was to Abraham, God has ordained that you should be elevated, loved, respected, and put in the place of queens, and yet you shall not have any more freedom than a citizen's wife. Tender yourself to God and to the King for the love of God, who has chosen you for his consolation and to obey him. The King still regards virtue too much as an austere and disagreeable thing; but when he beholds it personified in her whom he most loves and esteems, combined with perfect innocence, cheerfulness of spirit, and an ardent devotion to good works, God will give him the grace to aspire to the same happiness. A holy woman hallows an unholy man; what then will she be to a Christian!" Such words could have been written by such a man only to a wife.

Madame de Maintenon erased from her carriage the arms of her first husband, substituting her own in their place. Apartments were given her at the top of the grand staircase, opposite those of the King; here he passed several hours of each day, and wherever he went she was lodged near him. Ministers, generals, the royal family, all were at her feet; affairs of state, of justice, of religion, all were in her hands. "What she was—how she governed without interruption, without obstacle, without the slightest cloud, more than thirty entire years, and even thirty-two—is the incomparable spectacle which has been presented to the eyes of all Europe."

For a time, unable to realize her downfall, Madame de Montespan still lingered about the Court, wearing away her heart at the sight of her rival's triumph, until that rival, weary of her reproachful presence, backed by the authority of the King, signified to her that she had better retire from the Court altogether; and, to give a sharper edge to the harsh message, Madame de Maintenon caused it to be conveyed to her by her own son, the Duc de Maine. She died at Bourbon in the year 1707, at the age of sixty-six, being, it is said, even then in almost full possession of her matchless beauty.

This secret marriage may be said to commence the third and last epoch of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The first was troubled and obscured by the Fronde and the rebellion of the princes of the blood; the second was the greatest in French history, great in the splendor of its court, the grandeur of its king, the nobleness of its literature, the commanding talents of its generals and ministers, the success of its arms. France might well in after years look back with melancholy pride upon that brilliant period and epithetise the central figure as "*la Grande Monarque*"; for much as it is now the fashion to sneer at that agnomen, Louis was in those days a great king. But the third epoch was one of gloom and disaster; Condé and Turenne were gone, and victory no longer attended their country's arms; Colbert was dead: that great genius who, after the devastating civil wars, had rescued France from bankruptcy, revived her trade, given such an impetus to her manufactures as they had never known before, and raised her finances from the lowest to the highest condition of prosperity; and Louvois, that impetuous war-counselling minister to whom France owed many troubles, but who, in spite of many failings, was still a great man, followed soon afterwards. And none were left to fill the places they had left vacant.

And so with a scared conscience, with a haunting feeling of an ill-spent life, the present darkened the dread shadow of the hereafter, the greatness of his youth fading day by day as the faithful old servants dropped one by one, Louis became the mere tool of the priests and of a priest-ridden ambitious woman. What but evil could come out of the influence of such counsellors? Against the Huguenots, left in peace for many years by the Edict of Nantes, and now forming the most industrious, intelligent, and some of the wealthiest portion of the population, were their machinations first directed. They danced the cloven feet and the horns before the eyes of the superstitious King, and persuaded him that the only way to avoid them and to get to heaven was to root out heresy; they flattered his worldly pride by pointing out to him the glory which would attach itself to his name by accomplishing a feat that had surpassed all the power of his predecessors; they painted the Huguenots in the blackest colors, reminded him of their revolts, their foreign alliances, how they had imposed laws upon their kings, and how by destroying their power he would be more than ever absolute in authority, since at present they, by their different usages and religion, formed, as it were, a state within a state. And he listened to the counsel of these wretched bigots, and the spirit of persecution was sent abroad. Little by little the Protestants were deprived of their civil rights. Bodies of troops, accompanied by a locust swarm of monks, overspread the land, compelled the Protestants to renounce their faith, and put to death their preachers. But this was only the beginning: such crumbs of persecution did not satisfy the ravening maws of these worthy apostles of the merciful Saviour; and on the 23d of October, 1685, the King struck a blow against her greatness and prosperity, from which, even at the present day, France has never wholly recovered. It was on that day that, yielding at last to the solicitations of his devout wife and his confessor La Chaise, he revoked the Edict of Nantes, blotted out all the previous glory of his reign, and raised for himself a hideous, blood-stained monument in the Pantheon of bigots. The effects of this act of criminal madness are thus eloquently depicted by Saint Simon :

"The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, without the least pretext and without any need, and the various proscriptions, rather than proclamations, which followed, were the fruits of that abominable conspiracy which depopulated a fourth of the kingdom, ruined its commerce, weakened it in all its parts, delivered it over to the pillage of dragoons, who authorized the torments and punishments by which thousands of innocent people of both sexes perished; which ruined a great body of the population, destroyed a world of families, armed kinsmen against kinsmen to rob each other of their possessions, and to leave the weakest to die of hunger; which sent away our manufactures to foreign nations, causing them to flourish at the expense of our own, raising among them new cities, which presented the picture of a vast body of people, proscribed, naked, fugitive, outcasts, without crime, seeking an asylum far from their native land; which sent the noble, the wealthy, the old people, esteemed for their piety, their learning, their virtue, people bred in every comfort, weak, delicate, to the galleys, in order that there might be only one religion! in fine, which filled the provinces of the kingdom with perjury and sacrilege and with the groans of those unfortunate victims of error, while many others sacrificed their consciences to their possessions and repose, and purchased both by pretended abjurations, which compelled them to worship that in which they had no belief, and to receive in reality the divine body of the Holy of Holies while they were still firmly convinced that they were eating only bread, which it was still their duty to abhor. Such was the general abomination, born of flattery and cruelty."

He goes on to say how the bishops lent themselves to this impious work, and used every means to swell the number of their pretended converts in order to gain for themselves the reward and consideration of the court; and how intendants, lieutenants, governors, soldiers, pursued the same course for the same object.

"The King," to again quote his words, "received from all parts the news of these persecutions and conversions. Those who had abjured and received the communion were counted

to him by thousands — two thousand in one place, six thousand in another. The King applauded his power and his piety. He believed that the days of the preachings of the Apostles had returned, and attributed to himself all the honor. The bishops wrote panegyrics upon him, the Jesuits made the pulpits resound with his praises. All France was filled with horror and confusion, with triumph and joy and eulogy. The King entertained no doubt of the sincerity of those conversions, the bishops took care that he should not, and beatified him beforehand. He swallowed this poison in deep draughts. He believed that he had never been so great in men's eyes, had never done so much in God's eyes to

atone for the enormity of his numerous sins and the scandals of his life."

All the mistresses with whom he had lived in sin had never wrought a tithe part of the mischief brought about by this devout wife. Only one thing was wanted to content Madame de Maintenon's most ambitious aspirations—the public acknowledgment of her marriage; but to this Louis, guided to a great extent by the councils of Bossuet and Fénelon, would not consent. Finding that point not to be gained, she, with her usual prudence, freely abandoned it,

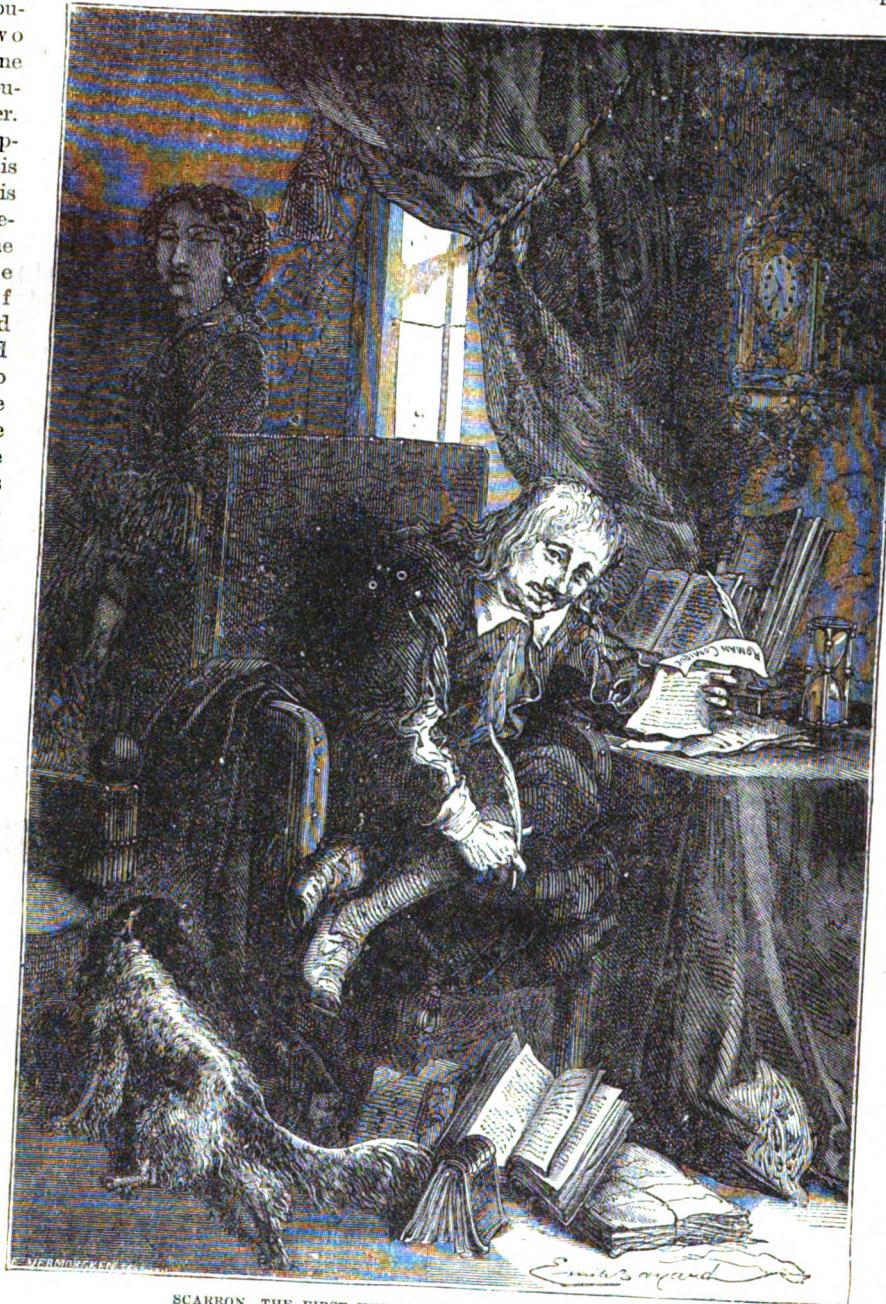
and by this self-sacrificing resignation established a further claim upon his love and confidence.

In private her conduct was haughty and severe; even the King's daughters approached her with fear and trembling, and quitted her presence seldom without tears. She received but few people, visited fewer. It was more difficult to obtain an audience with her than with Majesty itself. When she was at Versailles, people, even of the greatest consequence, who desired speech with her, could

obtain it only by watching for her egress or ingress, and even then it was of the briefest. Her usual daily routine was as follows: Upon rising, after having performed her devotions, she would go away to St. Cyr, a magnificent conventional establishment, which she had founded in Paris for the education of young girls. There she would dine alone in her apartment, or with some favorite of the house; dispense her charities, which were very large, amounting to between fifty and sixty thousand livres a year; read and reply to the enormous mass of letters she daily received, principally upon church affairs, and, these dispatched, return in time to receive the King at the hour in which he was accustomed to visit her apartments.

At nine o'clock

she partook of a light supper, after which her women put her to bed, and that in the presence of the King and any one of the ministers with whom he might be engaged that evening, and who still continued their work as before. At ten the King went to supper, the curtains of the bed were drawn, and Madame de Maintenon was left to her repose. When present at the court dinners her manners were singularly unassuming, ceding the first places not only to Monseigneur, to Monsieur, and to the English court, but even to ladies not of royal blood.



SCARRON, THE FIRST HUSBAND OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.



SYLVIE'S COWARDICE.—“WHEN KATE STAGGERED TO HER FEET, SHE SAW SYLVIE SEATED IN A SLENDER BOAT, AND SHE WIELDED THE OARS WITH AN EXPERT'S HAND.”—SEE PAGE 178.

The King always showed her the greatest respect, more especially during their promenades and rides in the gardens of Marly. Saint Simon says :

“He would have been a hundred times more free with the queen, and with less gallantry. It was a respect the most marked, although in the midst of the court. Their carriages moved along side by side, for she seldom sat in the King's chariot, in which he sat alone, while she used a sedan chair. If the Dauphine, or the Duchess du Berry, or the King's daughters were in the suite, they followed or gathered about the conveyances on foot; or if they rode in the carriages with the ladies-in-waiting they still remained in the rear. The King frequently walked beside her chair, always uncovered and stooping when addressing her or listening to her. At the end of the promenade he conducted her as far as the house, took leave of her, and continued his walk or ride.”

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As she grew older she took up her abode at Marly, and no longer appeared in public; “and when by chance one caught sight of her, one could see nothing but hoods and black wrappings.” In her chamber, on either side of the fireplace, there were two arm-chairs; one for herself, the other for the King; before each was a table, and in front of the King's table were two stools, one of which was for the attending minister to sit upon, the other for his bag. On business days the royal pair were alone together but a very short time before the minister arrived, and a still shorter time after he had left. During these councils Madame de Maintenon read, or worked upon tapestry, heard all that passed, but rarely spoke. Sometimes the King would ask her advice, which she gave with great circumspection. She never appeared to have any bias, or to interest herself for any particular person. But the minister had received his instructions beforehand, for he dared make no proposition

previous to having consulted her. Then followed much finessing between the two, she still appearing perfectly unconcerned and impartial, and yet almost invariably contriving to gain her proposed point; and it was thus that three-fourths of the business of the State was decided—Louis imagined, by his sole authority, but in reality it was by hers.

Little by little a sad change came over the Court of France; the dark shadows of remorse and fanaticism which haunted the King overspread its atmosphere and extinguished its brilliancy. Even from De Maintenon herself, the creator of this régime, a querulous plaint burst forth at times. In one of her later letters she says (writing of her royal spouse), "I am obliged to endure his griefs, his silence, his vapors; he often sheds tears, which he cannot repress, when he feels greatly troubled. He has no conversation." The courtiers were dull and half dead with *ennui*. Literature lost its joyousness; Molière was dead; Corneille, his genius passed away, wrote lugubriously; La Fontaine pretended devotion, translated the Scriptures, wrote commentaries upon them, and penned an extravagant eulogy upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Racine, however, was in the height of his fame; he was De Maintenon's poet. It was for the use of her establishment at St. Cyr that he wrote "Athalie" and "Esther." But, with her customary heartless selfishness, she abandoned "her poet" to his disgrace.

Darker and darker grew the clouds that lowered over the closing days of that long eventful reign. Domestic troubles, the terrible and mysterious deaths of the Dauphin and Dauphine, the plots and cabals of the bastards and legitimates, an empty treasury, a beggared name, villages depopulated by war and by the Huguenot exodus, weak officers, incapable generals; the crushing defeats of Hochstadt, Ramilies, Turin, Oudenarde, Malplaquet; France, stripped of her conquests, suing for peace; the King, broken in health, devoured by remorse, insidiously governed by a withered, rheumatic old woman, cowering over the fire in the gloomy cell-like chamber at Marly, querulously complaining, weeping, groaning. What a change from the France of Colbert, of Condé, and Turenne! What a change from the lover of La Vallière and de Montespan!

But the end of all was at hand; in August, 1715, Louis was seized with a fatal illness, in which he suffered great agony, but endured with noble fortitude. During the sad time Madame de Maintenon showed little or no sensibility; her eyes were dry, her face cold and resigned. A Catholic by profession, and doubtless by conviction, she was by nature a Calvinist—cold, sour, fatalistic. Four days before the King's death she left him and retired to St. Cyr. He took this much to heart, and never ceased asking for her until she was compelled to return. Two days after his death she was again at St. Cyr, calmly arranging her chamber and superintending the affairs of the establishment as if nothing had happened."

She had shown a similar callousness at the death of the Dauphine, to whom she had always pretended to be greatly attached. She was absent at St. Cyr during the agony of that unfortunate princess, although she was well aware that a fatal termination to her illness was imminent. When the Duchess and afterwards the Duke of Burgundy were attacked with the fever, the King attended upon both until the last hour, but Madame de Maintenon was not with them.

Beyond a few of his immediate attendants Louis was little regretted, even by his own children. The nation "trembled with joy." Overwhelmed with taxation, crushed beneath the horrors of unceasing war, the despairing people offered up thanks to God for their deliverance; a hideous nightmare, a nightmare of priestcraft, of war, of famine, seemed to have been lifted from off them. Louis had outlived his age.

From the day that she finally returned to St. Cyr her foot

never again passed beyond its gloomy cloisters. Orleans continued her pension to the last; but in the hour that Louis passed away her star was extinguished, and the great world thought of her no more. She received but few visitors, only those with whom she had been intimate at Marly. The Duc de Maine, however, spent three or four hours with her in each week, and her affection for him never cooled. She died in 1719, at the age of eighty-four.

And for such a life and for such an end, unloving and unloved, she had lied, and schemed, and betrayed, repressed every natural instinct, and played the hypocrite, for forty years! The game was scarcely worth the candle.

SYLVIE'S COWARDICE.



"Terrible!" murmured Sylvie Laughton, with a frightened little sob in her voice, as a lightning-flash made momentary day of the darkness outside, followed almost instantaneously by a wild, awful crash of thunder. "Mamma, I'm going to bury my head in your lap, if you've no objection; for, to be honest about the matter, I'm almost frightened to death."

Mrs. Laughton smiled as her daughter knelt down and really did bury in her lap the soft-eyed, gentle-looking face, framed with its gold waviness of hair.

"Thunder and lightning always were your detestation, Sylvie. I remember your being in hysterics, when a little girl, over certain severe storms."

A second flash lit the sitting-room windows, and a more frightful thunder-peal than before seemed to grasp at the foundations of that old country mansion.

But the sound had not died away before two other sounds, widely dissimilar, succeeded it. One was a long shivering moan from poor Sylvie; another was the careless, mocking, musical laugh of Kate Ellersley.

She was a superb-looking brunette, this Kate Ellersley, with richly damask complexion, great starry-black eyes, a matchlessly molded figure, and a way of holding herself that bespoke about as much of pride as grace. She was on a visit at Mrs. Laughton's estate at Laurelwood, being a friend whom Sylvie had made at boarding-school, two years previous.

At her side stood a tall, well-shaped man of perhaps five-and-twenty, watching with her, from a large French window, the progress of the fearful storm that was just then raging. Elbert North had been for several years an intimate friend of Sylvie Laughton's. There were those who declared that the blue eyes and golden hair of a certain bewitching young lady had made thus frequent his visits to Laurelwood during the past Summer. Latterly, however, his attentions to Sylvie had been less marked, the gossips of the neighborhood affirmed. These same irrepressibles (a word which we coin, but one which seems too temptingly applicable to be avoided) had gone on in their assertions to the verge of the following fact, viz.: that Elbert North had fallen desperately in love with Kate Ellersley, and had forgotten his old attachment for Sylvie Laughton.

"Poor Sylvie!" said Kate, the words being a kind of continuation of her careless laugh. "She is so miserably timid."

Elbert North glanced at the golden head buried in Mrs. Laughton's lap; then his eyes sought the erect, queenly figure of Kate Ellersley. There was a decided contrast Elbert could not help acknowledging. Kate was certainly a magnificent creature. Such fearlessness as that which seemed now to have set its stamp upon every feature of her face was not to be met with in every woman. Then, too-

her beauty—could all the meek tenderness and sweetness of the Madonna type equal Kate's regal, indolent, sumptuous air? How that garnet necklace, fitting close about her pale-olive, columnar throat, became her style, Cleopatra-like and Egyptian as it was! What glorious hair she had! it was like "darkness visible," Elbert reflected, being too enthusiastic about his charmer, just then, to notice how absurd the hyperbole would have sounded if spoken aloud.

Another terrible flash; another terrible thunder-peal, and—another wretched moan from poor Sylvie. Kate's laugh was rippling again close at Elbert's ear.

"How odd it must be," she murmured, "to have such a nervous temperament!"

Something very like a sneer curled Elbert's lip.

"It's very charitable of you, Miss Ellersley," he said, with an accent of contempt in his low tones, "to give out-and-out cowardice the euphonious name of nervousness."

"Stop!" whispered Kate, with a decided show of disapproval. "I won't allow you to speak in that unkind manner of dear Sylvie." But her heart was somehow fluttered with triumph as she spoke the words. There was no denying that this Elbert North, Sylvie's old admirer, possessed attractions for which not even his splendid residence across the bay and his high social standing were accountable.

The storm began presently to show signs of abatement, and before another half-hour had passed a white moon came out of the breaking blackness of cloud, and lit dreamily the dripping, drenched foliage and lawn.

"Ten o'clock," said Elbert North, glancing at his watch. "They will begin to feel anxious concerning my whereabouts, over at Cedarcliffe. Mother has a habit of worrying herself whenever I am absent in the boat. After this dreadful storm, I suppose she will be quite certain that I am food for fishes."

Mrs. Laughton touched a hand-bell at her side.

"It will be quite impossible, Elbert," she said, "for you to cross the bay in the boat with which you rowed here; that will be literally full of water, you know." When the servant appeared in answer to Mrs. Laughton's summons, that lady ordered word to be given one of the men that Mr. North would require one of the boats which were always kept under cover.

After Elbert had gone that evening, and also after Mrs. Laughton had retired to bed, Sylvie and Kate remained for quite a little while together in the sitting-room.

There were yet traces of the tears of terror which Sylvie had wept on her fair, meek-eyed face.

"I wonder if Elbert noticed how frightened I was, Kate, while that fearful storm lasted?" she said, musingly, not looking at Kate just then.

"I suppose he noticed," Kate answered, with a light amiable laugh. "Those very mournful moans of yours, Sylvie, were audible, to say the least of them."

A little silence. Sylvie's eyes were fixed intently on the carpet. Presently she said, in soft, sad tones:

"I think, Kate, that Elbert North used to like me just the least in the world—as a friend, I mean. But somehow I'm sure he has got to care very little for me lately. He likes you, though, ever so much."

"Nonsense, Sylvie!" But the damask on Kate's cheek had deepened visibly.

THERE'S no chance of his being here to-day, in all this wind and rain."

Sylvia Laughton spoke, standing at the sitting-room window.

More than two weeks had elapsed since the night of that savage storm which had so terrified Sylvie. The "irrepressibles" were asserting very confidently, by this time, that Elbert North's devotions were completely transferred from

Mrs. Laughton's daughter to Kate Ellersley. Judging from a delicate tinge of sadness, so to term it, which seems now to have overspread Sylvie's quiet face, one might almost feel inclined to believe the gossips' statement.

"I think you are right," Kate Ellersley said. "He wouldn't dare cross the bay in such weather. Why, from where I am sitting, I can see the waves; they're perfectly enormous. He promised to come at two o'clock to-day, didn't he?"

"I believe so," was Sylvie's answer. "You know a great deal better than I do, Kate."

"What time is it now?" asked Kate, evasively.

"Just half-past one," replied Sylvie, turning to look at the little ebony clock on the mantel.

By two o'clock the gusty rain had, in a great measure, subsided, though the wind was still blowing furiously with all the strength of an equinoctial storm.

"Sylvie," said Kate, starting up from her easy-chair and throwing down the novel with which she had been engaged, "what do you say to a walk down on the shore, just to see whether Elbert North has been foolhardy enough to row over? Then, too, the air will do us lots of good; we haven't been out in so many hours. We might take our waterproofs, so that in case the rain chose suddenly to pelt down upon us, our position wouldn't be altogether defenceless."

Sylvie readily acquiesced. The girls were soon standing on the shore, looking across the bay with wildly blown skirts and draperies.

"I don't see anything of him," said Kate. "Do you?"

"No."

But the word had scarcely left Sylvie's lips when she started back with a quick, sharp exclamation.

"Kate, look there, where the waves seem highest! Don't you see something that looks like—like—"

"A lifted human hand?" finished Kate, in loud, half-shrieking tones, "and the bottom of a boat; and now, Sylvie—oh, heavens! now there is the top of a man's head! Oh, mercy, mercy! I'm sure it's Elbert—I'm sure it's he. What is to be done?" And the queenly, stately, peerless Kate Ellersley sank down upon the sands, powerless as a child.

"Keep up your courage, Kate," called a voice in her ear, so firmly and clearly that it was hardly recognizable as Sylvie's, "I see how matters are. He's taken a sail-boat instead of a row-boat, reckless creature that he is! I can save him, I'm sure! Don't faint, Kate—that is, not until I get back, my dear."

Whether Kate actually fainted or not, she is not precisely sure; but everything was very hazy for some time afterward. When, finally, she staggered to her feet, it was to see Sylvie seated in a slender row-boat, and being rocked perilously by the monstrous waves as she wielded the oars with an expert's strong hand.

For a moment Kate was perfectly paralyzed with amazement. Could this be fragile, timid, gentle Sylvie Laughton, whom a flash of lightning had appalled, whom a peal of thunder had made moan with terror? On went the slender little boat. God surely must have given the frail girl-hands that governed those oars just then a strength which they had never known till now.

Elbert North says that just as he had entered the boat which Sylvie so bravely brought to his assistance, Miss Laughton amazed him by fainting away. The position was awkward, but he managed to row himself ashore, after preparing a little impromptu couch for Sylvie out of his own overcoat, in the bottom of the boat. And by the time land was reached his rescuer had returned to consciousness.

"Isn't she the most splendid little creature that ever lived?" cried Kate Ellersley, appealing to Elbert, with her arms about Sylvie's neck.

Kate did not then know how warmly Elbert's heart echoed those words; but she knew later, when it became apparent that Elbert's waning regard for Miss Laughton had suddenly regained its original depth and force, and after he had said to Sylvie certain words very much like the following:

"Can you forgive me, Sylvie Laughton, for having blamed my own heart that it should love a weak, characterless, over-timid woman, and for having called you by so grossly unmerited a title? And will you believe me when I say that, to my mind, your outward womanly softness—vailing, as I know it does, a sweet strength—is more than all the languid, statuesque grandeur of Kate Ellesley?—she who laughs at a flash of lightning, but shrinks to powerlessness in the presence of real danger."

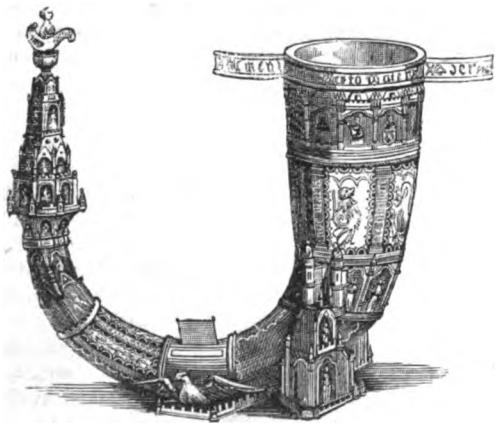
We have only to add that Sylvie's forgiveness was entire, and that Elbert North sealed what he termed his good luck with a very loving kiss indeed.

THE HORN OF OLDENBORG.

THE Castle of Rosenborg, at Copenhagen—a palace of the Danish kings—is now in reality the great national museum, where many relics of early Scandinavian art are preserved. These, with the jewels, miniatures and portraits, are all arranged in chronological order.

Among the curiosities here preserved is the celebrated Horn of Oldenborg, which our readers will perceive to be a most elaborate piece of workmanship. It was executed about 1455 by Daniel Aretaeus, a native of Corvey, in Westphalia, by command of Christian I. of Denmark, who intended it as a votive offering at the shrine of the Three Wise Men, or, as they are generally called, "The Three Kings of Cologne."

Christian had been made mediator between the Archbishop of Cologne and his chapter, but, failing to restore peace between prelate and canons, made an offering. And



THE HORN OF OLDENBORG.

so the horn remained as an heirloom. It is an exquisite specimen of the goldsmith's art of silver-gilt, enriched with ornamentation in green and violet enamel, representing scenes of feudal domestic life at the time.

WHITE VIOLETS.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

My sweetest friend I sought to please;
I led her down a cool descent,
Where trailed the boughs of ancient trees,
Most quaintly bent.



WHITE VIOLETS.

A glen we found all velvet-lined,
Whence, peering fifty fathoms down,
We saw the flashing rapids wind
Through boulders brown.

A light cascade flung crystal globes
O'er dense green moss and slender sedge,
Then flitting on in gauzy robes,
Waltzed o'er the ledge.

Full softly shone, through leaves half-furled,
And filmy, frail, spray-silvered nets,
Those loveliest blossoms in the world—
White Violets.

Oh, pure! oh, fragrant woodland things!
My friend beheld them with delight;
She lightly brushed their snowflake wings,
With hand as white.

"Fair flowers, and is it sweet," she said.
"To dwell in such a glade of dews?"
Then lower drooped her faultless head,
And seemed to muse.

"But human hearts," she murmured then,
"With cause for constant sighs are weighed,
Wherefore we yearn, though green the glen,
For deeper shade."

"And watching foamy wa'er-jets
In mossy woods, we straightway crave,
By their attending violets,
A quiet grave."

"Kind Claire," I sighed, "the thought is thine,
Still should I pray for lengthened life,
If but that restless hand were mine,
Its queen—my wife."

"Yet softer sleep could never be
When this my pilgrimage must end,
Than under flowers beloved of thee,
My sweetest friend."

She raised a rapt, transfigured face,
"While blest with love and thee," she said,
"No more shall Claire crave resting-place
Among the dead!"

Low sang the wind through ancient bowers,
Light swayed the gauzy water-jets;
Loving and loved—oh, rarest flowers,
White violets.

THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.

THE Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III.—whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterward Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Razumofski. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarakanoff.

When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish prince, Charles Radzivil, carried off the young princess, and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and, in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy.

These resources exhausted, Radzivil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess or *duenna*.

On reaching his native country, he was offered the restoration of his property, if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused, but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate.

Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen blood-hound, she well knew, and capable of any villainy that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the princess and lured her within Catherine's reach.

Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy,

styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find the princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward.

Monsieur Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document.

Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral.

When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate princess.

With some abridgment we will follow Monsieur Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the most authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzivil, she was reduced to the greatest penury—existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters.

Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign. He told her she was the legitimate Empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne it was only because nobody knew



THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.—"THE JAILER TRIED TO SUCCOR HIS PRISONER; BUT WHEN HE SUCCEEDED IN RAISING HER UP SHE WAS DEAD!"

where she (the princess) was hidden; and that her appearance among her faithful subjects would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper.

Notwithstanding her youth, the princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances; she was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard.

Then Orloff, one of the most handsome men of his time, joined the seductions of love to those of ambition—he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand.

The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous snare spread for her inexperience; she believed and loved him.

The infamous Orloff persuaded her that their marriage must be private, lest Catherine should hear of it and take

precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries—some wearing the costumes of priests of the Greek Church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses.

The mockery of a marriage was enacted. The princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were constantly given her.

The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name.

She accepted, and embarked, after a banquet, amid the acclamations of an immense crowd. The cannon thundered, the sky was bright, every circumstance conspired to give her visit the appearance of a brilliant festival.

From her flag-decked galley she was hoisted, in a splendid armchair, on board the admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honors due to a crowned head. Until then, Orloff had never left her side for an instant.

Suddenly the scene changed!

Orloff disappeared. In place of the gay and smiling officers who, an instant previously, had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted.

The prisoner thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid.

Her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce.

Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy. She burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away.

They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later the squadron sailed for Russia.

Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St. Petersburg, when she was taken before the Empress, who wished to see and question her. Catherine was old; the princess was but sixteen, and of surpassing beauty; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders that she should be kept in the most rigorous captivity.

She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva. Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine and of the villain Orloff awaited death as the only relief she could expect; but youth and a good constitution struggled energetically against torture and privations.

One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed God to terminate her sufferings by taking her to Himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of distant thunder. She listened. The noise redoubled—it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror; she called aloud and implored not to be left alone.

A jailer came at her cries.

She asked the cause of the noise she heard.

"Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave; "the Neva overflowing."

"But cannot the water reach us here?"

"It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the

door, poured into the dungeon, and in an instant captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

"For heaven's sake, let us leave this!" cried the young princess.

"Not without orders, and I have received none."

"But we shall be drowned!"

"That is pretty certain. But, without special orders, I am not to let you leave this dungeon, under pain of death. In case of unforeseen danger, I am to remain with you, and to kill you, should rescue be attempted."

"Good God! the water rises! I cannot sustain myself!"

The Neva, overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now plashed furiously against the prison-doors. The sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors.

Lifted off her feet by the icy flood, which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive disappeared. The jailer, who had water to his breast, hung his lamp against the wall, and tried to succor his prisoner. But when he succeeded in raising her up she was dead!

The possibility anticipated by his employers was realized. There had been stress of circumstances, and, the princess being dead, he was at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.



CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it; if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were

used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers; so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain J. Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers (who were little better than

pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was, an immense amount of splendid shillings, six-pences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, Captain John Hull was entitled, by agreement, to put one shilling in his own pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor, that in a few years his pockets, his money-bag, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name we do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way, "you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow.

On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropt close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging a large pair of scales. They were such as wholesale merchants use; a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, for four children to play hide-and-seek in.

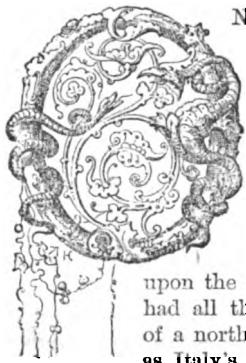
The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted the ponderous lid! Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachusetts' treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, emptied the contents on the floor, placed the chest in one scale, and filled it up with the coin, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful were thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her, for it is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver."

THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.



Na clear, Autumn day, long ago, a man dressed in the garb of a hunter was making his way through the cane brakes of Southern Ohio. It was one of those balmy days in Indian Summer, the most delightful season of the year. That peculiar mellow haze, resembling faint smoke, was filtering slowly down through the tree-tops, and resting upon the distant hills, while the atmosphere had all the delicious languor of the twilight of a northern Summer. The sky was as blue as Italy's, and unflecked by a single cloud, while the surface of the Ohio was as smooth and unruffled as a lake of silver. Everything wore the air of repose, and as the hunter sauntered carelessly forward, his long, formidable rifle resting upon his shoulder, he, too, seemed to breathe in the tranquil influence of the scene. It was in those days when a hunter's gun was not brought into play against anything more insignificant than the deer, bear, or, perhaps, the red Indian; and thus it was that the squirrel chirruped upon the limb in his very face without fear, and even the deer, as he came down to the creek and quaffed his full, raised his antlered head and surveyed the apparition of the stealthy hunter a moment, and then, turning his leathern sides towards him, walked leisurely away without disturbance from his weapon.

"That was a chance such as is not often given a hunter," he muttered, as he leaned upon his rifle. "I could have sent a bullet tearing through your heart-strings as you turned your side towards me. But you need fear nothing. Four of your companions have already fallen to-day, and I have no desire to shoot any more."

He removed his coon-skin cap from his head, and with his bronzed hand brushed off the perspiration from his forehead, and then, raising his eyes, he gazed about him.

"It seems a sin to pull trigger in such a quiet place as this. I've no wish to see the blood of any creature, human or otherwise, and that's why I didn't draw bead on that beautiful fellow that showed his horns a minute ago. It's all wrong at such a time as this."

Near by a small spring of icy-cold water bubbled from

beneath the black roots of an oak. Approaching this, the hunter leaned his rifle against the tree, and depositing his cap on the ground, lay down on his face and commenced drinking the delicious fluid. As his face touched and ruffled the surface, he saw his own sunburnt features reflected in it, queerly and grotesquely, from the disturbance of this natural mirror. The hunter saw this, we say, and, had his mouth been in proper shape, he would have smiled at the fantastic reflection of his own visage; and, in addition to this, he would also have noticed the figures of several other faces appear on the margin of the mirror—three copper-colored visages, gleaming with great exultation. But though the hunter saw not this, his quick ear detected the breaking of a twig, and, starting up, he found himself surrounded by full a dozen Indians, several of whom were boys, and one an extremely old man. Besides their being armed, they also possessed his own rifle, so that when summoned to surrender he did so with the best grace possible.

The captors displayed the greatest joy over the prize which they had secured, and indeed their prisoner was a prize of which any band of Indians might well be proud, for he was no less a personage than Captain Cassady, whose name is inseparably connected with the history of our frontier. Their first proceeding was firmly to secure his hands behind him, and to start southward with him. Crossing the Ohio, they plunged into the wilderness, and traveled two days without halting, except for a few minutes at the time. At the end of this period they selected a place to camp for several hours. Captain Cassady was lashed to a tree, by thongs passing around his waist, in addition to those by which his hands were already bound, and left in charge of the old Indian and the boys, while all the warriors departed

on a hunting expedition.

Captain Cassady possessed all the patience, hope and cunning of the veteran ranger, and he stood with his back to the tree through the entire afternoon, without a murmur, or even a word, escaping him; but all the time his keen eyes were never removed from the Indian and the boys. He knew the warriors



THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.—SURPRISED BY INDIANS.



THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.—“PLUMP AND PONDEROUS AS SHE WAS, THEY WEIGHED THE YOUNG LADY FROM THE FLOOR.”—SEE PAGE 182.

would return shortly after dark, and that, if he intended to do anything towards effecting his escape, it would have to be done while they were absent. Accordingly, when the eyes of his captors were removed from him, he tugged away at the thongs which bound him, and after several hours' stealthy efforts, he found, to his unspeakable joy, that they were loosened, and his hands were free.

Carefully avoiding any movement which could attract the attention of those around him, he toiled away at the thongs which bound his waist. As the twilight came on, he grew bolder in his efforts, and soon freed himself entirely of his bands. Providentially, at this moment, the old Indian sent off the boys to collect some sticks for kindling a fire. They were absent some time, during which the old man grew drowsy

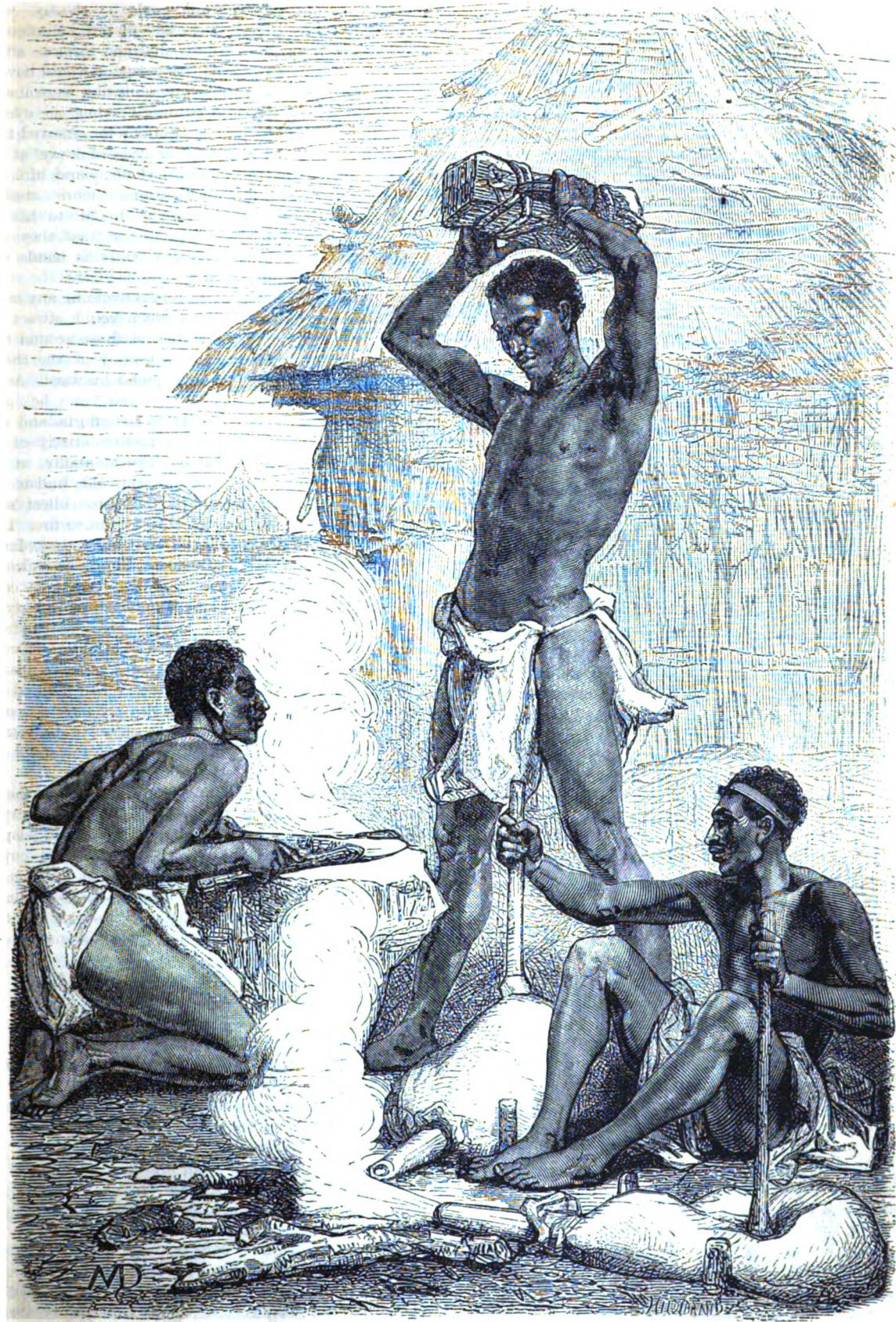
and commenced nodding forward. No circumstances could have conspired to make a more favorable opportunity for Cassady. Stepping carefully from the tree—so carefully, indeed, that the ear of the old Indian (then the most wakeful, as his senses were nearly asleep) failed to detect his cat-like tread. It was not until the hunter had stooped and picked up a gun and pouch that the drowsy sentinel looked up. This look merely afforded him a glance of his retreating figure as he plunged into the forest with the speed of a deer, and disappeared.

A long, shrill, tremulous whoop from the throat of the old Indian awoke the echoes of the forest arches, and lent wings to the hunter's flight. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed when every one of the Indians who had started out to hunt rushed into camp, so close were they at the time of his departure. Cassady knew they would soon be upon his trail, and, with the intention of throwing them off, he took an opposite direction from that leading towards his home.

So soon as it was dark enough to conceal his tracks, he changed his course so as to proceed toward the Ohio river. Away he sped, like a frightened deer, now seating himself for a moment upon some log, and, with a panting heart, listening for the sounds of his pursuers; then starting up as the falling leaf was mistaken for their stealthy tread; now looking



THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.—“CASSADY PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER.”



A FORGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—MANGANJA BLACKSMITH AT WORK.—SEE PAGE 186.

back through the gloomy aisles of the wood, and fancying a score of inanimate objects so many of his enemies, and again speeding away, until, convinced that he was beyond all danger, he dropped down to a slow walk, and leisurely continued his flight.

At this instant the stillness of the night was broken in the distance by that long, dreadful cry of the Indian blood-hound which was upon his trail! The most intense darkness could avail nothing against the wonderful power of scent possessed by this brute, and a new terror accelerated the

flight of Cassady. Close behind this terrible animal could be heard the Indians themselves, speeding along with such swiftness that the hunter felt he was lost.

But at this moment he reached the bank of a stream, which flowed in the right direction, and, plunging in the water, he waded down it some distance, when he crossed to the opposite side. He had hardly done so when the bay of the animal betrayed that he, too, had reached the river; but he was at fault, for no training could have enabled him to follow the trail through the water. The Indians, however, suspecting he had crossed, followed, and sent the dog up and down the shore in search of the lost scent; but the hunter had come out at such a long distance below where he had entered, that it required considerable time to discover it. When the trail was found it was almost immediately lost, for Cassady had taken to the water again; but the relentless pursuers, with a remarkable tenacity, continued the chase all through that night and the succeeding day until evening, when the hunter reached the Ohio.

At this very moment the Indians were so close that, although so exhausted that he could hardly stand, Cassady plunged into the river and commenced swimming across. When in the centre his strength began to give way, and he felt he should never be able to reach the other shore. But he struggled desperately, and his strokes grew weaker and weaker, until, in despair, he dropped his feet, intending to sink to the bottom and drown. But as he did so he touched bottom, and, with renewed hope, he waded to land, where, seeking some safe place, he threw himself upon the ground, so jaded and worn out that, had the bloodhound bayed a few rods behind him, he would have attempted to go no further. When he awoke, it was broad daylight, and his limbs were so stiffened that he could barely walk; but the pursuit was now ended, and he timed his progress to his strength, and, at the end of three days, reached his home.

The Captain Cassady of whom the above incident is told was, as we hinted at the commencement of our sketch, a prominent man on our frontier. He settled within a short distance of where Flemingsburg now stands, the place being called Cassady's Station in honor of him. At one time he represented his county in the Legislature, with great ability and credit, and there are many living at this day who remember well the valiant defender of the border.

A FORGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Manganja Blacksmiths at Work.

LIVINGSTON and the other travelers whom his persistent daring in the cause of religion and science drew to the same field have made us familiar with much of the life, customs, and degree of advancement from the lowest depths of barbarism among the various tribes that people the interior of Africa. These various nations afford curious subjects of study. Students of the early progress of the race make the stone age followed by the bronze and then by the iron. In America the natives never reached a bronze or iron age, but in some parts were workers in gold and silver. Africa has her iron age, and the useful metal is rudely wrought by men who in all else are almost as low as we can well fancy, if we except their use of domestic animals.

Our illustrations, from one of Livingston's last rough but bold sketches, shows with what little aid in the way of apparatus these rude negroes conquered difficulties that the American Indian, living in a land of coal and iron, never surmounted. A yellow hematite abounds all over the part of Africa occupied by the Manganja, and there are villages, one may say, wholly made up of smiths. Livingston found one such on the Mandu, a little stream flowing into the Bua. The people of the village were very industrious, and the work at the forges went on steadily from early dawn to nightfall.

The exhibition of sustained toil would be strange even among negroes in America, but was still more strange in Africa. Although working in iron, they had risen so far as to make iron hammers or anvils. The hammer plied so vigorously and steadily was simply a large stone, bound with the strong inner bark of a tree, in such a manner as to form loops on the side, which were grasped by the sinewy hands of the smith. The anvil was a larger stone sunk partly into the ground. The tongs was formed of two pieces of bark; the bellows of two goat-skins, with sticks at the open ends, which are opened and shut at every blast. It was curious, indeed, to see men who minded iron ore, and extracted the metal, go on in their rude primitive way with stones and bark, and never making use of iron to facilitate the work. Yet even with their rude process, as the metal is good, they succeed in turning out several hoes every day.

At another village he found that the blacksmiths were also, in all cases, ironfounders, and that a good European blacksmith would be at a loss, and utterly useless, unless he could begin by smelting the ore.

The iron trade is not of recent introduction; indeed, Livingston thought it must have been carried on for an immense time in that country, as in his marches he seldom went a quarter of a mile without meeting pieces of slag and broken pots, calcined pipes, and fragments of furnaces, burned into bricks by the action of fire. Iron hammers seem not unknown, although he nowhere mentions their use; he found that while *kame* meant a stone hammer, there was a distinct word, *nyundo*, for an iron one.

THE SEA-GULL IN CAPTIVITY.



INTERESTING as sea-gulls are in their wild state, they are more so in captivity, where they not only display their natural characteristics, but generally develop others which are interesting to all lovers of the domestic tribe.

The writer of this article placed one of these birds in a house where "a local habitation and a name" have always been given to every description of pet, and, after much discussion, he was called Peter; in a short time he not only knew but answered to his name. The cook soon won the confidence and affection of the pretty sea-gull; and with one exception, to be mentioned presently, no other living creature is admitted to its friendship. In fact, Peter is a very exclusive and independent bird.

His early days were uneventful. As no restraint whatever was put on his liberty, he soon began to make use of his wings, and while flying high in the air, above the garden, the peculiar and plaintive cry, so well known to those who have visited a coast where gulls abound, was distinctly heard. This went on for some time, Peter flying off, occasionally for a whole day, but always returning in the evening. One morning, however, after his usual breakfast of fish, he flew away and did not return in the evening as before. There were no signs of him the next day, and we gave him up for lost, supposing that he had deserted us for the more congenial society of his own species. But we did Peter an injustice. About three weeks after his departure, one of our friends passing by a cottage garden not very far from our house, recognized Peter's cry, or, at any rate, the cry of a gull. On making inquiries, we found out that, about the time of Peter's loss, a gull had been captured by some boys bathing in the harbor, and given to the owner of the cottage, who cut its wings and kept it in confinement. On seeing the bird we at once recognized Peter, who was readily given up.

Some time ago we left the place and brought Peter with

us inland, where, in spite of the change and colder climate, he is wonderfully well and lively. He has grown into a very fine bird, and is exceedingly interesting, his habits being often a great source of amusement to all who know him. Located as he is now, in a country place, among dogs, ducks, and poultry, with plenty of liberty, but well looked after, Peter has become quite domesticated, after his own fashion. During the last Winter he was allowed by his friend the cook to come into the kitchen and sit before the fire, where a small piece of carpet was placed for him. Peter took possession of this, entirely excluding two small kittens from any share in it. To these little animals he was quite a tyrant. If they attempted to sit on any part of his carpet, he drove them away; they were permitted to sit as near as they pleased to the edge of the carpet, but not on it. He invariably took away from them sticks or anything else that they began to play with; and on one occasion kept one of the kittens a prisoner in a drain-pipe into which it had run. No sooner was it in than Peter, always on the alert, took up his station outside, and there kept guard, pecking the kitten every time it tried to come out, until he was seen and the kitten rescued. In fact, they had a very bad time of it while in Peter's society.

Another occupant of the kitchen, however, found more favors with him. This was a retriever pup, now a very large dog, and the friend and companion of a sea-gull! To see these two together is most amusing. Whenever the dog lies down anywhere near Peter, he does not long remain unmolested; the bird leisurely walks up to him, and at once begins to pull his hair and peck his tail every time it moves. To all this the good-tempered dog makes no objection—in fact, Peter can do what he likes with him. He will sometimes sit on his back, at others lie down close to his side, or even between his fore-paws, and when the dog is taking his food, run off with portions of it from the plate, a liberty that none of the poultry dare take.

This is a very strange friendship, but not altogether an unusual one. Almost all animated beings are so fond of society of some kind or other, that, when they cannot get that of their own species, they will select creatures of a very different character, and often form very strong attachments for them. Morris mentions a tame gull that was kept in a garden, where it made a great friend of a terrier dog. Gawel speaks of another that made great friends with a pair of silver pheasants. But the most curious anecdote of a gull is given by Mr. Donaldson in "*The Naturalist*." This bird acquired a taste for sparrows, and scarcely a day passed on which he did not regale himself with four or five. His system of catching them was this: He was on the best of terms with a number of pigeons, and, as the sparrows fed along with them, he mixed in the grays, and, by stooping, assumed as much as possible their appearance, and then set at the sparrow as a pointer dog would do at his game; the next instant he had his prey by the back and swallowed it without giving it time to shut its eyes. The sporting season with him began about the middle of July, as the young birds were leaving their nests. This was, however, rather a mercenary friendship.

Peter will not fraternize with the pigeons: he seems to object to them and the hens as much as he did to the kittens, as he never allows them to come near him without pecking at them savagely. At the same time, he swims about in the same water with the ducks, but takes no notice of them whatever. As a rule, he spends most of the day by himself, either swimming about in the water or else standing close to its edge; but when he is at all hungry he walks up to the yard and stands under one of the kitchen-windows, looking out for his friend the cook. The moment he catches sight of her he begins to make his peculiar, plaintive cry, throwing up his head every

time it is uttered. If nothing, however, is given to him, he will very often make a great noise in a curious manner. Bending his neck so as to get his head close to the ground, and almost between his legs, he will throw it up and make a sort of chuckling sound, unlike anything I have ever heard before. Whether it is a sign of anger or impatience, or whether it is merely done to attract attention, I am unable to say.

Like most gulls, Peter will eat almost anything, although, in his younger days, nothing would satisfy him but fresh fish. Now he is not so particular; he will eat meat, young chickens, and even small rats and mice: the latter he seems to have a great relish for. At one time he lived on nothing but snails and slugs. This was after his removal from the coast, for, being so far inland, we could no longer supply him with the fish he had been accustomed to, and for a few days we were afraid he would starve, as nothing seemed to suit his taste; but he very soon got used to a different fare, and now there is no trouble whatever in finding food for him.

At first, when fish was his only food, he seldom swallowed it without previously soaking it in his water, and now almost everything he eats goes through the same process. Until lately, I gave Peter the credit of being a very clean bird, especially as the snails, which he took great pains to wash, were mostly covered with dirt and particles of earth. But now I am inclined to think that the washing is in some cases necessary to enable the bird to swallow. A short time ago, a dead chicken was given to Peter, which he carried off to his water and wetted well, before he attempted to swallow it. A few days after, he picked up a couple of young rats that had been killed in a trap, and took them one by one to the water, and then, after his usual process, easily disposed of them. I have already said that he is very fond of mice, and sometimes he has two or three for his breakfast; but often, in his eagerness, he will take the mouse first offered to him, and swallow it dry—a difficult process, apparently, as it is not repeated; the second and third, if he gets them, are always taken to the water, to be well soaked before deglutition. He invariably takes the rat or mouse head first, so that he has some little trouble in getting the tail down, if it is at all long.

Both locality and food seem to agree with Peter extremely well, for a finer bird could not be seen anywhere; moreover, he seems to be very well contented with his solitary life, and, when nothing interferes with him, is very quiet, although occasionally rather mischievous. He is not allowed to come into the kitchen now, but whenever he gets a chance he marches in after his friend the cook, always attacking anyone who attempts to turn him out or prevent his coming in. He runs about after the cook just as a dog would; the moment he hears her voice, he utters his peculiar cry, and runs up to her; but if anyone else speaks to him he pays not the slightest attention.

Every night he is put into a small yard where the ducks are kept, but not content, like them, to rest on the ground, he has a special bed for himself—a little pillar of loose bricks, placed on top of a hen-coop. He has always shown a desire to sit on anything raised from the ground, such as a mound of earth or heap of stones; whether it is prompted by instinct or peculiar fancy I cannot tell.

Altogether, the bird is one of the most interesting pets we have ever had, and as I have heard of a gull living thirteen years in confinement, it is not unreasonable to hope that, with care and attention, we may be able to keep Peter for many years to come, not only as an amusement but as a study.

Those who never keep animals or birds of any kind, little know what a great amount of real pleasure they lose; besides the opportunities of acquiring information that may

be useful, and making observations which are almost sure to be rewarded by the discovery of some new and interesting facts. It is a great mistake to suppose that even the familiar animals around us are already so well known as to afford no possibility of learning anything fresh about them. The intelligent principle in the lower creation, which we call instinct, is very often brought into play, and largely developed by situation and force of circumstances, as every observant lover of nature knows. Numerous instances of this are to be found in all works on natural history, but in the book of nature itself the careful student will find many beauties and unknown facts that will amply repay his labors. The works of creation, animate or inanimate, are so full of such varied interest to those who study them, whether for the advancement of science or merely for their own recreation, that it is impossible to select any field of observation, however limited, in which there is not something to be discovered.

THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR AND THE SWIMMING-BELL.

THE wonders of nature are so numerous, that it is a very small number that even the most learned can see, much less study. The two curious specimens we have engraved are very common in the Gulf of Mexico and the warmer regions of the ocean. The *Physalia Pelagica*, the large object represented in the illustration, is vulgarly known as the Portuguese man-of-war. It is an oblong bladder of tough membrane, varying considerably in shape, and hence no two original figures agree in this respect. They also vary considerably in size; generally there is a conspicuous difference between the two extremities of the bladder, one end being rounded, while the other is more pointed, or is terminated by a small knob-like swelling or beak-shaped excretion, where there is a minute orifice. This bladder is filled with air, and therefore floats almost wholly on the surface. Along the upper side, nearly from end to end, runs a ridge of thin membrane, which is capable of being erected at the will of the animal to a considerable height, fully equal to the entire width of the bladder, when it represents an arched fore-and-aft sail, the bladder being the hull. From the bottom of the bladder, near the thickest extremity, where the membrane is thicker, depends a crowded mass of organs, most of which take the form of very slender, highly contractile, and movable threads, which hang down into the deep to a depth of several feet, and sometimes to many yards. The colors of this curious creature are very splen-

did and vivid, of various hues—blue, gold, crimson, green, and purple.

The sail-like or upper erectile membrane is transparent, tinted towards the edge with a lovely rose-pink hue, the colors arranged in a peculiar fringe-like manner.

When examined anatomically the bladder is found to be composed of two walls of membrane, which are lined with cilia, and have between the nutritive fluid which supplies the place of blood.

The most peculiar thing about this remarkable little creature is its powers of inflicting pain, through the instrumentality of its tentacles, which sting with a force scarcely credible. Some have felt pain up to their shoulder for a day or so, from the mere effects of the tentacula remaining clasped around the fingers for a short time. Cases have occurred where even the breathing has been affected. For some hours afterwards the skin displayed white elevations on the parts stung, similar to that produced by the stinging-nettle. Such is the virus of these tentacles that they benumb fishes when they fasten upon them.

The Nectocalyx or swimming-bell, is sometimes called the Tongued Sarsia. A group is represented on the right hand of the *Physalia*. This strange thing is a dome of crystalline, colorless flesh, thick at the summit and thinning off at the edges; their average size is half an inch in height. From the interior of this dome hangs the single polyphite, exactly as the clapper hangs from the top of a bell. It is capable of seizing and sucking in an object much larger than themselves. Their powers of locomotion are very wonderful. By rapid pump-like contractions of their bell-like shape, they dart along with wonderful rapidity. The summit of the bell always goes foremost.

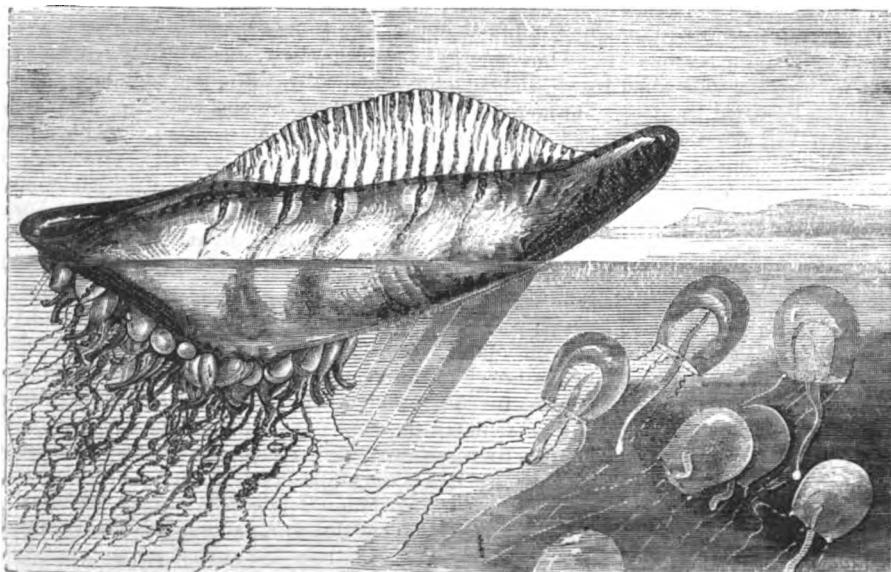
TINTORETTO AT HOME.

It is impossible for a sojourner in Venice to have spent hours in front of those colossal canvases of Tintoretto—hours which have gradually brought him into something like personal acquaintance with that wonderful man—without longing for some details of the sort of life passed by him in that small but not inelegant dwelling, which may still be discovered by the curious in a distant and out-of-the-way quarter of the strangely beautiful sea-city.

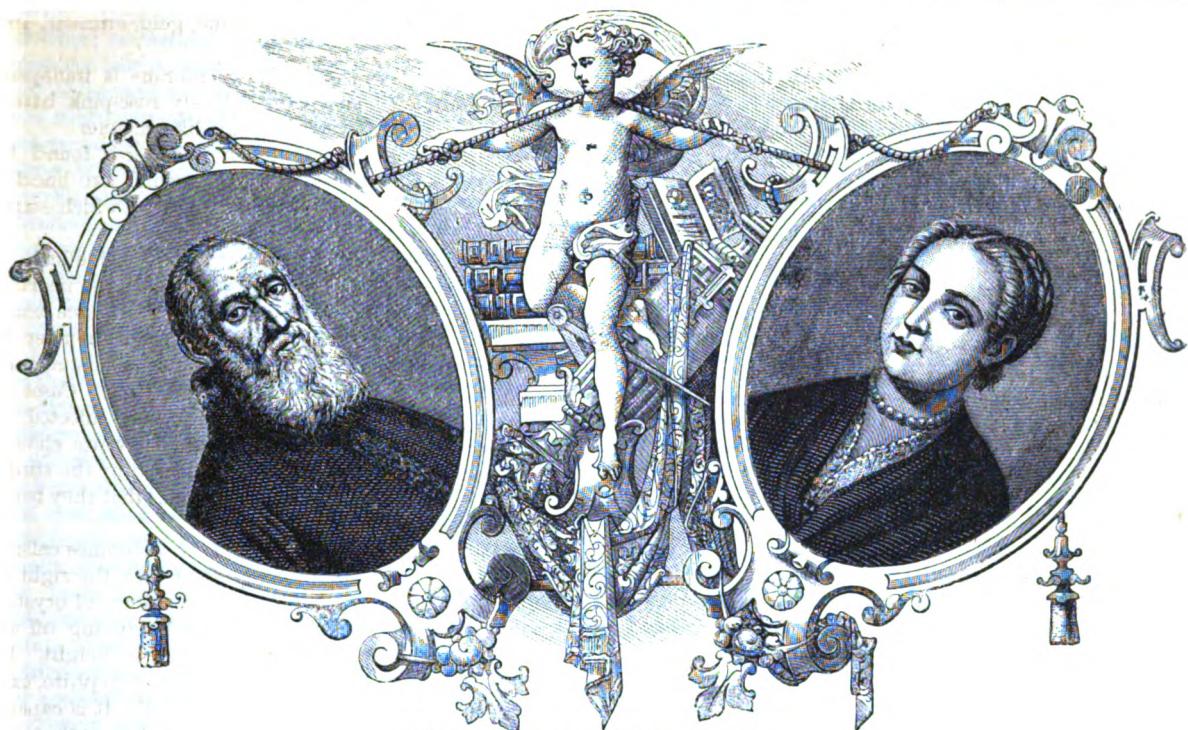
But little can be found to gratify this desire. But some fragments may be gathered by a careful searcher for them. And as this gathering has never yet been done, as far as the

present writer is aware, and any English inquirer is little likely to have the time and means needed for doing it for himself, it may perhaps be not unacceptable that it should be done for him here.

The house in which the painter passed the latter years of his life, and in which he died, was purchased on his behalf by his father-in-law, Pietro Episcopi, on the 8th of June, 1574, the contract of which purchase is still extant. There is also extant a return made by Tintoretto of his property for the purpose of taxation, in which the rent of the house is stated at twenty ducats a month, subject to deduction on account of a mortgage to the amount of five hundred ducats,



THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR AND THE SWIMMING-BELL.



TINTORETTO AND HIS DAUGHTER MARIETTA.

bearing interest at six per cent., due to the person from whom the property was bought. The above estimate of the value of the house at twenty ducats a month is a startling one. The ducat was about equal to \$2.50, and it is generally held that the nominal value of money at the beginning of the sixteenth century must be multiplied at least by ten, in order to find its worth in the nominal value of our own day. And thus calculating it, we should have the rent of Tintoretto's small house stated at \$6,000 a year in our present money—which is, of course, utterly out of the question. It is true that the return states the rent at twenty ducats, without any such word as "monthly" or "annually." And if, as to our notions would seem a matter of course, the *annual* value were intended, the rent of the house would have been equivalent to \$500 of our money, which is quite as much as one would have supposed. But there is this difficulty. How could a mortgage, the annual interest of which was thirty ducats, be secured on a property the annual rent of which was twenty ducats? And that in a country where mortgages are never permitted to approach so nearly to the limit of the value of the property mortgaged as they often do with us. It is clear that this could not be. In my difficulty on the subject I carried the passage of the return to my friend Signor Velludo, the able and always obliging librarian of St. Mark's library. And he at once declared that the twenty ducats named in the return must be understood to be the monthly value, and that such a manner of speaking was quite in accordance with Venetian habits. Still it is totally impossible to suppose that the small house in question in a distant quarter of Venice was worth the equivalent of \$6,000 a year! And we can only come to the conclusion, either that the return was a fictitious one, or that whatever may have been the case in other communities where money was scarcer, the rule of multiplying nominal amounts of the sixteenth century by ten, in order to find the equivalent value in the money of our own day, must be wholly fallacious as regards the wealthy commercial city of Venice. Nevertheless, the former explanation seems to be the more probable one. And other facts relative to the methods in use at that period for rating property for the purpose of taxation

seem to show that such is likely to have been the case. I believe upon the whole that the value of the house stated at twenty ducats was meant to be the yearly value; but that that sum was *very* far below the real value, probably to the extent of being only a third part of it. And it is to be observed that this under-valuation could not have been, at all events, altogether fraudulent, inasmuch as the return contains on the face of it the statement, that a mortgage of which the annual interest was thirty ducats was secured on the property. We must conclude, therefore, that it was systematical, and recognized that the return for rating was in all cases very much below the real value.

Tintoretto returns himself as the possessor also of a small farm situated in the immediate neighborhood of Mestre, of which the produce (payable from the farmer to the landlord) was seventeen quarters of wheat and fourteen tuns of wine; and as *honoraries* due from the farmer according to custom, one goose, fifty eggs, two pairs of hens, two pairs of chickens, and one ham. On this farm there was also a mortgage of four hundred ducats at six per cent.

Tintoretto left his property to his wife for her life, and then to his children generally, with, as it should seem, certain powers of appointment by the widow. The painter had two sons, Domenico and Marco, and five daughters, Marietta, two named Ottavia, Perinna, and Laura. Domenico, well-known as a more than respectable artist, who worked with and assisted his father in several of his later works, especially in the great "Paradiso," in the *Sala del Maggiore Consiglio*, eventually became the owner and occupier of the house in Venice. Marco seems to have been a ne'er-do-well. And his mother exercised in respect to him the right of "conditioning"—as the phrase in her will has it—his share of his father's property. He is left in fact in a sort of tute-lage to the discretion of his brother Domenico. Nothing further is heard of him.

Marietta, whom we shall have occasion to return to again, died before her father, in 1590, at the age of thirty. She was married to one Mario Augusta, a jeweller (reckoned in those days as much entitled to rank as an *artist* as a painter), but she does not seem to have left any offspring.

Perinna and one of the Ottavias became nuns in the con-

vent of St. Ann, in Venice. They are by the widow's will recommended to the care of their brother Domenico. These two poor women piously worked in silk embroidery a copy of their father's great picture of the Crucifixion, at St. Rocco, for an altar-covering for the chapel of their convent. And there remained a constant tradition among the sisterhood that one of them became blind (as may well be believed) from laboring in that truly tremendous task. Zabeo saw this embroidery in 1813. Of Laura nothing is known save that she survived—but probably not for many years—her father and her mother.

The other Ottavia was married to a German painter of the name of Casser; and she became ultimately the possessor of the family property. Domenico had intended to bequeath the house in which his father had lived and labored, together with the large, and at that day important, collection of casts from the antique and from the works of Michael Angelo, as an academy for the painters of Venice. But he was led to change his mind; and by will, dated 20th of October, 1630, left the entire property to his sister Ottavia, the wife of Sebastian Casser. Domenico died in 1637. Ottavia outlived all her brothers and sisters, and by a will, dated 8th October, 1645, bequeathed everything to her husband. And by their lineal descendants the house was possessed and inhabited up to the year 1835, and a year or two longer. In that year it was occupied by two brothers, Angelo and Andrea Casser. But very shortly afterwards it passed to persons of another name and family. It would seem, however, either that Sebastian Casser, the German painter, had relatives of the same name settled in Venice in the fifteenth century, or that there are still many descendants of Tintoretto living. For Casser is at the present day by no means an uncommon name in Venice.

The long room at the top of the house, which tradition declares to have been the studio of the painter, is still pointed out, though the great changes which the interior of the house has evidently undergone render one rather sceptical as to any very accurate certainty on this subject. We hear much from the contemporaries of the great painter, or more immediately from those who came after them in the succeeding generation, of the solitariness of Tintoretto's habits in his studio, of the jealousy with which he excluded visitors, and of the secrecy he maintained with respect to the processes used by him. All this was entirely in accordance with the common notions and practices of that day, not only as regarded the art of painting, but as regarded every other art and even handicraft. It was an age when artisans and artists *had* to discover processes and methods for themselves; and when they had succeeded in doing so, it is intelligible that they should have been anxious to reap the whole advantage of their discoveries. And of course the next thing that occurred in natural sequence was that an immense amount of humbug mixed itself up with the matter. Tintoretto *did* employ novel processes, unfortunately, and they were processes (adopted with a view to increased speed in execution) which he may well have been unwilling that others should spy the secret of. It were to be wished much that the secret had remained one, and had died with him! We should not then have been vexed by all the black canvases of the school of the *tenebrosi*! The genius, the creative imagination, the power that *did* die with him, no spying into the secrets of his workshop could have made the spys any the better for.

And, after all, Tintoretto may have had abundance of other reasons than jealousy of his secrets to make a stern rule against intrusion beyond the sacred threshold of his studio. He was wont to spend many hours there, even when not at work, in solitary meditation. And many anecdotes were current, which show that he could ill brook the

importunity of blockheads, when his mind and fancy were busy with the work of creation. When he was painting the great picture of the "Paradiso," a work which could not be executed in any ordinary studio, it was impossible to prevent, at all events, the senators of the Republic from coming to look at the progress of the work. Upon one occasion a knot of these grandees, after watching him at work for awhile, ventured to ask why he made such large sweeps of the brush, when it was well known that Titian, Bellini, etc., had been content to work with comparatively minute touches. "It must be," said the over-taxed artist, looking up from his work into the face of his persecutors, "because those lucky fellows had not so many visitors to drive them nearly out of their senses!"

Nevertheless, the elegant little home at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was by no means a cheerless or dull abode. The life within it offered a very striking and favorable contrast to that which might have been observed in the home that poor unhappy Andrea del Sarto made for himself. Tintoretto's home-life was essentially—we learn from Ridolfi, and may glean from other sources—a sober, dignified, and staid one. It was an age when cakes and ale were abundant, especially at Venice—an age of license and much riotous living. But from all such roysterings Tintoretto held himself entirely aloof. But none the less, as has been said, were there happy hours of genial intercourse and cheerful pleasure in Tintoretto's home. Music formed a leading feature of those pleasant hours. The old man was himself a performer, and had invented sundry improvements in various instruments.

But doubtless the great centre of attraction and the animating soul of those happy evenings was the painter's gifted daughter Marietta. Marietta was born in 1560, and was therefore fourteen years old when the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was purchased. And sixteen years after that purchase she died, as we know, a wife. But it would seem that notwithstanding her marriage she remained an inmate of her father's house. There are many indications of her having been, at all events, an habitual frequenter of it; and we know that she died in it.

Laura also was doubtless an inmate of her father's house, and a member of the pleasant society to be found there. Ottavia, the German artist's wife, was naturally often there with her husband. The two other daughters—the two poor nuns—were of course in their convent.

But Marietta was, as has been said, the soul and leading spirit of the artistic gathering in her father's house. How great a promise she had already given in her father's art—nay, how much she had already achieved—when snatched away by an early death, is well known to all students of the history of art. But Marietta was also highly gifted as a musician. She was a player on the lute, and on the *gravicembalo*. Giulio Zacchino, a Neapolitan, had been her master in music. But a musician of much higher name than he was an habitual frequenter of the musical evenings at Tintoretto's house. This was Giuseppe Zarlino, of Chioggia, who from 1565 to 1590 was chapel-master at St. Mark's. Zarlino, in the language of those who insist upon carrying the idea of a "renaissance" into every department of human culture, is reckoned among the great *restorers* of music. It is not very easy to see what there was to *restore*. And perhaps it would be more to the purpose to say that he was one of the fathers and creators of modern music.

But, be this as it may, there was the old chapel-master to be found enjoying probably some of the happiest hours of his life. Another noted judge and lover of good music, who frequented these pleasant gatherings, was the painter Jacopo da Ponti, more generally known by the nickname Bassano; for he and Tintoretto were excellent good friends, despite the skits that the mighty idealist would sometimes

indulge in at the expense of his friend's realism. "You had better go to Bassano!" he said once to a silly fellow, who came to him to have his portrait painted, saying, "I am a fool, you know—una bestia—and you must paint me as one!" "Oh! una bestia, are you? Well in that case you had better go to Bassano; he will paint you to the very life!" And the blockhead went away with this recommendation to Bassano. But Bassano came none the less for his feast of music to the house of his old rival and friend.

Alexandro Vittoria, the sculptor, whose works may still be seen almost in every parish of Venice, was a frequent visitor. The sculptor was a great lover of gardening, and would come fresh from his garden in the Calle di Pieta, where he had been at work for an evening hour or two. And there were two other guests of the house, who must not be left unmentioned, if only for the strange contrast they presented to each other—a contrast so violent that the sense of it would not unfrequently deter one of the two from presenting himself in Tintoretto's well-ordered home.

Every sort of propriety requires that in mentioning this contrasted pair the precedence should be given to the magnificent Paolo Cagliari, better known, at least in England, as Paolo Veronese. The man in this case answers very accurately to the ideas that might be formed of him from his pictures. He was in every point of view magnificent; yet he was withal a thrifty man, and far more eager about the money value of his works than was our Tintoretto. He, too, was a man of a great and gorgeous imagination; but he was not lavishly prodigal of this creative wealth as was Tintoretto; nor was his wealth of imagination of the same kind. Gorgeous palaces, with vast distances of colonnaded perspectives, the bravery of courts, cloth of silver and cloth of gold, satins, brocades, pearls and jewels, and splendor of all kinds seem to have formed the world in which his imagination best loved to expatiate. Would his imagination have ever been excited to creative inactivity at all, if he had been placed in circumstances where none of these things had been accessible to him? It may, perhaps, be doubted. Would any combination of exterior circumstances have availed to quench the fire of creative faculty in the other? There can hardly be any doubt as to the fitting reply. There had at one time been a feeling of no slight rivalry between Tintoretto and the younger aspirant, who was taking the suffrages of the Venetians by storm, whose tastes and idiosyncrasies were so curiously analogous to his own. Paul Veronese was twenty-six years younger than Tintoretto; and he had shot up into a reputation and position of the first order with much greater rapidity than Tintoretto had done. There had been wherewithal to excite jealousy; but it is pleasant to think that nothing had ever passed between them which prevented the younger man from frequenting the house of the elder as a guest. Paolo, we are told, especially affected splendor of attire. It is specially mentioned that he always wore velvet breeches. His manners, too, were courtly and magnificent. Perhaps it may be allowable to conjecture that the liveliest and pleasantest evenings in the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori were not those when the gorgeous Paolo honored the assembly with his presence.

At all events, there was one who sometimes ventured to count so far on the tolerance of fellow-artists towards a brother of the brush, of undeniably talent and merit, as to show himself half-shamefacedly in the circle at Tintoretto's house, but who could never dare to do so if he knew that the magnificent Paolo, with his velvet breeches, was to be present. This was poor Andrea Schiavoni, a veritable Bohemian of the Bohemians. How could the magnificence of velvet breeches assort with raggedness, which sometimes approached the point of having none at all? What sort of society could there be between the frequenter of the

lordliest palaces of Venice, the caressed associate of proud patricians and noble dames, and the poor Bohemian reeking from the society of a miserable pot-house? I do not find any special delinquencies charged against this unfortunate Andrea Schiavoni as the cause of the miserable life he led. And assuredly his talent was of a quality that ought to have secured to him a comfortable maintenance and an honorable position in society. But have we not all, alas! known men who seem inevitably predestined to be and to remain to the bitter end poor devils? Andrea Schiavoni was one of these; incurably from his cradle to his grave a poor devil! He was never seen otherwise than ragged, patched, dirty, and disreputable-looking. Sometimes he was on the verge of starvation. His pictures were ill-paid—not in proportion to their merit, but in proportion to his recognized position as a poor devil. Nevertheless the poor devil liked, when he could achieve some comparative degree of decency, and when he knew that Veronese the Magnificent with his too imposing velvet breeches was not to be there, to find, as an oasis in his troubled life, a few hours of tranquil enjoyment beneath the hospitable roof of Tintoretto. The dreaded presence of the superb Paolo would, doubtless, be indicated by his gondola moored under the wall of the canal, and waiting for his master in front of Tintoretto's house. Of course Veronese came in his gondola. Perhaps also the old chapel-master came in his. The others would more probably walk. Certainly Alexandro, the sculptor, came afoot from his garden in the Calle di Pieta! The small hours, doubtless, had begun to be chimed from the neighboring convent of the Madonna dell'Orto before the party separated. Hours were always late in Venice (as they are to the present day), the old Venetian life having been curiously and characteristically contrasted in this respect with the life of thrifty, save-all Florence.

What a pity it is that the old chroniclers and biographers and letter-writers did not tell us a few more of the things we should so much like to be told, in the place of the masses of fact that do not interest us at all! At all events, our posterity can make no such complaint of us. For, not knowing exactly what may most interest them, we leave everything on record for their curiosity. The pleasant little picture of these *noctes caenæque deum* in the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori is a glimpse, a fleeting peep into the phantasmagoric lantern of the past, constructed out of mere words dropped here and there by chance, slight indications which fell from the writer's pen when he was intent on recording far other matters, and rendered possible only by assiduous and careful gleanings and piecing together, eking out by somewhat of guess-work. But we know at least what sort of moonlight it was—at least we who have "swum in a gondola" on the moonlit lagune know—what a moonlight it was that lighted the little party home, and poured its flood of silver on the white Istrian marble of the canal front of the old artist's house. The three-arched Gothic windows of the large saloon had, no doubt, all its three casements opened to the sweet night air, and was garnished each by a gracious head, as the daughters of the host bade their guests "Good night." Old Giuseppe Zarlino, the chapel-master, I think, offered a place in his gondola to Ser Jacopo da Ponte as a recognized lover and *intendante di musica*. Schiavoni slunk off alone, turning as quickly as might be into some narrow calle that hid him from the too-peering moonlight.

"What think you, Messer Giuseppe, of our old friend's scheme for adding to the sonority of the mandoline?" says Bassano, as he takes his place by the side of the old *maestro* in the gondola.

"Hum!" returns the old man, doubtfully, "there is not much in it, *mi pare*, one way or the other! It may be an improvement on the old form. But I have reached a time

of life, *Jacopo mio*, when one thinks more of old practice than of new-fangled inventions."

"But did not La Marietta give us that last *toccata* in a manner that was perfectly heavenly; such a grace of touch, such an expression! I could not help thinking of one of those angels of old Bellini, in the chapel at the Frari, as I looked at her and listened to her!"

"Ay, indeed, you may say so! Marietta is a phoenix, *rara avis in terris*—in truth, a non-such!" replies the old chapel-master with enthusiasm. "I expect great things from Marietta; and you, *Jacopo mio*, must expect great things too; you in your art and I in mine. I don't know another case of such mastery as Marietta Robusti has in both arts at once."

There was many a competent authority in Venice then who expected great things from Marietta. But, alas! all such expectations were fated to be disappointed; and the last of those pleasant evenings in the little house at the foot of the Ponte de Mori was at hand. Marietta Robusti was doomed, as the reader already knows, to an early death. She fell into ill-health, and died at the age of thirty, in 1590, just four years before the death of her bereaved old father. But before she died there occurred in that house one of the most moving and saddest scenes that its walls can ever have been witnesses to in all the four or five centuries of its existence. On her death-bed, when it became certain that her life would not be spared, the despairing father determined to possess such a portrait of his daughter as his all but octogenarian hand could still well execute. And the old man painted the portrait of his gifted child, with whom so many hopes were extinguished, as she lay there dying. Surely never was so sad a picture painted as she lay there on her death-bed!

Marietta was buried in the noble church of the neighboring monastery of Madonna dell'Orto, where, after the lapse of four more years, her father rejoined her. They were buried in a vault, under the choir, belonging to the Episcopi family, to which Tintoretto's wife was related. The church, which had fallen so much into decay that it was threatened with complete ruin, has recently been restored, not injudiciously or unsuccessfully, at the cost of the Italian Government. The works are not yet quite

completed, but when they are, they will include a fitting monument to the extraordinary man whose dust rests between the two wonderful pictures with which the first



TINTORETTO AND THE DEAD BODY OF HIS DAUGHTER.

youthful ardor of his genius covered the huge side-walls of the choir, that was to receive his remains when his matchless career should have been run.



HISTORICAL TREES.—LIVE OAKS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF NEW ORLEANS.

HISTORICAL TREES.

Live Oaks on the Battle-field of New-Orleans.

TREES not unfrequently figure among the monuments and curiosities of a country. England long honored the Royal Oak that sheltered a fugitive king, Herne's Oak, Pope's Willow. We have been less tree-worshippers here, but even staid New England canonized her Charter Oak, and Quebec still reveres the Elm Tree, under which, almost at the birth of the colony, Madame de la Peltre and Mary Guyon opened their Indian school. New York had her Stuyvesant Pear Tree, last relic of the Dutch times.

Of more recent times there are several memorable trees, and not the least interesting are the Live Oaks on the battle-field of New Orleans, beneath which the rash and brave Pakenham expired after his mad attempt to storm Jackson's sturdy line.

As the trees were the headquarters in the field of the enemy, they did not escape, and one of them, that shown with the ladder resting against it, bears still not only the scars but the very balls received in the action, two cannon-balls from Jackson's artillery being imbedded in its wood, and still partly visible, as though the tree is endeavoring to bury from sight these proofs of its involuntary siding with the enemy.

FLINT AND STEEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTELLE'S ERROR," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"COME, Maud, I have not had a word with you yet," said Lady Alice. "Let's stroll along this path, away from the rest. There's a seat a little farther on, where we can have a good chat. You look so pale and grave—is there anything the matter?"

"I have a headache," answered Maud, truly enough; and she sighed as she passed her hand wearily across her forehead.

Lady Alice looked at her anxiously.

"Maud, I am afraid you are not at all well, or else are not happy," she said. "Won't you have some advice, or tell me what it is?"

"There is nothing seriously the matter with me," replied Maud, quickly. "I think a thorough change would do me good. I shall go abroad for the Winter, if Aunt Barry is fit to go with me. Here is the seat—let us sit down."

They sat down in silence, each deep in her own thoughts. Lady Alice was a little hurt at her friend's resolve. She felt quite convinced by her last words that there was some great trouble under her altered looks; but she did not choose to

try to draw it from her; only she sighed as she thought of the many years of true friendship they had known. Perhaps Maud would tell her if she let her alone; and even now Maud was trying to bring herself to speak out freely.

"Alice," she said, in a hesitating tone, "do you think it would save Aileen's life if he—Captain Trevor—were to come back to her and marry her?"

Lady Alice shook her head.

"No, certainly not. Doctor Ingram told mamma the last time he came that no power on earth could keep Aileen alive now beyond a few weeks or perhaps months. She is dying fast."

"And yet you say he loved her," said Maud, sadly. "Oh, Alice, there must be some secret at the bottom of it; he might not have given her up of his own free will, he—" She stopped short, her face turning deadly white, and her eyes fixed eagerly on the path, along which a gentleman was slowly advancing. Too well she knew that tall erect figure, that firm deliberate step. He did not see her—his eyes were on the ground, his hands clasped behind his back—and he started as if some one had struck him when Lady Alice exclaimed—

"Captain Trevor, what a fit of meditation! I thought we should see you to-day, as I heard you were staying with your uncle."

Her tone was cordial, her smile bright, and Maud was dumbfounded. Arthur Trevor looked up quickly, and, though his face flushed slightly, his tone was free and full of pleasure as he answered—

"Did you? Well, it is a pleasant surprise to me—I had no thought of seeing you. I suppose you are with a party?" and he glanced for the first time towards Maud.

All the color, all the brightness faded from his face as he met her glance; for a moment he hesitated, and then coldly raised his hat in silence. Lady Alice, seeing this look, but not understanding it, said, hastily—

"This is my particular friend, Miss Etheridge, Captain Trevor. You know I am very much given to young lady friends."

"Yes, I know," he assented, looking down, and carefully turning a beetle on to its back with his foot.

There was a brief pause, and then, with a look at Maud, which she interpreted as cool defiance, he said—

"I am sorry to hear Miss Gray is so ill. Is she with you now?"

Lady Alice colored, but answered, quite unhesitatingly—

"No; she and Helen are at Lorris Castle. Poor Aileen is not equal to anything of this sort. Her days are numbered, Captain Trevor, and her sorrows will soon be over now."

"Thank Heaven!" he said, in a low tone, whilst a look of deep pain came into his face.

"If you dare mention my name, Lady Alice, will you remember me most kindly to her? It would be better not, though; it were better all were forgotten. Good-by now. I hope we shall meet again before long."

He pressed the hand that Lady Alice extended to him, raised his hat coldly again to Maud, and walked slowly away, whilst Maud sat feeling as if she were in a dream. What could it all mean? Lady Alice looked after him and sighed.

"He is nicer than ever," she said, thoughtfully—"so gentle and feeling."

"Alice, how could you?" exclaimed Maud, in an angry tone. "Is that the way to speak to such a wretch as he is? And then his speaking of Aileen Gray! How dared he mention her name to you after his wicked behavior to her? I should have spoken out freely if he had stayed a moment longer."

Lady Alice burst out laughing.

"You dear old piece of vehemence?" she cried. "I am very glad you did not. That is not the Captain Trevor who was engaged to poor Aileen; it was his eldest brother Harry, also Captain Trevor. This is Arthur, and he behaved so very well in the whole affair—came down and saw Aileen, and tried to excuse his brother, and to put matters on a pleasant footing."

Maud buried her face in her hands, and moaned aloud in her utter misery.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she exclaimed, working herself backwards and forwards. "Oh, why didn't I know this before? Arthur, Arthur, I have lost you by my own mad folly!"

She sprang to her feet and paced up and down the walk, the blood tingling in every vein, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling. Lady Alice looked at her half frightened. Had she gone suddenly mad? Suddenly Maud turned on her angrily.

"It is your doing—it is you who have wrecked my life!" she exclaimed. "Why did you not tell me it was his brother? How was I to know that there were two Captain Trevors? Why did you never speak of him as Harry Trevor? I should have known if you had. Oh, I ought to have known all along that he could not act like that! May was right; she had more faith than I had, and now I have lost him forever. Oh, Alice, Alice, pity me—I am utterly wretched!" And

once more she sank down on the seat and buried her face in her hands.

By slow degrees Lady Alice drew it all from her, and then strove to comfort her in her gentle way.

"It will all come right, Maud dear," she said, soothingly. "It is far better than if you had heard it was Arthur Trevor who had treated Aileen so cruelly. You can easily explain the mistake when you next see him. I wonder where he is now. Shall I go and find him, and send him to you? He can't be very far away."

"No, don't do that," replied Maud, coloring; "but we will walk along this path and see if he is in sight. I know he will not forgive me, though. He told me once he was a very unforgiving man."

But, for all that, her heart was lighter, for she was beginning to realize that they were nearer to each other than they had been, and she knew now that one short glimpse of him had taught her that she loved him more deeply than ever. Ah, well, why should she not? He was everything she had once thought him, everything a girl could wish; and he had been hers, and perhaps—who knew?—might be hers again.

They hurried along the path he had taken, neither of them speaking, but no Arthur Trevor was to be seen. Sir Hugh Follet, though, who had spent the last half-hour looking for them, joined them with a face of delight, which soon changed, however, to one of dismay, under Maud's short cold answers and abrupt manner.

"I met Captain Trevor about ten minutes ago," he said, after a few minutes, turning to Lady Alice, "walking along looking like a man who was going to fight a duel. What a good-looking fellow he is!"

"Where is he now? Which way did he go?" asked Lady Alice, quickly.

"He got into the carriage with the old fellow again, and they drove off that way. I can see the carriage now going up that long hill."

The two girls looked at the dark, far-away speck, and paused in their walk. It was of no use to wait for him any longer.

"Never mind—you will get another chance," whispered Lady Alice; and Maud smiled and tried to rouse herself.

It certainly was an intense relief to know he was all she had thought him at first, and, in spite of her hopeless words, she felt a secret conviction that she could win him back were she given an opportunity. So once more the heart of the hopeful Baronet was warmed by the smiles and soft words of his deity, and Maud was nearly, if not quite, the Maud of old days.

CHAPTER XI.



HE day passed rapidly, and Maud, with a lightened heart, was enjoying the unusual gaiety around her at Lorris Castle. Tired as she was with a long day in the open air, she sat up far into the night on her return from St. Abbe's to write May Percy a full account of all that had happened, and a day or two afterwards received just the answer she expected—triumphant and encouraging.

"It will be all right again when you have seen him and told him of the mistake you made," she wrote. "It is all his own fault for bearing exactly the title of his brother. He ought to have gone into another branch of the service, or refused to be made captain until his brother was major! I have written to tell him I want to see him particularly next Thursday, so you must come on Wednesday."

day and dine here, and have it all out quietly. Enjoy yourself at Lorris Castle as much as you possibly can, and come home the bright, rosy Maud I like to see you. White cheeks and an attenuated form are not becoming, though they may be interesting."

Maud pocketed her letter, to read it over again and again, and think with a thrill of delight of Thursday evening.

Sir Hugh, misled by Maud's bright, pleasant manner, took heart of grace, asked the momentous question, and was totally and entirely crushed. He strove hard to bear it bravely and make no sign, but, finding that impossible, received an imaginary letter calling him home, and left the Castle abruptly.

Miss Vernon, reading the whole story in Sir Hugh's woe-begone face and Maud's crimson cheeks as they parted in the garden, gave the latter little peace till silenced by a cutting remark from Lady Dewhurst which even her hardihood could not withstand.

Monday came, and Maud was beginning to count the hours till Thursday evening. She received a hurried note from Mrs. Percy to say that Captain Trevor had accepted her invitation, and again and again she went through the coming interview, altering her own line of conduct each time, and feeling a thrill at the anticipation of his delight when he heard the interpretation of his dismissal. Sitting by her window, thinking it all over, she was aroused by a knock at the door and the entry of Lady Alice.

"Maud," she said, quickly, "I am come to ask a favor that I know you will grant. Helen is making herself quite ill by staying at home so much, and I want her to come for a ride with us this afternoon. Will you stay and take care of Aileen for an hour or two? She is in the morning-room, as that is the pleasantest, and I know she will be quite happy and safe with you. Do you mind?"

"Not in the least. I should like it very much;" and Maud rose quickly. "We shall have a cozy quiet afternoon all to ourselves. Go and make Helen dress at once."

"Thank you, dear. I was sure you would not mind;" and Lady Alice hurried away, leaving Maud to follow more sedately.

She found Aileen lying on a couch in the pretty morning-room, looking more lovely than she had ever seen her. Her dark hair was undone behind to ease her head, and streamed in wavy masses over the cushion, whilst the fell disease that marked her for its own had heightened the delicate carmine of her cheeks, and increased the brightness of her eyes. Her almost transparent hands were playing with a crimson rose that her sister had gathered for her before leaving, and some sad memory had been aroused by its scent, for a bright drop that was not dew glittered on its petals. She looked up with a smile as Maud entered.

"How kind of you!" she said, in her soft tones. "You are going to sit with me while Helen goes for a ride, Lady Alice says. It will do her so much good, for she stays with me far too much. But I hope you did not stay at home on my account—indeed, I should have been quite safe alone; and I have everything I can possibly want."

This speech was a long one for Aileen, and was interrupted by her short breathing several times. How fast the grim king was striding on! Maud's heart swelled.

"Thank Heaven it was not my Arthur who laid her there!" she thought; and then she seated herself on a low chair by the couch, saying, brightly, "Indeed I shall thoroughly enjoy such a cozy afternoon. I am going to read aloud to you. Show me where Helen left off."

She opened the book, and read Keats's touching story of "The Pot of Basil," glancing from time to time at the listener, who, but for her dreamy, open eyes, might have been deemed asleep, so perfectly still did she lie; her cough, however, shook her slight frame now and then, and made

her press her hand to her side. The French windows were thrown wide open, and the scent of a neighboring magnolia came in on the soft Summer breeze; the distant lowing of cattle, tinkling of sheep-bells, and cooing of wood-pigeons were the only sounds besides the reader's voice, for, except the servants, Maud and Aileen were the only occupants of the Castle on that side of the huge building. Suddenly the door opened, a gentleman entered, and Maud's heart stood still as the man-servant announced, pompously—

"Captain Trevor."

One glance proved to her that it was not Arthur; the newcomer was shorter and fairer. A faint cry of "Harry!" burst from the lips of the poor girl by her side. He did not seem to see Maud; his eager eyes went quickly round the room, rested on Aileen, and, with a cry Maud could never forget, he was speedily on his knees by the couch, and holding the wasted form tightly in his arms.

"Aileen—Aileen, my darling," he cried, in low choked tones—"am I too late? Oh, Aileen, we must not be parted again!"

The wild misery of his voice was terrible to listen to, and Maud, stealing through the window, felt hot tears of sympathy rolling down her cheeks. So this was the heartless scoundrel they had all joined in condemning so bitterly. Maud heard his wild, impassioned tones of agony, though she could not catch his words, as she leant on the balustrade of the broad terrace; she could hear Aileen's sweet, low voice trying to soothe him, and that most terrible sound to a woman, a strong man crying; and again the thought crossed her, "Thank Heaven it is not Arthur."

The time wore on and still they talked. Maud did not dare to go away, fearing the effect of such a trying scene on Aileen. The shadows began to lengthen, a mellow tint to steal into the sky, and she knew that the others would soon be returning home. Just as she turned, meaning to warn Aileen how time was stealing on, she heard the door shut, and her name called. Captain Trevor was gone, and Aileen lay flushed and exhausted, but with a look of intense happiness on her face. Maud approached her, and took her hand in hers.

"What will Helen say?" she asked, with a smile. "I'm afraid it has been a trying scene for you."

"Oh, no! I am so very, very, Happy," Aileen answered, faintly. "To have seen him again would have been enough, but to hear that he has always been true to me, always loved me as I have him—oh, Maud, it almost makes it hard for to me die!"

Maud kissed away the bright tears that rolled down the thin cheeks.

"Do not talk like that. Happiness is a wonderful doctor. You may get better now. But why did he give you up? How does he explain his conduct?"

Aileen's face flushed and her eyes glittered.

"Oh, Maud, he is so noble, so self-sacrificing!" she exclaimed. "Thank Heaven, I have heard the truth at last! I could not distrust him as everybody else did. I knew he loved me still, and I was right. He said that when his father heard that I was penniless he told him—what poor Harry never guessed—that he was terribly in debt, his whole estate mortgaged, and that if he, Harry, married a girl without fortune, the person to whom the property was mortgaged would foreclose, and turn him out to ruin and beggary in his old age; and he implored Harry, by everything he held sacred, not to sacrifice his old father to his own selfish wishes, but to give me up. Poor Harry was utterly heartbroken. His father made him promise not to breathe a word of the truth to anybody, and he thought that, if he made me believe him utterly worthless, I should not love him long, or feel his loss. So he wrote his last letter, and exchanged and went to India, and came back

only two months ago. His brother, who has never known the truth, and thought Harry gave me up of his own accord, wrote to him a few weeks ago to tell him I was here, and very ill ; and as soon as he could get leave he came straight to me. He will never leave me again he says. He has gone to Arthur now, who is with his Uncle Denham, and is coming to see me again to-morrow. Oh, Maud, how thankful I am that I never distrusted him ! I could not say anything, for I did not know the truth ; but I knew he loved me still—I knew he was true and honorable, in spite of appearances."

She lay back exhausted, her eyes closed, and her breath coming short and fast ; and Maud, as she bathed her temples, could not help contrasting, with a pang of self-reproach, Aileen's perfect faith in her lover through all with her own prompt acceptance of Arthur Trevor's unworthiness.

"I ought to have trusted him more," she thought, with a flush of shame. "No wonder he was cut to the quick with my cruel reproaches. Will he forgive me ? Will Thursday ever come ? My heart begins to sink."

Then the thought darted through her mind that perhaps he would come over to-morrow with his brother, and that she would get a chance of explaining it all. But Aileen was so completely prostrated by the recent excitement that she had to turn all her thoughts to her, get her to bed, and arrange to intercept Helen before she saw her sister.

Maud did not tell her all that Aileen had said, not knowing how much of the latter's secret had escaped in her excitement—Aileen could tell her if she chose ; so, drawing Helen aside as she entered the hall, Maud said, quietly :

"I have induced Aileen to go to bed, for she is tired out, and ought not to talk any more. Captain Trevor has been here, and has explained all his conduct, and poor Aileen is so very happy that I hope the excitement may do more good than harm."

Helen's bewildered surprise at the news was amusing to see, and, having asked half-a-dozen questions without waiting for an answer, she hurried upstairs to her sister's room, while Maud had to repeat the strange news first to Lady Alice and then to her mother. But she did not tell Lady Dewhurst her own story. There would be time enough for that when she was engaged to Arthur once more. At present she did not feel very anxious to speak of her own conduct, or to repeat to anybody how matters stood.

CHAPTER XII.

T was Wednesday afternoon, and Maud had left Lorris Castle—the scene of such varied feelings—had bidden adieu to all her kind friends, and was once more on her homeward journey to Westerton.

Captain Trevor—Aileen's Captain Trevor—had come, as he had promised, but alone, and Maud was not surprised. She was beginning to understand Arthur now, and she knew that nothing on earth would induce him to seek her again. But her heart had swollen with mingled pleasure and pain as she heard what Harry Trevor had come to say—that Mr. Denham had lately, for some private reason that Arthur did not mention, handed over an estate worth fifteen hundred a year to Arthur, which he had always intended to leave him at his death. This estate Arthur now wished to give to his brother, that he might be enabled to marry Aileen, saying that he had little or no use for so much money, as he never intended to marry.

But Aileen would not hear of such a thing. It was too

late for her to talk of marriage—her days were numbered—her only wish was to keep Harry near her till the end came. That was soon gratified. He could get plenty of leave now ; his widowed sister was willing to chaperon the party : and, with a wild, despairing hope that the warm South might restore his darling to health and him, they started at once for Cannes, where Lady Dewhurst and her daughter would join them after Lord Dewhurst's wedding.

Thinking all this over, glorying in the contrast between all Arthur Trevor was and all she had thought him, mapping out the cloudless future that lay before her, Maud journeyed on, happy and hopeful, towards Anchester.

May Percy and Miss Barry were waiting for her at the station, and the former could not help exclaiming aloud :

"Oh, Maud, what a different face compared with what you took away ! Well done, Lorris Castle!"

"Well done, Lorris Castle !" repeated Maud, laughing and blushing, as she turned to enter the carriage.

"It's all owing to the change of air, you know," May nodded, smiling ; and Miss Barry, still ignorant of recent events, said, with a sigh for the attractive but deceitful Arthur Trevor :

"Ah well, my dear, you are young, and get over things quickly. It is much happier for those who can ;" and the old maid's thoughts wandered far away to the grave of her one love under an Indian sun, to sad, sweet memories of the happy days that could never return.

Poor Aunt Barry ! Everybody guessed that there must have been some secret reason for so lovely a girl as she had been to remain single ; but no one had ever heard the short, sad tale of the young officer who had loved her and won her love, spoken of his secret hopes, and, too eager to gain promotion and her, fallen a victim to his rashness in his first engagement. Their meetings had been very few, but the memory of them still cast a halo over the solitary life, and dearest of all her hidden treasures was a piece of newspaper containing a short account of the death of her early love.

To one of so faithful a temperament it was a disappointment to find that Maud was as bright and happy as if no Arthur Trevor had ever crossed her path. Maud was longing to tell her all, but restrained herself till she could say triumphantly that he was hers once more.

"You had better come round in time for five-o'clock tea to-morrow, Maud," said Mrs. Percy, as they stood alone together for five minutes at parting. "Arthur Trevor is coming by the train that arrives at a quarter-past five, and will be with us before six ; so you can have your chat in the garden before dinner. If you do not, it will be rather trying to sit opposite to him for an hour or more under existing circumstances. Look your prettiest."

"I will try to do so," responded Maud, gaily ; and Mrs. Percy drove away.

Would it ever be five o'clock, Maud wondered on the following day. Surely the tenth of August was longer than the twenty-first of June ! The sun seemed actually to stand still, and twice she held her watch to her ear to satisfy herself that it had not stopped. But,

Be the day weary and never so long,
At length it ringeth to evensong,

and Maud, with a beating heart, wended her way at last through the park and the shady lanes that led to Tremlets. May met her in the drive.

"What a touching get up," she exclaimed, laughing, "virgin white, and the crimson rose so carelessly put in the belt ! You must have another for your hair at dinner. Geoffrey and his son and heir are watching the reapers ; so you and I are going to have a quiet cup of tea on the lawn under the elms, and, if by chance any friend should appear on the scene, perhaps we could find him a third cup—eh, Maud ?"



"For pity's sake, don't tease, May, for my cheeks are as red as a haymaker's now," said Maud, taking off her hat and seating herself by the tea-table. "I think I will get you to tell Arthur all about it, and apologise for my rude behavior. I am rapidly getting nervous."

"Thank you, no. You got yourself into the scrape, and must get yourself out of it. You should have spoken to me before you spoke to him. I knew what you told me could not be true."

Maud did not answer—she was listening for the sound of wheels—and May laughingly exclaimed—

"Oh, if this is to be the way, I had better go and get baby! He will amuse me till Arthur comes, and form a good excuse for leaving you when I feel *de trop*;" and she ran off, returning in a few minutes with the bright merry little fellow who was Maud's godson and her particular favorite.

The arrangement was a good one. They both forgot the subject that engrossed their minds in their efforts to control the little urchin whose main object in life seemed to be to upset the hot cups of tea over himself and them, and started as a shadow fell across them, and Captain Trevor stood by them with a grave smile on his face.

"You have your hands full in every sense, Mrs. Percy," he said—for May had a cup of tea in one hand, which she was trying to drink, whilst with the other she held back her son.

He took the boy up in his arms and shook hands with his mother, and, after a few moments' hesitation, with Maud also, but he did not address her.

"You stole upon us like a thief," observed Mrs. Percy, laughing. "Can it be six o'clock yet?"

"No; but Geoffrey's horse is a good one, and brought us along at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. Where is he now, the said Geoffrey?"

"Somewhere in the corn-fields with Leonard. He said he would be back in time to dress for dinner, and I was to take care of you till he came. You would not find him if you looked for him."

"Then I will not try. Is this cup of tea for me? I shall spoil my dinner if I drink it. But I feel that I cannot resist the pleasant temptation, for my throat is full of dust."

"Well, give me Master Cecil. I must carry him off to bed. Say good-night to auntie Maud, baby;" and she carried off the struggling child into the house.

There was a short silence after she had departed. Maud could hear her heart beating. If her life had depended on her speaking, she could not have uttered a word. Captain Trevor put down his cup when he had slowly drunk his tea.

"When did you come back from Loris Castle, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, by way of breaking the uncomfortable silence.

Maud swallowed the lump in her throat.

"Yesterday afternoon."

"And you left all the party well, I hope?" he interrogated, seating himself on the low chair Mrs. Percy had quitted. "Will they break up soon for the Autumn?"

"Yes; several are going. The two Miss Grays went yesterday. I suppose you know they are going to Cannes with your sister and brother?"

"So I understand." His tone was short and cold enough now, but Maud determined to make the plunge.

"Captain Trevor"—she spoke in low hurried tones, looking straight before her—"I made a great mistake when I last saw you. I thought it was you who had behaved so cruelly to that poor girl. I never dreamt that there was another Captain Trevor."

He stooped, and, picking a daisy from the grass, pulled it slowly to pieces. Except that his face had turned a shade paler, there was no evidence of emotion in look or tone.

"So I perceived after the first few words you spoke. At first I could not understand what you were talking about."

Maud crimsoned. She felt like a naughty child confessing a fault, but she was determined to go on.

"It was very natural, you must own. And you made such a secret of—of everything, and did not wish me to mention your name; and then, when I heard that story about a Captain Trevor, of course—at least you can hardly be surprised at my believing it—that is, making the mistake I did."

"I am not surprised, Miss Etheridge. I was at first, certainly; but I did not understand you then."

He still spoke in the same quiet, cold tone. He did not make the difficulty any easier for her; nor did he seem at all prompt to accept the proffered olive-branch.

"But it was a mistake, I am glad to find," Maud resumed, in a brighter tone, looking at him full for the first time; "so you must forgive me for all the harsh things I said, and try to forget them. Can you?" and her voice quivered slightly.

He raised his head and met her gaze, but did not smile back at her. For a few moments he paused, and there seemed to be an inward struggle going on, and then he spoke coldly, calmly:

"Thank you, Miss Etheridge, for so candidly owning yourself in the wrong. Of course you have my full forgiveness for anything unkind you may have said in the heat of the moment—if it is worth having. As to forgetting, that is a thing beyond my power; nor do I wish to forget. I was on the brink of making a greater mistake than you made—a mistake that would have ruined my happiness for life. We should not have suited each other; and I could not have borne to hear my wife, every time I annoyed her, taunt me with having married her for her money. I will never marry a woman with money, if I ever marry at all. Against my better judgment, I yielded to my feelings, and have paid for my weakness. It is all over now, and I hope we shall end by being very good friends."

He rose to his feet as he spoke, but did not go away. Apparently he was waiting for her answer. Maud was stunned, bewildered by his words, but her woman's tact did not forsake her. With a bright smile, she said, lightly:

"I hope so too, Captain Trevor. At any rate, my conscience is free once more. I was unjust to you, and have apologised—it is about the first apology I have ever made in life, I believe. We need not allude to anything else that has passed between us. We shall soon forget all that."

He did not answer. His eyes rested on her face, as if striving to read her through and through; and, though her cheeks crimsoned under the look, she met it bravely, and smiled at him. He turned away with a sigh, and walked slowly down the lawn, whilst Maud, her head erect, and her heart swelling to agony, moved quickly towards the house and entered the drawing-room. May was there, arranging some flowers, and did not turn round.

"Well, Maud, is it over?" she inquired. "Is he very delighted at regaining you? "Where have you left him? Did Geoffrey interrupt you?"

"No—we had it all out," said Maud, in a hard, forced tone, as she threw herself on to a couch; "and he kindly forgave me for misjudging him, but said he was very glad that he found out, before it was too late, how utterly unsuited we were, and hoped we should be very good friends for the future. So ends that little episode in my life."

May dropped her flowers, and turned round.

"Maud, you are joking!"

"Am I? I don't feel much inclined to joke just at present. However, we will not discuss the matter any further. Your one attempt at match-making has proved a dead failure, May. And now give me that rose you promised for my hair, and I will run up and get ready for dinner;" and, selecting a flower from the heap on the table, she left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

AY PERCY sat down helplessly on the nearest chair, to collect her scattered senses. What could it all mean? Maud must have misunderstood him, or she had said something in her nervousness to annoy him, and he had spoken in the heat of the moment. She would go and find him, and try if she could set matters straight before it was too late; and, rising quickly, she passed through the window and down the lawn.

Arthur Trevor was soon found. He was sitting on the seat Maud had left, his elbow on the arm of it, and his head resting on his hand, with an air of uneasy dejection which made May feel hopeful. He started as he caught sight of her, and rose to his feet; but, seating herself, she said, decidedly :

"Sit down, again, Captain Trevor. I want to talk to you—you can guess what about."

He obeyed her, saying slowly :

"I would rather you put it into words, please."

"I want to know what this means that Maud has just told me," she said, promptly. "Did you tell her that you were utterly unsuited to each other, and that you were glad everything was at an end between you?"

"Something to that effect," he answered, very quietly; but May's quick eyes saw his face change.

"Then you are a far more foolish man than I imagined," she retorted, angrily. "Maud is not a girl to stand speeches of that sort, and you will lose her altogether. You have lost your temper, and spoken words that you did not in the least mean. You may be thankful you have a friend like me to set matters straight for you. This is the way that people ruin their lives! I own I thought better things of you. Now tell me plainly the cause of offence."

"We have not quarreled," he replied, in the same self-contained tone. "It is simply this—that the sober reflections of the last few weeks have taught me that Maud Etheridge and I are not calculated to make each other happy. It may be my fault, it may be hers. She is charming and attractive, and will doubtless make some other man very happy, but we are better apart."

May stamped her foot impatiently on the grass.

"Captain Trevor, I have no patience with such folly! Did you ever know two people who were exactly suited, if you mean by that that they never annoyed each other? Of course you and Maud will quarrel, and make each other very angry, but that will not matter; it will soon be over. You are thoroughly in love with each other, and will be miserable apart. Should you like her to marry Sir Hugh Follet next month?"

He flushed crimson, and raised his head.

"I should like her to do anything that would make her happy," he answered coldly.

"But it wouldn't make her happy, as you very well know. She would be miserable with him. All the same, I think it is very likely to happen, if you don't humble your pride and make it up this evening; so be warned in time. Shall I send her to you now? I am not at all sure she will come, but I will try to persuade her."

He rose to his feet and paced up and down two or three times, and then stopped before her, his face very pale, and his eyes sad and heavy.

"Mrs. Percy," he said—and his voice was low and trembling—"you are very kind and mean it for the best, but it cannot be. I could not bear my wife to speak to me as Maud Etheridge did that day. She spoke in all sincerity.

She has been taught all her life apparently that men will seek to marry her for her money, and she will never give up the notion. You know I loved her from the first moment I saw her, yet I made up my mind not to marry her, and I fought hard against the temptation; but that night at the ball showed me such a sweet side of her nature that I gave in, and was happy for a few days. I went to my uncle, and told him how matters stood—that I was engaged to Miss Etheridge, but that I shrank from the world's hearing that Arthur Trevor, with four hundred pounds a year, was going to marry a girl with three times that amount. And he did more than I expected; he made over to me at once what he had left me in his will—a property worth fifteen hundred pounds a year; and I came back here perfectly happy, ready to announce our engagement to the world. This was soon over. She freed me from it, saying she would never take a name she must blush for, and told me I was a mean, calculating fortune-hunter. I know she spoke under a delusion; but she showed me what I should have to undergo every time that I annoyed her; and I feel, as I have said, that we are better apart. She is not the girl to make me happy."

May Percy shook her head.

"You are wrong, Captain Trevor—all wrong," she said, sadly. "What you said of yourself once is quite true. You are of an unforbearing nature, and Maud hurt your feelings and wounded your pride on that day, and you cannot get over it yet. But you love her still, and will regret it for years, perhaps for life, if you let this chance slip. It was righteous indignation that made her speak so warmly; and what you take for calm judgment now is nothing but temper and wounded pride. That will be over before your love will, and you will have lost her."

He winced at her words, but only answered, in the quiet, determined tone he had used at first—

"You may be right, but I think you are wrong—time will prove. I am willing to abide by what I said to Miss Etheridge."

"Very well, Captain Trevor"—and, with a heightened color, May rose to her feet—"I have done my best for you; and Maud would never forgive me if she knew all that I have said. But you will not be warned, so the matter must end. I am quite sure that Maud Etheridge will be happy to meet you as a friend whenever you come to our house, as long as she remains unmarried. Here comes Geoffrey. If you will go and meet him, I will return and finish my flowers."

He did not answer, and she left him standing there, and returned to her interrupted task.

"And I might as well have never left them, for all the good I have done," she thought, angrily; "but, at any rate, my conscience is at rest, and, if he likes to ruin his own happiness, he will have only himself to blame."

She finished arranging her flowers, and then went slowly up to her room, where Maud, with a sad, weary face, sat by the open window. May bent down and kissed her as she looked up—a rare exhibition of affection on her part.

"It is all temper, and he will be sorry some day," she said, angrily. "But never mind, Maud; don't fret about him."

Maud colored.

"I hope I have too much proper pride for that," she returned, quickly. "Neither he nor anybody else shall ever see again how much I love him. But I must not and will not think of it. I must never look back. Oh, if I had only known! If I had only asked him to explain everything before I spoke!"

"That is spoken like a real woman. Making a resolution and breaking it in the same breath is hardly worthy of you, Maud."

Maud did not answer, except with a sad smile. Poor Maud was learning fast that she was like the rest of her sex.

"Well, we will go downstairs now if you are ready, and begin the lesson;" and she walked to the door with a step that betrayed the determination of her mind.

It was a strange evening, Maud and Captain Trevor each acting a part, and appearing to forget that anything but friendship had ever existed between them. Captain Trevor talked freely and gaily, but May detected, or thought she detected, a false ring in his laugh, a forced gaiety in his tones. Maud spoke little; she feared lest her voice should tremble and betray her misery—lest the tears she was longing to shed should fall at each word she spoke. It was all over, all over, was the refrain that kept sounding in her ears; there was nothing now to hope for or try for but forgetfulness; she must forget the sweetness of his voice and smile, his thrilling glance—and all the while she was secretly watching each expression of his face, each turn of his head, to store in her memory and recall when he was gone.

Maud knew that his detachment was going in a few weeks to the Mediterranean, and that he had intended, if all went well with them, to sell out very shortly; but now he would go, and who could say when they should meet again? Oh, the bitter contrast of all that was and all that might have been! She longed for and yet dreaded the time of parting. Would he speak one word before it was too late? Surely he was suffering, too, for she saw every vestige of color leave his face when her servant was announced.

He was standing in the hall when she came downstairs in her hat and shawl, and, as she offered her hand in silence, he said, hurriedly—

"I will see you home if you will let me. I have not had my cigar."

Her heart gave one great bound of hope. Love had conquered pride then, and he was going to yield. She kissed May to hide the crimson flush that dyed her cheeks at the thought, and joined him in the porch. Through the soft still August night they walked, he saying a few careless words now and then, whilst the night-jar and cricket sang their quaint pleasant duet, and the stars twinkled in the deep blue vault above. They entered the park gates, but still he had not spoken of anything but the merest trifles. Maud's heart beat as if it would suffocate her.

"When do you go to Gibraltar?" she asked, as they neared the garden-gate—and her voice hardly sounded like her own.

"I am not going," he said, stopping short in his walk, whilst the servant went on to open the front door; "I sold out last week at my uncle's wish. He is not likely to live much longer, and has been almost like a father to me, so I should like to stay with him to the end. It does not much matter to me now what I do."

His tone was bitter and hard rather than sad. Maud did not answer. What could she say?

"Good-by, Maud," he said, after a few moments' pause, "I will not come any farther. I wanted to say good-by alone, for we shall not meet again probably for many months, or years, and then only as strangers. Forgive me if I have given you any pain. Heaven knows you have given me more, for you have never loved me as I have loved you, or you could not have doubted me. God bless you."

He took her hand in both his own, pressed it till she nearly cried out with the pain, and then, before she could utter a word, stooped and kissed her once, twice, and was gone.

Maud heard him hurrying down the avenue with long quick strides. In her bitter agony the cry of "Arthur, Arthur, come back!" broke from her, but he never turned, perhaps never heard, and, staggering for a moment like a

woman who has received a heavy blow, she went on through the garden, through the hall, and up the stairs to her own room.

CHAPTER XIV.



IX months elapsed. The season was cold and trying; snow still lay white upon the ground. The poor shivered and starved through the unusually hard Winter, but it did not make itself felt in the warm, luxurious drawing-room where Maud Etheridge was ensconced.

Crimson curtains hung heavily over the closed windows, velvet settees and couches filled the room, a bright fire blazed in the pretty tiled fireplace, wax lights shed their soft radiance over statuettes and delicate china, and glittered again and again in half a dozen mirrors. Lady Dewhurst's

London house lacked no luxury that riches or taste could bring to it, and Maud never gave a thought to the biting northeast wind that swept howling down the street as she leant back in her velvet dress and white opera-cloak in an easy-chair by the fire.

There was little or no change in the bright, wavy hair, or the delicate features and rich complexion; and yet there was a change somewhere. The girl who sat dreamily by the bright fire was not the same who had sat on the garden-seat at Westerton, musing over Tennyson's "Princess." The quick, imperious glance in the large brown eyes, the sharp lines round the delicate little mouth, were missing. Something more soft and womanly had replaced them, for sorrow had softened and refined her character and beauty.

Maud would scarcely have owned, even to herself, how deeply and bitterly she had felt the loss of her first love: certainly the world never guessed it. She had been abroad with Lady Dewhurst and her daughter for three months, joining them in time to see poor Aileen Gray sink into her early grave, and to shudder at the wild passionate grief of Harry Trevor and the utter despair of Helen. She had felt that without some change or distraction her own health and spirits would give way, and had gladly accepted Lady Alice's warm invitation to come out to them under the escort of Lord Dewhurst and his bride, leaving Miss Barry, as before, in the charge of May Percy.

Maud had seen and heard nothing of Arthur Trevor since their last meeting. Mr. Denham had died early in September, and she fancied that Arthur was living at St. Abb's, which had been left in addition to the money already received, so that he was now a rich man. Often she wondered, with a twinge for which she blushed, whether he was engaged or married; but surely, if he had been, she would have heard of it somehow—ill news travels apace.

The Dewhursts had been in London for more than a fortnight, and Maud was beginning to long for a sight of the dear old home and Aunt Barry's kind face, and, in spite of all that her kind friends could urge, had written to say that she would be home in a week; and now, as she sat by the fire, her face resting on her gloved hand, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the flickering blaze, she was trying to decide in her own mind whether the sight of the old haunts where she had passed such happy hours with Arthur Trevor would recall her love in all its vigor, or whether she was deceiving herself in imagining that some of that vigor was abated. The opening of the door aroused her, and Lady Alice entered, bright and sweet as ever.

"Ah, Maud, you patient creature! Did you think I had gone to bed by mistake? How Florence will scold us for being so late! Come along. I suppose mamma and Helen are still downstairs at dessert. We must wish them good-night as we pass the door."

Maud rose and followed her downstairs in silence, and a quarter of an hour later they were seated with young Lord and Lady Dewhurst in their opera-box at Covent Garden, listening to the sweet strains of *La Sonnambula*. At the end of the first act the door opened and the party was augmented by Sir Hugh Follet and Mr. Compton. Maud had some difficulty to conceal her vexation.

The latter gentleman made his way to the seat behind Lady Alice, whose heightened color and bright smile showed that she at any rate did not share Maud's annoyance. The good-looking barrister had made great progress in her favor during a three weeks' sojourn at Cannes in December, and was waiting only for a fitting opportunity to declare the love he had been at no pains to conceal. He and Sir Hugh were great friends, and the latter made that an excuse for hovering round the Dewhurst party, regardless of Maud's persistent coldness.

"How late you are!" he said, as he took the only vacant seat. "I have been watching for you for the last half-hour."

"I know," returned Maud, quickly. "It is vexing to have missed so much. Please don't talk to me now; I want to listen."

Sir Hugh sighed audibly, and Mr. Compton turned round with a mischievous smile.

"What a wind! Miss Etheridge, you don't feel a draught where you sit. It sets that way."

Maud bit her lips to avoid laughing, and Sir Hugh's fair face flushed crimson.

"Don't talk rubbish, Compton!" he exclaimed, in a low tone, and then added suddenly, "By Jove, there's that good-looking fellow Trevor down in the stalls! I haven't seen him for months. Look, Compton; he is just behind where we were sitting. I wonder we did not see him."

"He has only this minute come in," said Lady Alice, glancing hurriedly at Maud, whose face had first grown crimson and then deadly white. "He brought that lady in pink by his side."

"What a pretty woman!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, leveling his opera-glass at her again. "Can it be his wife? By-the-by, wasn't there some ugly story about him and a young lady—that Miss— Oh, no, I remember now, it was his brother."

Nobody answered, and even Sir Hugh began to have a dim notion that he was treading on dangerous ground, and held his peace. Maud looked steadily at the stage after the first long look at the dark curly head. It might be his wife that was by his side, and with that thought in her mind she could not, would not, look again at him.

Alas, it was disappointing and humiliating to feel how wildly her heart beat at the very first glimpse of his face! Once he turned, and, standing up, looked slowly round the house, Maud waiting with suspended breath till his glance should meet hers; but just before his eyes reached the box the lady by his side touched him on the arm, and he sat down without seeing the party.

It was over at last. The sad impassioned lay over the flowers had been sung, everybody was donning cloaks and shawls, the distant shout of footmen and doorkeepers came through the opening doors, and Maud, shrinking from the chill night-air, stood a little apart from the rest, her hand on Sir Hugh's arm, waiting in the entrance-hall for their turn to come. She knew, but would not own to herself, that she was glad of the delay that might bring Arthur Trevor once more near her.

She saw him coming slowly through the crowd, by the side of the pretty woman in the pink opera-cloak, who was looking up eagerly into his face as she chatted merrily to him, but her arm rested on that of a dark, elderly man. They were not married then, she and Arthur; but Maud grew faint as she saw how close he kept to her side. Pres-

ently he paused, and Maud heard him say, in the well-known slow tones:

"Stand here a few minutes out of the draught, whilst I go and call your carriage."

Then he came forward, pressing through the crowd till he touched her shoulder, and glanced carelessly down, perhaps in consequence of her sudden shrinking from his touch. He started, and his face flushed crimson to the very roots of his wavy hair; but Maud could not make out whether his face expressed pleasure or pain.

"You here!" he exclaimed, quickly. "I thought you were abroad with Lady Dewhurst!"

"We came home about a fortnight ago," Maud answered, without a trace of emotion in her voice; and I am going down to Westerton next week. I am longing to see Aunt Barry and Mrs. Percy again. I left them in December."

"I know. My brother mentioned your arrival at Cannes. I will come and see Lady Dewhurst in a day or two. Good-by."

He passed on, lifting his hat like a stranger, without offering to shake hands; and Maud watched his head, above the rest, disappearing in the outer darkness, and shuddered as if with cold. Sir Hugh turned quickly.

"Are you cold? Won't you stand a little farther back? Ah! there is Lord Dewhurst beckoning us. Come along."

They pressed forward, reached the porch, and Maud saw Arthur Trevor's face once more watching her as Sir Hugh officially drew her cloak closer round her, and assisted her into the carriage—saw him turn sharply round and walk away—and then they were driving slowly through the long string of carriages, and rattling over the stony streets towards Eaton Square. She had seen him again, and heard his voice, after the long dreary months of separation, and the old love was throbbing with unabated vigor in her heart.

"Did you speak to Captain Trevor?" asked Lady Alice, when they had deposited Lord and Lady Dewhurst at their house.

"Yes—just a few words. He said he was coming to call on your mother in a day or two. I told him I was going home next week, so probably he will wait till after I am gone. He is not likely to wish to see much of me;" and Maud's tone had some of the old bitterness in it.

Lady Alice sighed.

"Oh, Maud, I am so sorry! Will matters never come right between you two, I wonder?"

"Never, Alice, never; so the less we speak of them the better."

CHAPTER XV.



OME, Maud, here are the horses, and Dewhurst will be waiting. Put down that work, and put your gloves on," and Lady Alice tapped her boot impatiently with her riding-whip, knowing full well that others besides her brother would be watching for their appearance in the Row.

Maud laid down her knitting and followed Lady Alice down the stairs to where the horses stood with the groom at the door.

"I ordered the new chestnut for you, as you wished it, Maud; but Roger says he thinks you must ride him on the snaffle, though he has put on the curb as well. He is afraid it has a bad temper."

"No, my lady," said the groom who had brought the horse in question, touching his hat. "He's a bit sperrity, but there ain't no vice in him. I've took him out two or three times, and he goes as quiet as a lamb."



ST. SEBASTIAN, BY GUIDO RÉNI.

(After the Original in Genoa.)

"I'm not afraid," exclaimed Maud, settling herself in her saddle. "It is a beautiful animal. There will not be a handsomer horse in the Park, I know."

The horse went quietly enough along Chester Street and up Grosvenor Place, making a slight curvet as a break dashed past them, just sufficient to give Maud a consciousness that there was "something to manage" under her; and Lord Dewhurst glanced at the new purchase for the first time.

"Where did you get that horse, Alice?" he asked, quickly.

"Stephen bought it at Aldridge's last week. Isn't he handsome?"

"Very. But I doubt if he is fit for a lady for all that; I don't like the look of his eye. Don't touch the curb, Maud; he won't stand it."

Lady Alice looked uneasy again.

"Let us go back, Maud," she urged, "and you can ride Black Brunswicker. Indeed, I begin to feel nervous."

"Nonsense, Alice; I am not going to be balked in my ambition of riding the handsomest horse in the Park. You won't frighten me, so come along. Let us have a canter."

They broke into a canter, the chestnut going beautifully, and Maud's pride was gratified as she noticed how many persons turned to look after her. She was a first-rate horsewoman—it was her only vanity. Mr. Compton had joined them, and was riding by Lady Alice, whilst Lord Dewhurst kept close to Maud's side, with a lurking misgiving at his heart.

"Look—there's Arthur Trevor on ahead," he said, suddenly, "riding all alone. Let's join him."

Maud hesitated. It was two days now since they had met at the opera, and he had not called; she felt sure he wished to avoid her. But Lord Dewhurst, all unconscious, had ridden up to the "solitary horseman" and greeted him, and Arthur Trevor reined back his horse to Maud's side. As he did so his face changed suddenly.

"Good Heavens! How came you on that horse?" he exclaimed, hurriedly. "It's Blue Devil, who killed poor Miss Cathcart a few months ago! Dewhurst, how could you let her mount him?"

His face was quite pale, and his eyes flashed as he spoke.

"By Jove, I mistrusted the brute from the first!" answered Lord Dewhurst, in a tone of dismay. "Come home at once, Maud, like a good girl, and get off him. You mustn't ride him."

But something in Captain Trevor's quick, imperious tone had aroused Maud's temper, and, with a heightened color, she said, lightly—

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Probably Miss Cathcart was a bad rider. The horse goes quietly enough."

Arthur Trevor looked her full in the face.

"Miss Cathcart was one of the best riders in England," he observed, quietly. "The brute lost his temper, dashed suddenly under a tree, and knocked her brains out. It is only fit to be shot. It is perfect madness of you to go on. See, everybody turns to look at you. The horse is well known."

"They are only admiring him," asserted Maud, carelessly; "I am not to be frightened. Besides, my life is my own, of no immediate value to anybody, and I can risk it if I like."

Captain Trevor did not answer. He stooped and looked to his stirrups and bridle, and Maud knew that she had annoyed him by the glitter in his eyes. Lord Dewhurst glanced from one to the other, and saw his friend's annoyance.

"Maud, be persuaded," he said, in a low tone. "Come home quietly before there is any accident. Trevor is in earnest."

Maud hesitated; in another moment she would have yielded, when Captain Trevor put in, coldly—

"You had better not use my name, Dewhurst. It only makes matters worse."

Then she set her lips close together, and looked him full in the face, with her dark eyes flashing.

"Flint and steel, Captain Trevor!" she said, shortly, and urged her horse into a canter.

He kept close at her side, watching the mobile eye and backward ears of her horse in anticipation of what was to follow, and Lord Dewhurst kept up as well as the inferior powers of his horse would allow.

It was a gray, cheerless morning, and the park was nearly empty—luckily for Maud as it turned out, for, as they were cantering along, and she was turning to ask her companion where the vice was, a dog ran forward, barking at them; the chestnut kicked violently, gave a fierce snort, and was off.

Maud felt him grip the bit in his teeth, put his head well down, and knew that her life depended upon what lay before her. But Captain Trevor was close behind, on an animal but little, if at all, inferior to Blue Devil in speed.

It was a neck-and-neck race. On—on—the bare trees flying past in a brown, bleared mass, the Winter wind singing in her ears; and Maud knew that at this pace she must come to the end of her ride in a very few minutes. Captain Trevor kept well up; but he could not gain on her, so perfectly matched in speed were the two animals. Suddenly he turned aside, cleared the railings of the walk, narrowly missing a double child's carriage and its chubby inmates, crossed the grass, cleared the railings again, pushed ahead of Maud, who had gone round a curve, and presently his hand had grasped the reins, and Blue Devil's mad career was ended. The captain had thrown himself off his horse to be surer of his mark, and stood there, somewhat breathless, and perfectly silent.

Maud leant forward trembling in every limb.

"Thank you, Captain Trevor," she said, trying to speak carelessly. "You have probably saved my life; but I am not quite sure that you have done a wise thing."

He looked at her steadily till Maud colored, but made no reply; and then, as Lord Dewhurst and the others rode up, he relinquished the rein, saying to the former—

"I should lead him home if I were you, and not trust him now that his blood is up."

Then he mounted his horse, lifted his hat, and rode off at a sharp trot, whilst Maud turned homewards with the rest, wishing, in the bitterness of her heart, that he had let her horse alone and left her to meet the death which seemed no catastrophe in her present state of mind.

Maud was very silent on their way home—indeed nobody felt much inclined to talk—and went to her room as soon as she had entered the house.

"He is too gentlemanly not to come and ask after me," she thought, as she changed her habit for her ordinary dress; "perhaps I may get a chance of telling him how vexed I am with myself for my temper and obstinacy. It is his perfect coolness that makes me so angry, so eager to say or do something to rouse him, if only to anger. Oh, why did we ever quarrel? I do not believe he is right. In spite of all, I do not believe we are unsuited. I could and would have made him happy. But why do I let myself think of it now? He has quite conquered his own love—perhaps is already engaged to some one else. I will go home. I will not run the risk of meeting him at every turn, and possibly betraying my weakness. I will tell Lady Dewhurst that I must go home to-morrow. Oh, Arthur, how I wish I had never seen you! I was happy enough till I knew you."

She sat down and wrote a note to her aunt, telling her to send the carriage to meet her by the train reaching Anchester at 4.30 on the following day. Then she went downstairs, laid the letter on the hall-table, and went into

the dining-room, where Lady Dewhurst and her daughter were already at luncheon.

"Lady Dewhurst," she said, taking her seat at the table, "I have just been writing to tell Aunt Barry to expect me to-morrow. I think I ought to go home."

"But, my dear child, that is very sudden," exclaimed her hostess, looking up from her cold chicken. "I thought you were going to the Newtons' ball on the third."

Maud reddened and hesitated.

"There is always something to keep me," she said, half-laughing; "but I think I would rather go home at once."

Lady Alice interposed before her mother could speak.

"I think you are right, Maud. It is very selfish of us to try to keep you, when Aunt Barry must be longing for you every day. You will come to us again before long, I hope. You know how glad we always are to have you."

"I think you have proved that pretty well."

So it was settled, and little they all guessed to what the change of plan would lead.

Maud stayed at home that afternoon, tired with the excitement of the morning, and anxious to finish a book she was reading before she went away. The short day was darkening when the others returned from their drive, and she laid down her book with a stifled yawn.

"Here is your preserver come to inquire after you," said Lady Dewhurst, as she entered. "We found him turning away from the door, and brought him in almost by force." Then she went upstairs to take off her furs, and Captain Trevor came forward.

"I hope you are none the worse for your morning's fright, Miss Etheridge," he said pleasantly, as he seated himself in a low chair on the opposite side of the fire.

Maud played nervously with her watch-chain, determined to say only the right thing. Was it too late still to show him he had formed a wrong estimate of her character?

"Only a little tired, thank you," she answered, hurriedly. "I have not suffered half so much as I deserve for being so self-willed. I don't know how to thank you, Captain Trevor, for your courage—and patience," she added, in a lower tone, coloring.

"You have only my horse to thank," he said, carelessly. "Lord Dewhurst would have done all I did if his horse had been as good. However, I hope you will own now that the chestnut is not fit for a lady, and never try to ride him again."

"I shall not have the chance. I am going down to Anerster to-morrow. I want to get home."

There was a weary sound in the last words, and he looked hard at her, perceiving for the first time how thin and ill she was looking.

"You are not looking well," he said, abruptly. "Have you been ill?"

She shook her head.

"No, not really ill. I don't think Cannes suited me. I never felt really well there, and now of course England feels very chilly."

"You have come home at a wrong time," he observed. "It was folly to go abroad in the Winter and come home in the worst part of it."

"But I did not go for my health," she said, smiling. "There is nothing the matter with me. I wanted a change, because Westerton seemed so dull." She stopped abruptly, her color rising as she remembered suddenly why it had seemed so dull.

Captain Trevor rose to his feet, and, leaning on the mantelpiece, looked down into the fire.

"After I went," he said, in a low voice. "Yes, I suppose so. You must have suffered a little too. But it was better so—better than to persist in the mistake we had made. Yes, it was the wisest thing to do."

His tone was that of a man trying to argue himself into a thing he did not really believe, and Maud clasped her hands tightly together and wrung them silently behind his back.

The words rose to her lips—the words that in his present frame of mind might have set matters straight once more—"You are wrong—all wrong"—but she could not utter them.

She could not urge him against his will to make her his wife, for it amounted to that. No—better die; or, worse still, live a long, lonely, hopeless life.

The time that May had prophesied was come, when his anger had died out, but not his love; but he could not bring himself to own it even to himself. So, after a short sharp struggle with himself, he raised his head once more, and, turning round, said, quickly:

"Well, I am glad to find you are nothing the worse for this morning's adventure. I must be off now, as I am going out to dinner. Good-bye. I suppose we shall not meet again, as you go home to-morrow?"

"I suppose not. I have written to tell Aunt Barry to expect me by the afternoon express, so I must go."

She spoke sadly, regretting that she had written, for a latent hope had sprang up that she might win him back yet if they were thrown together.

"Well, I think your aunt and Mrs. Percy must be wanting you very much. Good-bye."

He shook hands like a casual acquaintance, and departed; and then Lady Alice came in, saying, inquiringly:

"Nothing come of it, Maud? I gave mamma a hint to change her damp dress that you might be undisturbed."

And Maud shook her head, afraid to speak lest words and tears should come together.

CHAPTER XVI.

THUR TREVOR sat in his handsome lodgings, with a cloud of perplexity and thought in his blue eyes. In his hand he held one of those orange-colored billets that bring such terrible news to some, such short, sharp words of alarm to others. It was a telegram from the bailiff at St. Abb's — Captain Trevor's property since his uncle's death — to say that several hayricks and part of the farm-buildings had been burnt down in the night, and that he had better come at once to inquire into the affair.

Captain Trevor sat looking at the paper, as if to find there the answer to the question that was agitating his mind. Should he travel down with Maud, or go down by an earlier train? He thought of her as he had seen her on the previous evening, thin and weary-looking, the shadow of a great trouble in her eyes, which he knew he had brought there, and his heart swelled with a mixture of feelings that he would not analyse. His mind traveled back to the far-off days when he had first met her—bright, laughing, imperious Maud, with that ring of defiance in all she said and did which had first roused him to try to conquer her, that occasional softness and wistfulness which had won his love so completely. He knew he loved her still, but he could not bring his proud nature to own that he was wrong, to recall the oft-repeated assertion that "they were unsuited—would never make each other happy."

"It is the quickest train save one," he muttered, carefully folding and refolding the telegram. "It is past eleven now, and I must go to Tattersall's about that horse of Lady Down's. I cannot catch the twelve o'clock express, and there is no fast train till hers. I need not travel in the same carriage with her, though. Perhaps that idiot Follet will take her down. They say she is engaged to him, but I

don't believe it. She would never link herself to such a muff. Besides—" He did not finish his sentence, but rose quickly and rang the bell.

"Pack my small portmanteau," he said to his servant, "and take it to meet the afternoon express for Winstone. I must go down to St. Abb's to-night."

Winstone was on a branch line; he would have to change trains at Anchester, and he could do as he pleased about traveling in the same carriage with Maud, he repeated—the train suited him, and why should he give it up because she intended to travel by it?

He took up his hat and walked slowly off to Tattersall's, where he had the satisfaction of finding Blue Devil awaiting a purchaser. He felt strongly inclined to buy the animal, but checked himself.

"Why should I spend my life in trying to conquer the temper of others when I cannot conquer my own?" he asked himself. "Besides, the animal is really vicious."

Unconsciously he looked at his watch several times, and at last, contrary to his usual custom, found himself at the station at least a quarter of an hour too soon.

It was a bleak gray day; the wind whistled drearily round the corners, the cabmen were stamping their feet and swinging their arms, the boy at the bookstall was blowing his fingers, everybody, hurrying to and fro, looked shrivelled and cross with the cold. Captain Trevor, in his thick overcoat, and with a mind full of doubt and perplexity, paced slowly up and down the platform, unconscious of the northeast wind. He looked up at the great clock presently, and, seeing that it wanted only three minutes to the starting of the train, went to the office to take his ticket.

Maud, placing her ticket in her purse, was just coming away from the office, and she started as she raised her eyes and saw him. She was looking pale and sad, but a slight color tinged her cheeks as she met his gaze.

"Captain Trevor, how did you come here?" she exclaimed, the thought crossing her mind that he was come to see her off.

"There has been a fire at St. Abb's, and the steward has telegraphed for me," he answered, pressing through the crowd to get his ticket; and then, rejoicing her, he said more quickly, "Come, Miss Etheridge, we will miss the train if we are not sharp. There goes the bell!"

She followed him hurriedly to a carriage, and, as she seated herself, looked at him wistfully. He hesitated, reading the unspoken words in her eyes. The carriage was empty; it would be a long *tête-à-tête*. His foot was on the step, and she had drawn aside her dress to let him enter; the guard was shouting, "Any more for Anchester, Winstone, Henton?" and banging the doors as he came towards them. In another moment they would be shut in together, when pride whispered in his ear, "What! Give in now, after all you have suffered! Own her right, yourself wrong! Unmanly—unworthy of Trevor!"

"Wait a minute, guard. Where is a smoking compartment?" he asked.

"Here you are, sir; jump in quick;" and the guard opened a door, sounding his whistle as he did so.

An answering shriek from the engine, and they were steaming slowly out into the daylight, past long lines of houses, where linen hung out of tiny windows and children shouted and yelled in dirty walled-in back gardens, past suburban villas and ever-increasing fields, out into the dull dreary country, where the gloomy gray sky hung over patches of melting snow, sodden grass, and dark wet earth.

Captain Trevor was alone in his compartment, and Maud was in hers—there were few who cared to travel on that dismal February day—and, lighting his cigar, he leant back against the cushions to collect his thoughts. He had caught a look of surprise and disappointment in Maud's brown eyes

as he turned away—a look that haunted him and destroyed the self-gratulation he had expected on his courage. After all, was it not cowardly to avoid her? Would it not have been braver and wiser to travel with her and begin that calm, friendly line of conduct that he had mapped out for the future? But he did not feel calm or friendly; his pulses were beating rapidly as he tried to count how many telegraph-posts they passed in the minute. He was conscious of a secret longing to be in that carriage farther up the train, where Maud sat trying to force back the tears that were blurring sky and fields, trying to calm the wild throbs of pain and injured love that were nearly bursting her heart. On, on they sped, and the pink line across the western horizon showed that the short February day was ending, while heavy blue masses gathered slowly in the sky, telling of more snow to come. Captain Trevor let down the window to throw away the end of his cigar, and then drew it up again with a determined jerk.

"I will get into her carriage the first time we stop," he muttered. "It is of no use trying to avoid her, when we are sure to meet so often. I don't want to pain her—and she did look pained, poor girl, at my rudeness. Well, yes, it was rude to avoid her so pointedly. Hallo! By Jove, a smash!"

A frightful jerk, a long grating noise, a heave, and the carriage turned over on its side, flinging him violently against the network over the seat, and half stunning him for several minutes.

He lay still till his brain cleared, and then scrambled out of the carriage and dropped to the ground. What a frightful scene it was! The engine had run off the line, and, after tearing up the gravel and rail for several yards, had buried itself breast-high in the embankment that happily sloped down to the railway at this point, and stood puffing and roaring like some mad beast, the driver having had the presence of mind to let off the steam as soon as the locomotive quitted the rails. The carriages had reared up one on top of another till they had tilted over on to the up line; shrieks, groans, shouts for help and for lost friends rent the air, as Captain Trevor, a dull sickening fear at his heart, made his way through the ruins in search of Maud.

She was not to be seen, and in the terrible confusion it was impossible to tell which had been her carriage. Suddenly his eyes fell on a dark plaid shawl, which he recognized as the one she had carried on her arm, and by it, half hidden amid a pile of cushions and broken woodwork, was a still pale face with eyelids closed.

In an instant he was by, and tearing everything off her, till a beam too heavy or too tightly wedged for even his frantic arms to move checked him.

"Maud, Maud, speak! Look at me!" he cried, in half-choked tones; and, as he bent over her, the dark eyes opened and looked once more into his.

"Thank Heaven, she is living!" he exclaimed. "Are you hurt? How shall I get you out? This beam is crushing you. Speak to me, my own darling."

At his words a smile lit up the white face.

"Arthur, dear Arthur," she said, softly, putting her one free hand into his, "I am so glad you came to me. Whatever happens now, all is bright. Don't try to move that beam—I am in no pain, at least very little—or you may bring everything down on me. Let me lie here, and stay with me. Perhaps they will come and help us soon."

With a heavy weight at his heart he bent down and kissed the white lips.

"Maud, my love, my darling," he murmured in choking tones, "what a mad fool I have been! Oh, my own, I cannot spare you now—I cannot face life without you!"

She pressed his hand fondly.

"I think you were wrong, dear," she said, gently. "I

always thought so. We could never have been happy apart. And now, if it is all over—if my hours are numbered—oh, Arthur, my darling, it will be hard for you to live on, and think of the long happy years we might have spent together!"

There was a ring of hopeless pain in her tones which stabbed him like a knife.

"Maud, Maud, don't speak so!" And the hot drops of a man's direst agony fell on her face. "You must not—shall

shoulder as the last obstruction was lifted. A cry of intense pain broke from him.

"She is dead! Oh, merciful Heaven!" And his head dropped.

A medical man pressed forward, and took Maud's wrist in his hand.

"She has fainted. She is not dead. Ah!" And he shook his head as he hurriedly examined her. "Carry her to my house—there, straight across the fields—a red house;" and



POLISHING THE TANKARD.

not die! Oh, great Heaven, is there no other way of punishing my pride? You shall not die! Why do I let you lie here? Here, men—help me. Five pounds a head for those who help me to get this lady out!"

There were willing hands soon with him at his cry; but it was not his offer of reward that stimulated those great rough men to their work so much as the sight of the still, white, lovely face lying there amidst the wreckage so quietly and uncomplainingly.

Arthur held her in his arms while iron and woodwork were removed, and then felt her head fall heavily on his

he pointed to where a dip in the embankment showed the surrounding country. "I will be there as soon as I can, and see after her."

He hurried away, whilst Arthur Trevor, trying to hope still, roused himself to lift Maud tenderly on to the hastily-formed litter. Half an hour later the still senseless girl was laid on a bed in the surgeon's house, where the surgeon's wife with gentle hands attended to her, while Arthur Trevor, half mad with alternate hopeless misery and gleams of hope, paced up and down the gravel-walk of the little garden in the gathering darkness, waiting for the arrival of the medical

man, who was to tell him what his future life held of good or evil.

He was upstairs now, examining Maud. Would he ever have finished?

At last the doctor came forward and laid his hand kindly on Arthur Trevor's arm, looking into the white anxious face with a straightforward glance.

"Cheer up, my friend!" he said, smiling. "There is no great mischief done. The lady has had a severe shock, and one leg is a good deal bruised; but a month hence she will be as well as you or I. Is she your wife?"

But Arthur Trevor did not answer. He only turned his head aside and walked away quickly; the doctor, smiling to himself, went back to the house to have some food before returning to his more injured patients.

CHAPTER XXVII., AND LAST.



WEEK later Maud Etheridge sat in her favorite breakfast-room at Westerton, pale and heavy-eyed, and with a shadow on her beautiful face which never left it now.

It was a bleak, dull afternoon, but a bright fire blazed on the hearth. Maud's arm-chair was drawn close to it, and her feet were on the fender; but she shivered slightly as she glanced round the room, and sighed. Her heart was heavier than ever now, for Captain Trevor had left her as soon as he had known of her safety, and she had seen and heard nothing of him since.

Again and again she had repeated to herself his wild words of love when he had found her under the carriage—the words that had made it seem so hard to die. Could his pride be so invincible that now, when he knew all danger was over, he could not bring himself to own that he was wrong—to acknowledge that he could not be happy without her? Alas, it seemed so! and great heavy tears rolled slowly down Maud's pale cheeks as she leaned wearily back in her chair.

In another minute the door opened. She heard the servant say "Captain Trevor"; and presently he was standing before her, looking very stern and grave, as he said, in his coldest tones:

"I am glad to see you about again, Miss Etheridge, if I may call this being about again."

"Thank you," returned Maud, in a hurried nervous tone; "I am getting better. Won't you sit down? My aunt has gone out, but she will be home presently."

He did not answer, but remained standing, looking at her keenly; and Maud, conscious that the tears still stood on her cheeks, colored crimson under his glance.

"Have you been expecting me?" he asked, in a quick low tone, after Maud had tried to break the pause by remarking on the cold weather, and receiving no answer.

She looked up, and then looked away again.

"Yes—no—that is, I had given you up."

She hardly knew what to answer, so utterly uncertain was she as to what he would say next.

"Given me up," he repeated quickly; "then you have expected me? You are not angry with me?"

"Angry—oh, no! You are very kind;" and her fingers played nervously with her watch-chain.

He turned away and walked quickly up and down the room, and then stopped before her.

"Kind, you say, Maud! I wish I could think so. I don't know what to think. I have stayed away from you this week, trying to look at things calmly, trying to judge whether I

should not show my love for you best by going away from you forever, by never seeing your face again, and am just as far from any decision as I have ever been. You said the other day that we were flint and steel—that I roused all that was worst in you. What am I to do? I leave it to you. I know that nothing will ever change my love for you. But, Maud, tell me truly whether you believe you can be happy with me, or can learn to forget me. I will abide by what you say."

His voice was hoarse and quivering, his face was white and eager, as he stood before her.

Maud lifted her eyes to his, full of tears, her mouth tremulous with happiness, and put up both her hands.

"Oh, Arthur, how can you doubt?" she exclaimed. "You have nearly broken my heart as it is."

Then he knelt down by her chair, and drew her to him; and, though he said nothing, Maud knew that her trouble was over, her happiness begun.

* * * * *

When Miss Barry came in, half an hour later, the room was dark but for the red glow of the fire, which showed Maud's face like that of the old bright Maud of the past Summer; and her maidenly reserve received a severe shock at finding a mustached mouth pressed to her cold cheek as a deep voice exclaimed, gaily:

"How do you do, Aunt Barry? Will you kindly ask them to set another place at the dinner-table? I mean to stop for dinner."

It was all plain sailing now. There was not a dissentient voice, no opposition even from Maud, when Captain Trevor requested that the marriage might take place in April—"lest they should quarrel again."

Perhaps they do quarrel sometimes now, for Captain Trevor is inclined to spoil his son and heir a good deal more than Maud approves; but it would appear that life only glows the brighter, and love's flame only burns more cheerily, for the occasional sparks struck from FLINT AND STEEL.

Ocular Demonstration.

DR. FOWLER, Bishop of Gloucester in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. A conversation of the bishop with Judge Powell is here recorded:

"Since I saw you," said the lawyer, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad you are becoming a convert to truth; but do you say actual ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was, let me see, last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs and stalking directly towards my room; the door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber."

"Of a blue color, no doubt."

"The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall meagre personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long loose gown; a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grizzly, a large fur cap on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent; the figure advanced, staring me full in the face; I then said: 'Whence and what art thou?'

"What was the answer—tell me—what was the answer?"

"The following was the answer I received: 'I am watchman of the night, an't please your honor, and made bold to come upstairs to inform the family of their street door being open, and that if it was not soon shut they would probably be robbed before morning.'"

THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.

A BALLAD.

"WHAT seek ye here, my children dear ?
Why kneel ye down thus lowly
Upon the stones, beneath the porch
Of this our convent holy?"
The Prior old the pair bespoke
In faltering speech and slowly.

Their modest garb would seem proclaim
The pair of low degree;
But, though in cloth of frieze arrayed,
A stately youth was he:
While she who knelt down by his side
Was beautiful to see.

A twelvemonth and a day have fled
Since first we were united,
And from that hour," the young man said,
"No change our hopes has blighted.
Fond faith with fonder faith we've paid,
And love with love requited.

"True to each other have we been;
No dearer objects seeing
Than each has in the other found;
In everything agreeing.
And every look, and word and deed
That breed dissension fleeing.

"All this we swear, and take in proof
Our Lady of Dunmow!
For she who sits with saints above
Well knows that it is so.
Attest our vow, thou reverend man,
And bless us, ere we go!"

The Prior old stretched forth his hands;
"Heaven prosper you!" quoth he;
"O'er such as you, right gladly we
Say *Benedicite.*"
On this, the kneeling pair uprose—
Uprose full joyfully.

Just then passed by the convent cook,
And moved the young man's glee;
On his broad back a mighty Flitch
Of Bacon brown bore he.
So heavy was the load I wis,
It scarce mate carried be.

"Take ye that Flitch," the Prior cried—
"Take it, fond pair, and go:
Fidelity like yours deserves
The boon I now bestow.
Go, feast your friends, and think upon
The Convent of Dunmow.

"Good Prior," then the youth replied,
"Thy gift to us is dear,
Not for its worth, but that it shows
Thou deemest our love sincere;
And in return, broad lands I give—
Broad lands thy convent near,
Which shall to thee and thine produce
A thousand marks a year!

"But this condition I annex,
Or else the grant's forsaken:
That whoso'er a pair shall come,
And take the oath we've taken,
They shall from thee and thine receive
A goodly Flitch of Bacon.

"And thus from out a simple chance
A usage good shall grow;
And our example of true love
Be held up ever mo';
While all who win the prize shall bless
The Custom of Dunmow."

"Who art thou, son?" the Prior cried;
His tones with wonder falter—
"Thou shouldst not jest with reverend men,
Nor with their feelings palter."
"I jest not, Prior, for know in me
Sir Reginald Fitzwalter.

"I now throw off my humble garb,
As I what I am confessed,
The wealthiest I of wealthy men,
Since with this treasure blessed."
And as he spoke Fitzwalter clasped
His lady to his breast.

"In peasant guise my love I won,
Nor knew she whom she wedded;
In peasant cot our truth we tried,
And no disunion dreaded.
Twelve months' assurance proves our faith
On firmest base is steadied."

Joy reigned within those convent walls
When the glad news was known;
Joy reigned within Fitzwalter's halls
When there his bride was shown.

No lady in the land such sweet
Simplicity could own;
A natural grace had she, that all
Art's graces far outshone;
Beauty and worth for want of birth
Abundantly atone.

What need of more? That loving pair
Lived long and truly so;
Nor ever disunited were;
For one death laid them low!
And hence arose that custom old—
The Custom of Dunmow.

THE TEA-CUP TIMES.



Of the mind of the thoughtful student of the period, reaching from about the first quarter of the seventeenth century to the present day, a curious idea is not unlikely to present itself: namely, the wonderful influence which the introduction and use of tea has effected upon female character.

Tea is universally admitted to be an essentially feminine beverage; nevertheless, since its introduction, it is an undeniable fact that woman has, in some respects, deteriorated. The woman of the present day is, very often, a kind of epicure, neither perfect woman nor perfect man; lamentably failing when she puts her weaker frame and different—not inferior—intellect into competition with that of the ruder sex, and never showing her impotence more plainly than when she would usurp masculine prerogatives. Nature resents being ignored, and

"The laws of Nature there's no force to stop;
Women may shriek, but men will keep the top."

The typical woman of Biblical and patriarchal times generally was the one who, virtuous and industrious, looked after the welfare of her household, therein finding ample employment. It is a noticeable and significant fact that, throughout the whole sacred record there is not a single instance of a female attempting to usurp male prerogatives.

Putting the women of the Scriptures aside, and coming to the literature of England, the works of Geoffrey Chaucer afford the first picture we have of English manners and customs. The abstract and brief chronicle of the times in which he lived, Chaucer's imitable "Canterbury Tales," form a setting for the delineation of every phase of English

life of that epoch. The accomplished abbess is a pleasant type of womanhood, the little feminine weaknesses and traits of character portrayed respecting her giving an exquisite softness and finish to the portrait. "The Man of Lawe's Tale," the story of the patient Griselda, is a fitting cabinet picture to accompany that of the abbess. It shows the secular side of woman's ideal character in days during which the sex may roughly be divided into two classes—namely, the women in convents and the women out of them. Each picture is perfect of its kind. The one is wedded to her faith, the other to an earthly husband, and in each we recognize the palpable admiration and reverence of Chaucer when delineating her essentially womanly attributes; also the sly humor with which the little vanities and weaknesses of both are touched upon.

Shakespeare has painted all sorts of women. Those of his own and every other time, under both ordinary and exceptional circumstances, but his a 11 - pervading ideal is that of the woman who lives in her affections, who is swayed and ruled through them. She is dignified and noble in her feminine capacity, perfect in her estate, only falling from it when she would usurp masculine privileges.

Passing onward, we find here and there in the history of literature isolated instances of a better state of female education. At the same time, it is

a remarkable fact that the learned women of these ages did not attempt to compete with men. Queen Elizabeth, a scholar of no mean repute, is, when all is said and done, as thorough a woman and as great a paradox as any one of her sex. The gentle Lady Jane Grey may also be cited as an example of womanly dignity and modesty going hand in hand with erudition.

Milton's "Eve" can hardly be instanced as a conception of what woman should be, the "Lady" in Comus coming nearer to poor humanity in that respect. The great poet's rendering of female character is, in the abstract, full of

reverence, and evinces, apparently, a just appreciation of her powers. The adverb is used advisedly, since there is a subtle irony in the fact that when Milton became blind he taught his daughters to read Greek and Latin to him in the original tongues, they not understanding what they were reading. How many women in this so-called age of advancement would have submitted to this tacit ignoring of their capabilities?

This brief retrospect brings us down to the period at which we would glance—

"The teacup times of hood and hoop,
And when the patch was worn."

So sings the Laureate of England, painting, in a few happy touches, one of his marvelously vivid word-pictures. Seemingly an innocent little descriptive couplet, but pregnant with food for reflection for the thoughtful reader. Suggestive of well-powdered coiffures, done up high on enormous cushions, conjuring up visions of fair dames in square-cut and scanty bodices, high-heeled shoes, colored satin petticoats, and flowered sacques. A goodly company, such as might have been seen congregated any evening at any of the brilliant receptions frequented by the wits and beauties of the day. Not less brilliant in their attire were the attendants



THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.—SEE PAGE 207.

swains in divers-colored wide-skirted coats, long-flap embroidered waistcoats, snuff-boxes, and buckles, with their clouded canes and well-powdered queues. Correctly speaking, we ought to say the "Tay-cup times," for at the period to which we refer the word had not yet lost its French pronunciation. Dryden says:

"And thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tay."

So Pope pronounced it; so did Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; so did Samuel Pepys and his host of gossips.



TEA-CUP TIMES.

Fancy such a company, good reader, assembled in any lady's boudoir, daintily sipping the fragrant hyson—then the fashionable tea—from handleless cups of egg-shell china,

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whilst Pope and Lady Mary Wortley sparred at each other or Pepys retailed the last scandal; what caudle-cups were tasted; what marriages were in prospective; what meetings

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had taken place at Chalk Farm; or who, at the last Drawing-room, had been pronounced the reigning beauty. At such a time, when Swift lived at St. James's, and paid eight shillings a week for his lodgings, and lay in bed to compose because the nights were cold and coal dear, he may have discussed Gay's death with Pope over a cup of tea. It was at such meetings the Dean gathered much of the materials which formed the staple of his immortal "Journal to Stella."

It is recorded that in 1657 tea had become so fashionable and customary a beverage amongst the upper classes that Thomas Gareway, merchant, of London, received of it a large consignment, which he sold at his house in the city. By this time the public coffee-houses had become recognized places of meeting for men of letters. The literature of the period is full of allusions to them, and it is a coincidence that their establishment is coeval with the first appearance of periodical literature in England. The *Tatler* and the *Spectator* were the offspring of coffee-house chat and gossip; its contributors being noted frequenters of these resorts, whence many of their letters are ostensibly dated. These places were the hotbeds from whence sprang what is commonly called light literature. After their introduction English poetry exhibits a character equally removed from the splendid brilliancy, yet solidity, of the days of Elizabeth, and the picturesque intensity of the new romantic school.

From these places of resort women were, of course, excluded; they could no more have appeared in them than in the taverns of the present day. Their frequenters gave a desultory tone to literature; a style so well suited to feminine capacity that we soon find that women, not wishing to let men have it all their own way, organized little tea-parties—or "tea-drinkings," as they were then called—where they retailed gossip, with this advantage, that they had the benefit of interchanging sentiments with the opposite sex. Women, as authors, now made their *début*. The Countess of Winchilsea, one of the first lady novelists, and a host of other satellites, appeared upon the literary horizon; Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Manley, Fanny Burney, etc.

These tea-drinkings had become such recognized institutions that they are repeatedly mentioned in the chief literature of the age. With the rage for tea-parties was developed the taste for china. The more grotesque the pattern and design, the more valuable the teacup.

Quaint, humorous Charles Lamb has thought the subject worthy of forming the theme of one of his inimitable essays; his "Old China" being a perfect reflex of the public mind upon the matter. Speaking about the designs upon the teacups, he proceeds in the following amusing strain:

"I like to see my old friends, whom distance cannot diminish, figuring up in the air (as they appear to our optics), yet on terra firma still, for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals. Here is a young and courtly mandarin handing tea to a lady from a salver two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which, in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world), must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead, a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream."

Throughout the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, the allusions to China and tea-parties bristle almost upon every page. The literature in general of the time often makes mention of tea-parties—corresponding to our "afternoon teas"—where the fine gentlemen read their poems and other literary productions to the fair dames, who delivered their opinions thereupon. We can fancy the cynical Pope, at one of these pleasant

gatherings, throwing down the apple of discord by asserting that "most women have no characters at all," a sentiment which may have quickened into new life any germs of self-assertion which his hearers may have possessed. Dr. Samuel Johnson's partiality for tea, and his capacity for imbibing it, are well known, and go far towards giving a coloring of truth to the prevailing opinion that tea and scandal are synonymous, for the learned Doctor was as arrant a gossip as the veriest old woman. Certainly his sentences were sonorous and pedantic, but they were gossip all the same.

About this time we first hear of the "Madonella," or college for ladies, where they were to be taught something higher than "flowering," or making "bone-lace." Against this scheme Steele writes very strongly in the *Tatler*. However, all the fine gentlemen do not seem to have shared his opinion in that respect; for in that outrageously amusing, and but little known work, "The Life of J. Buncl, Esq.," there is a grave and exquisitely humorous dissertation upon the moral thoughts of Miss Spence, otherwise the admirable Maria, who "learned algebra and fluxions." Pope, in one of his satires, praises the woman who is

"Mistress of herself, though china fall."

And Matthew Prior, in describing the engagements of a lady of quality, says she

"Slipt sometim 'round to Mrs. Thody's,
To cheapen u, to buy a screen."

In America, tea-drinking became even more general than in England, and want of tea drove Americans to open direct communication with China, to import at once the fragrant beverage and the prized receptacle.

Our freedom turned, indeed, on a cup of tea. How great must have been the sacrifice of American dames of high and low degree when, a century ago, they had to make the terrible option between, "Give me liberty," or "Give me tea!" They did not hesitate; patriotism triumphed, and for seven long years the times were empty tea-cup times till peace once more restored peace, plenty, and tea-parties, with all that the words implied to our grandmothers.

A WONDERFUL CAT.

THREE years ago I had a lovely kitten given to me. Her fur was of a beautiful blue-gray color marked with glossy black stripes, according to the most approved zebra or tiger fashion. She was so very pretty that she was named "Pret," and was the wisest, most loving, and daintiest pussy that ever crossed my path.

When Pret was very young I fell ill with a nervous fever. She missed me immediately in my accustomed place, sought for me, and placed herself at my door until she found a chance of getting into my room, and began at once to try her little best to amuse me with her frisky kitten tricks and pussy-cat attentions.

But soon finding that I was too ill to play with her, she placed herself beside me, and at once established herself as head nurse. In this capacity few human beings could have exceeded her in watchfulness, or manifested more affectionate regard. It was truly wonderful to note how soon she learned to know the different hours at which I ought to take medicine or nourishment; and during the night, if my attendant were asleep, she would call her, and if she could not awaken her without such extreme measures, she would gently nibble the nose of the sleeper, which means never failed to produce the desired effect.

Having thus achieved her purpose, Miss Pret would watch attentively the preparation of whatever was needed, and then come, and with a gentle purr-purr announce it to me. The most marvelous part of the matter was, her never being five minutes wrong in her calculations of the true time,

even amid the stillness and darkness of the night. But who shall say by what means this little being was enabled to measure the fleeting moments, and by the aid of what power did she connect the lapse of time with the needful attentions of a nurse and her charge? Surely we have here something more than reason?

A Night Among the Robbers of the Blue Ridge.

 N the early Autumn of the year 1849, about half an hour by sun, I drew rein in front of a large double log-house, that some enterprising pioneer had built where two roads crossed on the very summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

The place was evidently kept as a tavern, at least so a sign proclaimed, and here I determined to demand accommodations for myself and servant, Bose, a dark-skinned body-guard, who accompanied me in all journeys of any length. Bose and I had been playmates in child and boyhood, and now, in advanced years, we kept up the intimacy. I need hardly say that the faithful fellow was attached to me, as I was to him, and on more than one occasion he had shown his devotion, even as he was destined to do again that night.

There had been a "shooting-match" at the Mountain House that day, and, as I dismounted, I saw through the open window of the barroom a noisy, drunken, and evidently quarrelsome set of backwoodsmen, each of whom was swearing by all possible and impossible oaths that he was not only the best shot, but that he could out-fight, out-jump, out-wrestle, run faster, jump higher, dive deeper, and come up drier than any other man "on the mounting." The picture will be familiar to all who have traveled through the section of country of which I speak.

"I say, Mars Ralph," said Bose, in a low tone, as I handed him my bridle-rein. "I don't like de looks ob dem in dar. S'pose we goes on to de next house. Tain't fur."

"Nonsense, Bose," I replied; "these fellows are only on a little spree over their shooting. We have nothing to do with them, nor they with us. Take the horses round to the stable, and see to them yourself. You know they've had a hard day of it."

And throwing my saddle-bags over my shoulders, I walked up the narrow path to the house.

I found, as I have intimated, the barroom filled with a noisy, turbulent crowd, who one and all stared at me without speaking as I went up to the bar and inquired if I and my servant could have accommodations for the night.

Receiving an affirmative reply from the landlord, a little red-headed, cadaverous-looking specimen of the "clay-eater," I desired to be at once shown to my room, whither I went, but not until I had been compelled to decline a score of requests to "take a drink," much to the disgust of the stalwart bacchanalians, to whom drinking "pine-top" was an every-day pastime.

The room to which I was shown was at the far end of a long, two-storied structure, evidently but recently added on to the main building, which it intersected at right angles. A gallery extended along the front, by means of which the rooms were reached.

I found my apartment to be large and comparatively well furnished, there being, besides the bed, a comfortable cot, half a dozen "split-bottomed" chairs, a heavy clothes-press, and a bureau with a glass. I am thus particular in describing the furniture for reasons that will become apparent.

There were two windows, one alongside the door, and the other in the opposite end of the room. The first-mentioned

was heavily barred with stout oak strips, a protection, I presumed, against intrusion from the porch, while across the latter was drawn a heavy woolen curtain.

In the course of half an hour Bose entered, and announced that the cattle had been properly attended to, and a few moments later a bright-faced mulatto girl summoned us to supper. To reach the dining-room, I was compelled again to pass through the barroom, which I found—somewhat to my relief, for I hate drunken crowds—comparatively deserted, most of the party having gone home for the night.

I noticed, however, as I paused an instant to speak to the landlord, a group of four individuals in one corner of the room, engaged in an animated conversation, but in tones too low for me to hear. They were a rough-looking set, and, I fancied, eyed me in a manner not altogether pleasant.

Supper over, I returned to my room, first requesting to be roused for an early breakfast, as I desired to be on the road by sunrise.

The men were still talking, or, rather, whispering, as I had left them, and I was again subjected to a severe scrutiny as I passed.

Thoroughly wearied with my day's ride, I at once began preparations for retiring, and had drawn off one boot, when Bose came in rather hastily, looking furtively over his shoulder, and then cautiously closing and locking the door.

"Mars Ralph, dar's gwine to be trouble in dis house afore mornin'," he said; and I saw in a moment that something had occurred to upset the faithful fellow's equilibrium.

"Why, Bose, what is it? What do you mean?" I asked, barely restraining a smile.

"I tol' you, Mars Ralph, we'd better trabble furder," was the rather mysterious reply. "You see dat yaller gal dere tol' me dar would be a muss if we staid in this 'founded ole house all night."

By close questioning I elicited the fact that the girl had really warned him that the four men whom I had noticed talking together were a desperate set of villains, and probably had designs upon our property, if not our lives.

The girl had seen two of them at the stable while I was at supper, and by cautiously creeping into a stall, next the one in which they stood, had heard enough to convince her that they meant mischief. Subsequently to this, she also saw the landlord in close confab with the entire party, and from his actions judged that he was urging the men to their nefarious work.

"I tell you, Mars Ralph, dem white trash ain't arter no good—now you heard me!" persisted Bose.

I had begun to think so myself, but what was to be done? Would I not be precipitating the danger by showing any signs of suspicion? What if the girl was mistaken, and these men were in reality only honest woodsmen? Save her word, and my own half-formed belief, I had no grounds upon which to act.

The situation was full of embarrassment, and I felt that nothing could be done save to wait and watch, and, by being on the alert, defeat their plans by a determined resistance. Explaining the matter to Bose, I turned to make an inspection of the premises.

I found that from the barred window, in which there was a broken pane of glass, that a good view of the stable-lot and buildings thereon could be had.

Then for the other window.

I crossed the room, drew aside the heavy curtain, and, raising the sash, looked out.

A single glance was sufficient to cause me a thrill of surprise, and I gave a low exclamation that instantly brought Bose to my side.

Far below, I could see the faint glimmer of water, the low murmur of which came indistinctly up from the depths, while, on a level with what should have been the ground, I

dimly saw the waving tree-tops, as they gently swayed before the fresh night-breeze, and knew that the window overlooked a chasm, the surroundings of which I could only guess at.

In other words, the house, or that portion of it, was built upon the very verge of a cliff, the solid rock forming a foundation more lasting than any that could be made by hands of man.

I leaned far out, and saw that there was not an inch of space left between the heavy log on which the structure

Without speaking, I went to my saddle-bags and got out my pistols—a superb pair of long double rifles, that I knew to be accurate anywhere under half a hundred yards.

"Dar! dem's what I likes to see!" exclaimed Bose, as he dived down into his own bag, and fished out the old horse-pistol that had belonged to my grandfather, and which I knew was loaded to the muzzle with Number One buckshot. It was a terrible weapon at close quarters.

I have, perhaps, been somewhat lengthy in describing



A WONDERFUL CAT.—SEE PAGE 210.

rested and the edge of the precipice, and then I turned away with the full conviction that if escape *must* be made, it certainly would not be in that direction. There was nothing especially strange in this; there were many houses so constructed—I had seen one or two myself—and yet when I drew back into the room, and saw the look in Bose's dusky face, I felt that danger, quick and deadly, was hovering in the air.

events up to the present moment, but it was unavoidable, that the reader may have a clear understanding of what is to follow.

It will be remembered that one of the windows commanded the stables in which our horses were feeding. This point, then, could be watched, and by events transpiring in that locality we would shape our actions. I found the door could be locked from the inside, and, in addition to this, I



A NIGHT AMONG THE ROBBERS OF THE BLUE RIDGE—"WITH A QUICK AIM I FIRED AT THE SWAYING FIGURE. WITHOUT A SOUND HE RELEASED HIS HOLD, AND CAME DOWN, LIKE A LUMP OF LEAD, SHOT THROUGH THE BRAIN."

improvised a bar by means of a chair-leg wrenched off, and thrust through a heavy iron staple that had been driven into the wall. Its fellow on the opposite side was missing.

We then lifted the heavy clothes-press before the window, leaving just room enough on one side to clearly see, and, if necessary, fire through—dragged the bureau against the door with as little noise as possible, and felt that everything that was possible had been done.

A deathlike silence reigned over the place, broken only once by the voice of the colored girl singing as she crossed the stable-lot, probably to look after the cows, and then all was still. At ten o'clock the moon rose clear and full, illuminating the scene with almost noontide brightness, and sending rays of light through the tree-tops, even down into the chasm that yawned beneath our room.

I had fallen into a half doze, seated in a chair near the window facing the stables, where Bose was on watch, when suddenly I felt a light touch upon my arm, and the voice of the faithful sentinel in my ear.

"Wake up, Mars Ralph; dey's foolin' 'bout de stable-doo' arter de horses, shuah," brought me wide awake to my feet.

Cautiously peeping out, I saw at a glance that Bose was right in his conjectures. There were two of them. One, standing out in the clear moonlight, evidently watching my window, while the other—and I fancied it was the landlord—was in the shadow near the door, which at that moment slowly swung open.

As the man disappeared within the building, a low, keen whistle cut the air, and at the same instant I heard the knob of the door cautiously tried.

The thing was now plain. While those below were securing the horses, those above were either attempting to gain access with murderous intent, or else on guard to prevent my coming to the rescue of my property.

Bose stood the test bravely, and I knew that I could depend upon him thoroughly when the trial came.

It will be seen that I had no intention of remaining a quiet spectator to the theft of my animals. On the contrary, it was my purpose to resist unto the death, for I knew that we would never be allowed to leave the place alive, even if we did not show fight.

Such men have a firm belief that "dead men tell no tales," and act upon it.

Besides, we had five shots against as many assailants, and then our bowies to fall back upon.

A low hiss from Bose brought me to his side from the door where I had been listening.

"Dey's got de horses out in de lot," he whispered, as he drew aside to let me look out through the broken pane.

"Take the door," I said, "and fire through if they attack. I am going to shoot that fellow holding the horses."

"Lordy, Mars Ralph, it's de tavernkeeper! He ain't no 'count. Drop de big man!" was the sensible advice which I determined to adopt.

Noiselessly drawing aside the curtain, I rested the muzzle of my pistol upon the sash where the light had been broken away, and drew a bead upon the tallest of the two men who stood holding three horses, out in the bright moonlight.

The sharp crack of the weapon was instantly followed by a yell of pain, and I saw the ruffian reel backward and measure his length upon the earth, and then again, seeming to come from the main building, there rang out upon the now silent night that most fearful of all cries:

"Murder! Murder! Oh, help!"

Like lightning it flushed across my mind. There were three horses out in the open lot! There was, then, another traveler besides ourselves, upon whom these fiends were at that moment working their horrible purpose.

But no time was allowed for conjecture. Quick, sharp, and

bloody work was at hand. A terrible game was to be played, and Bose and I must hold the winning hand.

A heavy blow, as from an ax, descended upon the door of the room, and a voice, hoarse with passion, was heard to say:

"Quick! Burst the infernal thing open, and let me at him! The scoundrel has killed Dave!"

"Let them have it, Bose!" I whispered, rapidly reloading my pistol. "There! the second panel!"

With a steady hand the plucky fellow leveled the huge weapon and pulled the trigger.

A deafening report followed, and again a shrill cry of mortal anguish told that the shot had not been wasted.

"Sabe us! how it do kick!" exclaimed Bose, under his breath, at the same time shaking and rubbing the hand that had evidently been fearfully jarred by the rebound of the piece.

The blow had fallen like an unexpected thunderbolt upon the bandits, and a moment later we heard their retreating footsteps down the corridor.

"Dar'll be more of 'em heah 'fore long, Mars Ralph," said Bose, with an ominous shake of the head. "I 'spect dese b'longs to a band, and, ef dey comes, an' we still heah, we gone 'coons for shuah!"

This view of the case was new to me; but I felt the force of it. I knew that such bands, or organizations, did exist in these mountains, and nothing was more probable than these men being a part of one.

A hasty glance from the window from which I had just fired showed me that escape in that direction was impossible, even if the bars were not there.

I looked out and saw a man, with a rifle in his hand, dodge round the corner of the stable. He was on guard, and then I knew what the cessation of hostilities meant.

They hal sent off for reinforcements!

Stunned for a moment, I turned round, and stared helplessly at Bose; but he, brave fellow that he was, never lost his head for an instant.

"Bound to leab heah, Mars Ralph," he said, quite confidently. "An' dar ain't no way gwine 'cept tro dat winder;" and he pointed to the one overlooking the cliff.

I merely shook my head, and turned to watch again, hoping to get a shot at the rascal on guard.

Bose, left to his own devices, at once went to work. I heard him fussing about the bed for some time, but never looked to see what he was after until he spoke.

"Now den fur de rope," I heard him say, and in an instant I had caught his meaning.

He had stripped the bed of its covering, dragged off the heavy tick, and was in the act of cutting the stout hempen rope with which it was "corded," when it suddenly occurred to me that flight by means of the window was no longer an impossibility.

In five minutes he had drawn the rope through its many turnings, and then, gathering the coil in his hands, he threw up the sash and prepared to take soundings.

It failed to touch bottom; but, nowise disheartened, he seized the cotton coverlet and spliced it on. This succeeded, and the cord was drawn up, preparatory to knocking it in place of cross-pieces.

In the meanwhile the silence without had been broken more than once. A shrill, keen whistle, such as I had heard before, was given by the man on watch, and replied to by some one seemingly a little way off.

Then I heard footsteps, soft, catlike ones, on the veranda outside, showing that the robbers were on the alert at all points.

At length Bose announced the "ladder" ready. It was again lowered from the window, and the end we held was made fast to the bed we had dragged over for the purpose.

The moon had passed the zenith, thereby throwing the

cliff in the shadow—a circumstance most favorable to us. In this, at least, fortune was in our favor.

"Now, den, Mars Ralph, I go down fust, and see if um strong 'nough to bar us," and he was half-way out of the window before I could speak.

"No, Bose, you shall not," I answered, firmly, drawing him back into the room. "You must—"

The words were lost in the din of a furious and totally unexpected attack upon the door.

The reinforcements had arrived, and now the end must quickly come.

The dull, heavy strokes of the ax were intermingled with the sharp, quick clatter of hatchets as they cut away at the barrier, and once in a while I could hear deep oaths, as though they had been rendered doubly savage by our resistance.

"Here, Bose! your pistol! Quick!" I whispered, and a moment later the heavy charge went crashing through the panels, followed by shrieks and curses of pain and rage.

"Now, then, out with you! I will hold the place!" I said, rushing back to the window. "Come, Bose, hurry up, or all will be lost!"

The brave fellow now wished to insist upon my going first; but he saw that time was wasting, and he glided down the rope, gradually disappearing in the heavy shadows that enshrouded the ravine.

The fall of one of their number had caused only a momentary lull, and I heard them renew the assault with tenfold fury.

I dared not fire again, for I felt that every bullet would be needed before long, when affairs were more pressing than they then were.

It seemed an age before I felt the signal from below that the rope was ready for me; but it came, and I let myself down, pausing an instant, as my eyes gained a level with the sill, to take a last look into the room.

As I did so the door gave way, and the bloodthirsty demons, with yells of exultation, poured over the threshold.

I knew that I had no time for deliberate movements. They would instantly discover the mode of escape, and either cut the rope or else fire down upon me.

I had taken the precaution to draw on my heavy riding-gloves, and my hands, thus protected, did not suffer as much as might have been expected.

With my eyes fixed upon the window, I slid rapidly down, and struck the earth with a jar that wrenched every bone in my body.

Quick as lightning I was seized by Bose, and dragged some paces on one side, and close against the face of the cliff.

Not a second too soon, for down came a volley, tearing up the earth about the foot of the rope where a moment before I had stood.

"Thunder, they will escape! After them down the rope!" yelled a voice almost inarticulate with rage, and I saw a dark form swing out and begin the descent.

"Now, Mars Ralph," whispered Bose, significantly, and, with a quick aim, I fired at the swaying figure. Without a sound the man released his hold, and came down like a lump of lead, shot through the brain.

Another had started in hot haste, and was more than half-way out of the window, when suddenly the scene above was brilliantly lit up by the glare of a torch swung back and forth by one of the villains as he leaned over the edge of the cliff, striving to illumine the darkness that enshrouded us from sight.

Again the warning voice of the watchful black called my attention to the figure now struggling desperately to regain the room, and, as before, feeling that I had no cause to show mercy, I threw up my pistol, and covering the exposed side, drew trigger.

A few frantic struggles, a muffled cry for help that came not; and then, with a convulsive effort, the wretch, springing far out into the empty void, turned once over, and came down with a rushing sound upon the jagged rocks that lay at the foot of the precipice.

A single look to see that the window was clear—we knew there could be no path leading down for a long distance either way, or they would never have attempted the rope—and we plunged headlong into the dense forest that clothed the mountain side.

We got clear, it is true, but with the loss of our animals and baggage, for the next day, when we returned with a party of Regulators, we found the place a heap of smoldering ashes, and no living soul to tell whither the robbers had fled.

I never learned whence came that fearful cry of murder. Some unknown traveler had met his death, and the fire had consumed his body.

SEALS CATCHING FISH.

The seal family forms a still nearer approach to the land quadrupeds, as here hind feet begin to make their appearance. The shortness of these extremities renders their movements upon land generally awkward and slow, but they make up for this deficiency by uncommon activity in the water. Their body, tapering fish-like from the shoulders to the tail; their abundance of fat, the lightness of which is so favorable to swimming; the position of their feet, admirably formed for rowing, paddling, and steering—their whole economy, in a word, is calculated for the sea. Although citizens of two worlds, their real element is evidently the water, from which their food is exclusively derived.

Seals are found in almost all seas, but they particularly abound on the coasts of the colder regions of the earth, and diminish in size and numbers as they approach the torrid zone. Small seals are found near Surinam, but the giants of the family—the huge sea-elephant, the sea-lion, the sea-bear, belong exclusively to those higher latitudes which the sun visits only with slanting rays, or where the Winter forms a dreary and continuous night.

How wonderful to see the desolate coasts of the icy seas peopled by such herds of great warm-blooded mammalia! But there, where the dry land produces only the scantiest vegetation, the bountiful sea teems with fishes, affording abundance to the hungry seals. The *Merlangus polaris* and the *Ophidium Parryii* in the northern hemisphere, as well as the *Notholthenia phoca*, which Doctor Richardson discovered off Kerguelen's Land, seek in vain to escape from the pursuit of the seals in the hollows and crevices of the pack-ice; and these small fish, in turn, fare sumptuously upon the minute crustaceans and molluscs with which those cold waters abound. Thus animal life, but sparingly diffused over the barren land, luxuriates in the sea, where we find one species preying upon the other, until at last, at the bottom of the scale, we come to creatures so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.

I WAS traveling down country from "the Hills," or, as we should less irreverently say, the Himalaya Mountains. I was halting at Meerut, which, as everybody knows, is the best station in the Northwestern Provinces. I had put up at the dák bungalow, which, as everybody knows also, is a resting-house for travelers by the road. People go by the rail now, and dák bungalows have nearly disappeared, so I may as well mention what the place was like.

Outside you saw simply a low house with a high roof, the latter covered with thatch; a veranda in the front and rear,

supported by pillars covered with a hard composition called chunam; openings serving the double purpose of doors and windows, guarded by green blinds, called *jilmils* in India and *jalousies* in France, and not called at all in this country where they are little known; the whole standing in an enclosure, known as a compound, containing little else than a cook-house and a couple of huts for servants. Inside you find yourself in one of the two principal apartments—as dreary a place as could conveniently be made of four whitewashed walls, a chunam floor, and a ceiling of stretched canvas, threatening to give way in some places, and flapping unpleasantly whenever the wind blows. A rough table of toon wood, three chairs, and the chronic bedstead of the country, called a *charpoy*, completes the furniture of the place, with the exception of a little bookcase against the wall, where a tract society deposits some improving publications for the use of travelers.

I had taken my bath in the adjoining little den devoted to the purpose (that is to say, I had poured a dozen chatties of water over my head, in the primitive fashion of the country), and was lounging in the veranda, in an elegant *négligé* costume, while the khan-samah was preparing the inevitable spatchcock, eggs, and tea for my breakfast, when I heard the sound of hoofs, and immediately saw a stranger, who rode into the compound and saluted me.

He was a superb-looking Englishman, unexceptionably mounted, and dressed in a style which in that country would be considered a cross between a cricketing and a shooting costume.

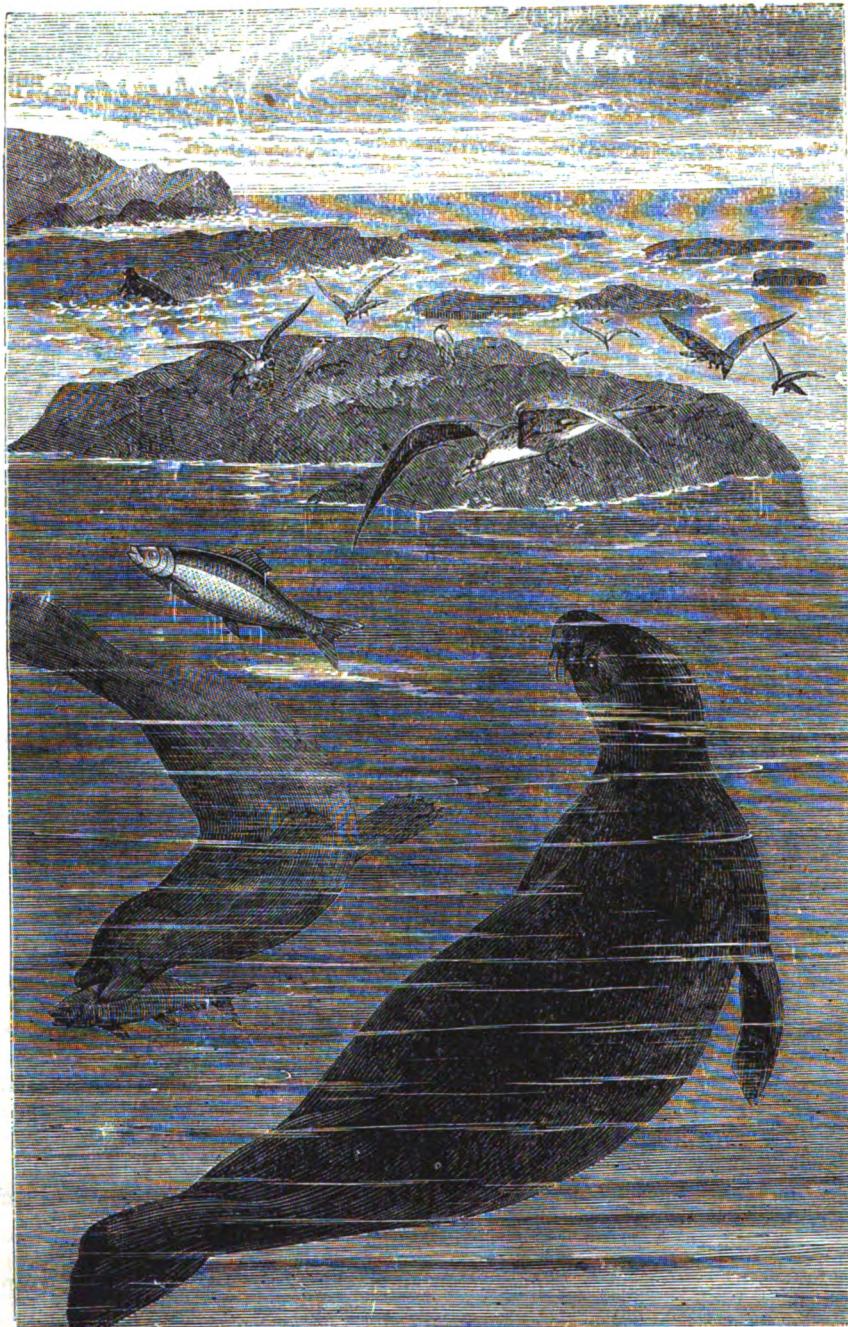
"I am speaking, I think, to Mr. —," said he.

I bowed acquiescence.

"I was in here an hour ago, making some inquiries about a murder which has taken place not far off—saw your name on your baggage, but would not disturb you then. You have not breakfasted, I hope. My name is Welwyn."

I knew the name well—it was that of a high official of the station, and we both belonged to the same service. The result of a short conversation was, that I made the khan-samah a present of my breakfast, and had myself and my baggage removed to the house of my new acquaintance.

Such a charming house it was. Nothing like the dak bungalow, you may be sure. It stood in a garden rich with foliage and flowers. It was of very large size, though it had no upper story, and was surmounted by the usual thatched roof. The rows of open *jilmils* on the two sides presented to view indicated a large amount of interior accommodation, and you could see some of the apartments inside through the *chioks* used to keep out the flies. The front veranda was of enormous size, and peopled by a little colony of servants—chupprassies, bearers, and a couple of ayahs—to say nothing of a native sentry who paced up and down. All rose as we approached and made their salaams, even to a tailor



SEALS CATCHING FISH.—SEE PAGE 215.

who was seated in a corner engaged with some gauzy articles of female costume. It was a very prosperous-looking mansion in every respect; and the impression was completed when we entered the drawing-room, which was luxuriously furnished, adorned everywhere with flowers, and enriched with works of art upon the walls—objects not very common in the upper provinces of India.



THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.—THE THIBETIAN GOAT.

Half reclining on an ottoman was a lady, reading a novel. Such a charming lady! I knew her well by reputation as the beauty of the station—everybody hears of everybody else in India, so that they are in the same presidency. But I was not prepared to find the reputation so well deserved, for ladies are so reverenced among Anglo-Indians that their charms are apt to get exaggerated by description. Not that she was a person to take your admiration by storm. Hers was a pretty little compact style of beauty, and one of her chief charms was a pervading expression of indolence which centered itself in her eyes. But it was the indolence of command, and I soon found that Mrs. Welwyn was thoroughly accustomed to have her own way. She was quite young, I may also remark, and had been only two years in the country.

Her husband presented me in due form, and then hurried away, to make his toilette for breakfast. We were complete friends by the time he returned. I had learned many personal particulars concerning herself, and was placed in possession of a very fair summary of her tastes and opinions; on the other hand, I had imparted as much about myself as to convey a flattering impression, and

had of course mentioned, among other things, that I was on my way home to England.

This gave Mrs. Welwyn an idea. During breakfast she said:

"Charles, as Mr. —— is going home, he can take that shawl for Sophie. She is my favorite sister, and you know I promised her faithfully."

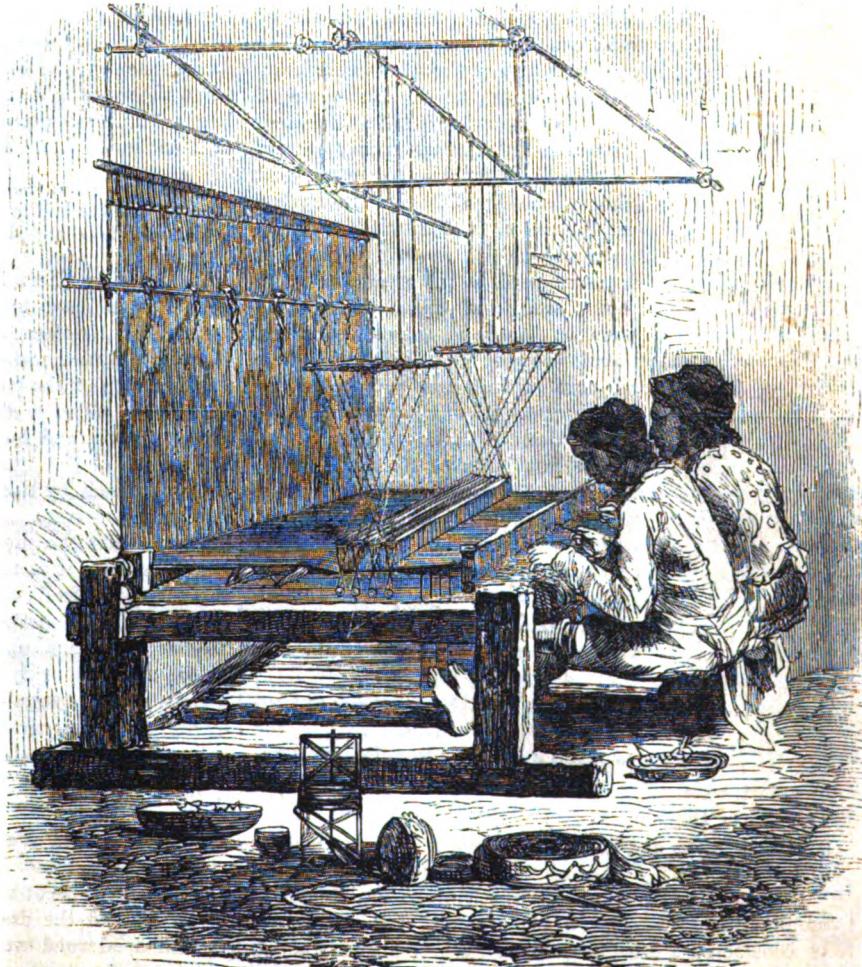
You see this imperious lady did not consider it necessary to request my services.

"That shawl has first to be procured," remarked her husband.

"Oh! that is easy." To a chuprassee who had just brought in a note, "Cashmere ka Kuppra wallah bulao."

"I will see if it is of any use to call him," said her husband; "but I think there is a good man in the bazaar." And he gave some more definite directions to the attendant.

In less than an hour a traveling merchant, well known in the station, made his appearance in the veranda, accompanied by two coolies carrying large bales of



THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.—THE WEAVER AT THE LOOM.

merchandise. A great cloth was spread upon the ground, and upon this his wares were soon unrolled and displayed to the best advantage.

I admired one in which I thought the colors were particularly well harmonized. Mr. Welwyn tossed it aside, saying—

"Oh! that is not of the best kind. You see it is worked upon a plain material, on one side. The woven ones—those that have the pattern and the fabric all woven together—those are the best."

"They are certainly the most expensive," said her husband, dryly; "the best of these will cost three thousand rupees."

The merchant nodded his head.

"Oh! speak in pounds," said the little lady.

"Well, three hundred pounds."

And the merchant explained that if specially ordered they might be made to cost a great deal more, the manufacturers being very complaisant in this respect. But you may get a very good woven shawl for a hundred pounds, and prices range below that. A good worked shawl may be had for as little as twenty pounds.

In the course of the conversation that followed—madame was a long time making her choice—I picked up many particulars concerning Cashmere shawls, which I have verified by subsequent reference to authorities. In the first place, they do not all come from Cashmere. A considerable proportion of this manufacture is now carried on in British territory. Between thirty and forty years ago it was entirely confined to Cashmere. But a terrible famine visited the land, and, in consequence, numbers of the shawl-weavers emigrated to the Punjab, and settled in Umritzur, Nurpur, Dinangar, Tilaknath, Jelapur, and Loodianah, in all of which places the manufacture continues to flourish. The best shawls of Punjab manufacture are made at Umritzur, which is also an emporium of the trade. But none of these can compete with the best shawls made in Cashmere itself. This is partly because the Punjab manufacturers are not able to obtain the finest species of wool, and partly on account of the inferiority of their dyeing, the excellence of which, in Cashmere, is attributed to some chemical peculiarity in the water.

The raw woolen substances used in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls and other articles of dress of the same description are six in number. There is, in the first place, the *Pushum*, or shawl wool, properly so called, which is a downy substance, found next to the skin and below the thick hair of the Thibetian goat. It is of three colors—white, drab, and dark lavender. The best kind is produced in the semi-Chinese provinces of Turfan Kichar, and exported, *via* Yarkand, to Cashmere. All the finest shawls are made of this wool, but as the Maharajah of Cashmere keeps up a strict monopoly of the article, the Punjab shawl-weavers have to be content with an inferior kind of *Pushum*, produced at Chatan. The price of white *Pushum* at Cashmere is from three to four shillings a pound for uncleansed, and from six to seven shillings a pound for cleaned.

Next on the list is the fleece of the Dumba sheep of Caubul and Peshawur. It is used in the manufacture of the finer sorts of chogas—a choga being an outer cloak or robe, with sleeves, worn by Afghans, and other Mohammedans of the western frontier. This is sometimes called *Caubuli Pushum*.

Thirdly, we come to the *walab shaki*, or *Kirmani wool*. This is the wool of sheep found in Kirman, a tract of country in the south of Persia, by the Persian Gulf. It is used for the manufacture of a spurious kind of shawl cloth, and for adulterating the texture of Cashmere shawls.

Next we find the hair of a goat common in Caubul and

Peshawur, called *Put*, from which a texture called *Puttoo* is made.

The wooly hair of the camel supplies the material for a coarser kind of choga.

Lastly, we come to the wool of the country sheep of the plains.

The adulteration of the best wool with that of inferior kinds has been largely practised of late years, and dealers have made many complaints on the subject. One of the worst effects of this adulteration is the shrinking of those portions of the garment in which it is employed after exposure to the action of water. In Cashmere there are severe penal restrictions to the practice; and in our own territory a Company or Guild has been formed to authenticate the genuine articles by means of trade marks, the imitation of which may be punished by law.

For the preparation of the shawl-wool great care is necessary. The first operation is cleaning it. This is generally performed by women. The best kind is cleaned with lime and water, but ordinary wool is shaken up with flour. The next process is that of separating the hair from the pushum. It is a very tedious operation, and the value of the cloth subsequently manufactured varies with the amount of care bestowed upon it. The wool thus cleaned and sorted is spun into thread with the common *churka*, or native spinning machine. This is also a process requiring great care. While *pushmeera* thread of the finest quality will sometimes cost as much as ten to fifteen dollars a pound. The thread is next dyed, and is then ready for the loom.

The spinning, like the cleaning, is principally performed by women, of whom, some years ago, no less than a hundred thousand were said to be employed in this manner. Girls begin at the age of ten. They commence their employment at daybreak, working with but little intermission during the day, and sometimes far into the night—especially when the moonlight enables them to save the expense of oil lamps. This is a prosaic state of existence suggestive rather of Manchester than Cashmere—

"With its roses the brightest the earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave."

In Cashmere there is no ten hours' law, and the "love-lighted eyes" have to hang for very long hours over work for which their owners get poorly paid—albeit the payment is on a regulation scale, and adapted to the mode of life and requirements of the population.

A dealer, called a *Puimrungu*, keeps a shop for the purchase of yarn, and he also sends people to collect it from the houses of the spinners, his emissaries giving notice of their approach by the sound of a bell. The yarn is then sold to the weavers. Having ascertained the pattern most likely to suit the market, the weaver applies to persons whose business it is to apportion the material according to the colors required; and when this is settled he takes it to another, whose function it is to divide it into skeins of the necessary proportions. When thus prepared it is delivered to the *Rungrez*, or dyer. When the body of the cloth is to be left plain the second quality of yarn is alone given to be dyed. This is generally of about the thickness of common cotton sewing thread, is of a coarser quality than the yarn used for the cloth, and is prepared for employment in flowers or other ornaments—which are intended to stand higher, and be, as it were, embossed upon the ground.

The first operation of the dyer is to steep the yarn in cold water. He professes to be able to give it sixty-four tints, most of which are permanent. Each has a separate denomination; thus the crimson is called *Gudanar*, the name of the pomegranate flower. Of this dye the best kind is that derived from cochineal imported from Hindustan; inferior

tints are from lac and chermes; logwood is used for other red dyes. Blues and greens are dyed with indigo, or coloring matter made by boiling down European broad cloth. Logwood and indigo are imported. Carmathus and saffron, which grow in Cashmere, furnish tints of orange, yellow, etc. The whiter and finer the fibre of the wood, and the finer the yarn into which it is made, the more capable is it of receiving a brilliant dye; and this is one reason why the fine white wool of the goat is preferred to that of sheep. The occupation of a dyer, I may here mention, is always hereditary.

The yarn next passes into the hands of a person called the *Nakatu*, who adjusts it for the warp and the weft. That intended for the former is doubled, and is cut into certain lengths, anything short of which is considered fraudulent. The number of these lengths varies from two to three thousand, according to the closeness or openness of the texture proposed, and the fineness or coarseness of the yarn. The weft is made of yarn which is single, but a little thicker than the double yarn or twist of the warp. The weight of the weft is estimated at double that of the warp. The *Nakatu* receives the yarn in hanks, but returns them in balls; he can prepare in one day the warp and weft for two shawls. Next comes a functionary called by the alarming name of the *Pennakunguru* (which merely means warp-dresser), who takes from the weaver the yarn which has been cut and reeled, and, stretching the lengths by means of sticks into a band, of which the threads are slightly separate, dresses the whole by dipping it into thick boiled rice-water. After this the skein is slightly squeezed, and again stretched into a band, which is brushed and suffered to dry. By this process every length becomes stiffened and set apart from the rest.

For the warp on the border of the shawl silk is generally employed; and it has the advantage of showing the darker colors of the dyed wool more prominently than a warp of yarn, as well as hardening and strengthening and giving more body to the edge of the cloth. When the border is very narrow it is woven with the body of the shawl, but when broader it is worked on a different loom, and afterwards sewn to the edge of the shawl by the *Rufugar*, or fine-drawer, with the nicety which belongs to his craft. The silk is twisted for the border warp by a person called the *Tubgar*. By him it is handed to the *Alakabund*, who reels it and cuts it into the proper lengths. The operation of drawing, or passing the yarn through the heddles, is performed in the same manner as in Europe; and the warp is then taken by the *Shal-baf*, or weaver, to the loom. The weavers are all males, and they begin to learn their art at the age of ten years. The loom does not differ in principle from the looms of Europe, but is of inferior workmanship. A large establishment has perhaps three hundred looms, which are generally crowded together in long, low apartments. When the warp is fixed in the loom, the pattern-drawer (I will spare the reader more native names), and persons who determine the proportions of the different colors in the yarn, are again consulted. The first brings the drawing of the pattern in black and white. One of the latter, having carefully considered it, points out the disposition of the colors, beginning at the foot of the pattern; calling out the color, the number of threads to which it is to extend, that by which it is to be followed, and so on in succession, until the whole pattern has been described. From his dictation his companion writes down the particulars in a kind of short-hand, and delivers a copy of the document to the weavers.

The needles—which are without eyes—are made of light smooth wood, and have both their sharp ends slightly charred, to prevent them from becoming rough or jagged through working. They are armed each with colored yarn of about four grains weight, and then the weavers, under proper inspection, knot the yarn of the *tugi* to the warp.

The face of the cloth is placed next to the ground, the work being carried on at the back, on which hang the needles in a row—differing in number from four to fifteen hundred, according to the lightness or heaviness of the embroidery. As soon as the inspector is satisfied that the work of one line or woof is completed, the comb is brought down upon it with a vigor and repetition apparently very disproportionate to the delicacy of the materials.

The shawls, when finished, are submitted to the cleaner, whose business it is to free it from discolored hairs, or yarn, and from ends or knots. Sometimes he pulls these objects out severally with a pair of tweezers; at others he shaves the reverse face of the cloth with a sharp knife; and any defects arising from either operation are at once repaired. At this stage of manufacture the shawls are sent to the collector of the Stamp Duties, by whom an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-six per cent. is levied, and each piece is then stamped and registered. The goods are now handed over to the capitalist, who has advanced money on them to the manufacturer, and to the broker, and these two settle the price and effect the sale to the merchant. The capitalist charges interest on his advances, the broker a commission varying from two to five per cent. The purchaser takes the goods unwashed, and perhaps in pieces, and the fine-drawer and the washerman have still to do their parts. When partly washed the shawls are taken to the merchant, that they may be examined in respect to any holes or imperfections. Should defects occur they are remedied at the expense of the seller; if there are none the washing is completed. This process is performed in clear cold water, soap being used very cautiously to the white parts alone, and never to embroidery. Colored shawls are dried in the shade; white ones are bleached in the open air, and their color is improved by the fumes of sulphur. After being washed the shawls are stretched in a manner in some degree equivalent to calendering. A wooden cylinder, in two parts, is employed for the purpose. The shawl, folded in such a manner as not to be quite so broad as the cylinder is long, is wrapped round it, and occasionally damped, to make the fold tighter. The end is sewn down, and two wedges are then gradually driven between the two parts of the cylinder at the open extremities, so as to force them asunder, the surrounding folds of the shawl being thus stretched to as great an extent as is consistent with its texture. The piece remains in this state for two days, when it is removed to be packed. The packages are of various dimensions, but they are formed on one principle. The shawls are separated by sheets of smooth, glazed, and colored paper, and they are placed between two smooth planks of wood, with exterior transverse, which, projecting beyond the planks, offer a purchase for cords to tie them together. The whole is then placed in a press, or under heavy weights, for some days, when the planks are withdrawn, and the bale is sewn up in strong cloth. Over this a cover of birch-bark is laid, to which is added an envelope of waxed cloth; the whole being sewn up as smoothly and lightly as possible in a raw hide, which, contracting in the course of drying, gives to the contents of the package a remarkable degree of compactness and protection.

The shawl made in the manner described is one of the two kinds manufactured in Cashmere. The other—the worked as distinguished from the woven shawl—is embroidered on the cloth, with needles having eyes, and with a particular kind of woolen thread instead of the silk employed in the other embroidered work. In this shawl the pattern—which is in every case delineated, but which, at the loom, is read off in certain technical terms from a book—is covered with transparent paper, upon which the outlines of the composition are slightly traced with a charcoal twig, the traced lines being permanently defined by means of pricks



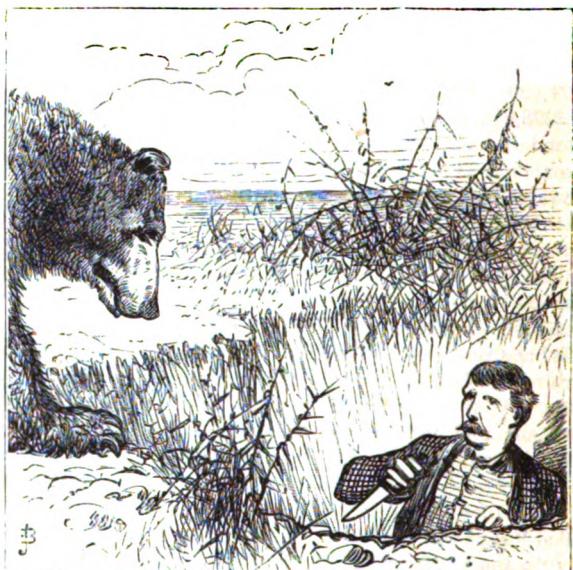
CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—“DISPUTING FURTHER PASSAGE UP THE RAVINE WAS A GRIZZLY BEAR.”—SEE PAGE 222.

from a small needle. The cloth intended to receive the pattern is rabbed strongly upon a smooth plank with a piece of highly-polished agate or cornelian until it is perfectly even and regular. The picked pattern is then stretched upon the cloth, and some fine colored powder, charcoal, or chalk is passed lightly over the paper, and, penetrating the holes, transfers the outline to the cloth underneath. This is next more accurately delineated by some colored powder, rendered tenacious by gum, but readily detached when the work is completed.

The ornaments of shawls are distinguished by different names, as *pala*, *hashia*, *zanjir*, *dhour*, etc., and these are divided into different parts. By the term *pala* is meant the whole of the embroidery at the two ends, or, as they are technically called, the heads of the shawl; the *hashia* is the border, commonly running along the sides; the *zanjir* runs above and also below the principal mass of the *pala*, and, as it were, confines it; the *dhour*, or running ornament, is situated to the inside in regard to the *hashia* and the *zanjir*, enveloping immediately the whole of the field. The *kum-butha* is a corner ornament, or clustering of flowers; the

mattan is the decorated part of the field or ground. *Butha* is the generic term for flowers, but it is specifically applied when used alone to the large cone-like ornament which forms the most prominent feature of the *pala*—that which is familiarly known in England as “shawl pattern.”

Cashmere shawls are of more than one shape. There are the *doshallas*, or long shawls, which are the most esteemed. They are invariably manufactured and sold in pairs. They vary greatly according to the richness of the patterns, all of which are distinctly named, and according to the colors, of which the dyers profess to make upwards of fifty tints. Fine long shawls, with plain fields of handsome patterns, are procurable at about a hundred and twenty pounds a pair, and full-flowered at about a hundred and fifty. The *kussabas*, or square shawls, are more suited to the taste of Europeans, and are made and sold singly. They are also called *roomals*, the loom manufactured being known as *kamee roomal*, and the needle-embroidered as the *unlee roomal*. *Jamewars* form the third great class. They are handsome, striped, loom-wrought fabrics, of rich patterns, of which the French striped colored muslins are printed imitations. The fourth class is called *ulwan*. This is a plain shawl-wool



CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—“GRASPING MY KNIFE WITH THE ENERGY OF DESPAIR, I SPRANG UPON THE FEARFUL BRUTE.”

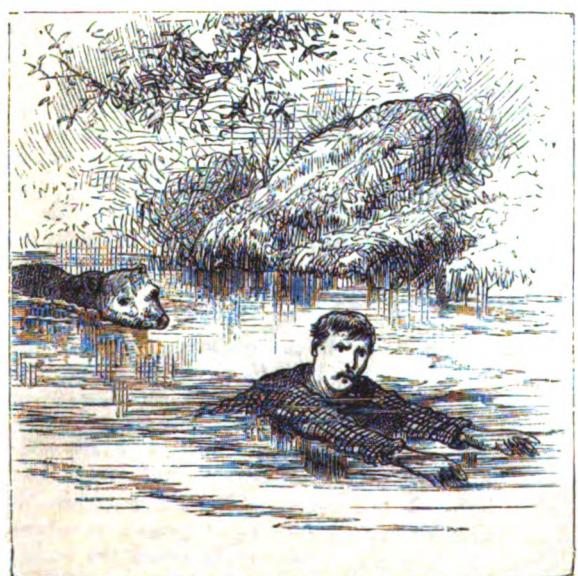
cloth, woven without flower or ornament. It forms the centre portion of shawls, and is also used for turbans and girdles.

I have already alluded to the cost of Cashmere shawls, but it may be here mentioned that the price of a woven shawl weighing seven pounds, fetching £300 on the spot, may be accounted for in this manner:

Cost of material, including thread	£30
Wages of labor	100
Miscellaneous expenses	50
Duty	70
	£250

The other fifty pounds, it may be presumed, is to be accounted for between the middle man and the merchant.

The demand for the manufacture is necessarily very great in India, where shawls are so largely employed for presents, not only among native chiefs, but by the British Government. It seems, however, according to the latest returns, that the demand has been falling off of late years in Europe. Thus we find that in the year 1850-51 the value of the shawls imported into the United Kingdom was £134,738. In 1856-57 it had risen to £227,907; but in the following



CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—“WITH STRONG, LUSTY STROKES I STRUCK OUT FOR THE OPPOSITE BANK.”



CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—“WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED, I FOUND MYSELF SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE GRIZZLY.”—SEE PAGE 222.

year (that succeeding the Mutinies) it had fallen off to £171,529. There was a reaction in 1858–59, when it rose to £228,812, but in 1865, the latest date to which the returns extend, it had fallen to £142,916. France appears to have taken only £9 worth of the manufacture in 1850–51; but the value has gradually increased, and in 1864–65 we find it reaching £77,582. The exportations to other countries do not suggest remark, except as regards America. In 1863 the United States took £1,447 worth of shawls; in the following year she took only £27 worth. In 1864–65 the amount rose to £3,148—thanks to shoddy and petroleum.

It has already been mentioned that a similar kind of manufacture to that of Cashmere is conducted in some other parts. Thus in Delhi shawls are made of *pushmea*, worked with silk and embroidered with gold lace. A very delicate shawl is made of the wool of a sheep found in the neighborhood of Ladak and Kulu. The best wool is procurable in a village called Rampur, on the Sutlej; hence the fabric is called “Rampur chudda.” This shawl (*chudda* means literally “a sheet”) is of so delicate a texture that even though thick and warm, and of full size, it may be drawn through a finger-ring.

It will be seen from the preceding description of the wool employed in the manufacture of the true Cashmere shawl considerable importance is attached to the fact that it should in all cases consist of the down called *pushum*; but the preference given to the goat-wool does not seem to be merely on account of its superior fineness. These *downs* act as a protection from the intense cold; and it is probable that all the hair-bearing animals in the same regions possess them to some extent. The yak and camel, and even the shepherd’s dog, certainly do; and the down of the two former is often found to be quite as fine as that of the shawl-goat itself. Again, the beautifully fine sheep’s wool of which the Rampur chudder is said to be made frequently equals in softness that of the goat. The preference given to the latter has probably a great deal to do with its reception of dyes. The down—at any rate as far as the goat is concerned—is taken from the animal when alive, the outer hair being sheared off and the down then removed. The operation is performed in the warm weather, when the down becomes loosened, and the animals themselves, finding it an incumbrance, help to get rid of it by means of their horns, or by rubbing themselves against trees, etc.

A great many of the above facts were discussed during our examination of the shawl merchant’s wares in my friend’s

veranda, the servants looking on with a keen interest in the proceedings; for when once the dealer was satisfied they would not fail to claim their *dustoor*, or little commission on their master’s purchase. Fortunately for them this was a transaction to the extent of £300, for Mrs. Welwyn would have nothing but the best article, and Welwyn was evidently not the man to deny her. He gave an order for the money like a hero, and the man departed with many salaams. Welwyn, by the way, might easily have obtained such a shawl as a gift from any of the neighboring chiefs, but Government servants are forbidden to receive presents of any kind, which their ladies naturally consider a great hardship. Upon state occasions, when courtesy demands the reception of presents, they are all paid in by the recipients, like so much money, to the Government treasury.

Welwyn had been in Cashmere, and agreed with other critics of the country in *not* going to the lengths of laudation arrived at by the author of “*Lalla Rookh*.” “It is very fortunate,” said he, “that Moore never visited the country, or we should never have had the poem. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful, and the climate one of the most delicious on the face of the earth; but I confess I have never seen the extraordinary beauty of the women—it may be for the reason that applies to India generally, that the best-looking ladies are taken too much care of to be allowed to appear in public. Victor Jaquemont, you may remember, calls Moore ‘a perfumer and a liar to boot,’ and he could see no beauty in the ladies, nor even in the shawls. But Jaquemont, with all his abilities, had the weakness of never praising what was praised by other people. He liked to invent his own objects of adoration. In one of his letters he tells us that he found ‘celestial happiness’ in a bunch of rhubarb. Vigine, on the other hand, declares that the beauty of the Cashmere women has not been at all overstated. They are, he says, of course deficient in the graces and fascinations derivable from cultivation and accomplishments; but for more uneducated eyes he knows none, he says, that surpass those of Cashmere.”

In the course of conversation Mrs. Welwyn—who took rather a lady-like view of politics—suggested that as Cashmere is such a charming place the English Government ought to take it.

“It would be so nice,” she added. “Why, shawls would come to us quite naturally.”

The consequence assumed by my delightful friend is not indisputable; but there are a great many people in India



CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—“I BREATHED A HASTY PRAYER, AND COMMITTED MYSELF TO THE SWIFT-RUNNING STREAM.”

who regret that Lord Dalhousie's aggressions did not extend to the land of the "love-lighted eyes." It is not more wrong to take a pretty country than an ugly one, and "Annexander the Great," as Lord Dalhousie used to be called, might possibly have found as good an excuse in the case of Cashmere as he found in some other cases. But there were certain difficulties in the way. In 1846, after the submission of Gholab Singh, and the British occupation of the Punjab, a million and a half pounds sterling was demanded as an indemnity for the expenses of the campaign. The Sikh treasury could not furnish that sum according to agreement, and Sir Henry Hardinge proclaimed Cashmere as annexed by way of a substitute. But Gholab Singh offered to purchase the country of the British Government for a million pounds sterling, and the offer was accepted, the sovereignty being guaranteed to Gholab Singh and his heirs forever. Its annexation would, therefore, in the present day, be attended by some conscientious difficulties, though there are not wanting a few ardent politicians who incline to such a course. The ruler, however, acknowledges the supremacy of the British, and in token thereof presents the Government annually with a tribute consisting of one horse, twelve perfect shawl-goats of approved breed (six male and six female), and three pairs of Cashmere shawls. So there is a chance, supposing that the Maharajah or any of his "heirs forever" should prove refractory, that the paramount power may step in, and that we shall find an opportunity of testing the soundness of Mrs. Welwyn's idea as to "shawls coming naturally," and have the "love-lighted eyes," whatever they may be worth, all to ourselves at any rate.

I have a word more to say about the shawl that has led to the diffusion of so much useful knowledge. I took it home to England, delivered it in person, and brought it back to India with a young lady inside it. That shawl is now my own property; for the lady cannot, according to the law of England, hold any earthly possession in her own right, except some little things that I have settled upon her, as the British Government did Cashmere upon Gholab Singh. I am the paramount power, but she has her own claims as far as these are concerned. The fact is that the shawl was such an excellent introduction to the young lady that she took an immediate interest in me; and I would advise anybody who wishes to acquire personal property in female form to spend three hundred pounds upon the purchase of a Cashmere shawl. The consequence was natural. If the unmarried had been only as nice as the married sister I should have been content; but—well I will not go into particulars. I will simply say that the Cashmere shawl in question made me a happy man. I have reason to believe that Cashmere is properly pronounced Cushmere, and, if spelt according to a recognized system as regards Roman characters, should be written "Kushmir." Never mind. The name sounds ugly, looks ugly, and would never have suited the author of "Lalla Rookh." But they may call the country and the shawl anything they please. What's in a name? Cashmere with any other name would have just as many roses; and its shawls, if called by worse names than *roomals*, would shelter just as pleasant persons—persons with advantages superior, it may be, even to those of that charming Mrs. Welwyn, who is just a little too dictatorial, but whom I have now the privilege, as a brother-in-law, of bullying at my own leisure.

THE heart is, perhaps, never so sensible of happiness as after a short separation from the object of its affections. If that separation has been attended with peculiar circumstances of distress or anger, every misery that has been experienced tends, by the force of contrast, to increase the emotions of delight, and gives to the pleasure of reunion an inexpressible degree of tenderness.

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.

NUMBER of years ago the vessel to which I was attached had occasion to put into Newport. During our stay at that noted resort the greater portion of our mess visited the officers at the fort.

Among the gentlemen who had bid farewell to cadet gray for army blue was a Lieutenant Johnson. There was nothing particularly remarkable about the young man, unless it was the strange network of scars disfiguring, in a terrible manner, his face.

Upon inquiry, I found that the unfortunate lieutenant owed his disfigurement to a severe encounter with a grizzly bear. I determined to ascertain the particulars, if possible, and an opportunity soon occurred. It was during a hop given by the gentlemen of the vessel, and while all was mirth and jollity on spar-deck, Johnson and myself stowed ourselves away in a quiet nook of the ward-room, when my army friend, without the least hesitation, reeled off his yarn as follows:

When I graduated from West Point, I could boast of a fair share of good looks. I could not complain of lack of favors from the fair sex then, but now, alas! they seldom trouble me.

My first order from the department consigned me to duty in the Far West, and the fort at Council Bluffs was destined to take the gloss off of my new regulation uniform.

I had not been there but a short time before my curiosity was aroused by the glowing accounts of the abundance of game of all kinds roaming in countless numbers over the great prairie.

Armed with a rifle and bowie-knife, I galloped forth one morning, determined to seek for sport and honors pertaining to the chase independent of my comrades or numerous scouts attached to the garrison. I rode at full gallop out on to the prairie, and to my no small satisfaction succeeded in starting from cover a noble buck. With enormous bounds the beautiful animal started across the prairie, while I, rifle in rest, followed at full speed.

The motion of my horse, and the uncertain movements of the flying deer, rendered it impossible for me to use the weapon with any hope of success.

The chase was a long and arduous one, ending in the animal cleverly giving me the slip.

My appetite was wonderfully sharpened by the gallop I had taken, and at Meridian I was ready to eat anything in the shape of food. I succeeded in knocking over a brace of fine prairie hens, which were quickly prepared for dinner. Quantities of dry grass and decayed matter abounded, furnishing ample facilities for making a fire.

My horse was securely staked by long trail-rope, the animal sniffing the air with a contented sort of whinnying as the savory scent of the fat fowls floated around him.

Near by was a large ravine or gully, through which rushed a foaming, hurrying watercourse. Along the banks were sundry pieces of wood and remains of trees, that would serve to feed my fire in place of the grass that burned quickly.

The passage leading to the watercourse descended abruptly, the sides of which towered above my head, smooth and inaccessible as though walled in with glass. Down this passage I picked my way over the *débris* of rock and trees, filling my arms with wood until I had obtained a sufficient quantity for my purpose.

I was returning up the gorge, my mouth watering in anticipation of the fat hens browning over the fire, when my eyes fell upon an object that drove all thoughts of cookery out of



my head, and sent a thrill of terror to my heart. That object confronting me, disputing further passage up the ravine, was a grizzly bear, the most dreaded of all creatures that inhabit the prairie. He was one of the largest of his kind, but it was not so much his size that filled me with fear as the knowledge of his fierce nature.

The huge brute, with his large yellow eyes, white gleaming teeth, long curving claws, and shaggy hide, advanced a step or two on all-fours, then reared himself up, and stood on his hind legs. He made a snorting sort of noise, not unlike the blowing of hogs when suddenly startled.

There he stood, glaring at me, rubbing his head with his fore-paws, as if deliberating whether to attack me or not. It was improbable to suppose that he would not attack me, for in nine cases out of ten the grizzly is the assailant.

Many Indians and hunters avoid this king of the prairies, unless mounted upon good, reliable horses. If I could only have regained my steed, I would have laughed at the rage of the animal, as a grizzly cannot begin to compete in speed with a horse.

But then I was surrounded by the steep sides of the gully, with the bear in front of me, and the watercourse, which emptied into the Mississippi, in my rear. My rifle I had left by the fire, so that I had nothing with me save a bowie-knife with which to risk an encounter with a brute gifted with wonderful powers of tenacity of life.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to retreat, which I did very quickly, you may depend. The wood dropped mechanically from my arms, and, turning, I made the best of my way over the numerous obstacles to the river. The grizzly, as if startled into sudden action by the decided course I had taken, followed suit by dropping upon all-fours, uttering a savage roar as he rushed after me with open mouth.

Glancing over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of his great gaunt form, eyes flashing fire, while large specks of foam, dropped from his red, ugly mouth.

It was sufficient to accelerate my pace, and, reaching the bank of the stream, I leaped into the waters with a feeling of desperation. Whether the brute would follow me or not was a question yet to be decided.

With strong, lusty strokes, I struck out for the opposite bank, with no well-defined plan of escape formed in my mind.

A loud splash, followed by the disagreeable snorting, proved that the grizzly was not disposed to give up his prey so easily. The water had no fears for him.

The current was strong, sweeping me down stream at a rapid pace. A sudden thought struck me. Perhaps if I could dive, swim under water with the current, I might throw the ferocious beast off the track. I proceeded to put the plan in operation at once.

Glancing down-stream, I perceived, to my great joy, that the watercourse took a sharp turn to the right. By a little extra exertion I might succeed in gaining the friendly bank, whose sides sloped more gradually to the water.

With a slight effort I sank beneath the surface, swimming with ease and renewed confidence.

The grizzly, at the time of my disappearance, was some rods in my rear, I having gained an advantage while the brute stood hesitating for a moment about making the final plunge.

Borne swiftly on by the current, I soon struck shoal water. Emerging from the muddy stream, I stumbled on, gasping for breath, dashing the water from my eyes.

Without venturing to glance behind me, I scrambled up the steep sides of the bank, hauling myself over the hedge of the crumbling mass by means of a friendly twig.

Then it was I found both time and courage to look after the whereabouts of my terrible foe. Imagine my terror—

my utter consternation—when I beheld the shaggy monster just scrambling from the water, having gained the identical point of land upon which I had found a footing.

There was but one chance left by which I could hope to evade the cunning of my ferocious pursuer. It was to gain my horse, which I could perceive out on the level prairie, quietly browsing, as I had left him.

I was always accounted a fleet runner, and you may depend that I exerted myself to the utmost on that particular occasion. Every muscle and nerve, all my energy and strength, I put forth, for I was well aware that my life was at stake.

Whether I would have succeeded or not in reaching the friendly back of my horse has always been a question in my mind, but an accident occurred that placed an entirely different aspect on the chance of that race for life.

My eyes were fastened upon one object as I bounded over the prairie, and that object was my horse. Had I been cooler, more self-possessed, the finale of the affair might have been less disastrous to me. But my feet scarcely touched the soft, spongy earth, spurred on as I was by the incentive for life and an escape from a horrible death, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, I felt myself falling; I lost my balance, grasping wildly at random as I strove to recover myself.

Amid the falling of earth and pebbles, I brought up with a severe shock on the bottom of a sinkhole, common on all our prairies. It was a deep, funnel-shaped pit, formed by the settling of water after heavy rains.

I had scarcely recovered my breath and self-possession, when I became aware that the determined grizzly had scented me out. He was snuffing about the edge of the trap, probably trying to find some method to descend.

Digging his long, curving claws into the sides of the pit, I watched the bear descend with a slow, deliberate motion.

There was no help for it. Fate was against me, and it was my life against his. I had nothing but my bowie-knife upon which to rely; though, fortunately for me, I had sustained no injury from the fall.

Grasping my knife with the energy of despair, I sprang upon the fearful brute, forcing the combat to an issue at once.

I struck out before me, but the next moment I felt myself grappled and held fast. The sharp claws tore up my flesh in strips, his teeth lacerated my face, while his hot, fetid breath, blown full in my mouth, nearly strangled me. One paw was quickly shifted to my hip, while the other rested on, or rather was sunk into, my shoulder. But my knife-arm was free, and, with the strength of a desperate man, I plunged the keen blade between the ribs of my antagonist, searching for the heart at every stab.

We rolled on the ground over and over, covered with blood, gore, and dirt. My eyes were becoming filled with the warm life-current, while my right arm began to grow heavy and stiff.

I was losing my strength, and, summoning all my failing powers, I redoubled the blows of my knife.

His teeth met in my quivering flesh, the long, gleaming claws dug into my body, while his life-blood spurted in torrents over me. It was about the last that I remember of the combat. From loss of blood and excessive pain I fainted.

Thanks to a strong constitution, I revived; but how long I had been insensible is more than I can say.

When my consciousness returned I found myself lying side by side with the grizzly. He was cold in death, and a fearful struggle it had cost me.

As well as I was able, I cut pieces of flesh from the bear's body, sucking the blood for strength and nourishment.

My wounds, though numerous, did not prove serious, and



THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATTERHORN.—THE SUMMIT GAINED.—SEE PAGE 226.



THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATTERHORN.—THE BREAKING OF THE ROPE.—SEE PAGE 226.

I bound them up, using the tattered remains of my clothes for bandages. Of course, I did not do all in an hour or a day. No, I was too far gone for that.

Two days I lay beside the carcass of that grizzly, cutting meat off his ribs, and eating it raw, before I regained sufficient strength to drag myself up from the bottom of the pit.

As I reached the surface of the prairie, I staggered painfully to my feet, but the pain was too great. I could not use my limbs.

One glance sufficed for me to ascertain the fact that my horse had broken his trail-rope, and had disappeared. In all probability he had been devoured by the wolves that roam over the prairie in vast numbers. But, as it afterward proved, the animal, by some means, had broken away from his fastenings, and galloped back to the fort, which was the first intimation my comrades had of any mishap having happened to me.

Although they started out in search of me, it was a forlorn hope. The old trail had become obliterated, and they were forced to return without having found a trace by which my fate could be determined.

In the meantime I had not been idle. Slowly and painfully I dragged myself along over the prairie, grasping tufts of grass and tough weeds, making the best of my way toward the bank of the watercourse.

The meat of the bear had infused new life and courage to my shrunken veins. I could think as well as ever, but was almost powerless to act.

I had made up my mind that whatever was done I must do myself, without hope of aid from any one except the Almighty, and I had formed the somewhat desperate plan of attempting an escape from my perilous position by means of the watercourse, which I knew full well mingled with the muddy currents of the mighty Mississippi river.

I am afraid my story will weary you. I did not intend to detain you so long with the details; but somehow I never tire of relating it. I will be brief, however.

I gained the side of the stream, and found the trunk of an old tree, which I finally succeeded in launching after considerable difficulty.

Binding myself on it as well as possible, I breathed a hasty prayer, and committed myself to the mercy of the swift-running stream.

Rapidly I was borne on, at times whirling about in eddying circles, as I came in contact with strong counter currents, but my course, as a general thing, was almost straightforward.

I made good time on my old craft, which carried me safely on to the bottom of the great river. Then I felt as if deliverance was close at hand.

Soon the fort, with its old, familiar flagstaff, and the high, commanding bluffs on the opposite side of the river, came in sight. With all the strength at my command, I shouted for assistance. My outcries attracted the attention of a sentinel on duty, who waved his cap in token of recognition.

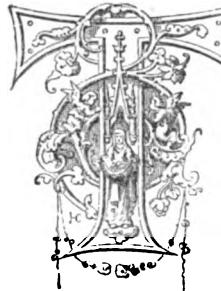
Soon after I had the satisfaction of seeing a canoe pulling off to my aid, and my adventure with the grizzly was brought to a close.

The injuries I had received confined me to my quarters for some time. When I did recover, it was with the scars you see on my face, and numerous others on my body. My beauty, if ever I had any, was completely effaced by the claws of that grizzly, but my heart is as warm as ever. I can honor a friend, and admire a good action.

But, come, the company is breaking up, and I must say good-night. When an opportunity occurs, come over to the fort and see me. You will always find a warm welcome.

CIRCUMSTANCES are the rulers of the weak; but they are the instruments of the wise.

Whymper's Account of the Tragedy of the Matterhorn, in July, 1865.



THE Matterhorn, or Monte Cervino, one of the mountains in the Pennine Alps, between the canton of Valais, Switzerland, and the Val d'Aosta, Italy, is one of the grandest mountain peaks in the world, towering 14,835 feet in height. The pass of Monte Cervino, practicable in Summer for mules and horses, is 11,000 feet high, but the summit was long deemed unscalable. In 1858 and 1859 attempts were made and the Chimney was reached. In the ensuing year English parties reached higher points, and at last a party was organized to reach the summit.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th of July, 1865, Lord Francis Douglas and myself crossed the Col Théodule, to seek guides at Zermatt. After quitting the snow on the northern side we rounded the foot of the glacier, crossing the Furgge Glacier, and left my tent, ropes, and other matters in the little chapel at the Lac Noir. We then descended to Zermatt, engaged Peter Taugwalder, and gave him permission to choose another guide. In the course of the evening the Rev. Charles Hudson came into our hotel with a friend, Mr. Hadow; and they, in answer to some inquiries, announced their intention of starting to attempt the Matterhorn on the following morning. Lord Francis Douglas agreed with me that it was undesirable that two independent parties should be on the mountain at the same time, and with the same object. Mr. Hudson was therefore invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal. Before admitting Mr. Hadow I took the precaution to inquire what he had done in the Alps; and, as well as I can remember, Mr. Hudson's reply was, "Mr. Hadow has done the Mont Blanc in less time than most men." He then mentioned several other excursions that were then unknown to me, and added, in answer to a further question, "I consider he is a sufficiently good man to go with us." This was an excellent certificate, given as it was by a first-rate mountaineer, and Mr. Hadow was admitted without any further question.

We then went into the matter of guides. Michael Croz was with Messrs. Hadow and Hudson; and the latter thought if Peter Taugwalder went as well that there would not be occasion for any one else. The question was then referred to the men themselves, and they made no objection.

We left Zermatt at 5.35 on Thursday morning, taking the two young Taugwalders as porters by desire of their father. They carried provisions amply sufficient for the whole party for three days, in case the ascent should prove more difficult than we anticipated. No rope was taken from Zermatt, because there was already more than enough in the chapel at the Lac Noir. It has repeatedly been asked, "Why was not the wire rope taken which Mr. Hudson brought to Zermatt?" I do not know; it was not mentioned by Mr. Hudson, and at that time I had not even seen it. My rope alone was used during the expedition, and there was, first, about 200 feet of Alpine Club rope; second, about 150 feet of a kind I believe to be stronger than the first; third, more than 200 feet of a lighter and weaker rope than the first, of a kind used by myself until the club rope was produced.

It was our intention on leaving Zermatt to attack the mountain seriously—not as it has been frequently stated, to explore or examine it—and we were provided with everything that long experience has shown to be necessary for the most difficult mountains. On the first day, however, we did not intend to ascend to any great height, but to stop when we found a good position for placing the tent.

We mounted accordingly very leisurely, left the Lac Noir at 8:20, and passed along the ridge connecting the Hornli with the actual peak, at the foot of which we arrived at 11:30, having frequently halted on the way. We then quitted the ridge, went to the left, and ascended by the northeastern face of the mountain. Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of 11,000 feet; but Croz and the elder of Taugwalder's sons went on to look what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. The remainder constructed the platform on which the tent was to be placed, and by the time this was finished the two men returned, reported joyfully that as far as they had gone they had seen nothing but that which was good, and asserted positively, that had we gone on with them that day we could have ascended the mountain, and have returned to the tent with facility. We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting, and when the sun went down (giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow) we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, myself coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket bag; the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas, and myself, occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. But long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter, and with the songs of the guides; for we were happy that night in camp, and did not dream of calamity.

We were astir long before daybreak, on the morning of the 14th, and started as soon as it was possible to move, leaving the youngest of Taugwalder's sons behind. At 6:20 we had attained a height of 12,800 feet, and halted for half-an-hour, then continued the ascent without a break until 9:55, when we stopped for fifty minutes, at a height probably of 14,000 feet. Thus far we had ascended by the northeastern face of the mountain, and had not met with a single difficulty. For the greater part of the way there was, indeed, no occasion for the rope; and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. We had now arrived at the foot of that part which from Zermatt seems perpendicular and overhanging, and we could no longer continue on the same side. By common consent, therefore, we ascended for some distance by the *arête*—that is, by the ridge descending towards Zermatt—and then turned over to the right, or to the northwestern face.

Before doing so, we made a change in the order of descent; Croz now went first, I followed, Hudson came third, Hadow and old Taugwalder were last. The change was made because the work became difficult for a time and required caution. In some places there was but little to hold, and it was therefore desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was less than forty degrees, and snow had consequently accumulated, and filled up the irregularities of the rock face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times coated with a thin glaze of ice, from the snow above having melted and frozen again during the night, still it was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety. We found, however, that Mr. Hadow was not accustomed to this kind of work, and required continual assistance; but no one suggested that he should stop, and he was taken to the top. It is only fair to say that the difficulty experienced by Mr. Hadow at this part arose, not from fatigue or lack of courage, but simply and entirely from want of experience. Mr. Hudson, who followed me, passed over this part, and, as far as I know, ascended the entire mountain without having the slightest assistance rendered to him on any occasion. Sometimes, after I had taken a hand from Croz or received a pull, I turned to give the same to Hudson; but he invariably declined, saying it was not necessary.

This solitary difficult part was of no great extent, certainly not more than 300 feet high; and after it was passed the angles became less and less as we approached the summit; and at length the slope was so moderate that Croz and myself detached ourselves from the others, and ran on to the top. We arrived at 1:40 p. m., the others about ten minutes after us.

I have been requested to describe particularly the state of the party on the summit. No one showed any signs of fatigue, neither did I hear anything to lead me to suppose that any one was at all tired. I remember Croz laughing at me when I asked him the question. Indeed, less than ten hours had elapsed since our starting, and during that time we had halted for nearly two; the only remark which I heard suggestive of danger was made by Croz; but it was quite casual, and probably meant nothing.

He said, after I had remarked that we had come up very slowly, "Yes; I would rather go down with you and another guide alone than with those who are going."

As to ourselves, we were arranging what we should do that night on our return to Zermatt.

We remained on the summit for one hour, and during the time Hudson and I consulted, as we had done all the day, as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first, as he was the most powerful, and Hadow second; Hudson, who was equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Taugwalder, the strongest of the remainder, behind him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done.

The party was being arranged in the above order while I was making a sketch of the summit, and they were waiting for me to be tied in my place, when some one remembered that we had not left our names in a bottle; and they requested me to write them, and moved off while it was being done. A few minutes afterwards I tied myself to young Taugwalder and followed, catching them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part described above. The greatest care was being taken. Only one man moving at a time; when he was firmly planted, the next advanced, and so on. The average distance between each was probably twenty feet. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to the rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was made entirely on account of Mr. Hadow, and I am not sure even if it ever occurred to me again.

I was, as I have explained, detached from the others, and following them; but after about a quarter of an hour Lord F. Douglas asked me to tie on to old Taugwalder, as he feared, he said, that if there were slips Taugwalder would not be able to hold him. This was done hardly ten minutes before the accident, and undoubtedly saved Taugwalder's precious life.

As far as I know, at the moment of the accident, no one was actually moving. I cannot speak with certainty, neither can the Taugwalders, because the two leading men were partially hidden from our sight by an intervening mass of rock. Poor Croz had laid aside his ax, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. From the movements of their shoulders, it is my belief that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell on him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and

Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment; but immediately we heard Croz's exclamation Taugwalder and myself planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; *the rope was tight between us, and the shock came on us both, as on one man.* We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas. For two or three seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavoring to save themselves; they then disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

For the space of half-an-hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralyzed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Immediately we had descended to a safe place I called for the rope that had broken, and to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—found that it was the weakest of the three ropes. As the first five men had been tied while I was sketching, I had not noticed the rope they employed, and now I could only conclude that they had seen fit to use this in preference to the others. It has been stated that the rope broke in consequence of its fraying over a rock; this is not the case; it broke in mid-air, and the end does not show any trace of previous injury.

For more than two hours afterwards I thought every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from one or the other at any moment. I do the younger man, moreover, no injustice when I say that immediately when we got to the easy part of the descent he was able to laugh, smoke, and eat, as if nothing had happened. There is no occasion to say more of the descent. I looked frequently, but in vain, for traces of my unfortunate companions; and we were, in consequence, surprised by the night when still at a height of about 13,000 feet. We arrived at Zermatt at 10:30, on Saturday morning.

Immediately on my arrival I sent to the President of the Commune, and requested him to send as many men as possible to ascend heights whence the spot could be commanded where I knew the four must have fallen. A number went and returned after six hours, reporting that they had seen them, but that they could not reach them that day. They proposed starting on Sunday evening so as to reach the bodies at daybreak on Monday; but unwilling to lose the slightest chance, the Rev. J. McCormick and myself resolved to start on Sunday morning. The guides of Zermatt, being threatened with excommunication if they did not attend the early mass, were unable to accompany us. To several, at least, I am sure this was a severe trial; for they assured me with tears that nothing but what I have stated would have prevented them from going. The Rev. J. Robertson and Mr. J. Phillipps, of Rugby, however, not only lent us their guide, Franz Andermatt, but also accompanied us themselves. Mr. Puller lent us the brothers Lochmatter; F. Payot and J. Tairraz, of Chamounix, also volunteered.

We started with these at 2 a. m. on Sunday, and followed the route we had taken on Thursday morning until we had passed the Hornli, when we went down to the right of the ridge and mounted through the *seracs* of the Matterhorn glacier. By 8:30 we had got on to the plateau at the top, and within sight of the corner in which we knew my companions must be. As we saw one weather-beaten man after another raise the telescope, turn deadly pale, and pass it on without a word to the next, we knew that all hope was gone. We approached; they had fallen below as they had fallen above—Croz a little in advance, Hadow near him, and Hud-

son some distance behind; but of Lord F. Douglas we could see nothing. To my astonishment, I saw that all of the three had been tied with the Club or with the second and equally strong rope, and consequently there was only one link, that between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas, in which the weaker rope had been used.

It is quite unnecessary to enter into the detail of the subsequent very difficult and mournful proceedings. The orders from the Government of the Valais to bring the bodies down were so positive, that four days after the sad events I have just related twenty-one guides accomplished that sad task. The thanks of all Englishmen were due to these brave men, for it was a work of no little difficulty and of great danger. Of the body of Lord F. Douglas they, too, saw nothing; it is probably arrested in the rocks above. No one can mourn his loss more deeply or more sincerely than myself. Although young, he was a most accomplished mountaineer, hardly ever required assistance, and did not make a single slip throughout the day. He had only a few days before we met made the ascent of the Gabelhorn—a summit considerably more difficult, I believe, to reach than the Matterhorn itself.

I was detained in Zermatt until the 22d of July, to await the inquiry instituted by the Government. I was examined first, and at the close I handed in to the court a number of questions which I desired should be put to the older Taugwalder; doing so because that which I had found out respecting the ropes was by no means satisfactory to me. The questions, I was told, were put and answered before I left Zermatt; but I was not allowed to be present at the inquiry, and the answers, although promised, have not yet reached me.

This, sir, is the end of this sad story. A single slip, or a single false step, has been the sole cause of this frightful calamity, and has brought about misery never to be forgotten. I have only one observation to offer upon it. If the rope had not broken you would not have received this letter, for we could not possibly have held the four men, falling as they did, all at the same time, and with a single jerk. But, at the same time, it is my belief no accident would have happened had the rope between those who fell been as tight, or nearly as tight, as it was between Taugwalder and myself. The rope, when used properly, is a great safeguard; but whether on rocks, or whether on snow or glacier, if two men approach each other so that the rope falls in a loop, the whole party is involved in danger, for should one slip or fall he may acquire, before he is stopped, a momentum that may drag down one man after another and bring destruction on all; but, if the rope is tight, this is all but impossible.

HAGER.

BUT you are changed past belief. Why, you great, black-browed foreigner, how will Geraldine ever recognize you, and what will she say when she sees you, directly?"

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Sir Cecil Monckton, turning suddenly toward his sister. "Is she really with you?"

"Of course she is," answered Lady Calderwood. "She came before we received the letters announcing your intended return, however; and it was very fortunate that she did—was it not?"

"Yes; but where is she now?"

"Riding," said her ladyship, curtly.

"Alone?"

"Oh yes. The fact is, we did not expect you for several days yet. Cecil, my darling brother, I am overjoyed to see you."

Sir Cecil bent down and kissed the dear little woman in pink.



HAGER.—“ HAGER LEE STOOD BEFORE THE IMMACULATE GENTLEMAN WHO HAD TAKEN UPON HIMSELF THE DUTIES OF ACCUSER AND JUDGE.”

“ You are the same good Charlotte of old,” said he, tenderly—“ the same warm-hearted Charlotte.”

“ Certainly I am, you poor boy.”

“ So Geraldine is here, is she? Who else is with you?”

“ No one—not even my husband. He is on the Continent, and will be absent for several months. But you, Cecil—you will not leave home again?”

“ Oh no; I have had quite enough of heathen lands. I shall settle down now.”

“ That is, you will marry Geraldine, and throw open the old Hall once more.”

“ Yes; for since the woman I love will not, for my sake,

become a wanderer on the face of the earth, why, I can do no less than come to her, and let all business matters take care of themselves.”

“ I am glad to hear that—those stupid affairs have kept you from us quite long enough, and I——”

“ Where is Lucy?”

“ Lucy? Oh, Lucy Oswald! Now, that is too bad, Cecil! She is with some friends in Devonshire. She was obliged to go, but she charged me to say a thousand things to you for her. She was really provoked to think that she could not be here to welcome you.”

“ There was no need for any unpleasant feeling upon the

subject," said the gentleman, with a shrug and a smile. "Let me see—it is five years since I left England, is it not, Charlotte? Yes—five years. Humph! My ward, Miss Lucy Oswald, must not be annoyed about coming to us—do you understand that, Charlotte? Let her remain where she is; we can do without her, I am sure. Does Geraldine like her?"

"Geraldine does not know her. Lucy has not been here for years, for as soon as she quitted boarding-school we started upon our travels. Geraldine, of course, was always with her aunt—that old Baroness Thurl—and it happened that the two girls never met but once, and that was at a ball at Vienna. We returned in January; but since then Lucy has been in Devonshire, with the Wrextons. They are related to her, if you remember. Poor child, she does enjoy life so thoroughly! and she clings to me, Cecil, as if I were a sister. I only hope that she may always be as happy as she is now."

"Have no fear; if she has as much sense as wealth, she will secure a good husband for herself."

"I hope that she may, for she is almost alone in the world. Touch that bell, if you please, Cecil. Thank you—I have left my *rinaigrette* upstairs, and must have it."

"Always a fine lady," laughed her brother.

"Always, my dear; there is nothing in the world I am called upon to pet as I do my poor nerves. Come in, Hager."

A young girl, in a sober gown and snow-white apron, with a dainty muslin cap partly covering smooth rolls of fair hair, now entered the room and crossed quickly to her ladyship's side.

"Ah! you have the *rinaigrette*? Thanks. That is all—you may go now, child."

"A pretty, pale-faced little thing," said Sir Cecil, approvingly, when the maid had quitted them.

"Yes; she is a niece of old Lee, a former servant. A very nice girl she is, too."

"Charlotte, do you like Geraldine?"

"Do I like Geraldine!" echoed Lady Calderwood. "What an abrupt question! Of course I like her. She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw."

"Pshaw! That is no reason why one woman should go mad about another."

"Nor have I gone mad," retorted his sister.

"Do you like her? Answer me, frankly."

"Yes, I do."

"Notwithstanding that she is a coquette?"

"Who told you that of her, pray?"

"I have heard of her in India. The fame of her exploits has reached even that far-off land. Young Jocelyn shot himself for her, and Selwyn threw himself away, and Lord Liddesdale made a fool of himself; and how many more have followed in his lordship's footsteps Heaven only knows—not you or I. Oh yes, I have heard of these and many more comforting little things about my betrothed."

"All that is very sad, I admit; but she could not help it."

"Really? As my promised wife, however, she must consent to change her amusements. I shall insist upon that. By-the-way, is Lord Ormsby at the Abbey."

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"I have no reason. Does he visit you?"

"Yes, my dear boy. I hope that you are not going to be jealous—are you?"

"Not the least in the world. How long will it be before Geraldine returns, do you think?"

"She has returned," said her ladyship, as the door of the morning-room opened. "She is here."

She was there, standing in the doorway—a woman of ravishing beauty; tall, flexible, admirably proportioned; with fine, dark eyes, and an inconceivably perfect com-

plexion; features rather large, but good; and black, wavy hair, braided and curled about a well-poised head.

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Sir Cecil, advancing quickly, and taking her hand in his.

"Yes, Geraldine," laughed Miss Waldegrave. "My dear friend, what an unexpected pleasure! We did not hope to see you for a week yet. As soon as I returned from my ride I heard that you were here, and I have not spent ten minutes over my toilet. That is not much time lost in an endeavor to appear irresistibly lovely, is it?"

"It is no time lost at all, protested the gentleman. "Upon my word, Geraldine, I doubt whether I would ever have recognized you."

"What! Am I so changed?" she asked, blushing prettily.

"You are more beautiful than ever—if that could be."

"And you! Why, you look very much older than when you left us. Does he not, Charlotte?"

"You forgot that he has been absent nearly five years, my dear," was Lady Calderwood's quiet retort.

"So he has. Sir Cecil Monekton, I am almost afraid of you."

"As you should be; I am fourteen years older than you are. Thirty-six—think of that!"

"Don't!"—with a pretty gesture of affected horror. "Oh, don't speak of ages, please; I never do."

"Very well; but where have you been all the morning?"

"Why, riding, of course."

"Are you as reckless as ever? Do you remember the races we have had together?"

"Have I forgotten anything concerning you?" she murmured, reproachfully, her beautiful eyes raised to his.

"And do you venture out alone?"

"Always; but we will change all that, for I shall have a companion sometimes. My dear Charlotte, are we not very, very happy people now?"

"I hope so," responded her ladyship, with great gravity—"from my heart I hope so, Geraldine."

"Miss Geraldine Waldegrave is a finished woman of the world," soliloquized Sir Cecil, in the privacy of his chamber, that night. "Beautiful, certainly, but, as Frothingham of Cleveden would say, repellent. Besides, what am I to think of the man whom she has promised to marry, and unblushingly breaks one of the Commandments? And Miss Waldegrave did that—she did, by Jove!"

Two weeks had passed. Two weeks—during which time Geraldine deployed a thousand all-conquering charms, and Sir Cecil resumed his old *role* of the confiding admirer. Two weeks of blissful, almost unbroken quiet, wherein these long parted lovers were learning new lessons and gathering up the broken threads of their lives and telling each other, in tenderest tones, of the bitter agony of that cruel separation. Yet never, in all that while, did Sir Cecil, even in the remotest manner, so much as casually allude to the violation of any Commandment by any beautiful woman of his acquaintance.

They had not been entirely alone. There was Lord Ormsby of the Abbey—a quiet, inoffensive, little, old bachelor, who called once upon Lady Calderwood, and dined very ceremoniously two or three times at Calderwood Park, when there were other people to meet him.

"Otherwise our dinner would be a very dismal affair," said her ladyship, confidentially, to her brother, on the first of these grand occasions.

"Quite a funeral feast, I assure you, my dear boy. I would just as soon sit beside a mummy, and endeavor to make it cheerful, as attempt to entertain that Ormsby of the Abbey."

"He seems a very good sort of fellow," decided Sir Cecil. "I am quite convinced that it was a vile slander which linked Geraldine's name with his. He does not think of her—scarcely notices her, in fact."

"Yes, certainly; but do devote yourself to him, Cecil—please try and do something with him."

Obedient Cecil tried, and failed most miserably, for Ormsby of the Abbey met all his advances with a grim civility that was far from encouraging.

"He is a fool," was Monckton's mental comment, before they quitted the table—"a conceited jackanapes. I wonder how, in the name of Heaven, such a creature could have had the marvellous assurance to venture upon a love affair—a poor little manikin, with a hoop nose, and crafty gray eyes and false teeth! What a contrast to—well, to any woman! But it will be really amusing to watch this charming comedy to the end; and then—well, my friends, he laughs best who laughs last!"

HAVING sauntered downstairs quite late one morning, Sir Cecil found no one in the breakfast-room but the all-important butler, in whose respectful greeting our gentleman detected a covert reproach.

"Yes, I'm late, Howe," he frankly admitted. "I know it; but the truth is, I've fallen into fearfully indolent habits. Where are the ladies?"

"In the library, Sir Cecil—at least, they were there a few moments ago."

"Very well. Just push that easy-chair this way. There, that will do. Give me a cup of coffee, Howe, and the papers. Thank you. Now I'll endeavor to make myself comfortable for awhile. No, nothing else, Howe—I've a confounded headache, and do not care for anything but this. You need not wait."

"Let me fetch you a trifle of breakfast, Sir Cecil—a round of toast and an egg."

"No, nothing, Howe—absolutely nothing—I will ring when I want you."

And so, slowly sipping his coffee and idly scanning his journals, quite at his ease and undisturbed sat Sir Cecil Monckton.

Presently, however, his attention was attracted by something without, for he arose, and quickly approached the open window, which, like all the others on this side of the building, was densely shaded by great, far-reaching forest trees and hardy vines.

As he reached it, he plainly saw Hager, the maid, and a dapper little groom, standing only a few yards distant.

They were speaking, but in the lowest tones, and presently, with a furtive glance around, the fellow slipped a letter into the girl's hand, and then walked quickly away.

With a frown and a smothered exclamation, which might merely have been one of astonishment, the watcher tapped lightly upon the window-pane.

Hager started, and looked up.

"Come in to me," was the brief command. "I wish to speak to you."

He was obeyed, for in a few moments Hager Lee stood before the immaculate gentleman who had taken upon himself the duties of accuser, judge, and—if need there should be—moral executioner.

He had returned to his easy-chair, and sat there very dignified and stern, when the culprit entered.

"Be good enough to close the door." She closed the door. "Now, come here." She came, looking trim and neat, in a striped gown of sober hues, with collar, cuffs, and apron all of snowy whiteness, a knot of bright-colored ribbon at her throat, and a tiny cap perched coquettishly upon the smooth coils of her pretty golden hair.

Hager, modest and demure, a soft tint flushing her cheeks,

her eyes downcast, and her little hands working nervously at her apron in such a childishly embarrassed manner, that for a moment even astute Sir Cecil was perplexed and confused.

Only for a moment, however, for, with a magisterial "Ahem!" he commenced.

"Hager!"

"Yes, Sir Cecil."

"Who was that person with you just now?"

"It was Martin, Sir Cecil."

"And who is Martin?"

"Lord Ormsby's groom."

"Indeed! And what was Lord Ormsby's groom doing here?"

No answer.

"I ask you, Hager, what Lord Ormsby's groom was doing here?"

Profound silence.

"Is he anything to you?"

"He is not," answered the girl, curtly. But this time she looked her tormentor full in the face.

"Who sends him to you?"

"No one sends him to me."

"Then why does he waylay you in this manner? Now, I have been here but a little while, yet on three different occasions have I seen you together. Once at the spring, once in the park, and, a few moments ago, just there. Why, that fellow must have an object in pursuing you. What is that object? Does he wish to marry you? Will you not tell me, Hager? It does not strike me," continued the gentleman, after another fruitless pause—"It does not strike me that you are the sort of person to whom one might speak of pecuniary considerations; yet, if such a thing might be done, I would offer a great deal to know truly what that rascal wanted."

"That rascal came to me, Sir Cecil."

"Exactly, and what did he want?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I cannot tell you."

"I desire you to understand, Hager, that I interest myself in this matter solely because you seem to be an innocent little thing; and therefore, my dear child, I warn you kindly that the less you have to do with Lord Ormsby, or his groom either, the better will it be for you in the end. Your mistress would tell you the same thing, I fancy. Now, Hager, think for a moment before you go. Is there nothing you wish to say to me?"

"Who? I, Sir Cecil?" opening her blue eyes very wide.

"Oh, no, sir—nothing whatever."

"Is Miss Waldegrave kind to you?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; I think that she likes me better than her own maid; but I'm too fond of my lady to quit her for any one in the wide world—even for Miss Waldegrave."

"Humph!"

Sir Cecil arose impatiently, and approached the girl.

"Come now, Hager, be truthful. That fellow gave you a letter. Show it me—nay, let me see the address only."

"But you are mistaken, Sir Cecil, I have no letter."

"No letter?"

He had experienced a certain sense of shame in making this proposition, but that emotion was quite lost in the surge of indignation that overwhelmed him at what he knew to be a direct falsehood.

"Do you tell me seriously that you have no letter, Hager Lee?"

"Very seriously, I assure you, sir."

"Pshaw!"—turning away with a contemptuous gesture. "There—go! I see that you possess the rarest of all feminine virtues—*fidelity*. Go, girl—go! Do you hear me?"

Obedient Hager lost no time in obeying.



THE LADIES OF LIMA.—PERUVIAN LADIES.—SEE PAGE 235.

"By Jove, they are all alike!" muttered the irate gentleman. "Rich and poor, mistress and maid, they are all alike; and an honest woman is the one grain of wheat amongst countless measures of chaff. Now, Geraldine does not astonish me in the least, for I expect nothing better from her; but that this little creature should possess such sublime assurance—why, it's frightful! No, there can be no doubt about it—this Hager is on the high-road to destruction, and I greatly fear that she has almost reached the end of her journey."

"CECIL, it is not true! I cannot believe it!"

"You may, I assure you."

"And you are really a poor man?"

"Well, I am not exactly beggared; but, beyond the old home, together with a few hundreds, I have absolutely nothing."

"But to have risked your fortune in such a venture—oh, it is dreadful!"

"My dear sister, it does not trouble me at all now; but I wanted to keep the knowledge from you, if I could. And I would have succeeded in doing so, if I had not had some scruples about deceiving you. Now, however, I will see Geraldine, and we will arrange our marriage for an early day, and then—"

"Geraldine!" cried her ladyship. "Cecil Monckton, are you mad?"

"I hope not. Why?"

"Can you think that Geraldine will marry you now?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Oh, my poor boy! my poor boy!" moaned the little woman.

"See here, Charlotte; to judge by your tones, one would say that there is no hope for me in that quarter. Now, you are unjust, and I will prove it by letting Geraldine know the whole truth immediately."

"Will you?" asked his sister excitedly. "Will you? Then do it, Cecil; do it without delay! Go to her now. She is in the library. Go and tell her all that you have told me, and then— Oh, Cecil, my darling brother, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Please—please find her, Cecil!"

He found her—found her in the library—but she graciously put aside her book when her betrothed appeared.

And to her he repeated all that he had told his sister—smoothing nothing, sparing nothing of the humiliating truth, but confessing very meekly how love for her had made him eager for greater wealth, and how, seeking this, he had failed miserably, and past redemption.

"Do you mean to say that you are *poor*?" asked Miss Waldegrave, at last.

"I mean it. Yes."

"But this is beyond comprehension! Why, what are we to do now?"

"Nothing. I release you from your promise; that is, if you desire to be released."

"Oh, of course; but, my dear Cecil, my heart aches for you."

"Does it? You are very good, Geraldine, and I expected such



THE LADIES OF LIMA.—LIMANIAN LADY PROMENADING.

sympathy from you—still—if you really love me, and think—”

“Don’t be foolish, Sir Cecil Monckton,” hastily exclaimed the young lady. “This is no time to talk of love, and I trust that, however much I may suffer, I am not weak enough and selfish enough to dream of barring your progress now. No, no, my dear friend; we must be brave, and meet our ill-fortune unselfishly. We must be patient—we really must.”

“And you will wait for me, Geraldine?”

“Let time tell,” said Miss Waldegrave, with her sweetest smile.

“But you will marry me, some day?”

“Perhaps; I make no rash promises, remember.”

“And do you love me?

Come, now, Geraldine, tell me frankly whether you love me or not? Have no fear of wounding me. Do you really care for me?”

“No, I do not.”

And this was the frankest answer that our gentleman had ever received from Miss Geraldine Waldegrave.

“She is a prudent soul,” was Lady Calderwood’s sole comment when, an hour later, she was made the confidant of her brother’s woes.

“Yes; is she not?”

“Of course you will banish all thought of her now, Cecil?”

“I shall certainly endeavor to do so.”

“My poor brother!”

“Pray do not pity me, Charlotte; I am not very hard hit.”

“You are right; I should not pity, but congratulate you upon being well rid of a heartless coquette, who never cared the least bit for you. I dread seeing her again.”

“You will not be troubled with her long. She returns home to-morrow.”

“Does she say so?”

“She does.”

“I am glad of that—very glad. By-the-by, Cecil, here is a note from your ward; it was inclosed in a letter to me. Poor little darling! she appears to be enjoying herself vastly.”

Sir Cecil received the pink and perfumed sheet somewhat eagerly; but, as he read, his countenance fell.

“So this is from Lucy Oswald, is it?”

“Yes, dear little Lucy! She is a perfect child, you see.”

“She is a perfect fool,” was the ungallant rejoinder.

“Oh, Cecil! how can you!”

“So she is. There, take the thing!” and dashing down the fragrantmissive, he stalked from the room.

red lips as Sir Cecil Monckton entered the Summer-house, and, gathering up her bits of lace and gay ribbons, arose.

“Sit still!” commanded the intruder. “Sit still! I wish to speak to you. What are you doing there?”

“Arranging a head-dress for Lady Calderwood.”

“Humph!” throwing himself into a wicker-chair near her. “I request you to resume your seat, Hager. There, that is right. Now, work, and I will talk to you.”

Then, after a moment of silence:

“You must have a happy heart to sing as you were singing just now.”

“I am happy, Sir Cecil,” answered the girl, pleasantly; but without lifting her eyes from her work.

“And so am I, for Miss Waldegrave is well on her way to London by this time.” Then, abruptly, “will you tell me the truth about that letter, Hager? Was it for you? Mind, I want nothing but the truth. Was it yours?”

“No, Sir Cecil.”

“Whose was it, then? What! You will not answer? Must I tell you? Well, it was for Miss Waldegrave, and Lord Ormsby sent it.”

“Oh, sir! who told you that?”

“No one. I had always suspected something of the sort, but I was convinced of it when I happened to see those two persons together in the park the very next day. They did not see me, however, so there was no harm done. Now, since I know that much, pray tell me how you ever come to be pressed into their service?”

“Miss Waldegrave asked me to help her.”

“And you consented?”

“Yes, Sir Cecil.”

“Was my sister aware of it?”

“Oh no! I was afraid to tell that to her.”

“But why did you deny it to me? Why did you endeavor to leave me under the impression that you were a foolish little girl?”

“Because—because I was foolish, I suppose. I don’t know. Yes, I do know, too,” brightening up, “because I had a promise to keep, and I kept it. It was Miss Waldegrave’s secret—not mine.”

And then her eyes fell beneath her companion’s piercing gaze—an admiring gaze it might have been, for the flush on Hager’s pale face improved it vastly.

“She is absolutely beautiful,” the gentleman thought, but he only said, very sadly: “My dear child, do you know that I am wretchedly poor?”

“No, Sir Cecil. Are you, really?”



THE LADIES OF LIMA.—A CHICARRERA OF AREQUIPA.

THE LADIES OF LIMA.—THE DISGUISE OF THE MANTO.



THE LADIES OF LIMA.—LADY ATTENDED BY HER CHOLITA.

"Yes, almost a beggar. That is why Geraldine Waldegrave has gone home; but before she went she broke her engagement with me. So now, Hager Lee, being once more a free man, I have come to ask you to marry me."

"Sir!"

"There, do not look at me in that manner, Hager," taking her hands in his. "I love you—I swear to you that I loved you from the first moment I saw you. But I could not, in honor, tell you this sooner. I am poor, I know that, my dear, and I am not very young, yet I will care for you tenderly. Hager, and—oh, child, child, for God's sake, speak to me!"

"You are very kind, Sir Cecil," faltered the girl, her cheeks crimson, her bright eyes filled with tears, "but even if you were in earnest—our positions are so different—I could give you but the same answer."

"And that would be——"

"That would be *no!*"

"Hager!"

"It would be *no*," freeing herself from his clasp. "Oh, sir, I may be only a simple girl, but I am quite clever enough to know that you are offering me really nothing but that which another has rejected, and I know too that anger, and not love, drives you to madness."

"Is it madness to think of marrying you, Hager?"

"Yes; and all the world would cry out against it. Remember that you are a great gentleman, Sir Cecil, whilst I——"

"Whilst you are a foolish little thing. I will remember it. Now, Hager, you say that I am driven to this by anger. You are wrong. Why should I feel vindictive toward Geraldine? I never loved her. Years ago I fancied that I did, but I heard enough of her, when I was in India, to cure me of that stupidity. And if I heard of her in India, fancy what awaited me when I reached England. Why, child, I came to this place with a full knowledge of her flirtation with Lord Ormsby, and I am quite certain that she would have married him long ago, had she not imagined that I was the richer of the two. Now, however, that she is convinced to the contrary, I am quite willing to wager half of all I possess—which is not much, Hager—that she marries Ormsby in no time at all. Yes, Geraldine is a beauty—that I acknowledge; but she is the most heartless creature imaginable. I do not even like her, Hager, and I know her better, far better, than you do. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, but——"

"But what?"

"But my answer must still be the same—*no!*! I thank you, Sir Cecil, if you please—*no!*!"

"Is it because I am poor?" asked the suitor, reproachfully.

"No, Sir Cecil."

"Is it because you hate me?"

"No," very faintly indeed.

"Then, Hager, dear, darling little Hager—now be quiet; do not attempt to push me away from you. And there—put your head on my shoulder and look up in my face, and tell me honestly why you detest me in this outrageous manner?"

"But I do not detest you," came in broken sobs. "I love—love you! I do—I do, I love you with all my heart and soul and—strength!"

"And you will marry me?"

"If you wish it—yes."

"Then we will go in and tell my sister of it, immediately."

"Ah, no! please, Sir Cecil—

"Sir Cecil?"

"Please, Cecil," this is in a whisper, "please wait until to-night."

"Why? Surely you are not afraid of her?"

"Oh no! but—ah, do as I ask."

"Very well, we will surprise her to-night, then, my darling."

BUT before night, just before dinner, in fact, Sir Cecil Monckton was hastily summoned by his sister.

"My dear boy, who do you suppose is here?" she asked.

"I have no idea. Who? Not Miss Waldegrave, I hope."

"No, indeed; it is Lucy Oswald."

"Lucy Oswald? Why, where did she come from—the skies?"

"Of course not. She arrived a few moments ago by the late train from London. Do come in and see her at once."

"Oh, confound Lucy Oswald!"

"Cecil!"

"Well, that girl is a bore, Charlotte; besides, I want to speak to you on particular business to-night."

"You can do that, I am sure, without being so rude about Lucy. Come!"

In the dimly lighted drawing-room sat a little black-robed figure, that arose as the two approached.

"Your ward, Miss Oswald—Lucy, this is my brother, Sir Cecil Monckton."

"I am charmed——"

The gentleman's civil speech came to an abrupt ending, for just here Lucy threw back her heavy veil.

"Hager!"

The little black-robed figure held out its hand beseechingly.

"Oh, Sir Cecil, please forgive me! I'm Lucy, but I'm Hager, too. Hager always and forever now."

He caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"Hager, my darling!"

"But I tell you it is Lucy," persisted her ladyship; "that romantic little Lucy Oswald, who has been playing at lady's-maid all this while, to know you the better, my dear, as the nursery-rhyme has it."

"Was it for that, Lucy?"

"Yes. I had no idea, though, that any one else would be here but you; so when Miss Waldegrave came first, I could not help myself—it was too late; and I learned more there than I had any thought of ever doing, for that grand young lady selected me as her *confidante* and messenger, but," quite seriously, "I did not betray her. Remember that, please. I would never have betrayed her. You believe me, do you not?"

"I do," declared Lady Calderwood, "and it doesn't matter what Cecil thinks."

"I believe you," said the happy lover.

"And her ladyship knows all about everything. I have confessed my sins to her, so you cannot get me into trouble, Sir. Have I not told you about the letters, my lady?"

"Yes, and have I not scolded you for what you did? Do take off that horrid bonnet, Lucy. There, the truth is, Cecil, this crazy girl won me over to her wild scheme when we were abroad, so I brought her here where none of the people knew her. As my husband was not at home to betray you, you know, everything worked to perfection. And you may believe that I was not going to have my folly exposed to Miss Waldegrave when she saw fit to honor us with her presence. So, now that you have the truth, do tell me whether you really propose marrying Lucy Oswald after all the uncivil things you said of her?"

"If Lucy will forgive me and marry me—yes."

"But, Cecil, if you are really so very poor, what——"

"Nay, I am very rich," interrupted her brother, with a fond glance at the young girl sitting beside him.

"That is quite true," assented Lady Calderwood, "for your man of business, with whom I have communicated, assures me that your affairs were never more prosperous than

at present. My dear boy, you are exceedingly clever, I know, but I fancy that I have outwitted you. Be careful in future, therefore, to arrange your little comedies very differently, if you expect them to meet with great success. Lucy, my child, I am truly sorry to assure you that your fine fancy of laying your money at my brother's feet must be thrown to the winds, for this arch impostor has never lost a penny of his fortune, and is unnecessarily rich, as he is well aware."

"Are you?" asked the girl.

"Yes, dear."

"Ah, how could you!"

There was a marriage soon at Calderwood Park, as you may suppose, and, on the very morn of the auspicious day, Lady Charlotte received the wedding-card of Lord and Lady Ormsby. Their quiet little neighbor had followed Geraldine to her home and married her.

"As predicted," laughed Cecil.

THE LADIES OF LIMA.



FOR ALL the cities of South America, Lima has an aspect most peculiar and original. It lies in the centre of a region of earthquakes, and where it never ruins, and these two circumstances have impressed themselves on its architecture and aspect. Structures of brick or stone could not resist the severe earthquakes to which the city is exposed, and the buildings are consequently of the lightest materials—little more than huge cages of canes, plastered over with mud on the outside, and frescoed in imitation of stone. They are generally of one story, seldom over two, in height. The roofs are flat, because the absence of rain renders a pitched roof unnecessary. The apparently massive towers and buttresses of the churches are only great wicker-baskets, deceptive combinations of poles and canes tied together with hide-thongs, stuccoed over and painted. Under a brisk shower, such as we often experience on a Summer afternoon, the whole city would melt away, leaving only a withered cane-brake in a gigantic mud-puddle.

Absence of rain and superabundance of earthquakes have, however, not only impressed themselves on the aspect of the city, but also on the aspect of the people, whose habits, and, above all, whose costumes, are modified by these conditions. I might have added that earthquakes have impressed themselves, at times at least, when particularly severe, on the morals of the people. The leading geographer of Peru, whose works are printed at the expense of the nation, solemnly tells us that the probable reason why the number of marriages in Lima, for the year 1860, were 378, as against 285 in 1859, was "because the heavy earthquakes of March and April of the exceptional year had induced many people to change their modes of life."

Women sympathize more readily than men with their surroundings, and are more easily molded by circumstances. *Las Limas*, the women of Lima, therefore, impress the strangers with their peculiarities far more than do the men, who, as a whole, are remarkably weak and common-place, without any strong individuality. It is said of Lima that it is the "paradise of women, the purgatory of husbands, and the hell of donkeys," an epigrammatic way of saying that the fairer part of creation enjoys in Lima a freedom, and exercise a power, rarely conceded to it in other cities. The nature of that freedom has been hinted at in the couplet:

'En la mañana gata;
En la tarde, beata!'

which may be freely translated, "A kitten in the morning, a saint in the afternoon." The secret of the power of the *Limañas*, if we may credit an enthusiastic young Frenchman, who has been writing about them lately, consists in "their natural grace, fine spirits, ease and elegance of manners, vivacity in repartee, their amiability, the fire of their attachments, their infantile hands, little feet, and profusion of long black hair." It is a wonder our enthusiast omitted to mention their large, deep black eyes—the feature most marked and beautiful in the list of *Limaña* charms.

We meet the *Limaña* first in the street, and it is not surprising that she produces on us a favorable impression, for she is a model of grace in her movements. She walks slowly, and puts her foot down firmly, so that the muscles of her pedestrian apparatus, and in sympathy with them those of her whole figure, have full play. She neither trips along on her toes, nor "teeters" off as if she wore wire-springs in the heels of her shoes. The weather is seldom so hot as to make it unpleasant, and, as it never rains, she wears nothing upon her head except the *manto*, a long black shawl, which she throws around her shoulders and folds over her head and around her face, concealing all, perhaps, except her eyes, one daintily-gloved or jeweled hand, rising just above her bosom, holding the whole in place. Sometimes, when the sun is not too fervid, a full, white, braced arm may be coquettishly exposed in this service, losing nothing of its ivory brilliancy from contrast with the ebon *manto*. The *manto* may be so worn as to effectually conceal the figure, and to cover the entire face, with the exception of a single dark eye, which, as if conscious of the completeness of its owner's disguise, looks boldly and unflinchingly into yours, never drooping its lashes in unnecessary bashfulness. It is under the protection of the *manto*, thus worn, that the women of Lima visit the theatres alone, or perhaps venture into their friend's court-yard when he gives a ball, to criticise the coming of the parting guest, and pick up food for scandal. The *tapada*, however, for so the *Limaña* is called who thus effectually disguises herself, is not looked upon with favor in the better circles; for although she may claim the right to perpetuate a custom that was once universal, it is one which has been given up, with common consent, to the *intrigante*, or her less reputable sister. A jealous wife or suspicious mistress may, however, put on the *manto*, and neither husband nor lover suspect before the torrent of an *éclairissement* bursts upon him, to what veiled goddess he has been paying worship. What may be the relation between the *manto* and the rather portentous fact that in 1860 (the year in which, as we have shown, the earthquakes turned moral reformers) the illegitimate births in Lima numbered 1,650 against 1,330 legitimate, we shall not undertake to say; but it is only fair to add that the illegitimates are mostly among the mixed races, of which Lima affords every variety and the largest abundance.

In days gone, the *manto* was coupled with the *soya*, or a narrow skirt and short, fitting very closely to the figure, and so circumscribed at the bottom as to prohibit anything like "stepping out," however much the wearer might be disposed to walk rapidly. It, however, showed off the little feet, about which the Frenchman has spoken so rapturously. Little feet they are, but dumpy, and by no means gracefully shaped, as the *Limañas* themselves have been compelled to admit, since Lima secured its present considerable influx of feminine foreigners.

The *tapada*, as we have intimated, is a sort of privileged character; for, in the social ethics of Lima, it is not permissible to remove the *manto* ever so slightly from the face of the wearer. It is *tabooed*; and any forcible interference would just as surely subject the offender to the indignation and severe handling of the populace, as would direct insult to a woman in the streets of New York. Von Tschudi (we

prefer to make him responsible for the statement) tells us that a lady has been known to arrange an *affaire du cœur* with a gentleman in the street, while her husband, standing a few yards distant, conversing with a friend on some matter of business, little suspected that the fair *incognita*, whose graceful figure he was admiring, was his own faithful better-half! It frequently happens, continues our reliable Teutonic friend, that Doña M. obliges Doña D. with the loan of her *manto* for the purpose of hoodwinking a jealous husband—the Doña M. being certain that her obliged friend will do her a corresponding service, on demand. Sometimes a lady may be seen in an old tattered *manto*, such as only the poorest female might be expected to wear; in which case, however, the silk stockings, dainty shoes, or lace handkerchief may betray the rank of the wearer. Sometimes the concealment

leads to ludicrous and mortifying mistakes. On beholding a tall, elegant figure, whose symmetrical outline is plainly discernible through every disguise, with a bright dark eye beaming out underneath the sable folds of the *manto*, one may be excused for supposing a Vienna or a Hebe beneath the drapery—but what if an inadvertent movement of the hand betrays the flat nasal organ and the thick lips and wide mouth of an adventurous female mulatto! It is alleged that most foreigners, after due experience with *tapadas*, sternly stipulate, if fortunate

enough to engage the affections of a Limaña, that after marriage their wives shall no longer wear the garb so facile of abuses. "How far," observes our ruthless Teuton, "this condition is observed, is best known to their husbands." We doubt, however, if it be known to that fortunate individual at all; nor do we credit the ill-natured allegation, that "the women of Lima never willingly renounce their disguises, which are inseparably associated with customs to which they are heart and soul devoted." Things have changed in the City of the Kings, for such was the proud title of Lima in the days of yore, since Von Tschudi traveled there, and dissected society with a merciless hand.

We should have explained before that *tapada* is a word derived from the verb *tapar*, to cover or conceal.

In Lima the servants are of the laziest and most worthless

description, generally *cholos* (mixed Indian and white), or pure Indians. The negroes, formerly slaves, are relatively few and fast disappearing, in consequence of their vices, of which drunkenness is not the most fatal. The best servants are the Chinese, of which large numbers have been introduced within the last few years. Every household has a superabundance of servants, and no lady is without her *cholita* or *cholito*, a little dependent, whose sole business is to attend to her personal requirements. This little mortal, whatever its gender, does everything for her which a second person can possibly do; and among his or her duties, that of attending madam to her devotions is not the least. The Catholic religion is of course the only one known in Lima; and in Catholic churches all persons high and low, rich and poor, white or black, patrician and ple-

beian, are on equality before the symbolic cross, and must kneel alike on the bare, cold, and never too clean pavement. The Limaña knows this, admits the principle, but objecting to the cold and dirt, carries with her a mat—thick and soft, and gay in color as a flower-bed—whereon to kneel. This is borne by a *cholito*, who sometimes is fitted out in the garb of the tiger of European capitals, with a stove-pipe hat, heavy overcoat, and white gloves. Sometimes the *cholita* does duty for her mistress in the capacity of mat-bearer and propriety-dragon, following respectfully at



THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

HUSBAND.—"Swear! I guess you'd swear, if you had a razor as dull as this!"

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM.—"Why, it was sharp enough when I cut my corns with it last night!"

her heels. Thus accompanied, the Limaña is free to go wherever she pleases, safe from insult or criticism, however diminutive her companion.

Whoever sees the Limaña in the streets, at the opera, or at evening in her own parlor, with her dark hair elaborately piled up over her colorless, wax-like brow, must not fall into the mistake of supposing that she is always regal. Should he inadvertently catch a glimpse of her in the morning, before the hour of fashionable visiting begins, he would probably find her with loose and trailing hair, *et deshabille*, or only with a shawl thrown over her shoulders squatting on the floor of her bedroom, and eating voraciously a *picante*, not improbably with her fingers, and altogether appearing very unlike the dark-eyed and stately goddess of the parlor in the evening. A *picante*, it should be explained, is a dish in which potatoes and peppers (*ají*) mostly predom-

SOUTHERN SCENES.—CHARLESTON MARKET.



imate, and certainly is not a "dainty dish" one would wish "to set before a king" or any lady of his acquaintance, not blessed with extraordinary powers of digestion. With such a revelation as we have barely supposed to be possible, you will not be surprised that the charming creature you take in to dinner eats less than a canary. With half her contraband consumption of edibles, you would be obliged to go into a severe course of Bantingism within three months.

Society in Lima, unfortunately for the current visitor, is in a transition state. The old, frank and provincial customs of the people, quaint, perhaps, but always genuine, and pleasant if only for their novelty, have mostly disappeared in an unsuccessful attempt at Europization (if I may coin a word), and the people of Lima, the women not excepted, have not the ease of fully-acquired habits, nor that which an ignorance of any except those that are indigenous always bestows. They have ceased to be Limanias, and they have not become French, English, German, or American. Constraint and hesitation, doubt and incertitude, anxiety and timidity, are consequently the prevailing features in the social organization of the Peruvian capital, where society is far less genuine, and consequently far less genial and agreeable, than in Arequipa and Cuzco.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Charleston Market.

In the early morning hours, when hucksters and purchasers alike begin the "marketing" of the day, few places present a livelier or more picturesque appearance than the old city market at Charleston, the subject of our sketch.

Although now wanting many of the peculiar features which in *ante-bellum* times made it a curious study to the northern visitor, it yet preserves much of its old-time popularity, and, when thronged with buyers and sellers, the busy scene is both novel and interesting. Among the crowd will be seen representatives of many races, and of all shades of color, from the purest Caucasian to the blackest African, all mingling in the most unconcerned way, anxious only to buy where they can buy best and cheapest, or to sell out at the highest figure. Occasionally you will see some sedate old "aunty," like the one in our picture, who seems to have no interest in the trafficking around her, but sits smoking her stumpy clay pipe in meditative contemplation of the scene, apparently indifferent to the prospects of a purchaser for "dem dar geeses."

Pale, sad-looking women, clad in deepest black, still sorrowing for the lost of the great struggle whose wounds are but just beginning to heal, are jostled by laughing, chattering negresses, who date their happiness from the same events that caused the former's misery, and whose attire displays a dozen brilliant, if incongruous hues.

Behind their rude stalls, piled with the myriad fruits and vegetables of this fertile and prolific region, sit the smiling market-women, their shining black faces contrasting strangely with the gay turbans and culicoses of startling and showy colors in which they are clad.

When not actually engaged in waiting upon customers, they laugh and chatter, and play all sorts of practical jokes; which frequently result in mock combats, when they pelt one another with their wares, with a reckless disregard of the prospective profits from their sales.

Nearly all the indigenous fruits and vegetables are offered for sale in great profusion, and usually at prices much below the rates demanded in our Northern cities. The market is supplied chiefly by the negro "truck-gardeners," who have obtained by seizure or purchase small pieces of land within easy reach of the city, and generally having water communica-

cation with it. Many of these negro farmers are capitalists in a small way, for the business is very profitable, and they can easily save money. The number who were saving and investing money was at one time considerable, and yearly increasing, but the disastrous failure of the Freedmen's Bank, and the consequent loss of their accumulations, had a very unfortunate effect, discouraging many from any further efforts at economy.

Scarcely any city of the South was more thoroughly devastated by the war than Charleston, but few evidences of the "wreck of war" now remain. Within the last five years the city has been greatly improved and beautified by the erection of many new and costly buildings, while the trade of the city has largely increased. The country surrounding Charleston is noted for the picturesque character of its scenery. Rice and cotton fields, oaks, magnolias, myrtles, and jasmines abound in profusion. The historic palmetto trees—the emblem of the State—have become extremely scarce, and we believe but one specimen is now known to exist within the city limits.

Charleston is connected by several lines of steamers with nearly all the coast ports, and is becoming a favorite stopping-place for Northern tourists, as well as for those who seek recuperation in the balmy climate of Florida. Those who pass it by, or make only a brief stay of a few hours, would find both the city and its people well worthy a better acquaintance, and we counsel all who, in these chilly Winter days, seek health or pleasure in a warmer clime, to take the Palmetto City *en route* at least, and surely they will not regret it.

Early Morning on the Ashley River, near Charleston.

WITH the change in Southern life, caused by the war, there have grown up around the large cities a class with whom we are familiar at the North, but who under the former system were almost unknown. These are the kitchen gardeners—men of both colors, or of all, if we include the various shades and tints.

As the large plantations have in many cases been broken up and sold off, small farms have been purchased by the more thrifty and industrious whites and colored people of small means, and lands once deemed worthless have thus been taken up at low rates.

Care and industry enable the owners to early vegetables and small fruits for the city markets, and the transportation varies the monotony of work and enables them to see a little of city life, and bring back a store of gossip for the evening chats and wonderful bargains to be displayed as the fruits of their labor and sales; though the purchases are not always judicious—where indeed do the humbler classes show much judgment in buying?—yet the satisfaction is great.

The sketch is not a fancy one, but taken from actual life by a clever artist, who has not sacrificed truth to effect. These scows show, indeed, the very best of these market gardeners, those who aim not at supplying the neighboring market so much as raising the very earliest crops to send to the Northern ports, where nature has not begun to wear the look of Spring, and where, of course, the early produce of the garden comes with a temptation hard to resist, and commands prices that bring a rich harvest to the grower, even after the cormorants of commission agents, middle-men, and freighters have been glutted.

Few Charleston buyers can compete with the speculators who are on the alert to buy up the boat-loads thus brought in by the scows that come paddling down the rivers, with the cheery negro melody stealing through the morning mist. The cargoes are precious, but their life is short; hence the shipping at Charleston is prompt and rapid; there is no Southern indolence there. Every hour tells against the

probable value at the North. At night the scows begin their slow ascent, lighter laden; but, pulling against the stream, there is less rapid progress, and, weary with the day's exertion, the arms do not pull with the vigor of morning.

The poor whites, too, benefit by the change; and even some of the old planters see their advantage in this mode of cultivation, requiring less ground and fewer hands than a plantation, and yielding prompt returns. Emigrants from Europe, too, are drawn to the neighborhood of Southern cities, and Swiss and Germans with a keen eye to a market, and their proverbial thrift and industry, with women and children who all take their part in the labor, form a new element, and, by their superior cultivation, form a model for others.

CALLING BAD NAMES.

THERE once lived in the richest of all kingdoms over which a mortal ever ruled—in Shakespeare's fancy—a certain knight, named Don Adriano de Armado, who wore fine clothes with never a shirt under them, used big words with little sense in them, and, being himself a big, loud man, relied for all his wit upon a tiny serving-boy, named Moth. It was a wonder to some of the Don's friends that Moth had not found his way into the knight's mouth. "I marvel," said Costard to him, "thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus."

That word stands for a cudgel with which many a poor student's brains have cruelly been beaten. It is the gimlet of the social bore. It is the bludgeon of the scientific bully. Who shall venture to touch or to smell plants with such names as *Splanchnomyces*, *Tetragonotheca*, *Xysmalobium*, *Zuccagnia*, *Schivereckia*, *Pogoyne*, *Helminthostachys*, *Chamaesipilus*, and *Ampelostycyos*, if plants can grow with the disgrace of such names fastened to them, if such words can represent any living thing of beauty in the glory of creation through which we walk daily?

It is time that we left off calling bad names. The flowers of the field have never injured us, we have no right to behave as if we bore them a deep grudge, and to overwhelm them with our scientific Billingsgate. Neither have we any right to seal up against children—our own blossoms—the beautiful story of the lives of their kindred in the gardens and the fields. He who by the sea-shore makes friends with the sea-nettles is introduced to them by the scientific master of ceremonies as the *Physsophoridæ* and *Hippodydæ*. Creatures weak, delicate and beautiful are *Desmidæ*, *Chaetopterina*, and *Amphinomaceæ*, *Pycnogonida*, *Tenthredineta*, *Twentyssyllableorfeeta*, and all for the honor of science; or, rather, not for its honor, but for its honorificabilitudinitatibus. Almost every book of science is a stream alive with alligators, among which no such small fish as a general reader dare swim. We declare war against these alligators. Hunt them down!

It is said that a special scientific language is required, because the words in ordinary use are inexact. A man of science won't know what a primrose means, and recognizes common holly only as the *Ilex aquifolium*. People in general will never become versed in the pleasant—and, in truth, as to the knowledge of ascertained facts, very simple—mysteries of nature; because the words of the scientific are horseboluses, that we must swallow whole or leave altogether.

A public vehicle, in every day use, may be a cabriolet; but we, who set value on our daily breath, economizing it and time with it, say Cab. The man of science, doubtless, if he lived fairly up to his profession, would stand on the pavement and shout *cabrioletificitudinitatibus*! In our

households, William becomes Will, and Thomas Tom. We like things better for the shortness of their names, and shorten their names for them if we love them well. If we like mutton as well as beef, common food as it is, we never could take it in our mouths as a two-pronged word. Why then do not the modern godfathers of living creatures—birds, beasts, fishes, and plants—brought to them to be named, give them good names by which they may be known familiarly and pleasantly in any home? Why do they brand them with bad names. Whatever else the ladies of Billingsgate may do, they do not give bad names to their own fish. A lobster with them is a lobster, not a *Homarus vulgaris*.

If science must have its Latin nomenclature, let it give us easy English nomenclature for everything in nature that was not named by our forefathers. It is our own good fortune that, when roses and lilies were first talked about, the common people had the naming of them. Rapid extension of that science, which now binds with a chain the two ends of the world together, has made known a vast number of new objects, has laid open the way to a vast number of new thoughts, which are within the perception of all educated men and women, and which cannot remain the peculiar possession of a few. As the general estate of knowledge widens, old ditches of separation must be filled; old hedges and walls must be pulled down. We must weed our estate also of those ugly words which are the tares that choke the wheat in many a field full of rich promise for the people. That such a field grows more than enough for the miller and his men who grind its produce does not satisfy us. There is a whole people waiting to be fed.

It is chiefly in the study of life—in that study which is most fascinating—that men of science are still cumbering us with clumsiness in technicalities of speech. The engineer, whose science men care less to compass, acts on abtruse calculation, and discusses delicate machines, without using hard words to vex the teeth of those about him, and create unnecessary difficulties. He does not in that way deter men from seeking for a portion of his knowledge. He talks simply of cogs, racks, flywheels, pulleys, screws, struts, girders. There is no such word or thought as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*, or *Twentyssyllableorfeeta* at all, in his vocabulary.

Our forefathers once universally applied the system upon which we form such words as blacksmith, shipwright, or fishmonger. They called a library a book-house, and the meeting of a ward, a ward-mote. The Germans still make language for the people in this way; and, while the French and English called the science of the stars from a Greek word, Astronomy, they and the Dutch spoke of it as Star-knowledge.

That the language of science must be universal, and that a dead language is neutral ground on which students of all nations may meet, we know and acknowledge. Yet even Latin or Greek words need not be so used as to insure a toothache to rash strangers who bite on them unawares. We ask, in the scientific naming of things in nature, only for some regard to teeth and human ears; we ask also that second names well fitted for popular use shall be supplied to every object of which men speak in common.

It can be no man's wish, at the outset of any study, to be troubled and distracted by a prolix jumble of hard words. If Mrs. Peachum, in her Cookery Book, had said, "Decorticate the pomarian fruits; incise them vertically and transversely; deposit them in a batina; superinduce a layer of saccharine matter; asperge them with aqueous fluid, and cover them with a crustaceous integument composed of farinaceous particles," only a cook already in her secret could see that she was teaching how to make an apple-pie.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—EARLY MORNING ON THE ASHLEY RIVER, NEAR CHARLESTON.

THE GOLDEN FAIRY.

A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a very discontented young prince, who was the son of a very amiable queen, but whose father, the king, was very penurious. This often grieved the soul of the good queen, who was an angel of goodness, inasmuch as she could not give as much as she wished to the poor and afflicted.

So she often sighed and said to Prince Bonward, for so the youth was called, "If I had a little more gold, my son, I could do so much good with it!"

But the son was not so good and charitable as his mother, for, indeed, few children are, and he silently said to himself, "If ever I become a man, I will do all I can to make money. Gold is certainly the foundation of happiness." He little knew that it is equally the fountain of sorrow, and that as much misery flows from riches as from poverty.

Full of this longing for wealth, Prince Bonward fell asleep one day in a part of the palace garden, and dreamed all manner of things about gold. He thought he was walking in a golden orchard, where the fruit was composed of the most magnificent rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and amethysts.

In the midst of this glorious delusion, he woke to see only the common trees of earth.

While he was slowly regaining his consciousness, he saw suddenly start up before him a little dwarfish woman, leaning on a stick. He felt instinctively that she was a fairy, and his heart began to beat, while his imagination connected her with his vision of boundless wealth.

While he was gazing upon her, she said :

"My dear prince, I am the Fairy Plutina. I have come to ask what I can do for you. You have only to say what you wish, and I will grant your desire."

Without a minute's hesitation, Prince Bonward said :

"Beautiful fairy, I have only one desire, and that is to be rich. Make me rich, and you will make me happy."

The fairy shook her head, and said :

"Gold is a terrible snare. Think again before I grant your wish."

"I have done nothing," replied the prince, "for months but ponder over the idea, and the wish is now grown so absorbing that I shall die if it be not gratified."

"Be it so," returned the fairy; "and put your desires in your own words."

"I wish that everything I touch may become gold and precious gems; then I cannot fail to be happy."

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The fairy then waved the staff on which she leaned three times in the air, and chanted, in a low voice, these words :

"Beauty is a fearful snare;
It is dangerous to be fair;
Power is terrible likewise,
Since it leads to tyrannize;
But the greatest peril still
Is glittering gold, the king of ill."

While she was singing these mystic words, the prince fell off into a profound slumber.

When he awoke, the sun had reached the zenith, and to his eyes everything looked golden.

He rose, and at first considered his interview with the fairy as part of his dream.

Feeling hungry, he rose, and resolved to make the best of his way to the palace.

"A pretty dream I have had; but, alas! it was but a dream, and yet, if I ever felt wide awake in my life, it seemed to me I was then. Why, I shall know that fairy's face from ten thousand!"

On his way to the palace he had to open an iron gate. What was his surprise to find, as he touched it, that the iron was changed into gold—beautiful, bright, glittering gold!

"Am I awake or dreaming?"

He looked around; he pinched himself. He at last became satisfied that he was not dreaming.

His delight knew no bounds.

Bitter was his regret that he could not carry the gate away with him to his private apartment in the palace, but he determined to send some of his attendants for it, and to tell his mother, the queen, all about it, and share with her his riches, keeping his good fortune a secret from his stingy father, the king.

When he reached the palace, he ran up to his own room, and commenced his toilet for dinner.

What was his delight to find that the fairy had not deceived him, for upon taking up his dress he found that his touch had converted it into gold!

He immediately sent his valet to his mother, the queen, to come to his apartment.

When the queen came, he rushed to her, and clasping her hand, he cried :

"My darling mother, we are happy for life!"

The queen's hand immediately became gold. She shuddered and said :

"What is the matter with me? I have no feeling in my hand!"

Prince Bonward then related his interview with the fairy.



"HE SAW SUDDENLY START UP BEFORE HIM A LITTLE DWARFISH WOMAN, LEANING ON A STICK."

At dinner his touch made the goblet of wine change into a golden mass.

The same happened to everything he touched. He was in peril of being starved.

In a state of bewilderment he rushed to his own apartment, and threw himself upon his couch. It also was converted into gold.

That night the fairy came to him.

"Oh, good fairy," said he, "what am I to do? I am dying with hunger."

The good fairy then said :

"My child, how little do we know what is good for us! but pray to Somona Codun and sleep. I will try and save you."

The next morning he awoke, and was delighted to find that she had released him from his insensate wish.

He became reconciled to his lot, and lived and died happy, for he cared only for virtue, and never coveted gold again; but his mother wore a glove all the days of her life to hide her hand of gold.

Chaucer has made the curse of gold the subject of one of his matchless "Canterbury Tales." We give the idea in a condensed shape as a pendant to our fairy story :

"Three travelers found one Summer day
A golden treasure on their way,
But being hungry, they entreat
One to buy something they could eat.
As he went on his way, he said,
'I'll poison well the meat and bread,
So that I can myself possess
The gold which has such power to bless.'
When he had gone, his comrades two
Had the same base designs in view,
And said, 'When he returns, we'll slay
Our friend, and hide him in the clay.'
So, when he brought to them the food,
Their thirsty daggers drank his blood.
Then down they sat to their repast,
But that dire banquet was their last,
And all lay dead upon the ground.
An old philosopher who found
Their lifeless forms, exclaimed, 'Thus fate
Punishes the assailant.
Ill-gotten gold to mortal breath
Is the sure road to shameful death.'"

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.



ARTHA WASHINGTON was a refined, thoughtful woman, with a great blending of strength, sweetness, and simplicity in her character. Her life had been one of unceasing benevolence and industry. With the calm self-possession of a Christian lady she entered on her duties as wife of the President, and, officially, the first woman in the land. She did not for a moment think that her dignity depended on mere outward show or the glare and trappings of earthly splendor, for she maintained in her habits and deportment the simplicity of dress and the sincerity of speech for which she had always been remarked.

At first she was almost overwhelmed with the hosts of visitors, many of them idle and frivolous, that she had to receive. This was soon brought into rule. General Washington had a "reception" on Wednesdays, from one to five o'clock, and his wife on Fridays, for the same number of hours. They both agreed to set a strict example as to the Lord's Day, by neither receiving nor returning visits on

that *holy* day. The wives of General Greene and Montgomery were associated with the President's wife, and sat by her chair when she had in public to interchange the courtesies of her lofty station, but she dispensed with as much of mere ceremonial and state as possible.

There were, however, some ladies who wanted more splendor, and they resolved to ask a special audience, and try to alter the plans of the wife of their illustrious President.

One morning three fair dames appeared at the Government House; they were dressed out in the utmost gaiety and splendor, as if nature had formed them merely to carry finery and trinkets. Diamonds sparkled in their ears and glittered on their necks. Their hair was puffed out, frizzled, crimped, and tortured in every form but that of nature's elegance. They wore also high head-dresses, adorned with artificial flowers and nodding plumes, and fluttering ribbons, to crown the edifice of hair which fashion then decreed should encumber their heads and brains. Their hands were emblazoned with rings, their wrists encumbered with ruffles, clasps, and bracelets. Stiff muslin rose like foam around their chest and shoulders, and though their rich brocaded silk fell in costly folds about them, and partly hid the pressure that gripped in their waists, yet the pent-up heart had to sympathize with the oppressed brain, overweighted with fashion's load. They came rustling and fluttering into the presence of the lady they sought. She received them in a plainly furnished room, in which she spent her mornings.

With dignified courtesy the thoughtful matron rose to greet her visitors. Her well-filled bookcase—made for use, not show—was behind her chair; her table, with her work-basket and materials for work, before her; and in her hand were her knitting-needles, the useful companions of many lonely hours. Gravely, yet most courteously, she heard the remarks which, with faltering speech, they had come to make. For they did not find it so easy to speak of luxury and display as desirable, when they were face to face with the noble woman who, through years of anxiety and privation, had ministered to the wants and mitigated the sufferings of the soldiers during the terrible struggle for independence. Somehow, their faces soon lost the defiant air and vain simper they had worn when they first entered her presence, and had deepened into seriousness and respectful attention, as the wife of Washington, after hearing them, said :

"Ladies, you came to advise me, and as far as kindness prompted you, I am obliged for the motive, though I cannot act on your suggestions. You are all in the bloom of life. Many years, I trust, are before you. My age, even more, far more than my station, sanction my giving you some advice. Dear ladies, suffer the word of exhortation. Should Christian women, honored wives and mothers, be content to aim at no higher glory than that of the insect that glitters in the sunbeam—to be as the firefly, or the humming-bird? You spoke of the greatness of my husband. His dear mother ever looked well to the ways of her household. She taught him to be industrious by her example, for her spinning-wheel spun the clothes he wore from his earliest days; and she, like myself, loved the knitting-needles."

She looked, as she spoke, at her knitting.

"Ladies, during eight years of ceaseless struggle, the women of America—the mothers of the land—spent no money on finery for themselves. They spent all their available means in providing clothing for the army; which, but for that succor, must have perished in our long and bitter Winters. I do not wish to boast; I did only my duty; nay, I know it was my privilege, as Washington's wife, to toil for the men under his command. I always went into Winter quarters with him. In Summer-time I, and his mother, and my friends, were at our spinning-wheels.

Once, in the Winter, I had sixteen looms under one roof, all weaving cloth—coarse, indeed, but warm—for the soldiers of the nation. Trust me, woman was made for nobler ends than merely to display finery, which mars, rather than improves, the graces that nature has bestowed."

"I know," said one of the ladies, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. Sarah Bache, the daughter of Doctor Benjamin Franklin, sold her ornaments, and all that she could possibly spare, to commence a fund, which other ladies in Philadelphia were induced to aid both by hand and purse. They made, I remember, two thousand two hundred shirts, in one season, for the army."

"Yes, dear young ladies, the example of Franklin's daughter influenced the less thoughtful, but not less kind-hearted, ladies of that city. One faithful woman, how much she can do to check the influence of luxury and folly! Our country-women, before the troubles, had grown fond of foreign fashions, and it was feared that, as we depended for luxuries on Europe, the patriotic desire for independence might be checked by a cause so trivial, and yet so dangerous, as the frippery of female fashions. Mrs. Warren, I remember, did good service to the cause of liberty and truth, when, in a poem she wrote, she satirized her country-women's love of dress."

"That poem," said another lady, "was one suggested by the remark of a friend of hers, 'that all articles of foreign commerce should be dispensed with, except absolute necessities.' I remember Mrs. Warren amusingly put down a fancied list of articles an American lady could not dispense with; I forgot the words, but—"

"I can find them," said the lady President, reaching her hand to a book on the shelves behind her, and, after a little search, coming to the words:

"An inventory clear
Of all she needs, Lamira offers here:
Some lawns and lute-strings, blonde and Mechlin laces,
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases;
Gay cloaks and hats of every shape and size,
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes,
With ruffles stamped, and aprons of tambour;
Tippets and handkerchiefs at least three score,
And feathers, furs, rich satins, and ducapes,
And head-dresses in pyramidal shapes.
So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
Who can refuse? They're but her sex's due.
In youth, indeed, an antiquated page
Taught us the threat'nings of a Hebrew sage
'Gainst wimples, mantles, curls, and crisping pins:
But rank not these among our modern sins.
Our minds and manners are well understood,
To settle in a stomacher and hood."

The poor ladies, as the inventory was read over, looked down at their dresses with dismay. Almost every article enumerated they were wearing. At the reference to the words of the Hebrew sage (Isaiah), there is no doubt those words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles would recur to the mind of each, even if they did not rise to the lips of any, for the Bible had long been the home-book of America. How speaks St. Paul?

"That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array:

"But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."—I Timothy ii. 9, 10.

Impressed, not offended, the ladies left the presence of the noble matron, bearing her words in their minds, and, it is to be hoped, their influence in their hearts; for she gave not merely the precept of the lip, but the example of her life.

M R. S MYTHE'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.



RIDGET," said Mr. Arthur Augustus Smythe, in a tone of elaborate indifference, "who is that pret—*ahem!*—what ladies are those who occupy the first floor of the cottage opposite?"

"Them, is it?" responded Bridget, as she deviated from her occupation of filling the parlor-lamp to take a view of the ladies in question, seated at their windows. "Oh! one's Mrs. Grantly, and t'other's her stepdaughter, Miss Laura, from Midgeville. They don't get along very well, their Mariar says. Miss Laura, she's jealous of her pa's new wife, and Mrs. Grantly, she don't

take to Miss Laura. That's him, I mane Major Grantly, comin' down the sthreet now—that ould gent wid the big black whiskers and fierce looks. He's Major Grantly."

Mr. Smythe instinctively drew back a little at this announcement. He hoped the major hadn't caught him in the act of staring at his wife and daughter over the way.

"They appear very quiet," observed he, affecting a yawn. "Never see 'm go out, scarcely—then always with her fa—the major?"

"Oh yes, indade. Her father's as strict wid her as an ould Turk, and hardly thrusts her out o' his sight at all at all. An' jealous o' his wife, too, their Mariar says. The ould Blue Beard!"

And Bridget, having filled the lamps, and also unconsciously poured oil upon the incipient flame of Mr. Smythe's passion for his fair neighbor, gathered up her brooms and dusters and departed.

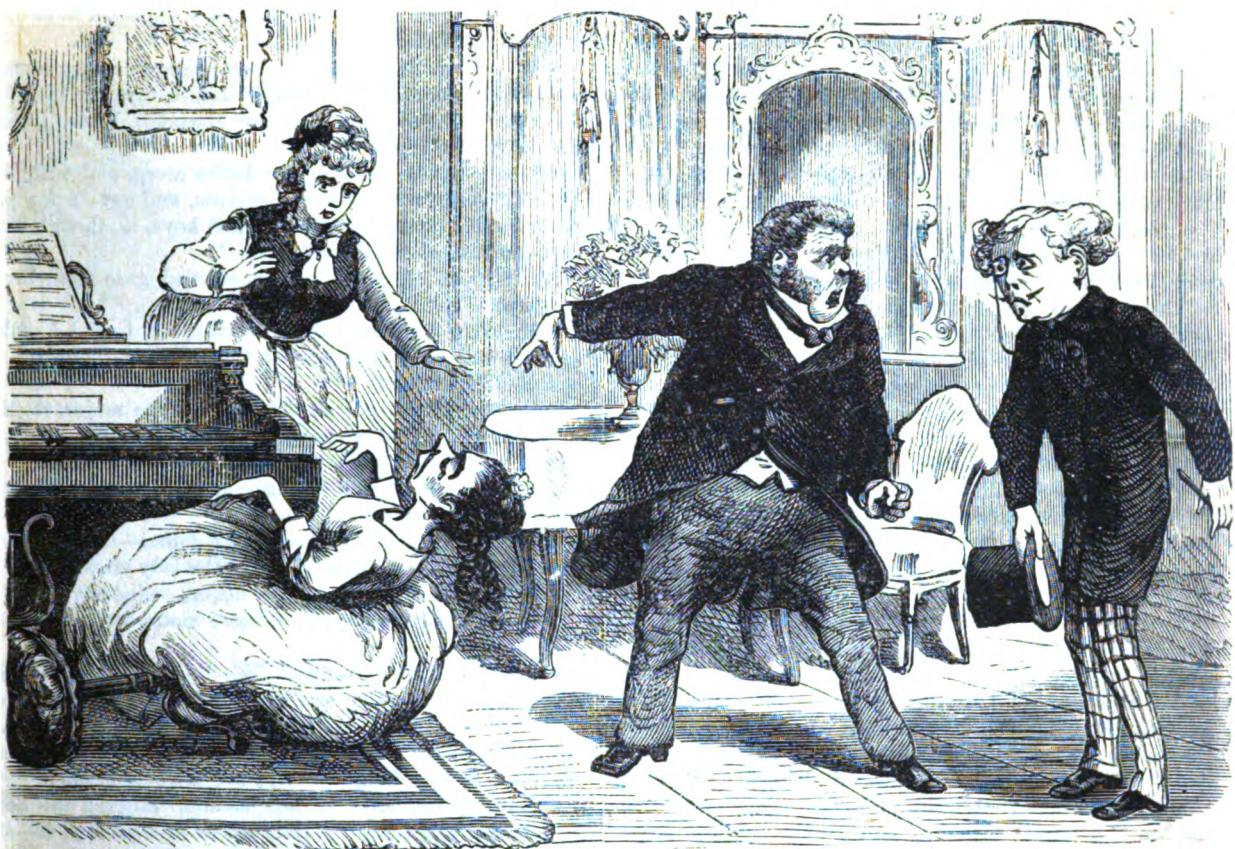
It is possible that, under other circumstances, Arthur Augustus, susceptible and romantic youth though he was, might not so readily have yielded to the charms of the fair unknown. But he had already passed a week at that wretchedly slow little watering-place, to which his rich Aunt Morgan (from whom he had expectations) had insisted upon his accompanying her, and everybody knows the power of love in idleness. It was early in the season, and he was bored to death—wherefore the apparition of a young and lovely girl in that proverbially dangerous position, "over the way," was sufficient to excite in his empty mind and heart an immediate and absorbing interest. At first it had been merely admiration, but now Bridget's hints about a stern father and an unkind stepmother heightened this sentiment into a more tender emotion, and soon a few sly glances from the fair object herself increased it into a fervid and all-absorbing passion. So fair and so unhappy! Powerful appeals to tender and chivalric manhood. And evidently not indifferent to himself—a consideration altogether irresistible. Then, to add further piquancy to the affair, there was the objectionable Mrs. Grantly, a tall and angular lady of thirty or thirty-five, with thin lips, long neck, long nose, and any quantity of false curls, color and graces, for ever sitting at the other parlor-window, and slyly watching him. No doubt she suspected something, and, to disarm her, Mr. Smythe was very particular, whenever he caught her eyes turned in his direction, to pretend that she herself, and not her golden-haired, blue-eyed stepdaughter was the object of his respectful regards.

Thus affairs continued for some days, until Mr. Smythe, from constantly seeing the ladies at their parlor-windows, and by some strange accident always meeting them in their walks, ventured upon a bow to the fair Laura—very elegant



SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.—MRS. WASHINGTON AND HER VICTORY.—SEE PAGE 242.

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MR. SMYTHE'S MISTAKE.—"MISS GRANTLY, WITH A HYSTERICAL SHRIEK, TIPPED OFF THE MUSIC-STOOL, AND LAY ON THE FLOOR. 'YOU SEE, SIR!' SAID THE MAJOR, AWFULLY, POINTING TO THE PROSTRATE FIGURE OF HIS DAUGHTER; 'THIS IS YOUR DOING!'"

and deferential. This being slyly acknowledged, something like an acquaintance seemed established, which looks and glances speedily ripened into what Arthur Augustus considered "a delicious understanding," all the more charming from its secrecy and unspoken ardor. Mrs. Grantly, too, had evidently been "thrown off the scent," for she bowed to him quite graciously, and Laura would bite her lip and glance shyly at her from beneath her long lashes, as if amused at the self-deception. And at length Mr. Smythe felt himself emboldened to intrust to the sympathizing Bridget, whom he was thus far constrained to take into

his confidence, a cluster of Parma violets, breathing in their delicious odor the sweet sentiment, "I think of thee." And Bridget, reporting that these had been favorably received, and that Miss Laura had asked her "a power of questions" about the handsome and interesting lodger, Arthur Augustus, in the gushing impulse of the moment, sat

down and wrote a most touching and eloquent stanza, commencing:

"I ne'er have heard thine angel voice
Nor touched thy lily hand,
And yet a single glance from thee
Doth all my soul command,"

which proved the commencement of a very tender and confidential correspondence. And so it was, to make matters short, that Mr. Smythe, one quiet Sunday evening, found himself nervously pacing up and down the parlor-floor, awaiting, with such emotions of blissful hope and agonizing



BRIDGET FILLING THE LAMP.

Thus, pacing up and down the floor, alternately glancing at his watch and peeping through the window-blinds



ARTHUR AUGUSTUS IN THE ACT OF CLEARING THE FRONT STEPS.

at the house opposite, Mr. Smythe was startled by a sudden, sharp, and decisive ring at the hall-door.

Before he had time to collect his thoughts, Bridget appeared and ushered in, to his extreme astonishment, the portly form of his Laura's paternal relative, the formidable-looking Major Grantly.

Mr. Smythe turned pale, and instinctively glanced aside at a table-drawer, in which were deposited his pistols.

"Good evening, sir!" said the visitor, in a deep, firm voice; "a *very* good evening, sir! Mr. — ah!" (here he pulled out of his breast-pocket an envelope, and glanced at the address), "ah! Mr. Arthur Augustus Smythe, I presume?"

Mr. Smythe feebly acknowledged his identity.

"And this is your handwriting, sir?"

Arthur Augustus in a faint voice admitted that the writing was his own.

Whereupon Major Grantly, carefully unfolding the note, read it aloud very deliberately and distinctly, the wretched author of the same sitting meanwhile on thorns, especially at the passage in which he hinted at the practicability of a secret flight and marriage in case of her cruel parents' disapproval of their union.

"Well, sir," remarked the major, as he concluded, and refolded the touching epistle—"well, sir, I have thought proper, being the lady's father, to make a few inquiries before allowing my daughter to accept your proposal. My wife, sir, Mrs. Grantly, discovered this" (slapping the note, which now lay upon the table) "about an hour since on my daughter's bureau, and very properly informed me of the affair, which she had observed from the beginning." ("The old hag!" muttered Arthur Augustus to himself.) "Imprudent, sir—very!"—here the major frowned darkly and shook his head—"though I suppose that young men will always be young men, ready to commit any absurdity for sake of love."

"I—I am sure, sir," stammered Mr. Arthur Augustus, agitatedly, "my intentions—honorable—"

"Oh, of course, of course! Could I for an instant suspect that you intended trifling with my daughter's affections, or shirking the fulfillment of the proposal which you have herein made"—and the major here frowned so fiercely that his bushy black brows met above his nose, while he impressively tapped his left breast-pocket, in the region of the heart.

Mr. Smythe, who had at the first words experienced a suffocating sensation, now breathed more freely.

The major then proceeded, in a brisk, business-like way, to question him as to his family, prospects, and other important personal items, and finally, pronouncing himself satisfied, shook his future son-in-law cordially by the hand, and proposed that he should immediately accompany him across the way, and be introduced to the ladies in due form. It need not be said how eagerly the invitation was accepted.

It was with a blissfully beating heart that Arthur Augustus entered the apartment where sat his lovely Laura, in company with his future mother-in-law. They were evidently expecting him, for the fair blonde lounging on the sofa looked down, with a smile on her lovely lip, whilst her odious stepmother simpered behind her fan and tossed her false curls girlishly.

As for Arthur Augustus, he was so confused and agitated as to be hardly conscious of what he was about. He had afterward a vague recollection of bowing to a white poodle-dog when "My wife, Mrs. Grantly," was named by the pompous major, and of seating himself in a work-basket, which had been left on a chair near Laura.

He replied vaguely to the remarks addressed to him; and the first observation of which he was distinctly conscious

was from the major himself, who now appeared to be in a most amiable and cheerful mood.

"So you prefer old songs. Laura knows a lot; learned when she was quite a girl—ahem! Laura, my dear, give Mr. Smythe 'Will you come to my Mountain-home, Love?' Rather good thing that."

Whereupon the elder of the ladies arose, and wriggling girlishly to the piano, tossed her curls, and gave a few preliminary spasmodic touches on the keys, as though they were hot and burned her fingers.

Mr. Smythe turned a sudden, startled gaze from her to his host.

"Excuse me, sir, he said, nervously, "but—did I understand you aright? The lady at the piano is—your wife, of course—Mrs. Grantly?"

"Eh? Certainly not, sir!" responded the major, starting in his turn. "That young lady is my daughter Laura, to whom your letters have been addressed."

Mr. Smythe's previously blushing countenance assumed a hue of ghastly pallor.

"I—I really fear, sir," he gasped, "that—that, in short, there has been some mistake—that the lady mistook—"

"Mistook, sir!" thundered the major, ominously.

"I mean, sir, simply, that those notes were addressed to—to—"

"To 'Miss Laura Grantly.' The direction was sufficiently distinct to admit of no question or dispute. I have every one of those notes locked in my desk, and can produce them at any moment. Yes, sir—to 'Miss Laura Grantly'; and there she is—my daughter and your betrothed wife!"

"But, my dear sir—my dear madam," faltered the horrified Arthur Augustus, "permit me to say—to explain—that I was under the impression that *this* lady"—bowing to the lovely blonde on the sofa—"that *this* lady was your daughter, Miss Laura—"

"What, sir?" roared the major, in a voice of thunder.

And the true Miss Grantly, with a hysterical shriek, tipped off the music-stool, and lay on the floor, grasping spasmodically at the carpet, as though it had been Arthur Augustus's hair.

"You see, sir!" said the major, awfully, pointing to the prostrate figure of his daughter; "this is your doing!"

"I am sure I am very sorry—I deeply regret; but, in fact, sir," said Mr. Symthe, desperately, "if not your daughter, may I ask who this lady really is?"

"My wife, sir!" howled the injured host—"my wife, sir! and if you do not instantly apologize for this insult to me and her, and the worse than insult to my daughter, I will—"

But Mr. Smythe delayed not to hear the major's intentions, which were, perhaps, rendered sufficiently evident by the latter's seizure of a heavy gold-headed cane, which stood in a corner of the room. And as the outraged husband and father concluded the above speech, Arthur Augustus was in the act of clearing the front steps with an agility of which he would have previously believed himself incapable of performing.

He didn't go across to his lodgings, but, making hasty steps to the railroad depot, sprang upon the platform of the departing train, and was borne away as on the wings of the wind from the awful fate which had threatened to overwhelm him.

He wrote to his Aunt Morgan, explaining to that sympathizing old lady how a dear friend had sent a hasty summons to him to attend his dying bed—a petition which he had, of course, felt himself compelled to obey on the instant—and he promised to return in the course of a few days.

But he didn't return; and it is understood that he is still dodging the major, and that the fair Laura is making preparations for a suit for breach of promise.

A GRASS-FIRE ADVENTURE.



THREE different fires, from as many quarters, were reddening the evening sky, as I and my two brother-officers, and the detachment of soldiers under our command, looked forth from our solitary little outpost on the banks of the Great Fish River.

Within the last few days the Caffres had burst in force upon the colony, marking their track by fire

and assagais; the company of Cape Mounted Rifles, who completed our slender garrison, had been sent to the colonists' aid, while we infantry, as being unfitted for such duty, were left to hold the post. But our hearts were with our suffering countrymen; and it was not until those war-lit flames had died away, and the patrol had returned from its midnight round, that we committed our little citadel to its sentinels' charge, and retired to our barracks, which, built in a hollow square, formed also the post's outer wall, its only additional defense being a row of palisades.

Yet no apprehension for our own safety troubled even the faintest-hearted woman within the gate; and we could scarcely believe our senses when, shortly after, we were awakened by the harsh shriek of the Caffre war-cry, and, rushing out, found ourselves beset by a horde of skin-clad warriors, who, concealed by the darkness, had crept, snake-like, along the ground, until, when close at hand, they had bounded to their feet, and, with quivering assagais and discordant yells, thrown themselves against our defenses, hoping to carry them by surprise.

Failing in this design, they fled, though only, as it proved, beyond rifle-range; for daylight revealed to us girt around by a belt of foes outnumbering us by twenty to one. At once we divined the truth that our assailant was some border-chief, who, during friendly visits to the post, had detected its weak points, especially that worst and greatest, the want of water, all we used being brought from a neighboring ravine, between which and us the Caffres clustered thickest. It was soon evident that they had decided not again to attack the post, but, resting on their arms, to await the time when we should either perish of thirst within our walls or fall by their assagais without.

There was indeed but little hope that it would be otherwise. There were none among those hills to bear to Graham's Town the tidings of the siege, and days would elapse ere our next mail was due. Our only chance, and that a faint one, was, that some inadvertence of the Caffres might enable one man to steal through their lines, and hasten in quest of aid. As senior subaltern, I claimed this duty; but so closely were we invested that I almost despaired of ever executing it.

With unspeakable anxiety we watched, while our small stock of water waxed hourly lower. Despite our utmost care, it was all but gone, when, on the third night, a brilliant meteor, darting across the sky, was overtaken by a second, which appeared to the eye to shatter it into atoms. A shout of triumph from the besiegers greeted this infallible omen of success; and in further demonstration of joy, dancing, and music soon filled the Caffre camp, hundreds of feet beating time vehemently to their owners' guttural strains, while the winding of buffalo-horns and booming of calabash drums swelled the whole into a deadening din.

Here was the long-sought opportunity, and, followed by the good wishes of my companions, I started on my hazardous enterprise. Bending almost double as I crept

cautiously on from the cover of one hillock to another; when some fire flashed brighter across my way, or group drew unusually near, sinking to the earth with bated breath, yet ever seeking for some unguarded spot by which I might pass out. But it was not till many a danger had been narrowly escaped that a break was found in the living cordon, and still gliding on between the ridges, I left the Caffre circle behind, and rejoiced to find myself free to seek for my comrades' help and rescue.

Our stables and horses were in the Caffres' possession; but a few miles distant was a spot where the spare Cape corps' horses pastured, and thither I hastened in quest of one. Catching the most powerful among them, I speedily equipped him with a bridle and rug-saddle, brought wrapped round me from the post on purpose; then mounting, I took the way to Graham's Town, as a measure of prudence avoiding the path across the hills, and traveling through labyrinths of intersecting ravines and valleys.

This route considerably increased the distance; but well my new steed served me, treading devious breaks in the thorny jungle, fording rushing water-courses, and pushing through steep rocky defiles, where a single false step would have cost our lives, until, ere four hours were elapsed, nearly half our journey was accomplished. My hopes of success were assuming certainty, when some indistinct sound seemed to mingle with the echo of my horse's footfall, and in dread of lurking Caffres, I spurred on faster. But the sound soon swelled into a dreary howl, and then a loud burst of hysterical laughter, and, looking around, I beheld, through the darkness, two fiery orbs, and at once knew that a hyena, that dangerous and wily brigand of the woods, was on our track.

There was no longer need of spur or rein, for, conscious of his danger, my steed bounded fleetly on, but, fresh from his lair, the wild beast's pace was swifter, and each minute he seemed to gain upon us. I did my utmost to scare him off by shouts and yells, and, at the risk of arousing the Caffres, I fired my pistols, but all in vain; unhurt, undismayed, and resolute, our pursuer still held his way.

Suddenly, a second voice joined in chorus, and two more flaming eyes glared on the night. Another hyena had joined the chase, and, to my consternation, I perceived that our peril was more than doubled, for the presence of each other seemed to animate the fierce creatures to yet stronger efforts. I knew that lonely travelers had often been similarly beset; and the remembrance of their adventures was far from cheering. Meanwhile, shrill neighs of terror burst from my horse's lips, as he still plunged madly on; momentarily, more audible grew the headlong rush of the hyenas through the tangled grass, while their reiterated cries rang in our ears like peals of mocking laughter.

It was a race for life or death, and the odds were against us. Nearer and nearer drew our fell followers, as they strove to outstrip each other; nearer and nearer, yelling, howling, laughing at our heels, as if we had been demon-chased.

At length, with a longer bound and a higher leap, the foremost sprang to my horse's haunches, holding on by his enormous claws, and, quick as thought, his companion followed. A loud, wild shriek, quivering through the woods, told the poor creature's agony, as wayspent, wounded, and overpowered, he fell heavily to the ground, his inexorable foes clinging to their prey, and rolling in fierce struggles over him, while, with a thrill of inexpressible horror, I found myself sharing the general downfall.

For a moment I lay stunned and half insensible, helplessly awaiting my expected doom; but in another, to my infinite amazement, I discovered that I had been thrown to some distance by the shock; and rising, found myself not only unhurt, but in no immediate danger, the hyena having neither eyes nor ears save for the victim whose blood they

had tasted. It was a horrible scene, and I hastened to terminate it by a brace of bullets. My hapless steed's last breath ebbed as I released him ; and with sincere regret for his fate, yet duly and truly thankful for my own unhoped-for escape, I turned away to hasten on my important journey.

But, traveling on foot, I made dishearteningly little progress. The valleys, too, generally lay at angles with my route ; and whenever I was compelled to cross the shoulder of a hill, or corner of a plateau, some blackened ruin or abandoned weapon was sure to meet my view, impressing the continued necessity of caution. Thus it was past mid-day, and I was still some miles from Graham's Town, when, rounding a rocky ledge, I came suddenly in sight of a large body of Caffres, encamped in a valley below. Some expedition was apparently at hand, for each man was sharpening his assagai, or looking to the flint-lock of his rifle ; while in the midst, clad in a leopard-skin karosse, and vehemently

Fanned by their swift passage through the air the spears came quivering down like fiery serpents but a few yards from me. The long prairie grass died almost to tinder by the tropical sun, smoked and crackled beneath their glowing trail ; and in another moment a dozen fires were sparkling and leaping along the ground, raising an impassable barrier between me and my pursuers, but at the same time menacing me with a fate more terrible than any their weapons could inflict, and before which even the peril of the past might grow faint and dim. I had but one resource—to turn and flee before this incombustible foe ; but when, gaining the ascent, I gave a momentary glance behind, I was well-nigh appalled, for the conflagration had already spread and stretched into a wide field of flames, reddening the steep hill-sides, devastating the ravine to its central stream, and rushing on my track like a fiery tide. The whole wilds on my side of the valley would shortly be ablaze with one of



A GRASS-FIRE ADVENTURE.—“AT LENGTH, JUST AS THE FLAMES TOUCHED MY HEELS, I GAINED THE ROCK, AND WAS, AS I HOPED—SAVED.”

haranguing his countrymen, was the well-known chief Tyralie, whilom the frequenter of mess and ball-room, but now the colonists' most bitter enemy.

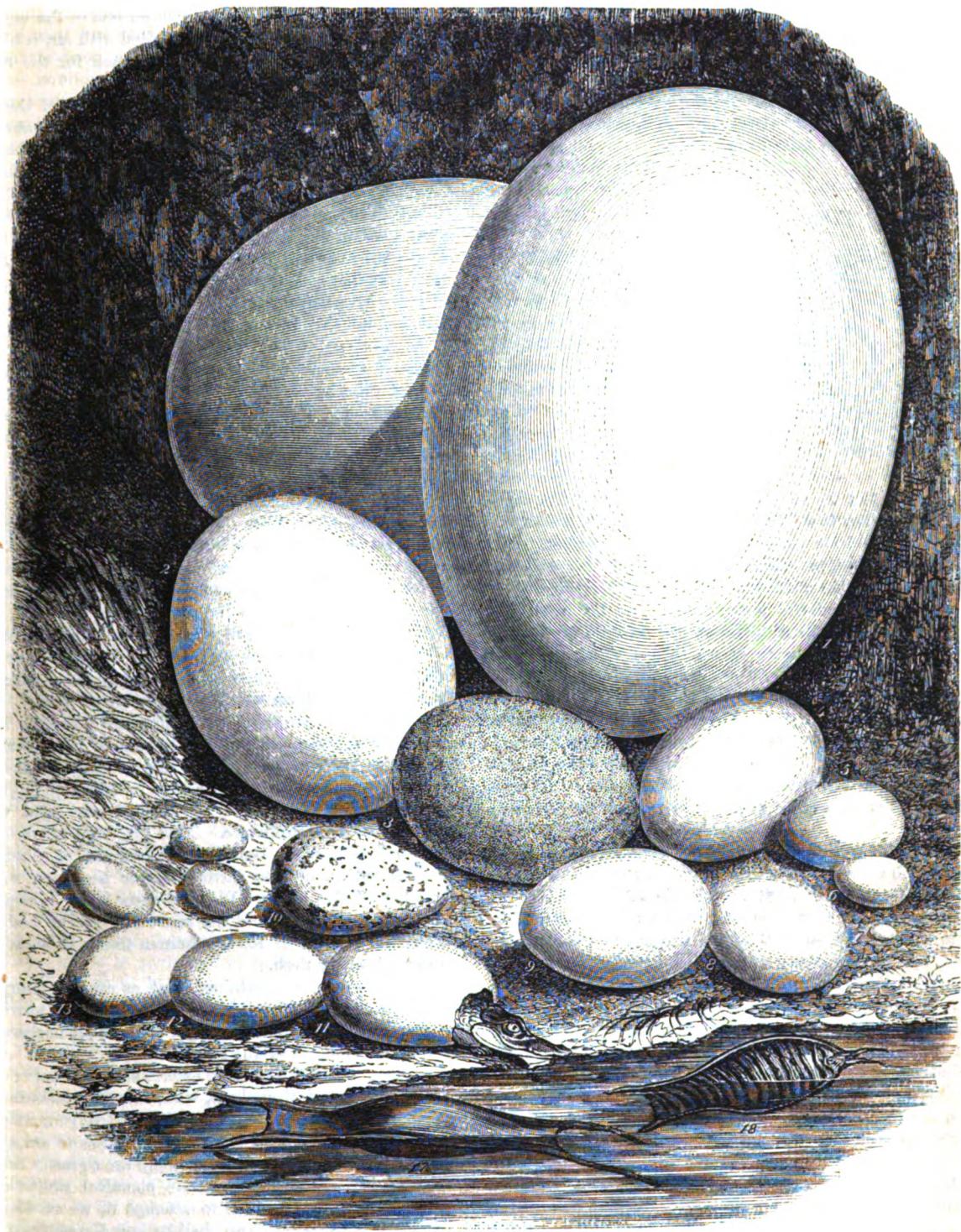
In all haste I retreated, but unfortunately not unseen ; for instantly the whole force rose in hot pursuit, while a hue-and-cry rolled up the hill which awakened a hundred echoes. But it was nothing to the outburst of baffled rage with which on reaching the summit the Caffres found that, comparatively fleet of foot, I had escaped to a hill beyond. Rifles and assagais were freely discharged across the intervening ravine, but the bullets fell wide, the flying spears short ; ponderous knobberries whirled and whistled through the air, yet with a like ill-success ; and then, as if exasperated by failure, rose a deep fiendish howl, heralding a second flight of assagais, and no words can express the extent of my dismay to perceive that each shaft was tipped with fire, an unerring indication that the most fearful device of Caffre warfare was about to be put in execution against me.

those terrific grass-fires which in that dry climate a single spark will suffice to kindle, and which, taller than a man, rage unchecked and uncheckable over vast tracts of country. All I could do was again to flee ; but my breathless race was no more for life, but to delay the death no human effort could finally avert. It was a frightful doom to anticipate ; and as I still toiled through the cumbrous grass, visions of my distant home and its loved inmates, thoughts of the beleaguered comrades whose fate would be scarce less miserable than mine, pressed on me with inexpressible distress and pain.

Meanwhile, stronger, louder, and fiercer, the mighty conflagration swept on, running in fiery streams along the parched-up herbage, igniting the thickets, exploding in volleys of sparks from out the brushwood, and rolling along in thick clouds of smoke. Quaggas, antelopes, nay, even snakes and lizards, fled before its scorching breath, and despairing and weary, I followed in their rear. Sud-

denly, through the circling smoke, I perceived one of those strange, crater-like mounds of rock so frequent in the African wilds. Could I but gain its shelter, my case might be less desperate; and with renewed energy I strove to reach it: but my strength was almost gone; my breath came

suspense of those few minutes—the swift rushing blasts of heated air, the swelling tumult of the following surges, telling how near grew the destroyer, while yet far ahead was the little ark in which there might be safety. At length, just as the flames touched my heels, I gained its base; to scramble up



INSIDE AN EGGSHELL.—THE COMPARATIVE SIZES AND SHAPES OF EGGS.—SEE PAGE 250.

1. Epyornis. 2. Ostrich. 3. Cassowary. 4. Wild Swan. 5. Hen. 6. Pigeon. 7. Humming-bird. 8. Eagle. 9. Vulture. 10. Penguin. 11. Crocodile.
12. Python. 13. Fresh-water Turtle. 14. St. Lucia Boa. 15. Acnoides Turtle. 16. Ophidian. 17. Shark. 18. Ray.

fast, and my feet faltered in their eager course, while the flames rolled after me with redoubled speed, and more than once I felt as if I must yet sink to the earth, and yield passively to the fate whose only consolation was, that it would be as brief as terrible. No words can tell the intense

the rugged ascent was the work of a moment; then, panting and prayerful, I sank down in its shallow basin, as I hoped, saved.

And so it proved. The fire swept and surged around the stony islet, scathing its guardian aloes, devouring the sparse

herbage in its interstices, and almost suffocating me with its dense mases of smoke, then passed on its devastating career until it should be stopped by some interposing stream. Ere long, the denuded ground cooled sufficiently, and descending from the mound, I soon reached Graham's Town, whose rampart of rocky hills protected it from danger. The following night, I found one of the five hundred men who relieved the besieged outpost and escorted its inmates back to safety, lighted on our way by the Caffre-lit flames of our recent home and of all our worldly goods. Many, since then, have been the perils of my military life, but none recall a more thrilling memory than those of the journey ending with that Grass-fire Adventure.

INSIDE AN EGGSHELL.



ORDER prevails so wonderfully and so beautifully in all nature's works, that it appears to us marvelous, indeed, that persons can be found who can doubt that the hand who made them is divine. Indeed, the whole scheme of nature is so well adapted to the physical wants of both man and animal, supplying them with that which is necessary for their comfort in all the different regions of the earth, that it would be impossible for mere chance to have produced a scheme so perfect. It is not, however, to convince the sceptical that we write, but to call the attention of the unthinking to a few of nature's most wonderful works; which, so far from their being out of the reach of ordinary persons, are to be seen chiefly in connection with those things which are most familiar to us.

As our knowledge becomes extended, we see more fully how completely and accurately everything in nature works, and each step we advance on the road shows us how intimately all things are connected one with the other, so that the necessity of all that happens becomes more and more evident, and we see more clearly the wisdom of each contrivance.

Among the more curious studies which present themselves to the observant mind, is that of the production of a chicken from an egg. If we think but for a moment, we cannot fail to see that it is one of the most wonderful in nature. We all know that by the process of incubation—that is, by the application of heat, aided by the influence of atmospheric air—we obtain from the interior of the shell a chicken, which, though when first hatched is only partially developed, is yet sufficiently so to produce the fully developed fowl. It follows, therefore, that the egg must contain all the material for the production of the various parts of the chicken—not only the flesh and blood, but the feathers, claws, bones, nerves, cells and membranes, and, what is more wonderful, the vital principle, which gives life and motion to the whole.

Let us proceed, then, to ascertain the contents and describe the anatomy of an egg, prior to the commencement of incubation. On breaking the shell, the first thing that presents itself to our view is a colorless liquid, which we call the white of an egg, but which is called by chemists albumen; the yolk consists of more of the same substance mixed up with about thirty per cent. of oil or yellow fatty matter. It therefore appears that albumen forms the principal contents of an egg. The shell is a calcareous or chalky substance, formed by particles of chalk being deposited in small spaces which intervene between a sort of network of

fibres which extends over the whole of the shell; an arrangement that gives the necessary protection without cutting off the contents of the shell from that communication with the air which is necessary for the development of the embryo-chicken. Immediately beneath the shell is a sort of skin or membrane, which, if carefully examined, will be found to consist of two layers; and at the larger end of the egg these separate, leaving a space which is filled with air, containing an unusual proportion of oxygen, destined for the respiration of the future chicken.

We must pause here to notice the perfection of the whole contrivance, for not only is the shell of a porous nature, but from its shape, though in itself of a most brittle character, it is capable of bearing great pressure, and in fact the form above all others capable of bearing the greatest. Again, the yolk floats in the centre of the white, rising to the top, on that part of the shell where it can most favorably receive the warmth imparted by the parent. In the centre, again, of the yolk-bag is a small, whitish speck, which is supposed to be the germinating point or first rudiments of the future chicken; and this, by a similar arrangement, always rises to the highest point, and therefore in the most favorable position for receiving the heat necessary for carrying on the vital process.

Remembering that albumen forms eight-tenths of the contents of an egg, while the oil or fatty matter does not exceed one-tenth, it will be obvious that albumen is the starting-point of the whole series of tissues that constitute the organs which are the seat of vital action in the chicken. Albumen, therefore, seems to be a very extraordinary substance, and its importance, both to man and animal, cannot be well over-estimated, seeing that it holds the first place in the formation of their young; and, consequently, we find their blood contains it in large quantities. Indeed, everywhere throughout organized nature we find the phenomenon of life depending on its presence in the blood or other fluids; and we may further say, that only those substances which contain it form nutritious articles of food.

One important property which albumen possesses is that of dissolving bone-earth, and, by means of the blood, conveying it to parts of the system; and we may also mention, by-the-way, that it has another very valuable quality—that of neutralizing the effects of one of our most violent poisons, corrosive sublimate. This property of dissolving bone-earth is another beautiful contrivance of nature for the distribution of the earthy matter necessary for the formation of the bones. Without some such scheme, the bones would not enlarge at the same rate as the body, and it would be impossible for the human frame to sustain the increased bulk of flesh.

Thus far, we have ascertained that, as an alimentary substance, the contents of an egg is not only highly nutritious, but also that albumen, its principal contents, is necessary for the full development of the animal world.

Albumen, however, is not an elementary substance; let us see, then, by chemical analysis, what are the contents of an egg. It will be impossible to give the relative proportions of the different constituents of an egg with more than a moderate degree of accuracy, because there are so many remarkable instances of variation in the chemical properties of different eggs, that, were we to attempt it, we should only mislead our readers. But we shall be near the average, if we say it is usually about fifty-five parts of carbon, or, as it is more familiarly understood, charcoal; twenty-two of a mixture of oxygen, phosphorus and sulphur; sixteen of nitrogen and seven of hydrogen. The shell is composed of carbonate of lime and magnesia, with about two per cent. of animal matter; or thus—two per cent. of animal matter, one of phosphate, the remainder being carbonate of lime or hard chalk, with a slight trace of carbonate of magnesia.

Our knowledge does not as yet enable us to trace the use of all these substances in the formation of a chicken; but we may say that the phosphorus yields phosphoric acid to aid in forming the bones, but of the earthly matter necessary for their complete development we find no trace; and, therefore, we imagine the shell to be the source from whence it is obtained, though there does not appear to be any communication between it and the vessels of the chicken.

The first indication of the permanent fabric of the chicken, and which is observable on the second day of incubation, is called the "primitive trace," which is, in fact, the foundation of the vertebral column or backbone. In the first instance, it is very minute, being a mere streak or furrow; but in time it rises up and arches over, so as to meet and convert the furrow into a canal.

During the progress of this change, another very important one is taking place, namely, the formation of vessels and arteries which are destined to take up the nourishment supplied by the yolk, and to convey it to the embryo of the chicken. The heart commences to make its appearance at the end of the twenty-seventh hour of incubation. At first, it is only formed of cells having no muscular structure, but very shortly this is formed and the pulsation of the heart commences. It is here that the first blood is formed, and the same process appears to be continued through the whole period of incubation; the yolk being converted into blood, and the blood being conveyed by the arteries and blood-vessels into the body of the embryo. We may, therefore, look at the yolk-bag in the light of a temporary stomach, gradually absorbing nourishment and converting it into blood, which afterwards serves for the formation of the permanent body of the chicken. Thus the whole of the yolk-bag is ultimately drawn into the stomach of the chicken, the former gradually shrinking as its contents are exhausted, and the latter enlarging so as to receive it at last as a little pouch or appendage.

Thus far we have seen the wonderful contrivance of nature for the nourishment of the chicken; let us now see how she has provided for its respiration, for the embryo, like the adult chicken, requires air, partly that its own heat may be kept up, and partly that the carbonic acid, liberated in the various processes of nutrition, may be set free. Owing to the peculiar and beautiful structure of the shell and the membrane covering of the albumen, the outer air is enabled to gain access to the interior of the egg; and at first its action upon the blood is sufficient. On the third day, however, a bag begins to sprout from the lower end of the body, and gradually and almost completely encloses it. This bag serves as the temporary respirating apparatus of the chicken till it is prepared to quit the egg, at which period, there is reason to suppose, it receives into its lungs the highly oxygenized air formerly mentioned as contained in the space at the large end of the egg; and, by the increased vigor thus acquired, it is enabled to perform the movements requisite for extricating itself from the shell, which is done entirely by its own exertions.

In conclusion, we may say that, in the whole of the economy of nature, there is nothing in which the fatherly care of an Allwise Providence is more signal and conspicuous than in the means of reproduction which is given to animated beings; and among the various means which He has devised there is none more simple or more beautifully ordered than the one we have attempted to describe.

HOW WAR IS MADE.

AS FRANCIS I. was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the State, "It would not be amiss," said the king, stirring up the embers

with his cane, "if this good understanding between us and Switzerland was a little strengthened."

"There is no end, sire," replied the minister, "in giving money to those people; they would swallow up the treasury of France."

"Pooh-pooh," answered the king, "there are more ways, Monsieur la Premier, of bribing States besides that of giving money. I'll pay Switzerland the honor of standing godfather for my next child."

"Your majesty," said the minister, "in so doing would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back. Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no construction be godfather."

"She may be godmother," replied Francis, hastily; "so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning."

"I am astonished," said Francis I. that day fortnight, speaking to the minister as he entered the closet, "that we have had no answer from Switzerland."

"Sire, I wait upon you this moment," said Monsieur la Premier, "to lay before you my dispatches upon that business."

"They take it kindly?" said the king.

"They do, sire," replied the minister, "and have the highest sense of the honor your majesty has done them; but the republic, as godmother, claims her right in this case of naming the child."

"In all reason," quoth the king; "she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Louis, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us?"

"Your majesty is deceived," replied the minister; "I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republic on that point also."

"And what name has the republic fixed on for the dauphin?"

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," replied the minister.

"By St. Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss!" cried Francis I., pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.

"Your majesty," replied the minister, calmly, "cannot bring yourself off."

"We'll pay them money," said the king.

"Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury," answered the minister.

"I'll pawn the best jewels in my crown," quoth Francis I.

"Your honor stands pawned already in this matter," answered the premier.

"Then, Monsieur la Premier," said the king, "by heaven we'll go to war with them!"

THE ICE-CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.

CAVES where there is ice in Summer, but none in Winter, seem curious things indeed; but such really exist, and have excited no little discussion among the learned. Among the most remarkable of these is the Ice-Cave of Vergy, or, as the peasants call it, Montargy, not far from the village of Prelong, in the valley of Reposoir.

The grotto is hollowed out in the yellowish limestone, and forms a hall about fifty yards in depth, with a sloping floor covered with fragments of rock. All around you are stalactites, stalagmites, columns, platforms, so to speak, or inclined planes, not of mineral, as in many caves, but of pure, clear, hard ice. The forms of the great icicles depending from the roof were that of stalactites, but those rising from the floor were often conical, paraboloidal, or bottle-shaped—sometimes like a top reversed. One very curious one, seen by the artist whose sketch we give, rose from the ice-floor, and rested at the top against a rocky face.

looking like a waterfall congealed as it sprang from the rock. The material was a dead-white like porcelain.

This ice must be formed at the period of the year when the cold and water meet, in the Fall at the first approach of frost, and in Spring when he retires. Sometimes, though but rarely, ice is found here in Winter, but, as the peasants say, "a true ice-cave has no ice in Winter." It is just this popular observation, generally correct, that gives interest to the discussions of the learned. What influence is exerted by currents of air? What by the cooling of the air caused by the saturation of the vapors rising from the water? More connected facts are required to establish a theory, and, hitherto, no man of science seems to have watched, day by day, the formation of the ice, or its melting, so as to give us an intelligent explanation of the curious fact. Our

illustration is from a drawing by Mr. Thury, who visited the Ice-Cave of Vergy in 1861, and represents the entrance to this singular cave.

COOKING BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

THE sun is the great source of light and heat, and we make its reflections permanent by compelling it to perform certain chemical action in the daguerreotype. But as it is the source of heat, why not use it?

All know the story of Archimedes destroying a fleet by means of mirrors. The idea of using the sun's rays to give heat for man's use in peace or war is not modern, yet, with all our inventions, it has taken no practical shape. Yet accidents sometimes occur that show us how readily the sun's rays could be turned to account. In the Autumn of 1873, a goldfish globe, full of water, hanging in the window of Dr. Mathewson's house at Durham, Maine, acted as a lens, and actually set the casement on fire, but it was fortunately seen in time.

Mouchot, a scientific man in France, has lately drawn attention to the subject.

In his investigations, he found that as far back as the time of the Crusades it was known that the Saracens used solar heat in distilling some of their precious liquors for medical and cosmetic use. In these distillations they employed polished concave steel mirrors manufactured at Damascus.

The students of science in Europe certainly caught the



COOKING BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN.—A FISH GLOBE, AS A LENS SETTING FIRE TO A HOUSE AT DURHAM, ME.

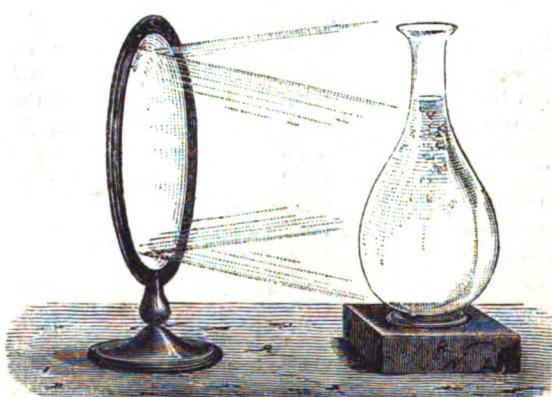
ignited instantly, and a copper coin drilled through in twenty-four seconds.

In 1687, the Baron of Tchirnhausen did cook by sun heat. He boiled water almost instantly in an earthen pot, by the help of the mirror, and cooked eggs; but you had to be quick, for they got hard in an instant, and before you knew it, the water had evaporated.

Mons. Mouchot, reviving the ideas of these early students, and following in the track of Buffon, Saussure, Ducarla, and Sir John Herschel, has obtained most satisfactory results, and now that analysis by means of the spectrum has enabled us to understand the chemical action of certain rays and counteract it, sun-cooking may become important.

A machine has recently been brought forward for drying fruit, vegetables, etc., almost instantly, retaining the sugar, and avoiding the loss of valuable ingredients which all sun-dried fruit undergoes by the fermentation produced by the influence of the chemical rays. As in Mouchot's experiments, the interposition of a red or yellow glass neutralized these chemical rays, tin reflectors may be made so as to dry apples, tomatoes, and other fruit and vegetables in red or yellow glass jars, far superior to the ordinary dried fruit.

Mouchot says, "I took a glass cylinder, the glass about the thickness of an ordinary window-pane, in which I set a copper or wrought-iron cylinder, with the rim resting on the glass, and with a glass cover over it. This solar pot gave very good results; for on setting it in the focus of a silver-



SOLAR DISTILLATION, FROM LONICER'S WORK, A.D. 1551.

idea, and we give an illustration, from a work of Adam Lonicer, printed in 1551.

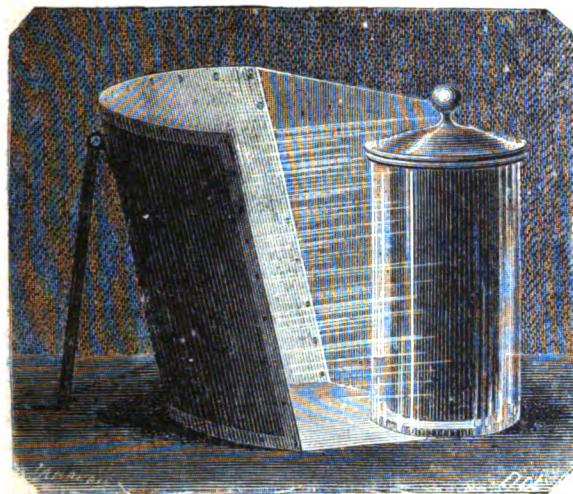
The sun, with a gallantry worthy of Apollo, gave his first labors to the fair sex, to aid some of the complexions he helps to spoil.

Let us hear the venerable author:

"Means whereby an infusion in water of various flowers may be made, retaining the odor and the vertue thereof: Sette a concave mirrour in the burning sun, then place betwixt that orb and the mirrour the glasse jarre, so that the sun's rayes will reflect from the mirrour to the glasse, as shown in the cut set down herewith."

This hardly justifies our title. It is not exactly cooking, but we will come to that. In 1662, Villette, a Lyons optician, made a concave mirror, with a focus the size of half a louis d'or. Green wood, placed a yard from the mirror, was

plated reflector, it boiled three litres (0.66 gallons) of water, starting at 15 deg. Réaumur in an hour and a half. As this kettle was convenient, I used it on several at-



MOUCHOT'S SOLAR BOILING AND BAKING APPARATUS.

tempts. It enabled me to make by sun-heat an excellent soup of a kilogramme of beef and a selection of vegetables. After four hours' insulation, the whole was thoroughly cooked, although the sun was at times obscured by clouds; and the soup was all the better from the great regularity with which the heat increased."

Our illustration shows the apparatus used. The semi-cylindrical reflector fifty centimetres (19.685 inches) high, the base the arc of a circle, the chord of which is a metre (39.37 inches). It is inclined so as to concentrate the rays on the metal pot, which is blackened. The light on its dark surface guides the experimenter in getting it into the focus.

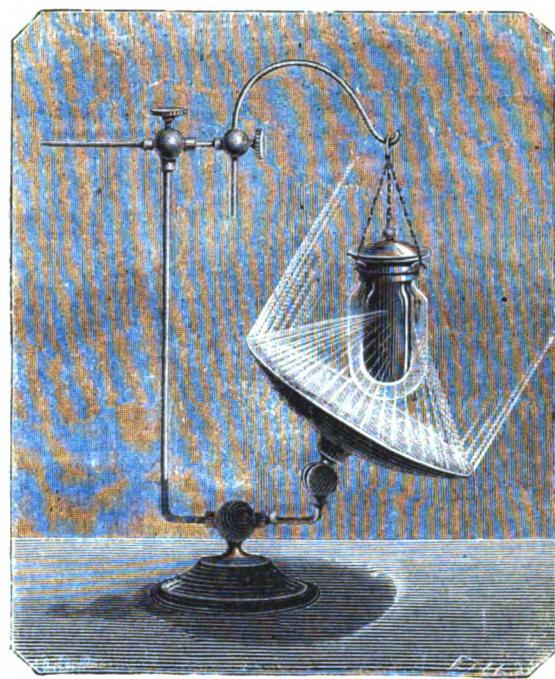
Once, by putting a wrought-iron cover under the glass, he made an oven in which a loaf of bread weighing one kilogramme (2,204 lbs. av.) was baked in less than three hours, and as well as in any baker's oven.

M. Mouchot, having succeeded in cooking and baking by means of his mirror, next tried it in distillation. Replacing the two covers by a still-head, fitting exactly, and connected with a worm passing through a vessel of water, he placed some wine in the iron jar, and in forty minutes obtained alcohol:

The apparatus heating slowly and continuously, the alcohol was concentrated, and had a very fine aroma.

In our illustration, *a* is the jar containing the wine; *b*, the alembic, or still-head; *c*, the vessel containing the worm; *d*, the tap letting cold water around; *e*, the pipe discharging; *f*, the vessel to receive the alcohol; *g*, the reflector.

This reflector enabled him to roast meat in the open air;



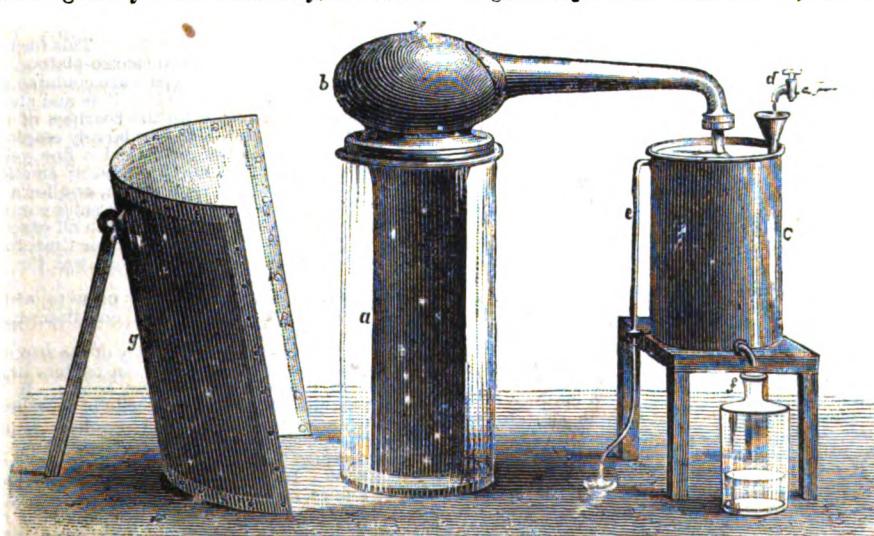
MOUCHOT'S IMPROVED SOLAR COOKING-STOVE.

by placing at the focus a spit, with a piece of beef, veal, or mutton, he obtained in three hours a very well cooked piece of meat. But, to avoid the disagreeable taste given to it by the chemical rays, he set a yellow or red glass before the meat.

By leading a pipe from this jar to another containing vegetables or grain, he soon caused the water in the first jar to boil, and in quite a short time cooked the vegetables.

With a larger reflector he obtained still more speedy results, boiling five litres of water in thirty-five minutes, and this not in Summer, as some of our readers may imagine, but in February and March.

M. Mouchot gives a more elegant form of this Solar Cooking Stove, and which is shown in our second illustration. A spherical mirror, working on a joint, so as to be made to face the sun and turn the rays on the pot, which hangs from a branch, is so arranged that it can be readily brought into the focus of the mirror. The pot of blackened metal is set on a glass jar, the edge resting on the glass covered with a glass top. The reflector may be of polished tin instead of silver-plated. A cylinder-parabolic reflector of polished tin, of eighteen inches opening, easily raised water to boiling heat.



SOLAR DISTILLATION REFLECTOR.

a Jar of wine; *b* still-head; *c* vessel with worm; *d* cold water-tap; *e* waste-pipe; *f* alcohol receiver; *g* the reflector.

SCIENCE.

THERE was lately shown at the rooms of the Society of Art, in London, a piece of milk, "solidified by the Hooker process," and weighing one hundred pounds, and which "has been exposed to the action of the air for four years and three months." The *Agricultural Gazette* of that city says that "its quality was still so excellent that in a few minutes it was resolved, by churning, into good fresh butter."

A NEW Physical Observatory is to be erected at Fontenay, the head of which will be M. Janssen. It will be erected on the very spot where it was intended to build one when it was proposed some years back to remove the Paris Observatory. In a few months, then, Paris will have four observatories—the National, the Physical, and two meteorological observatories—one at Mont-souris under M. Marle-Davy, and another which is being built at the Acclimatization Gardens.

ILLUMINATING GAS FROM CORK—To the list of substances capable of furnishing illuminating gas of good quality cork is now to be added. Recent experiments, made in Bordeaux, France, have given results both economical and satisfactory, and it has been definitely decided to use the material in the lighting of the city. Works for burning cork are now in progress of construction. The fragments of cork, principally waste left after cutting bottle stoppers, are distilled in a close retort. The flame obtained is stated to be whiter and more brilliant than that of coal gas, while the blue zone is much smaller, and the density considerably greater.

A FRENCH firm of submarine engineers, Messrs Denayrouze & Co., have invented a lamp which burns as well under water as in the open air. It has a neat and sufficiently light apparatus, which the diver may hold in his hand, as one might hold a stable-lamp, or set down on the ground beside him. The oil burned is petroleum. Air is supplied to the flame by a tube communicating with the surface, and the products of combustion escape by a carefully planned aperture into the surrounding water. The lamp can be lighted under water by an ingenious contrivance. In clear water it throws a light for several yards around, and with a number of such lamps a party of divers might make the depths of ocean as light as a well-regulated workshop.

SWEDISH MATCHES.—In Sweden the wood of the white poplar alone is used for making matches. The trunks are sawn in planks of an equal thickness to the length of the matches, and these are reduced into pieces by machinery. After they are completely dry, they are dipped in a solution of paraffine, dissolved in photogene volatile oil, and then again dried. They are then dipped by packets or bundles in the inflammable composition, composed of 400 parts of chlorate of potassium, 400 of minium, 300 of sulphate of antimony, 150 of acid chromate of potassium, and 67 parts of gum. The sides of the boxes which serve for igniting the matches are prepared with a composition of eight parts of amorphous phosphorus and nine of sulphide of antimony.

THE remarkable discovery of a boiling lake in the island of Dominica has excited much scientific interest, and investigations of the phenomenon are to be made by geologists. It appears that a company exploring the steep and forest-covered mountain behind the town of Roseau came upon the boiling lake, about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, and two miles in circumference. On the wind clearing away for a moment the clouds of sulphurous steam with which the lake was covered, a mound of water was seen ten feet higher than the general level of the surface, caused by ebullition. The margin of the lake consists of beds of sulphur, and its overflowing found exit by a waterfall of great height. Some superstitious people believe this to be the mouth of hell, but as no one has ever yet been seen to enter the place, they are probably wrong.

CAMPHOR.—When small pieces of camphor are placed on the surface of water, it is known that they turn about with the most capricious movements. This phenomenon has lately been studied by M. Lescœur (of the Chemical Society at Paris) in a number of other bodies. He arranges in two classes the substances that are endowed with the "epipolar" force: 1. Substances insoluble in water: once the spreading out has occurred, all movement is arrested, and the movement of any other body is suspended (fixed oils, fatty bodies, etc.). 2. Substance soluble in water: the superficial layer produced is dissolved or volatilized with more or less rapidity, the movement is continuous. The saturation of the liquid, and of the surrounding atmosphere caused all the action to cease—capillarity, or of the superficial tension of liquids.

"**CORK LEATHER**."—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes to that journal: A stool has lately been added to the Maritime Exhibition by the Cork Leather Company, for the purpose of showing a fabric which is very like leather, but with qualities not possessed by any animal's hide. It is well known that cork is the most brittle of barks, and yet at the same time the lightest of materials. The cork leather, which now makes its appearance for the first time, is simply sheets of cork covered on both sides with thin linen, but so prepared that when bent double it neither breaks nor cracks. What the solution is which produces this effect I cannot pretend to guess. If used as leather, it is certainly one-fourth the weight of hide, and looks as well, at half the cost. If in the guise of macintosh, it is as supple and yet not sticky like ordinary waterproof. Boots and shoes are exhibited of this material, but the most efficient use to which it can be put seems to be for military accoutrements and tent-cloths. The French War Office has ordered a soldier's complete outfit to be made of the cork leather, and I

understand that the Duke of Cambridge has directed similar samples to be sent to the Horse Guards. With regard to tents, the material is, without doubt, impervious to water, for this is practically shown at the Exhibition, while it is said, on good authority, to be superior to ordinary canvas in resisting heat. If it be used in the army, the tedious burden of kit, belt, and cartouche-box will be very materially decreased. The inventor is a M. De Berski.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

ANTIMONY.

IT has a specific gravity of 6.7, and a cubic foot of it weighs about four hundred and twenty pounds. It melts at a low temperature, and when it solidifies from fusion, it expands a little, the same

as ice, and takes a perfect copy of a mold. This latter property enables us to employ it in the manufacture of type and music metal. We cannot employ antimony alone for this purpose, as it is too brittle, so we sometimes melt lead, and at other times tin with it. In different countries they use different metals to alloy with antimony to make types. Some English types were found to contain about sixty-nine parts of lead, nineteen and a half of antimony, nine of tin, and the balance of copper. Other specimens have recently been made of seventy-five parts of tin and twenty-five parts of antimony. The manufacturers of types have secrets of their own, which they naturally keep to themselves.

do not wish to divulge, a great point being to have the faces hard type.

There is a peculiar kind of antimony made by means of the galvanic battery, which explodes like gunpowder when it is touched with a red-hot iron. It is even not safe to scratch it with a file for fear of serious consequences. Fortunately, this form of the metal is not commonly met with in the arts, or dealers in the article would be exposed to much danger. Compounds of antimony are used in the manufacture of certain kinds of metals without phosphorus, but the explosive metal has no application for this purpose.

Antimony has been employed to impart hardness to iron, but as manganese is preferable, it is not very popular for this purpose. It is also used with copper and zinc to make brass, where a particular quality of that alloy is required. When we wish to make a pure transparent, colorless glass, we sometimes use a little antimony.

A very curious fact has recently been observed by Parkinson, that when antimony is combined with ten per cent. of metallic magnesium, an alloy is formed which will actually deliquesce and melt away to water in the air. No uses have been suggested for this alloy, but it is worthy of note in the behavior of two metals.

An iron-black powder, used for bronzing plaster casts, papier-mache figures, and imparting a steel color to those and other similar objects, is finely divided antimony, produced by precipitation with zinc.

The beauty and permanence of antimony in the air suggests its use as a suitable coating for the protection of other metals, such as iron and copper.

The butter of antimony is dissolved in alcohol, and clarified with a little muriatic acid, and the bright copper surface is plunged into it for half an hour. It becomes coated with a beautiful bright film of antimony, which adheres strongly, and does not alter in the air. Copper-wire coated in this way can be bent without destroying the thin film.

We can make a powerful galvanic battery by employing antimony at one of the poles, instead of gas carbon. Amalgamated zinc in dilute sulphuric acid is used at one end, a massive block of antimony, immersed in a saturated solution of equal parts of common salt and epsom salts, at the other. This forms a simple, cheap, and powerful battery, suitable to electro-plating.

In England, the best Britannia-ware contains antimony, and the English Government harden their bullets and shot with it.

As an anti-friction metal, for the bearings of machinery, for the packing of railroad axles, it is now largely employed.

A beautiful carmine red color, and a fine yellow, are prepared from its compounds. In medicine, tartar emetic, which is partly composed of antimony, is well-known, and for a hundred years no substance has been the occasion of greater controversies, or more extravagant expectations, as a remedy in all cases of sickness, than antimony. It was even necessary, at one time, for the Government of France to prohibit its use, so great was the excess in its prescription.

Notwithstanding the numerous uses to which this metal is applied, there are not more than one thousand tons of it produced every year.

We have thus sketched a majority of the popular applications of antimony, and may have beguiled our readers into acquiring information which they did not possess before. It is worthy of note, that the cosmetic which was a favorite of the "broad-eyed" woman of ancient Greece, has not ceased to retain its supremacy in modern times, and the medicine that fattened hogs at the time of Valentine, is now prescribed by the veterinary surgeon as a panacea for the ills of horse-flesh. In fact, antimony plays an important rôle in the ordinary affairs of life; for we drink our tea, shoot our enemies, cure our horses, cross the ocean, travel on the railroad, paint our pictures (not to say our faces), sing our songs, strike a light, harden our steel, coat our copper, purify our glass, print our books, telegraph our messages, and use as a medicine this wonderful metal.

STUDY OF HISTORY.

To study history is to study literature. The biography of a nation embraces all its works. No trifles is to be neglected. A moldering medal is a letter of twenty centuries. Antiquities, which have been beautifully called history defaced, composed its fullest commentary. In these wrecks of many storms, which time washes to the shore, the scholar looks patiently for treasures. The painting round a vase, the scribble on a wall, the wrath of a demagogue, the drollery of a farce, the point of an epigram—each possesses its own interest and value. A fossil court of law is dug out of an orator; and the Pompeii of Greece is discovered in the Comedies of Aristophanes.

AFFECTIONS OF HOME.

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

THE HAPPY HOME.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbor's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbor's house; and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill-humor punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.

NATIONALITY OF HANDWRITING.

It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B—— states: "I am acquainted with Frenchman, who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixed exclusively with French people, but who, although he had a French writing-master, and, perhaps, never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style; it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but, with all their professions, and all their exertions, they never can get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their handwritings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can be instantly determined by his handwriting. The difference between the American or English and the French handwriting is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German handwritings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference in the handwritings of different nations as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that, though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language well, perhaps better than his own—yet never can he succeed in changing his handwriting to a foreign style."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A RAKE's progress—Through a quantity of weeds.

An old hulk of a husband is the wreck of a courtship.

A poor place for a hungry pig—The trough of the sea.

If you have tears to shed, prepare—a little horse-radish.

What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze?—Tissue paper.

Why is making love like studying law?—Because it's making ready for courting.

The song of the repentant husband after knocking his wife down—"Come to my bosom, my own stricken dear."

Which possess the most cheerful disposition—gas or candles? Why, you often hear of laughing-gas, but the best candles are always *crazy*.

TRUMPETERS.—They say that trumpet-players are doomed to short lives. We doubt it. We have known men who blew their own trumpets incessantly, and achieved a good troublesome old age.

SPEAK BY THE CARD—"Do they ring two bells for school?" asked a gentleman of his ten-year-old daughter, who attends "a select institution for young ladies."—"No, papa," she replied, "they ring one bell twice."

"Do you think, doctor," asked an anxious mother, "that it would improve little Johnny's health to take him to the springs and let him try the water?" "I haven't a doubt of it, madam." "What springs would you recommend, doctor?" "Any springs, madam, where you find plenty of soap."

SMART WORK.—A man down in Northampton, it is said, made so many pairs of shoes in one day that it took two days to count them! He was a smart one, but not equal to one up in County Tipperary, who built so many miles of stone fence in one day that it took him all night and the next day to get home.

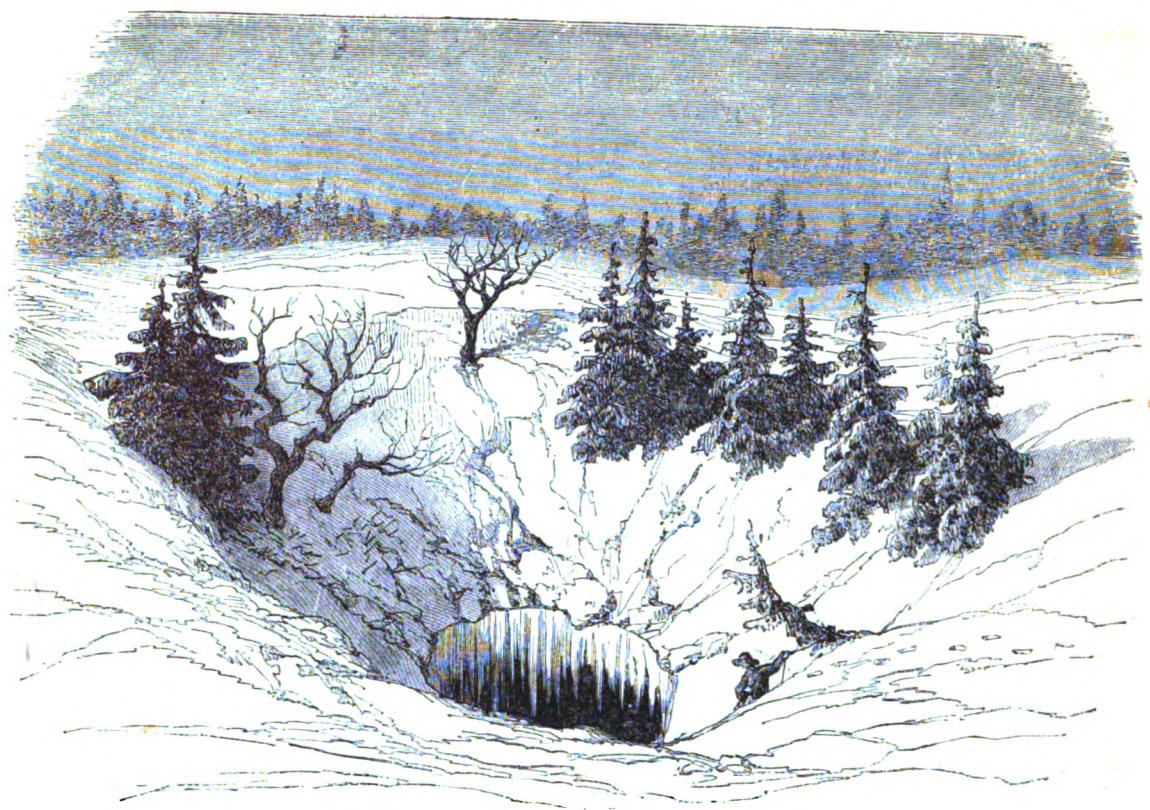
THE MISERY OF SHORT SIGHT—"There! don't you see him? He's waving his handkerchief, now, said a near-sighted but sentimental young lady to her companion as they sat on the hotel balcony. "Nonsense, stupid!" replied the other, "It's the waiter-boy shaking out the tablecloth after dinner." She fainted on the spot.

A WITTY, popular, and learned lord on the northern side of the Tweed, tells a story of a Scotch wife, shortly after the nuptial-knot had been tied, mildly expostulating with her husband for indulging in two tumblers of whisky-toddy just before going to bed. "My dear Agnes, a glass o' whisky-toddy maks another man o' me." "But, my dear William, you take two." "Ay, Agnes, that gangs to the ither man."

ENGLISH—not THE QUEEN'S.—It would seem from the following that there is much need of a School Board at Weardale. A doctor there was lately summoned to a cottage at Harwood in Teesdale, and found a boy-patient in need of his services. "Put out your tongue," said the doctor. The boy stared like an owl. "My good boy," requested the medical man, "let me see your tongue." "Talk English, doctor," put in the mother; and then, turning to her son, she said, "Hoppin thy gobblin, and push out thy lolliker." The boy rolled out his tongue in a moment.

THE CLOWN AND THE POET.—When Lord Byron frequented the green-room of Drury Lane, he occasionally met Paulo, the clown, whom he guessed, from his name, to be an Italian. Paulo was English, not only to the back-bone, but to the very roots of his tongue, "Paulo" being merely his *nom de theatre*. His lordship, thinking to please the interesting foreigner by the dulcet sounds of the language of his native land, addressed him in the purest accents of Tuscany. Paulo was amazed, and, wishing to reply politely to his noble interrogator, answered, "Yes, sir—I mean, my lord—very likely—just so!" His lordship, perceiving his mistake, wished him "Good-night," and walked away. "Old 'un," said Paulo to his pantaloon, pointing to the retreating figure, with the well-known black cloak gracefully disposed to conceal the unfortunate foot, "see him?" "Yes." "Lord Byron—poet." "I know." Paulo placed his mouth close to the pantaloon's ear, and whispered, "Mad—as a hatter!"

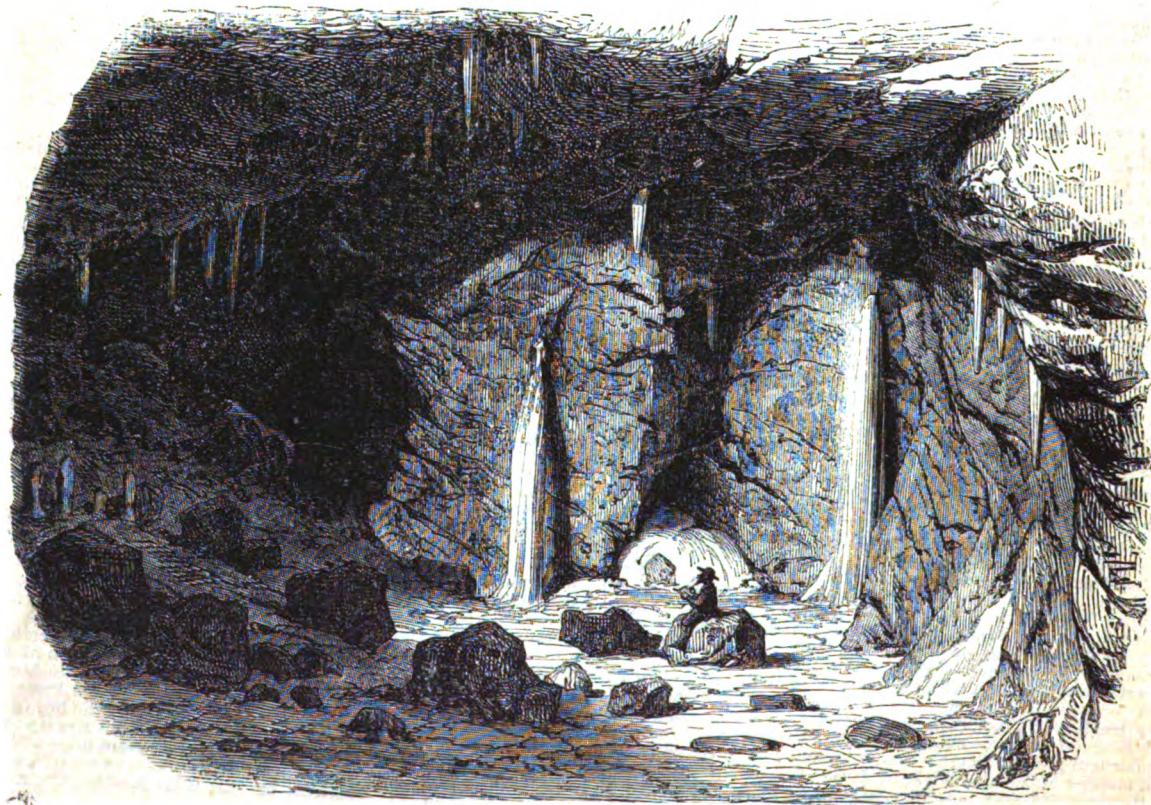
THAT BOY!—Who does not know that boy? He is as numerous as the sands of the sea; he infests every neighborhood; every square of every city in the land has one of him. He is omnipresent and almost omnipotent for evil. He has a hand in all that is bad, and knows not that which is good. He it is who persuades that good little boy of Sunday-school proclivities to play truant and "go swimming" with him, that he may come back and enjoy his discomfiture when the parental protest and admonition is being vigorously applied. He chuseth the unwary cat, and teth the tin-can to the caudal appendage of the family watch-dog. He lieth down to learn evil, and riseth up to practise it, and thus acquireth that widespread notoriety which putteth his name in the mouth of every one, and maketh him a terror in the land. There is no hope of relief from his wickedness, for he has existed from the beginning, and always will. As the seasons come and go, and the boy of yesterday becomes the man of to-day, even so do others rise up to follow in his footsteps and perpetuate a line we cannot hope will ever become extinct. Let our adjurations rest on him as we will, he yet remains to torment and distress us. He is the inevitable, whom we cannot avoid.



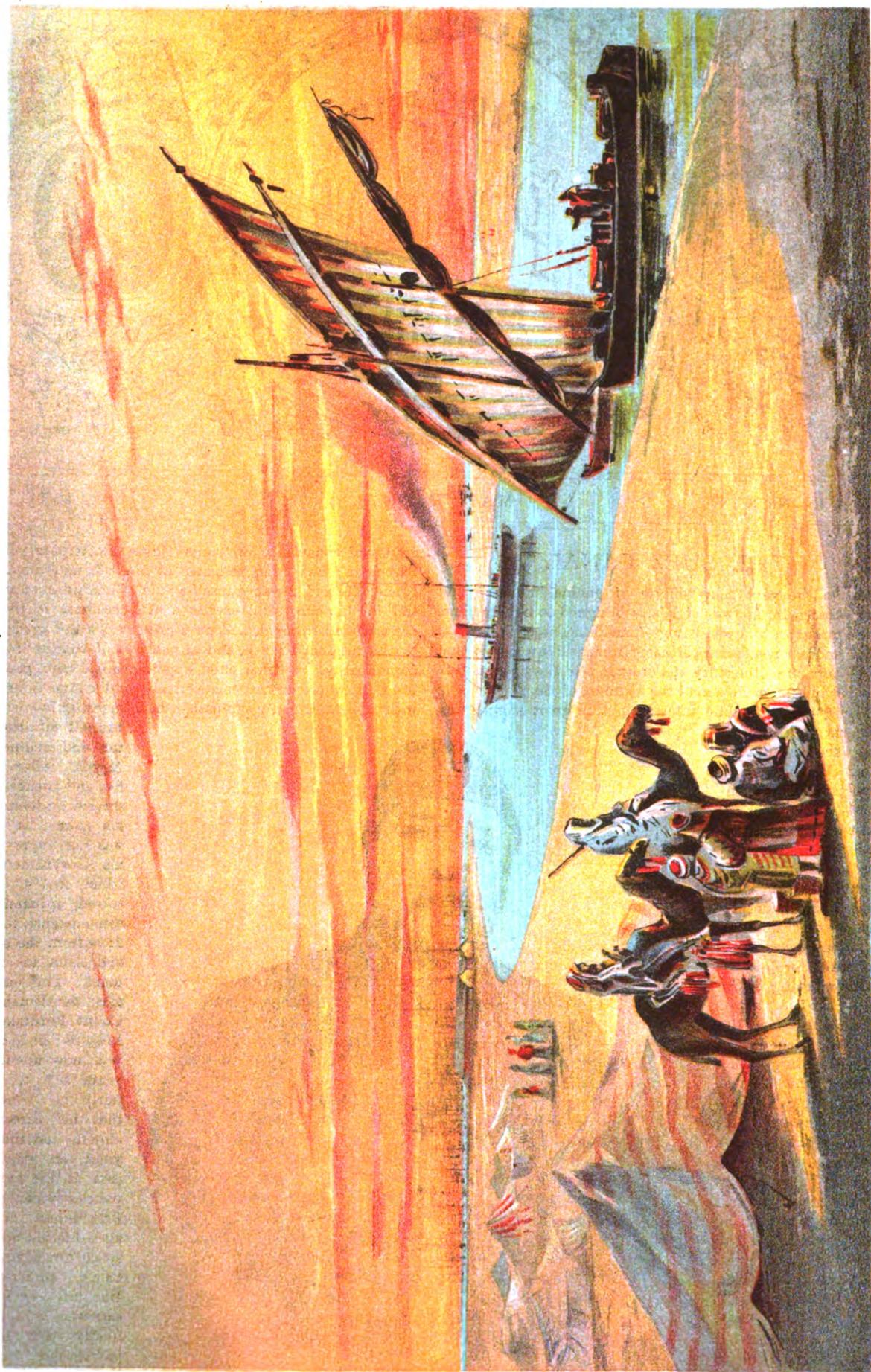
THE ICE CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.—SEE PAGE 251.

It is a curious fact that no water has been found in the storage cells of camels which have died in America, although, as is well known, the cell compartment of the camel's stomach is used in the East by the animal as a reservoir of

water, whence it draws its requisite supply for drinking on long journeys across burning deserts. Naturalists suppose that the watering process ceases when the well-being of the creature no longer requires it.



INTERIOR OF THE ICE CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.



ENTRANCE TO THE SUEZ CANAL AT PORT SAID, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE SUEZ CANAL.

AMONG the very many efforts of genius, industry, and perseverance in the way of labors designed to be beneficial to the progress and well-being of mankind, it is difficult to name another possessing the same romantic interest as that which surrounds the story of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and the Canal which he made across the Isthmus of Suez.

The revival of public interest in this great engineering feat, through the recent acquisition by Great Britain of an important financial interest in its success, and the possible political questions which may grow out of this occurrence, form sufficient reasons for giving at this time an historical account of the entire project.

One morning in the month of August, 1854, a French gentleman was engaged in superintending some masons, who were at work adding a story to his house at La Chênaie—a house that had once been occupied by the famous Agnes Sorel. For the previous two years he had devoted himself to agricultural and country pursuits. His career would, indeed, seem to have been closed, for he had led a busy, stirring life in foreign countries, having filled the various

grades of consulship in Tunis, Egypt, Rotterdam, Malaga, Barcelona; had been minister at Madrid, and, finally, at Rome. He had shown himself a man of energy and purpose, and for his successful exertions at Barcelona, in 1842, to avert a bombardment, had been presented with a gold medal by the resident French, and an address of thanks from the municipality. But his chief experience had been gained in the East, where he had made friends and connections, and, with a Frenchman's sympathy, had thoroughly identified

himself with the politics and manners of Egypt. After some five-and-twenty years' service he found that his course at Rome was not approved by his Government, on which, in 1849, he resolved, apparently in some disgust, to withdraw from the service and claim his retirement. The name of this gentleman was Count Ferdinand de Lesseps; and, as he was now about fifty years old, it might fairly be concluded that his career was closed, and that, beyond an occasional cast at the game of politics—open to a Frenchman at any age—life did not offer space for any important undertaking. But his eyes and ears were still turned fondly back to the picturesque land of Egypt; and he entertained himself with



THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT.

what could be no more than a dream, or a fabric as baseless—of “piercing” the Isthmus. At the moment almost of his retirement, this project began once more to fill his thoughts; for, indeed, twenty years before, when in Egypt, he had often turned over the scheme, and seen in imagination the waters flowing through the canal and the ships sailing along. In 1852 he had again recurred to the design, had drawn up a programme which he had translated into Arabic, and took the step of writing to an old friend, the Dutch consul-general, to know what chances there were of its acceptance by Abbas Pasha, then Viceroy. The answer was unfavorable. But already the mind of the projector was beginning to be stimulated by obstacles, and to show that fertility of resource which obstacles generated. One of the Fould family was then proposing to establish a bank at Constantinople, and De Lesseps seized the opportunity to have the proposal opened to the Sultan. It was coldly declined, on the ground of its interfering with the prerogative of the Viceroy. Seeing that it was hopeless, our projector laid the whole aside for the present, and, as we have seen, turned his thoughts to agriculture. And thus two years passed away.

On that morning, then, of August, 1854, when engaged with the masons, and standing on the roof of Agnes Sorel's house, the post arrived, and the letters were handed up from workman to workman till they reached the proprietor. In one of the newspapers he read the news of the death of Abbas Pasha and of the accession of Mohammed Said, a patron and friend of the old Egypt days. They had been indeed on affectionate and confidential terms. Instantly the scheme was born again in his busy soul, and his teeming brain saw the most momentous result from this change of authority. In a moment he had hurried down the ladder, and was writing congratulations, and a proposal to hurry to Egypt and renew their old acquaintance. In a few weeks came the answer, and the ardent projector had written joyfully to his old friend the Dutch consul that he would be on his way in November, expressing the delight he would have in meeting him again “in our old land in Egypt,” but “there was not to be so much as a whisper to any one of the scheme for piercing the Isthmus.”

On the 7th of November he landed at Alexandria, and was received with the greatest welcome by the new ruler. The viceroy was on the point of starting on a sort of military promenade to Cairo, and insisted on taking his friend with him. They started; but the judicious Frenchman determined to choose his opportunity, and waited for more than a week before opening his daring plan to his patron. It was when they had halted on their march, on a fine evening, the 15th, that he at last saw the opportunity. The viceroy was in spirits; he took his friend by the hand, which he detained for a moment in his own; then made him sit down beside him in his tent. It was an anxious moment. He felt, as he confessed, that all depended on the way the matter was put before the prince, and that he must succeed in inspiring him with some of his own enthusiasm. He accordingly proceeded to unfold his plan, which he did in a broad fashion, without insisting too much on petty details. He had his Arabian memoir almost by heart, so all the facts were present to his mind. The Eastern potentate listened calmly to the end, made some difficulties, heard the answers, and then addressed his eager listener in these words:

“I am satisfied; and I accept your scheme. We'll settle all the details during our journey. But understand that it is settled, and you may count upon me.” Delightful assurance for the projector, whose dreams that night must have been of an enchanting kind! This was virtually the “concession” of the great canal.

But already the fair prospect was to be clouded; and, at starting, opposition to so daring a scheme came from Eng-

land, and from Turkey, moved by England. It is certainly not to the credit of England that from the beginning she should have persistently opposed it; not on the straightforward ground of disliking the scheme, but on the more disingenuous one of its not being feasible. She had so industriously disseminated this idea, that it was assumed that the canal was impracticable. Those wonderful French *savants* who went with the expedition to Egypt had announced that there was a difference of level amounting to thirty feet between the two seas, so that the communication would only lead to an inundation or a sort of permanent waterfall. Captain Chesney, passing by in 1830, declared that this was not so; but the delusion was accepted popularly up to 1847, when a commission of three engineers, English, French, and German, made precise levellings, and ascertained that it was a scientific mistake. Robert Stephenson, the English member of the party, pronounced the whole scheme impracticable.

But, before proceeding with the recent history of this undertaking, we may properly relate a few facts concerning more ancient views and acts in the same connection.

The connection of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea by a canal was considered a desirable object at a very early period in the history of the world. Nekao or Necho II., of the twenty-sixth Egyptian dynasty, in about the year 700 B.C., planned a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, from the execution of which, however, he desisted, warned by the advice of an oracle, after having lost 120,000 men in the attempt. It is even asserted that, as early as the time of the Pharaohs, such a canal was actually constructed, extending from the Nile, near Belbeis, to the Gulf of Suez. In more recent times Napoleon I. projected a canal across the Isthmus, and predicted that the execution of this great work would promote the prosperity and insure the safety of the Turkish Empire. But to proceed with our narrative of the progress towards success of the project of the great French engineer.

In 1855 a commission of eminent engineers selected from different countries was appointed to make an examination of the route proposed by M. de Lesseps. The report of this commission was favorable to the construction of a canal, and indicated Suez and Pelusium as the only points between which a ship-canal was practicable.

On January 5, 1856, the charter of concession was granted by the Viceroy of Egypt. This concession defined the work to be executed as: “First, a canal navigable for large vessels between Suez and Pelusium; second, a canal of irrigation adapted to river traffic on the Nile, connecting that river with the Suez Canal; third, two branches for irrigation and supply, striking out of the preceding canal in the directions, respectively, of Suez and Pelusium. This work to be completed in six years, and four-fifths of the workmen employed to be Egyptians; Lake Temah to be converted into an inland harbor fit for vessels of the highest tonnage; a harbor of refuge to be constructed at the entrance of the maritime canal at the Gulf of Pelusium; and the necessary improvement to be made in the port and roadstead of Suez. The Egyptian Government to have a claim of fifteen per cent. on the net profits of each year. It is further provided that the canal shall always remain open as a neutral passage to every maritime ship; that the maximum toll of passage shall be ten francs per ton on ships and per head on passengers; and that the provisions of this charter shall be in force for ninety-nine years after the opening of the canal.”

In November, 1858, the subscription was opened, and by the end of the month the entire capital of eight million pounds sterling was subscribed for and the company constituted in 1859. The dimensions of the ship-canal were set down to be 90 miles in length, 330 feet wide at the water-line, and its bottom 27 feet below the water-level in the

Mediterranean. The stupendous character of these works can be understood, when it is remembered that they had to be carried on by thousands of men at a spot many miles from where a drop of water or morsel of food could be obtained—in fact, in the midst of the desert; and also that the canal was always in danger of injury from drifting sand, and from bars formed by the immense quantity of sand and mud carried down by the Nile.

During the progress of the work, the scene was visited by the Viceroy in person, who could not but have experienced sentiments of pride in witnessing the labors whose results were to so benefit the world, and so honor his administration of Egyptian affairs.

The establishment of the overland route to India, in 1837, was the beginning of a series of attempts to shorten the way to India. The mails were taken to Cairo by large and small vessels built for the service, whence they were sent across the desert to Suez. Next came the railway built by Stephenson, from Cairo to Suez, which was opened in 1858.

The Isthmus of Suez, at the part selected for the operations of M. de Lesseps, is about 72 miles wide, measured as the crow flies. The difference of mean level of the Mediterranean and Red Sea, supposed at one time to amount to 30 feet, is now known to be very small, the latest measurement giving it as only 6½ inches. But whilst the former sea is nearly tideless, the rise and fall not exceeding nine inches, there is a tide of 3 feet 6 inches in the Red Sea. The general character of the Isthmus is flat, and it is the natural water-basin of the adjoining countries. Eastward of Damietta stretches a long and narrow bank of sand, forming a bar, the top of which is about five feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Within this bar are the Lagunes of Menzaleh, about 25 miles long. The Mediterranean mouth of the canal is cut through the sand bar at Port Said, 18 miles west of Pelousa. After passing through the Lagunes of Menzaleh, the canal cuts through a strip of sand, four miles wide, separating the Lagunes of Menzaleh from those of Ballah, the width of which latter is 14 miles. Then occurs the elevated plateau of El Guisr, the highest ground between Port Said and Suez. Through this the canal is carried in a very considerable cutting, nine miles and a half long, with a maximum depth of 55 feet. After crossing this plateau, a depressed plain is reached called Lake Timsah; the lowest level of this plain is 19 feet below the water of the Mediterranean. On the borders of Lake Timsah is Ismailia, a town built by the company, where they have located the general direction of the works. The canal then cuts through the ridges of Toussoum and Serapeum, 46 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and nine miles long. The canal then traverses the Bitter Lakes, and finally cuts through the ridge of Chalouf, 26 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, the southern slope of which forms the plain of Suez, 6 feet 6 inches above sea level. After crossing this plain, the Lagune of Suez is reached, which communicates with the Red Sea by a narrow inlet.

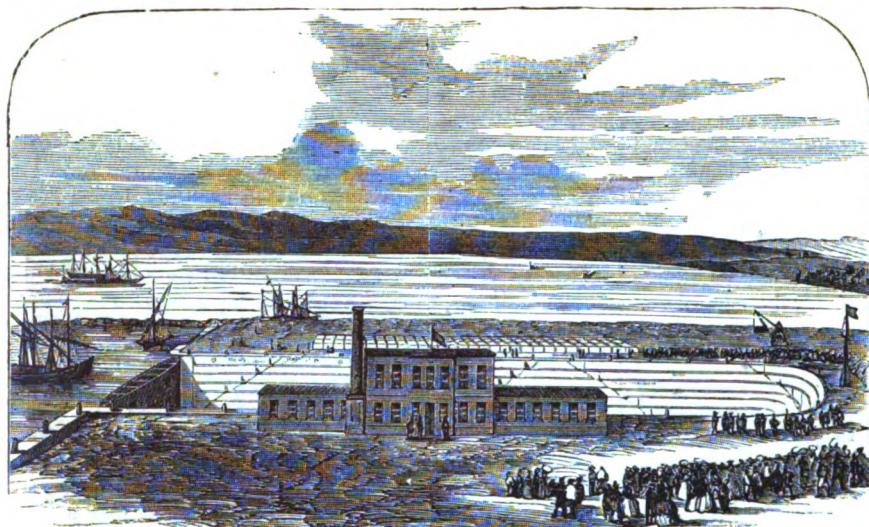
The fresh-water canal commences at a place called Zagazig, to which water is brought from the Nile by one of the branches of the main stream, passes within a mile or two of Ismailia, and thence to Suez, following a line not very distant from the sea canal. At the point where it turns southward to Suez, a branch is carried to Ismailia, to supply the population there, and also some hydraulic machinery, which forces water through a double line of nine-inch pipes, carried along the line of the sea-canal to Port Said. The fresh-water canal is navigable, and terminates at Suez in a lock, by which vessels drop into the creek which brings vessels from the anchorage to the town. The dimensions of the fresh-water canal are: width at surface, 41 feet; width at bottom, 26 feet; depth, 4 feet 6 inches. The general dimensions of the salt-water canal are:

width at water-level in embankment, 328 feet; ditto in cutting, 190 feet; width at bottom, 72 feet; depth, 26 feet 3 inches; the batter of the sides varies with the nature of the soil, the steepest slope being about 2½ to 1.

The first work of excavation was performed by Fellahs, supplied by the Egyptian Government, the mode of operation being the primitive one of scooping up the sand and carrying it away in baskets on the head. Afterwards, the supply of Fellah labor by the Government was stopped, and the greater part of the excavation was performed by steam dredgers. These dredgers were driven by 35 horse-power engines, lifting twenty-six gallon buckets, at the rate of twenty per minute. Generally the dredge-buckets tipped their contents into a long timber shoot, sometimes 230 feet in length. Into this shoot water was pumped, so as to carry away the spoil and deposit it on the banks of the canal. The descent of the silt along the shoot was further facilitated, when necessary, by scrapers attached to an endless chain, passing over pulleys at each end of the shoot, and driven by the dredger engine. The shoots had a semi-elliptical section, 5 feet wide and 2 feet deep. They rested on a pair of lattice girders, carried by an iron frame, standing on a barge moored inshore of and parallel to the dredger. When the banks were too high to be commanded by the shoot, the "appareil élévateur" was used. This was designed to lift trucks full of spoil from barges, and run them to tip inshore. It consisted of two lattice girders, extending from a barge moored to the shore, carrying a tramway rising shorewards 1 in 6. This frame was supported partly on the barge, partly on a platform carriage on the shore. The lower or barge end of the frame was 10 feet above the water-level; the higher or shore end 46 feet. On the tramway ran a four-wheeled carriage, to which the sand trucks were slung. The spoil having been deposited in these trucks by the dredger, they were carried by a barge to the elevator. The trucks were then slung to the elevator carriage by a tackle, and raised by an engine to the shore end of the elevator, where by an ingenious arrangement they were tipped.

On leaving Port Said the canal enters Lake Menzaleh, through which the channel runs for twenty-nine miles. The waters of this lake are shallow and the bottom composed of mud. At times the sea washes over the strip of sand to the north of the lake. It was found, however, that a firm dry soil was below the mud. Leaving Lake Menzaleh at Kantara, a station on the desert route between Egypt and Syria, the course of the canal for two miles lies through low sandhills. It then enters Lake Ballah, traverses it for a distance of eight miles, and then enters a deep cutting extending from El Ferdane to Lake Timsah. Near El Guisr, four miles south of El Ferdane, the deepest cutting throughout the line had to be excavated, varying from sixty feet to seventy feet. The characteristics of the first half of the Maritime Canal are that about thirty-four miles of its course lie through lakes, the remainder through elevated plateaux. The second half of the channel, from Ismailia to the Red Sea, divides into two portions; in the first the canal skirts the eastern shore of Lake Timsah and enters the cuttings at Toussoum and Serapeum; in the second it passes through the Bitter Lakes for twenty-four miles, goes through the last cutting at Chalouf, and enters the Red Sea a mile to the southeast of Suez. The most southern point to which the waters of the Mediterranean have as yet penetrated is at Toussoum.

Lake Menzaleh extends from the Damietta branch of the Nile to the Pelusian Plain. The Pelusiac branch of the "Seven mouthed Nile" passes through this lake. Around this large sheet of water are many celebrated places, amongst which is Zoan, built seven years after Hebron—Numbers xiii. 22, and called in the Psalms "The Field of



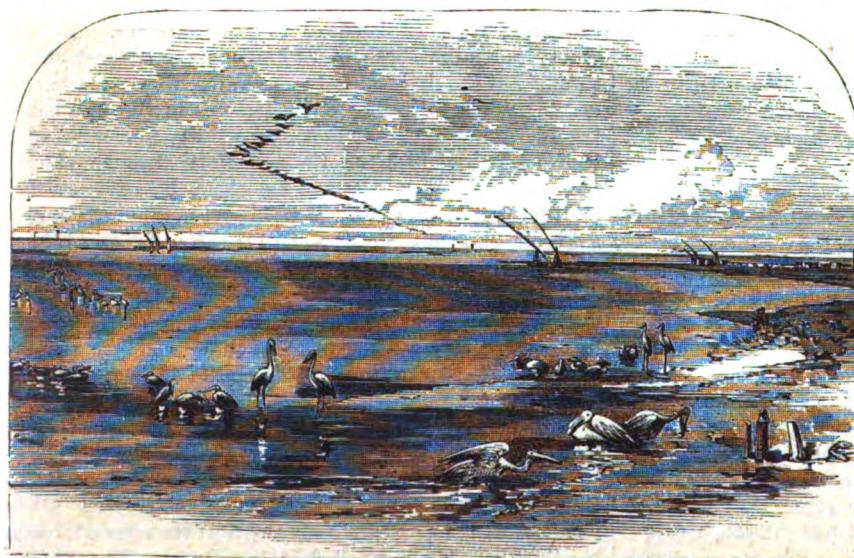
BASIN FOR THE SUEZ CANAL AT SUEZ.

Zoan" (lxxviii. 12) and stated to be the scene of the miracles of the Exodus. It is one of the oldest cities in Egypt, and obelisks, broken statues, and fragments of granite still remain as indications of its ancient importance. In the Museum of Egyptian antiquities at Boulak, near Cairo, there is a fine piece of sculpture found at Zoan, or Zan, as it is now called. It represents two figures, sitting, with reeds growing up to their knees; in the reeds are fish, and on the men's laps are presentations or offerings of fish. The faces of these men are quite distinct from the types of Upper Egypt, and they are clearly and most artistically expressed. The fish are evidently as truthful portraits as the men, and show the character of the locality at that time to be exactly as we find it to-day. The lake is full of fish, and consequently the people are

all fishermen. There is almost no other occupation. Fish is salted and sent by boat, by camels and asses, to all parts of Egypt. The birds are also of the Ichthyophagi. There is an Isle of Pelicans. Herons and wading birds of all kinds are plentiful, and the fish are so abundant that there is ample food for all. In looking across this vast lake one sees, as far as the horizon, long strips of land; islands with a short herbage on them; here and there an Arab village of reed huts; and among these islands may be seen boats, with their crews busy at work in the only employment of the place. When the Nile is full the lake rises, and



WORKMEN LOADING A DIRT TRAIN OF DROMEDARIES.

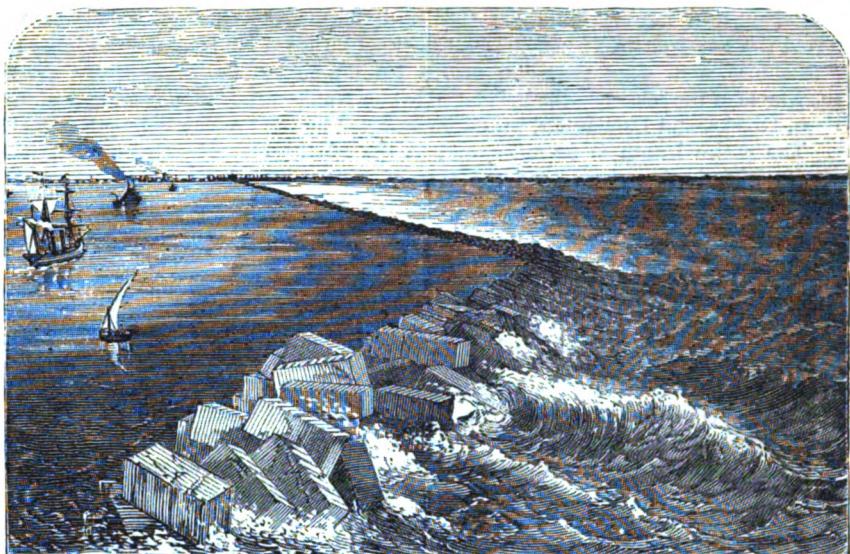


LAKE MENZALEH.

all the islands are covered, and even the Pelusian Plain; and the level is higher than that of the Mediterranean, and consequently above the canal. As the Menzaleh lake is on the west, the plain of Pelusus is on the east side of the Suez Canal. This plain is, in fact, the portion of the lake which has been filled up and become solid ground—a process which has been evidently going on for many a day. As islands on the lake are the features on the one side, small lakes on the plain form the distinctive character of the other. The highway from Palestine, Syria, and Persia came by this plain; a road still exists, and a ferry had to be established at Kantara, which word expresses "ferry," and tells of the former ex-

istence of the means of crossing the waters of the lake at this place. Not far from this was the ancient Migdol of Scripture, a tower or fortress defending the way. The houses for the people employed on the canal at Kantara are principally built from the bricks of an ancient city in the neighborhood, supposed to have been Selé.

In Summer the heat is intense and almost intolerable; thermometrical observations taken during 1867 and 1868 show that the mean temperature of the four months, beginning with June and ending with September, was 94 deg. Fahrenheit, and that 120 deg. in the shade was not an uncommon record, while the minimum of night was 75 deg.



BREAKWATER AT PORT SAID.

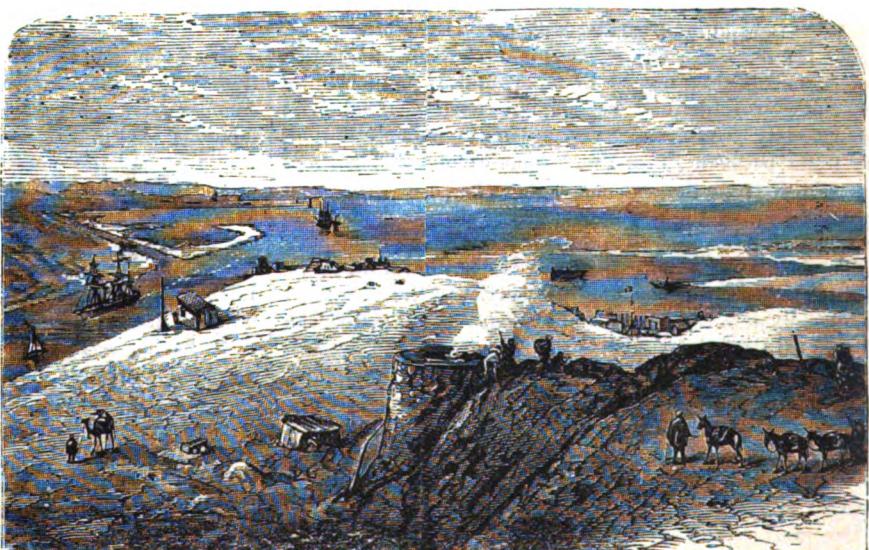


DIGGING THROUGH THE PLATEAU OF CHALOUF.

During the succeeding four months the mean temperature was 74 deg.; and the Winter, if so it can be called, proved that the lowest range of the thermometer was 45 deg. Until the year 1867 rain was unknown, but in the twelve-month ending April, 1868, there were actually fourteen days on which rain fell. "The scenery about Ismailia," says a recent observer, "is monotonous, but it can scarcely be regarded as uninteresting. Cloudless skies of the richest blue are contrasted with the vast expanse of yellow sand which stretches away into a hazy distance. The dark waters of the lake sparkle and flash unceasingly, for there is always a fresh breeze to temper the extreme sultriness. The desert is susceptible of many shades and

transitions of color, sometimes so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible, often so sudden and mysterious that it is hard to understand by what subtle atmospheric changes such strange effects have been produced. At Ismailia the stranger can fully realize the balm and beauty of the Egyptian night; and, sitting on the balcony of the Hôtel des Voyageurs, which commands the view of Lake Timsah, he may watch the moon rising slowly in a silver dawn while the rosy tints of the sunset are still lingering in the West.

The present Suez Canal has not the same dimensions throughout its entire length. For nearly four-sixths of the distance, it is 327 feet wide at the level of the water, and 72 at the bottom at a



LAKE TIMSAH.

depth of 26 feet. It is said that the earth and sand removed was not less than 96,000,000 cubic yards. Dredging machines were employed, and also a large number of the people of the country—the Fellahs, aided by Nubians, Syrians, Greeks, and Dalmatians, who were attracted by the pay. The entire length is 99 miles, and at the Mediterranean end M. de Lesseps created the town of Port Said, now containing thousands of inhabitants—natives, Abyssinians, and Greeks. Two points here jut out into the sea, affording space for a harbor, the eastern end being 2,000 and the western 2,760 yards, with a distance of 760 yards between them.

Another new town built by him is Ismailia, on the north bank of Lake Temsah. It has good hotels, cafés, a Roman chapel, Mohammedan mosque, a theatre, and even gardens of flowers. Among the interesting features of the desert are the so-called "Fountains of Moses," twelve in number in the midst of gardens enclosed by hedges of cactus.

On the 19th of March, 1869, the waters of the Mediterranean Sea were brought into the "Bitter Lakes," in the presence of the Viceroy and of a vast assemblage of the surrounding population. In the same month, when the great pilgrimage to Mecca took place, thousands of the pilgrims went by way of the Suez Canal as far as was then practicable, this being the first occurrence of such an incident.

In December, 1869, the canal was opened by the Viceroy, in the presence of the Empress Eugénie, who had traveled from Paris for the purpose, and of many representatives of foreign powers; but the political importance of the event gave great offence at Constantinople, and the Khédive was compelled to send a long letter to the Sultan deprecating his displeasure. The statistics of the Suez route, since its establishment, are as follows :

	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1870	491	634,915
1871	761	1,142,260
1872	1,091	1,741,481
1873	1,173	2,088,072
1874	1,234	2,423,672

The receipts have been :

	France.
1870	5,159,327
1871	8,903,732
1872	16,407,591
1873	22,87,319
1874	24,859,383

By the above figures we see a constantly increasing return of receipts, and this, it is understood, amounts to nearly 200,000 francs per month. It has always been expected that the Nile sand and mud, carried eastward by the local current, would interfere with the navigation of the canal; but this has been avoided by the use of powerful dredging machines constantly working and keeping an open channel. At present sixty per cent., or forty million pounds sterling, of the trade between Europe and America and India passes annually through the canal. A trade has also sprung up between the Mediterranean countries, Austria and Syria appearing for the first time in the relations of trade with India. Many predictions have been falsified in regard to the working expenditures of the company. In the year 1873 the receipts were \$5,000,000, and the expenditure \$1,150,000, leaving \$3,850,000 as a net revenue. In 1874, against gross receipts of \$5,000,000, the expenditure was \$1,250,000. Port Said has not been choked up by a deposit of Nile mud, the canal has not been filled by the sand blown into it from the desert, and the water in it has not been carried off by evaporation—all of which misfortunes, it was confidently asserted, six years ago, would certainly happen.

The most recent important event in the history of the Suez Canal, and, indeed, in that of Egypt itself, is the purchase of the Khédive's shares in the canal by the British

Government for £1,000,000 sterling. The secret history of this transaction goes to show that the scheme originated in the brain of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and author of the well-known experiences of "The Lambeth Casual."

Mr. Greenwood, it is said, suggested the idea to Lord Derby, who proposed it to Disraeli, who jumped at it at once.

The financial situation of the Canal Company is said to be as follows : Besides bonded shares and delegations, the capital of the Suez Company consists of 2,500 founders' shares, 1,500 of which belong to the Viceroy, and 1,000 to the French holders. There are 400,000 shares of \$100 each, 177,642 of which were purchased by England lately, and 222,358 are in the hands of French capitalists. The remaining capital consists of 333,330 debenture bonds called Obligations, representing a loan of \$20,000,000, borrowed by the company, also 120 delegations, and 120,000 thirty-year bonds; the latter representing a loan of \$4,000,000. The capital already acquired by England is an inalienable property, while the shares in the hands of French holders are redeemable in 99 years. The financial importance of Great Britain's purchase of the Khédive's stock in the canal cannot be overestimated. As to the political results, it is difficult to judge concerning them at the present time. Considerable feeling has been produced by the transaction, both in France, where it is felt that a serious mistake has been made in not obtaining the stock for that country, and likewise in Russia; the *Moscow Gazette* having already considered the subject from a Russian standpoint, recognizing the preponderance of England in a political way by this acquisition, and caviling at such diplomacy in a manner which indicates that the feeling in Russia is, if anything, inimical to this remarkable episode in financial diplomacy.

In fact, it is among the possibilities that Russia might be roused to such a pitch of chagrin concerning the whole matter, as to make practical interference between the act of Great Britain and the hoped-for result. A recent newspaper correspondent, familiar with the entire question, sums the whole matter up in a sentence : "Suppose England gets full ownership through Egypt, and then Russia renews the Battle of the Nile and closes Port Said?"

Having rapidly sketched the history of the Suez Canal, and described its financial and business progress, we may not improperly turn our attention to some consideration of the purposes which this important project was designed to subserve.

COMMERCE WITH INDIA.

From the time of the Phoenicians and Carthaginians, the trade with India has always been a desideratum among the commercial nations of the earth. Endowed with almost fabulous wealth, the seat of manufactures unrivaled elsewhere among the empires of the earth, with a facility of production unsurpassed, there is little wonder that India should have long ago become the cynosure of the commercial eyes of the West. Combining the central and southeastern peninsulas of Asia, India, to-day, comprises an area of 1,576,746 miles, and a population of nearly 240,000,000 of people. Its cities are magnificent and wealthy. Among those having a population of more than one hundred millions, we may name the following : Calcutta, capital of Hindostan, situated in Bengal on the Hoogly river ; Bombay, the chief seaport on the western coast ; Madras, on the Coromandel coast ; Benares, the chief city of the Hindoos, on the Ganges ; Patna, in the province of Behai ; Allahabad, situated at the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges ; Lucknow, capital of Oude ; Delhi, the metropolis of the Mohammedan empire in India.

So great a diversity of surface and scenery is presented by

India, that it has been called an epitome of the whole earth, consisting, as it does, of mountains far above the level of perpetual snow, broad and fertile plains bathed in sunshine, arid wastes, and impenetrable forests.

The first trade with this extensive, rich, and populous country was carried on by the ancient cities of Tyre and Carthage, from which it descended to Genoa and Venice, when those cities gained their commercial supremacy; from them again to the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, at periods ranging between the Middle Ages and the eighteenth century.

With his Portuguese bride, Charles II., King of England, received the Island of Bombay as a portion of her dowry; and it is an interesting incident of the history, both of India and the British East India Company, that he ceded this possession to the latter in 1669. Another episode of Indian history is furnished in the career of the great Warren Hastings, who assumed the administration of the East India Company's affairs in 1772, and in 1774 received the title of Governor-General, being the first so designated. Our readers will be at once reminded of the remarkable State trial of Warren Hastings in 1786, when he was impeached at the bar of the House of Lords for tyranny, corruption, and general malfeasance in office. He was attacked by Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Earl Grey in speeches whose rhetorical display have rendered them remarkable in the history of English literature; yet, despite this array of talent and the terrific onslaught which had resulted from the course of his administration, Hastings was acquitted on the one hundred and forty-ninth day of the trial, in 1795. He was afterwards pensioned by the Government, and, at a later period, made a Privy Councillor. His administration of affairs in India is characterized by Macaulay as having been equal in its manifestations of energy and ability to that of the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu in France.

But all this *en passant*. We must return to the question of East Indian trade and commerce in their reference to the western nations of Europe; and, concerning this, we find that, until the Turkish conquest of Constantinople and Egypt put an end to it, the commerce with India was conducted chiefly by the Italian republics, in later days, by means of the overland route, *via* Suez—a significant fact, when we reflect that, after an expiration of more than three centuries, western civilization returns to this channel of communication with India, though now reopened, and made more feasible than ever, through the genius of the man whose labors we have already considered in the course of this article.

The Saracen conquest created the necessity for a new route to India, and, in the fifteenth century, the great object of navigators was to lay such a route by sea. The myth of the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, said to have been made by Hanno, the Carthaginian navigator, who lived in the fifth century, rested then, as it rests now, upon no solid foundation. And, whatever effort might be made in that direction, must be made in blind faith. With some such faith, if not in fate, at least in the possibilities of his own capacity, Vasco da Gama left Lisbon on the 8th of July, 1497, and sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, touching at various places on the hitherto unknown eastern coast of Africa. Availing himself of the services of a native Indian pilot, whom he picked up somewhere in these quarters, Da Gama struck out to sea from western Africa, crossed the Indian Ocean, and arrived at Calicut, in India, on the 12th of May, 1498. He, however, was not favorably welcomed by the native princes of that portion of the coast which he had reached, and soon turned his course homeward, casting anchor at Lisbon in September, 1499, where he was received with great distinction.

As a result of this exploration, we see Portugal sending forth squadrons of ships, which founded the colonies of Mozambique and Sofalla, Bombay, Calicut, and concluded a peace with the native Rajah. After this, the Portuguese conquests in India increased rapidly, and were presided over by viceroys appointed by the Portuguese king. The Portuguese now, for nearly a century, monopolized the trade of India. In 1587 the Government chartered an East Indian Company, which was, however, abolished in 1640.

In the meantime, however, Holland, then a flourishing commercial country, had begun to have dreams of conquest and commercial supremacy in India; and, in 1595, a Dutch East India Company was formed, and soon returned large dividends, besides owning there, through capture or purchase, immense properties in valuable colonies, which were fortified and heavily garrisoned, while large fleets of vessels conducted a constantly increasing trade in this new field of commercial enterprise.

Batavia was founded by the Dutch, and is still the capital of the possessions of the Netherlands in the East Indies. It stands on the northwest coast of Java, and is an important commercial seat of the Far East, rivalling Singapore in this particular. The Batavian markets present at once all the productions of Asia and all the manufactures of Europe.

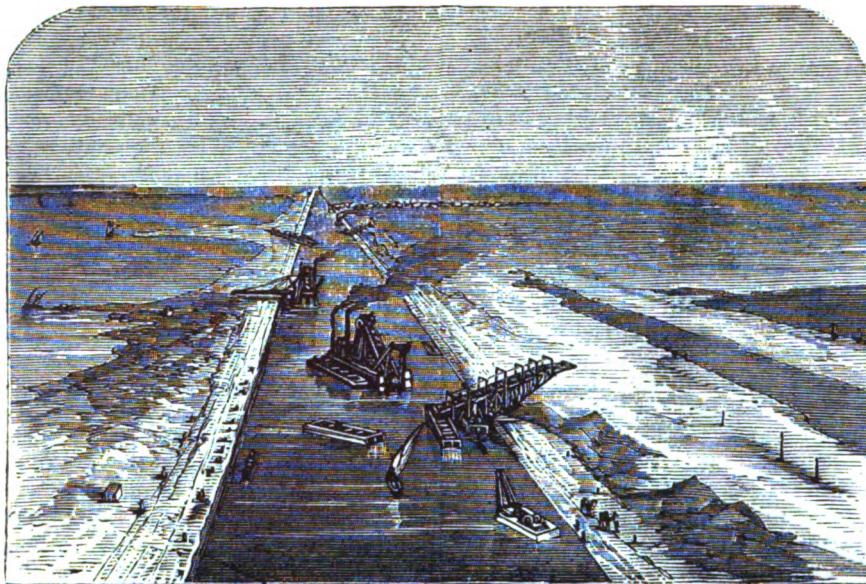
The Dutch Government has recently laid a telegraphic cable along a line of six hundred miles between the two cities, Batavia and Singapore. The chief industries of Batavia are factories for making machinery, for distilling, and for sugar works, dyeing, etc. The nutmeg, Kakao, and cocoanut tree are successfully grown.

Meanwhile the position of France and England proved a steadily increasing impediment to the progress of the Dutch East India Company; although, in 1700, it held cities of importance in Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and in fact throughout the Indian Archipelago, with colonies in South Africa. The Dutch commanded also trade with Pegu, Siam, Tonquin, Japan, the Moluccas, etc. The charter of this company was renewed for the last time in 1776; and, in 1781, the States General were forced to assist it with a loan. In the first French Revolution it lost nearly all its possessions in the East, and in 1795 terminated its existence—its affairs passing into the hands of the Government.

A French East India Company was founded in 1664, and was broken up in 1770. A Danish East India Company, founded in 1618, was dissolved in 1634, reconstructed in 1670, again dissolved in 1729, and reformed in 1732. It continued prosperous during the eighteenth century, since which time it has declined.

All of these companies, however, in the extent of their commerce, in their wealth, and in their political significance, were totally eclipsed by the great British East India Company. The first Englishman, who sailed to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, was one Captain Stephens, who performed the voyage in 1582. Sir Francis Drake followed him; and Thomas Cavendish, in July, 1586, sailed from England with a little squadron fitted out at his own expense, and explored the Indian Ocean, returning home after a most successful voyage. These new experiments in English navigation doubtless gave the impetus which resulted in the formation of the company whose career we are now about to consider.

The British East India Company was chartered at London in 1600, and was abolished by Act of Parliament, August 2, 1858, when the East Indian possessions, trade, and power reverted to the crown, and the Queen of England could write among her titles that of Empress of India. It may be said of this corporation that it reached a height of power,

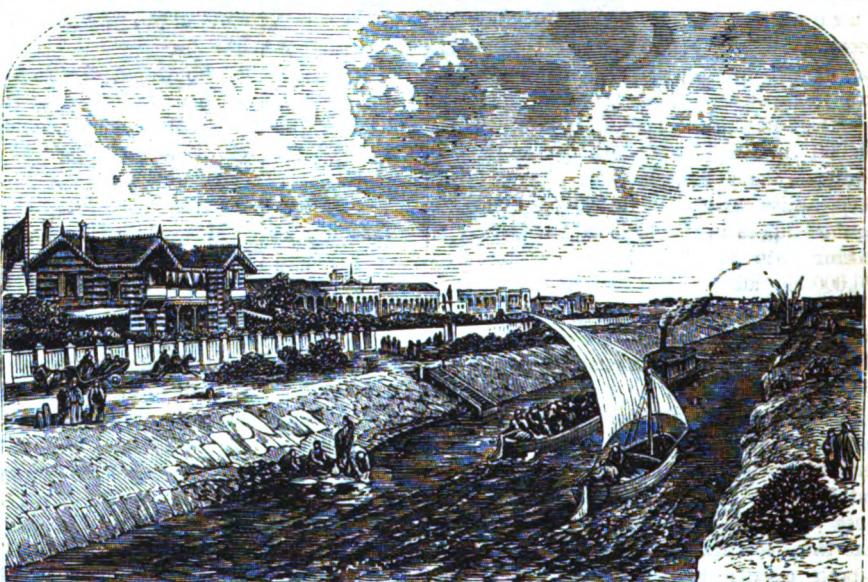


VIEW ON THE CANAL NEAR KANTARA.

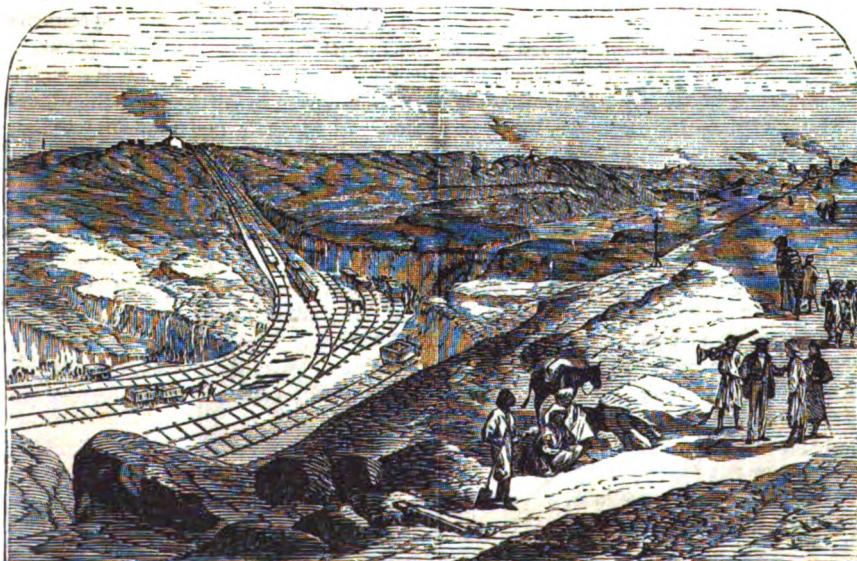
wealth, and aggrandizement never equaled by any other similar association.

It owned vast and thickly-populated provinces, held native rulers tributaries and their Governments as appendages, and drew from the wealth of Indian provinces sums amounting to millions of pounds annually. Its factories were extended to Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Banda Islands, Celebes, Molucca, Siam, and the Coromandel and Malabar coasts. It had at one time power to make peace or war with any native people, to establish fortifications, garrisons, and colonies; to export, free of duty, ammunition and stores to its settlements, to exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction, and other valuable privileges.

For more than two centuries the East India Company wielded this tremendous power, and was only finally overturned by corruptions engendered within itself, although the immediate instrument of its destruction was the brief but bloody Indian revolt of 1857-58, whose occurrence directed public attention in England to the mismanagement of affairs in that sorely-abused country. The East India Company even sustained its own army in the country over which it held jurisdiction. At first, when agents were sent out to India for trade purposes only, an army was not thought of. This adjunct was one of the results of the exigencies of the time. Naturally, in the prosecution of the vast enterprises of the company, con-



ISMAÏLLIA AND THE FRESH-WATER CANAL.



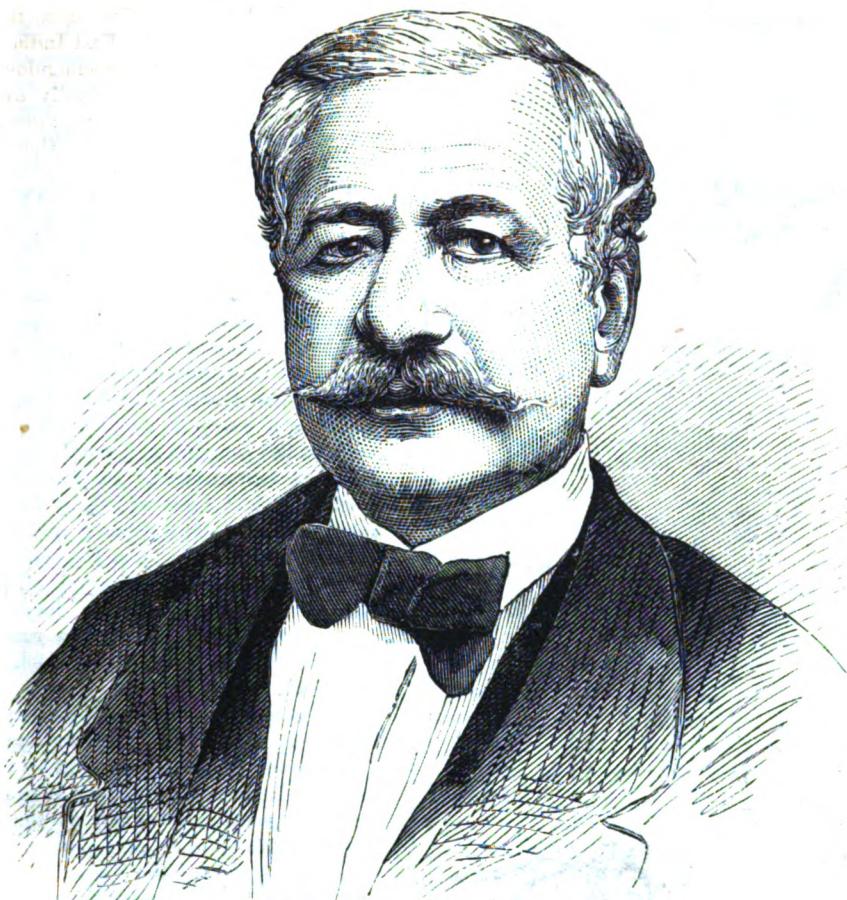
THE CUTTING NEAR CHALOUF.

flicts would occur, and this necessitated military organization of some sort for self-protection. Some of the first troops in the company's pay were mere adventurers, some liberated convicts, some deserters from European armies. Gradually organization was introduced into this heterogeneous compound, improved arms were furnished, and, under the influence of drill and discipline, a respectable army was created. As the power of the company spread and increased, natives entered its battalions, until at length most of the troops were Hindus or Mohammedans, drilled by non-commissioned officers sent out from England, and officered by Englishmen. A few regiments were raised in England,

a much larger number in India, and all alike were officered by young Englishmen, who were liberally paid, and had many opportunities for making rapid fortunes. At the period immediately preceding the outbreak of '57, the army in the pay of the company comprised about 24,000 royal troops, lent to and paid for by the company; 18,000 European troops, raised and drilled by the company in England; 180,000 native regulars; and 60,000 native irregular horse; making about 280,000 in all. This number was irrespective of 40,000 contingents, furnished by the native and semi-dependent princes.

During the revolt the fidelity of the native portion of this snow army was sorely tried, and, in fact, it melted away like beneath the sun. It is said that the armies of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies alone remained faithful, and of these particularly the infantry. It was in the Bengal army that the desertion chiefly occurred. The irregular troops—both cavalry and infantry, raised among the Sikhs and Punjaubese—were, in almost every case, faithful.

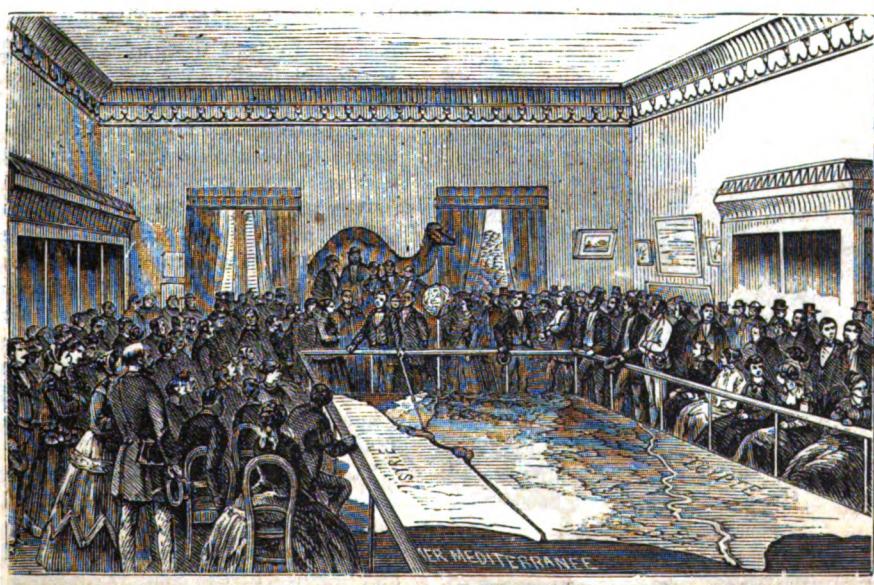
In August, 1858, the Act which transferred the Government of India from the company to the crown received the royal assent. The army was transferred as well as the political power, but no attempt was made to re-organize the native Bengal regiments, which had proved so treacher-



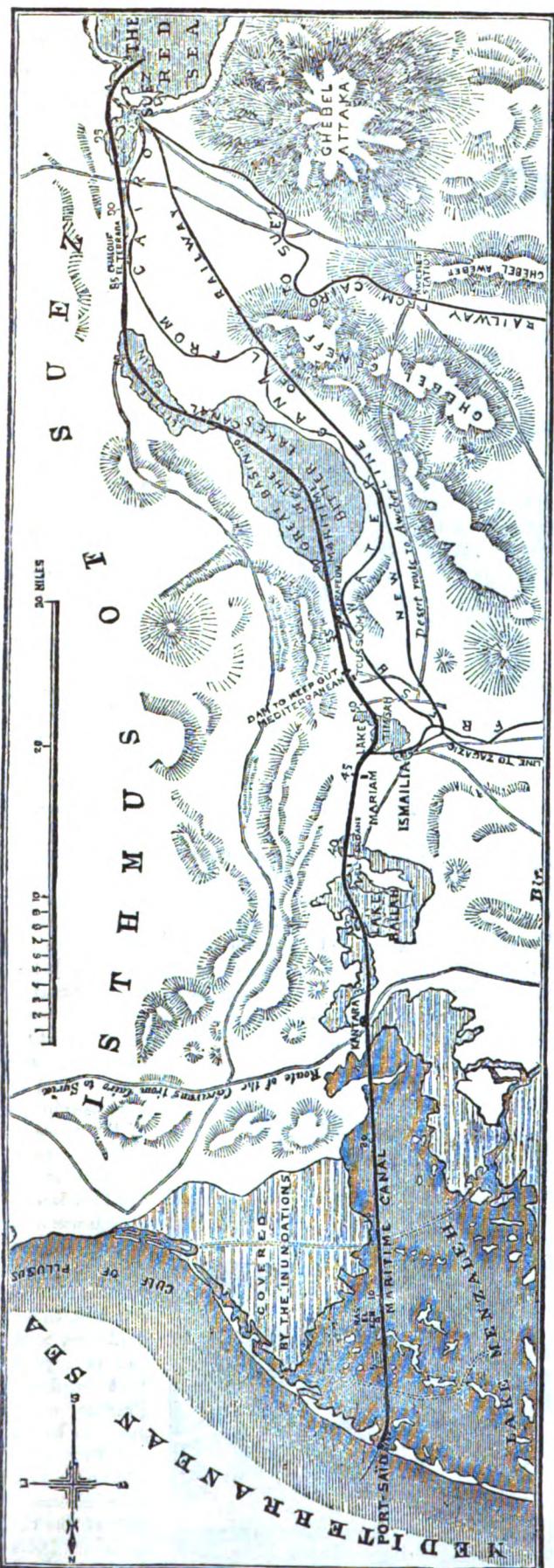
ous. Properly speaking, the East India Company, as originally organized, were only merchants sending out bullion, lead, quicksilver, woolens, hardware, and other goods to India, and bringing home calicoes, silk, diamonds, tea, porcelain, drugs, sulphur, etc. Not merely with India, but with China and other parts, the trade was monopolized, and hence arose their great trade in tea, porcelain, and silks. By degrees avarice led many to take part in the native quarrels. These gave them power and influence in the native courts, whence

arose the acquisition of sovereign powers over vast regions. India became thus valued by the company, not only as commercially desirable, but as offering to the friends of the directors opportunities of making vast fortunes by political or military enterprise. In fact, we have represented in the East India Company, at the height of its power in India, a gigantic "Ring"—perhaps among the earliest in history—whose concentric satellites managed easily enough to work mischief in the immediate field of its action, to an extent far exceeding the petty efforts of later specimens of the genus.

In the eighteenth century, the East Indian Nabob was a familiar individual in London, whither he had returned, laden, doubtless, with lacs of rupees, but burdened likewise with melancholia and liver complaint—the more serious results of the climate of India upon the constitution of the



M. DE LESSEPS EXPLAINING ON A RELIEF MAP, AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION, THE COURSE, DIFFICULTIES, AND ADVANTAGES OF HIS PROJECTED CANAL.



PLAN OF THE MARITIME CANAL WITH THE SMALL FRESH-WATER CANAL.

Englishman. This word "Nabob," by-the-way, is a corruption of the Hindoo word, "Nawab," which means "an administrator of a province and commander of an Indian army under the Mogul empire." These men acquired great wealth, and lived in true Oriental splendor, which gave rise to the expression, "rich as a Nawab," afterwards corrupted into that of Nabob.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the East India Company succeeded in gaining its great influence and in accumulating its wealth without opposition.

The fact is, that by the latter part of the eighteenth century the monopoly had become utterly dissatisfactory to the British nation at large, and being obliged to obtain a loan of a million pounds from the Government, various restrictions were imposed upon the company, so that in its later years its powers became anomalous, since it could neither trade nor govern without the sanction and continued interference of the Imperial Government. In fact, the wars in India since 1833 had been waged by England as a nation rather than by the company, and England practically became responsible for the enormous expense of these wars. The last renewal of the charter of the company, with the further lessening of its power, occurred in 1853, and was to run twenty years—an arrangement, however, with which the Indian revolt interfered.

The company continued to exist, however, but for little purpose, in a military and political way, except to assist the Home Government by their general knowledge of India affairs. These affairs are now managed by a secretary and council at the new India office. The valuable library and museum of the company were passed over to the Crown; and an Act of Parliament, in 1873, provided for the paying off of the Indian stock, and the final extinction of the once famous East India Company.

But whatever corruptions or improprieties may, legitimately, be complained of with regard to the management of British affairs in India, it is certain that her supremacy has resulted in a most wonderful development of that country, and a thorough utilization of its resources.

Railways, constructed by the British, now overspread the entire land. There are lines running in the valley of the Ganges from Calcutta to Delhi, and connected with Lahore and Lucknow, and others, by which Bombay, Allahabad, and Calcutta are similarly connected. In 1873 there were 5,478 miles of railway in Hindostan, and 15,102 miles of telegraphic wire. A submarine cable connects Suez with Bombay, while land-lines extend from Constantinople to Bagdad, and thence to the head of the Persian Gulf, which, by submarine cable, is united with Kurrachee, the only port in the province of Scinde for sea-going ships, lying about twelve miles north of the Indus river, and from which place are exported camels, fish, hides, tallow, oil, bark, salt, indigo, cotton, and grain, while it has an active inland trade with Cashmere, Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Thibet. As there are also telegraphic cables between Madras and Singapore, and between the latter port and Hong Kong, there is complete telegraphic communication between Great Britain, her Indian possessions, and China.

The foreign trade of India has been for centuries famous for its value and importance. In 1871 and 1872 there were engaged in it 1,230 square-rigged vessels, 948 steamers, and 50,000 native craft. The manufactures and products of the country comprise articles required by the civilization of all the rest of the world.

In Bengal and Mysore there are extensive manufactures of silk, while Delhi is celebrated for its manufactures of this article. Benares and Ahmendabad are noted for gold brocade; the Punjab for silks, woolens, and white and colored cottons—amounting to £4,850,000 annually; while the cotton manufactures of Oude, the Central Provinces, and Mysore, are likewise of great importance, and in the latter section cutlery works and manufactures of gold and silver lace are extensive and flourishing. It may be mentioned here that silver is the standard of value in India, the unit being the rupee of 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

The products of India are chiefly as follows: rice, which is the chief article of food of the country, and is produced in all parts of the country in which irrigation is practised; while maize and wheat are the grains cultivated in the northwestern provinces. Opium is one of the most valuable products of India. Coffee is largely produced in Ceylon, and the cultivation of the plant is rapidly spreading in southern India. Tea cultivation is now carried on successfully in Assam, the amount of its yield in 1872 having been 6,257,643 pounds. It is also rapidly spreading over all the hill-countries of northwestern India. Cinchona, or Peruvian bark, introduced from South America in 1860, has been naturalized with great success. The growth of cotton in India was much extended during our rebellion, but has since received less attention and has considerably fallen off. Jute is grown in Assam and Bengal, and has given rise to an important trade since the establishment of the Suez Canal. India rubber is another important product of Assam, the demand for which is increasing. Indigo is a staple product of India, having been a native production since a very remote period. It was imported thence by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but was lost to Europe during a great part of the Middle Ages. Bengal produces annually about 9,000,000 pounds of indigo. The importance of indigo in pigments will be readily appreciated when it is understood that, besides its ordinary coloring product, aniline was first obtained from it, while from this are produced the two tints, *mure* and *magenta*.

In the year 1871-2 the statistics of the Indian trade were as follows, the principal articles only being given:

EXPORTS.		IMPORTS.	
Coffee	£1,380,409	Cotton twist and yarn	£2,473,353
Cotton	21,272,430	Cotton piece-goods	15,009,981
Grains, including rice	4,865,743	Machinery	405,835
Indigo	2,705,475	Manufacturing metals	925,839
Jute	4,117,308	Raw metals	1,464,936
Opium	13,365,228	Railway materials & stores	116,996
Seeds	2,728,127	Salt	913,915
Tea	1,482,185	Raw silk	651,595
Wool	906,669	Silk goods	480,948
		Wines and liquors	1,381,961
		Gold and silver	10,097,720
	£53,823,609		£34,323,079

The imports into India, which in 1866 had risen to £56,156,529, or double the amount of 1857, in 1871 had fallen to £38,858,728.

The exports which, on account of the American war, had likewise reached the high figure of £69,471,791 in 1865, and had fallen to £44,291,497 in 1867, rose in 1871 to £57,818,022, showing a constant increase during the years since the opening of the canal.

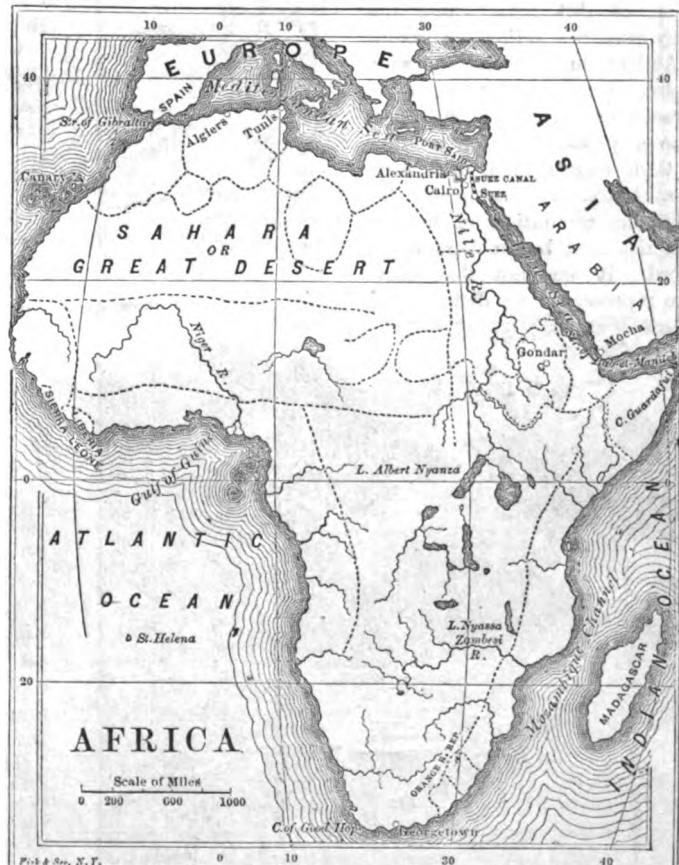
Sufficient has here been given to display, at least in an approximate fashion, the importance of the commerce of India to the rest of the world. Under all circumstances, the attention of the civilized world is likely to be directed towards the affairs of the Suez Canal and the commerce, *via* Egypt, with India for a very long time to come.

NONE BUT HIS OWN ENEMY.

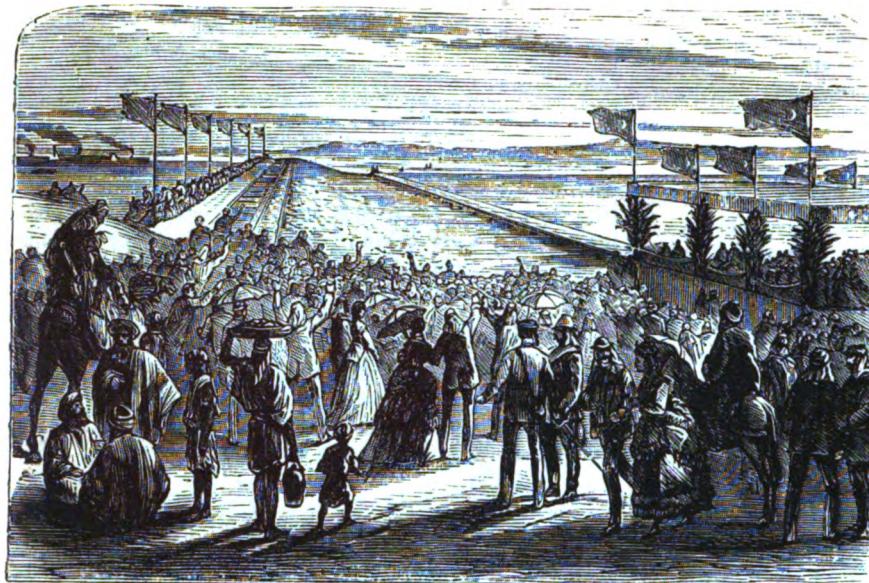
"No man's enemy but his own" happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make this character is a reckless imprudence, and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. "No one's enemy but his own" runs rapidly through his means; calls, in a friendly way, on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities; involves his nearest kin; leaves his wife a beggar; and quarters his orphans upon the public; and, after having enjoyed himself to his last dollar, entails a life of dependence on his progeny, and dies in the odor of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly which is more injurious to society than some positive crimes. The social chain is so nicely and delicately constructed that not a link snaps, rusts, or refuses its proper play, without the shock being felt like an electric vibration to its utmost limits.

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RISING.

WHOEVER has tasted the breath of morning knows that the most invigorating and most delightful hours of the day are commonly spent in bed; though it is the evident intention of nature that we should enjoy and profit by them. Children awake early, and would be up and stirring long before the arrangements of the family permit them to use their limbs. We are thus broken in from childhood to an injurious habit that might be shaken off with more ease than when first imposed. Suppose we rise with the sun at Christmas, and continue so to do till the middle of April, we should then find ourselves rising at five o'clock, at which hour we might continue till September, and then accommodate ourselves again to the change of season.



MAP TO SHOW WHAT IS GAINED TO NAVIGATION BY THE SUEZ CANAL.

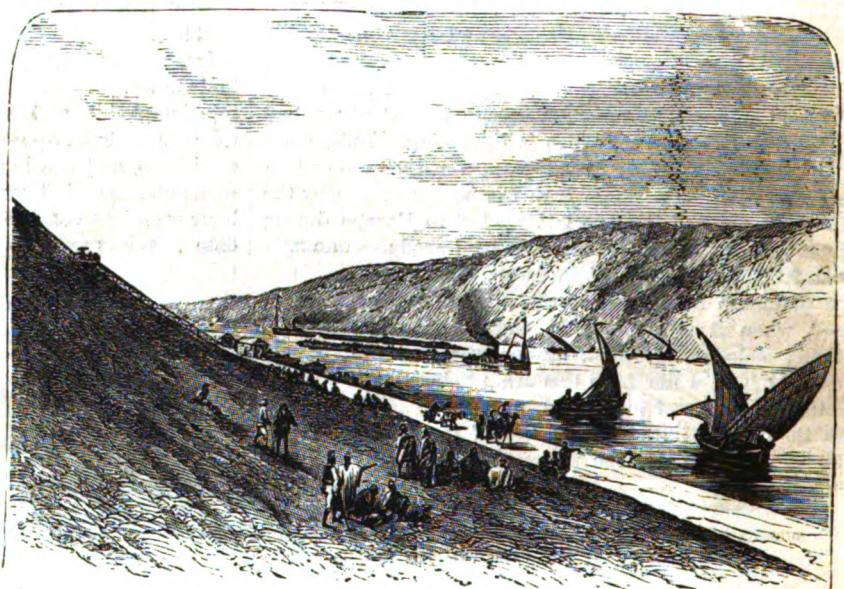


SUEZ CANAL.—THE WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN ENTERING THE BASIN OF THE BITTER LAKES.—SEE PAGE 257.

The Drolleries of Gotham.

THE idea of a number of foolish or weak-minded people dwelling together in a community, and the various absurdities and extravagances which may be supposed to result from their deliberations, is a subject which seems to have amused the imagination in all ages. Among the Greeks a reputation of this kind clung for many centuries to the inhabitants of Abdera, in Thrace, otherwise celebrated as the birthplace of Democritus. The Abderites became a proverb in the mouths of their countrymen, and may be said to have achieved the illustrious reputation of having been the first bull-makers upon record. It was not that they were represented as deficient in

ideas, but that the ideas seldom suited the occasion for which they were required. It once occurred to them that a city like Abdera should have a fountain in the centre of the market-place, and a famous sculptor was sent for from Athens to prepare a group, representing Neptune, in a chariot, drawn by sea-horses, and surrounded by Tritons and dolphins, who should spout water from their nostrils; but when the wish was completed, it was discovered that there was scarcely enough water to wet their noses—so the entire group had the appearance of suffering from a very severe cold. In order to stop the laughers the work was removed to the temple of Neptune, and, when exhibited to strangers, the sacristan was ac-



SUEZ CANAL.—VIEW OF THE CANAL AT EL GUISR STATION.



SUEZ CANAL.—THE FOUNTAINS OF MOSES.

customed to express the sorrow of the worshipful city that so splendid a production of art was rendered useless by the poverty of nature. On another occasion they purchased a lovely Venus of Praxiteles. It was about five feet high, and intended for an altar. As soon as it arrived all Abdera fell into ecstasies about it. "She is too beautiful," exclaimed the townsmen, with one voice, "to be placed upon a low pedestal; a master-piece that does our city so much honor, and which has cost us so much money, should be the first thing that strikes the eye of the stranger on his visit to Abdera." Whereupon, the small and exquisitely-wrought statue was perched upon an obelisk eighty feet high, and as it

was quite impossible at that distance to know whether it was a goddess or a cat, it became necessary to engage a keeper to assure all strangers that nothing more divinely perfect was to be seen, provided you could only see it.

In early English literature we find the men of Norfolk accredited with many of the attributes of the Abderites, and at a somewhat later period we begin to hear of the wise men of Gotham. The stories of their wonderful feats appear to have been first collected by Andrew Borde, a physician of the time of Henry VIII., who seems to have believed in the comfortable doctrine that mirth is a valuable ally of medicine. Innumerable editions of his work have been published since, and



SUEZ CANAL.—MECCA PILGRIMS RETURNING THROUGH THE PARTLY COMPLETED SUEZ CANAL IN MARCH, 1869.—SEE PAGE 257.



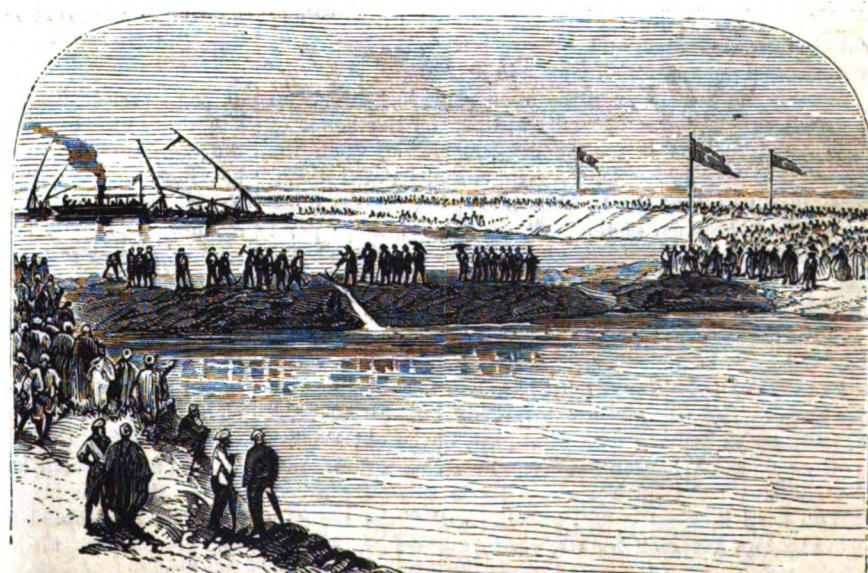
SUEZ CANAL.—ARRIVAL OF MERCHANDISE AT SUEZ BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE CANAL FOR THROUGH TRAFFIC.

we know from the frequent allusions to the tales in our old popular and dramatic literature that the book was a great favorite for at least two centuries. Until quite recent times a chap-book version of the "Merry Tales of Gotham," was a very saleable article of the pedlar's pack in the more remote districts of the west of England. One of the most famous of the stories—which is met with in slightly varying forms in almost every country in the world—relates the attempt to impound the cuckoo. The men of Gotham observing that it was almost invariably fine sunny weather when they heard the cuckoo, determined to keep the bird with them the year through, in order to improve their climate. "So, in the midst of the town,

they made a hedge round in compass, and got a cuckoo, and put therein, saying to her, 'Sing here all the year, thou shalt lack neither meat nor drink.' The cuckoo, as soon as she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her,' said they; 'we made not our hedge high enough.'

Another relates to the clever way in which they contrived to get fish for Lent:

"When that Good Friday was come the men of Gotham did cast their heads together what to do with their white fish and red herrings, their sprats and salt fish. Then one consulted with the other, and agreed that all such fish should be cast into the pond



SUEZ CANAL.—UNION OF WATERS OF RED SEA AND MEDITERRANEAN, AUGUST 12TH, 1869.

or pool which was in the middle of the town, that the number of them might increase again the next year, and they might all fare like lords. At the beginning of the next Lent they immediately went about drawing the pond, imagining that they should catch a great shoal of fish, but were much surprised to find nothing but a great eel. ‘Ah!’ said they, ‘a mischief on this eel, for he hath eaten up our fish.’ ‘What must we do with him?’ said one to the other. ‘Kill him,’ said one. ‘Chop him into pieces,’ said another. ‘Nay, not so,’ said another; ‘but let us drown him.’ So they immediately went to another pond, and did cast the eel into the water. ‘Lie there,’ said these wise men, ‘and shift for thyself, since you can expect no help from us.’

Another inhabitant of Gotham rode to the market with two bushels of wheat, and, in order to save his horse, carried one of the bags upon his own shoulder, but still continued to ride. When he arrived at his journey’s end, he said, with great satisfaction, “The just man is always careful of his horse.”

It must be confessed that the humor of these stories is of the thinnest. Like the song of the lace-makers, mentioned in “Twelfth Night,” it is “silly sooth,” and “like the old time,” but not without a flavor of the dry, fatuous imbecility which amuses us in the speeches of Silence and Slender.

The real Gotham is a small, picturesque village, pleasantly situated amongst the Nottinghamshire hills, and the inhabitants relate the following story to account for the origin of their unenviable reputation :

“King John, once upon a time, journeying northwards, desired to pass through their meadows, but was prevented by the inhabitants, under the impression that the ground over which a king passed ever afterwards became a public road. The king, greatly incensed at this proceeding, sent from Nottingham two commissioners, with instructions to levy a heavy fine upon the village for its gross contumacy. Hearing of their approach, the clever Gothamites thought of an ingenious expedient to turn away the king’s wrath, and when the messengers arrived they found all the people of the place engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits, such as running about with boughs of trees to induce the crows to settle thereon, wheeling barrowfuls of sunshine to dry the corn that was got in wet, rolling cheeses down hill that they might get to Nottingham market, and other similar performances. The commissioners rode away under the impression that nothing was to be made of such a village of fools. King John, appeased, continued his progress, and the men of Gotham said, ‘Ween there are more fools pass through our town than remain in it.’”

There is another village of the same name in Sussex, and the Sussex antiquaries, naturally anxious for the honor of their county, claim it for the original shrine, upon the ground that Andrew Borde, the great chronicler of Gothamdom, was a native of the neighborhood; but, on the other hand, the inhabitants of the Nottinghamshire village point with pride to the possession of the original cuckoo-bush, which is still flourishing, and the object of many pilgrimages.

In the north of England, the most famous of the second-rate Gothams, is the village of Austwick in Craven, which before the days of railways must have laid very much out of the world. The villagers are invariably called “Austwick carles”—carles being a dialectical form of the old English ceorl or churl. When an Austwick man comes down into the civilized parts of Yorkshire he is generally asked, “Who tried to lift the bull over the gate?” the tradition being that an Austwick farmer, wishing to get a bull out of a field, procured the assistance of nine of his neighbors, to assist him in lifting the animal over the gate. After trying

in vain for some hours, they sent one of their number to the village for more help. In going out he opened the gate, and after he had been some time away, it occurred to one of the remaining nine that the bull might be allowed to go out in the same manner.

When knives were more expensive than they are in these days, it is said that there was only one knife, or whittle, as it is called in this part of Yorkshire, in all Austwick. It was kept under a tree in the middle of the village, for use in common, and if it was not there when wanted, the person requiring it shouted out “Whittle to tree!” until returned. This arrangement worked well for many years, until one day it was taken by some laborers to a neighboring moor to cut up their pies for dinner.

To save themselves the trouble of carrying it back, they agreed to leave it there until next day, and looking about for an object to mark the locality, they stuck it into the ground under a very black cloud which just then happened to be the most remarkable object in sight. Next day the cloud was gone, and the whittle was never seen again. There is a proverbial saying well known in Yorkshire relating to this place. “The best at the bottom, as the Austwick carles say,” generally said of any dish or beverage which improves as it approaches the end. This is said to have originated in a scene which occurred at the drowning of an Austwick carle, who, reaching over a pond, had fallen in. Whilst drowning, the water made a gurgling noise in his throat, which the bystanders, who did not attempt to help him, interpreted to mean “Good! good! good!” “Ah,” said they, “he finds it best at bottom.” The thatch of Austwick Hall was once covered with a fine crop of grass, and it is said that the inhabitants held a meeting to consider the feasibility of getting some cows to pasture upon it. Even in these railway days Austwick has not entirely lost its ancient reputation. About a year ago, a story went the round of the Yorkshire papers about a farmer of this place who had to take a wheelbarrow to Clapham (the nearest) station. Instead of going by road, which was the longest route by about a hundred yards, he went through the fields, and had to lift the barrow over twenty-two stiles.

It was the well-known remark of the sage Queen Elizabeth during one of her royal progresses, that the farther she went towards the west the more sure and certain became her faith that the wise men really came from the east, and the reader, therefore, will not be surprised to hear that there are several Gothams upon the sunny western moors.

In Wiltshire, near the Marlborough downs, are two or three villages which have achieved great distinction in this way, and the *sobriquet* of “Moonrakers,” applied to Wiltshire folks in general, is said to have taken its rise in one of these remote hamlets. A philosopher, returning from late work in the hay-time, endeavored to rake out of a pond the glowing reflection of a fine full moon, which he took to be a large cheese. In vain, however, he raked, for the agile cheese eluded the prongs like a jelly-fish, and would not come to land. His neighbors came to the rescue, and by midnight every man, woman, and child in the parish were engaged in the pursuit, which was continued with great ardor, until a passing cloud sank the cheese, and dispersed the disappointed assembly. Such, however, is the ingenuity of human nature, that the Wiltshire folks have not only contrived to take the sting out of this story, but positively endeavor to make it tell to their own advantage. According to their version, the real object of the raking was a keg of prime brandy which had been hidden in the pond, and the cheese story was invented for the benefit of the exciseman who had interrupted the proceedings. The revenue officer had his grin, but the Wiltshire men had both the laugh and the brandy! Another of these rustic drolleries relates the absurd adventures of a farmer, who determined to cure his

hogs of their dirty habits by making them roost upon the branches of a tree like birds. Night after night the perverse brutes were hoisted up to their perch, and every morning a pig was found with his neck broken, until at last there were no more left. But there is a great sameness in all these stories. The plots which form the original *nuclei* of the tales are surprisingly few in number, and show a poverty of invention which contrasts poorly with the more imaginative stories of the Celtic races.

There are numerous Gothams upon the Continent. At Belmont, near Lausanne, in Switzerland, we meet with nearly all the stories of the English Gotham, and a few new ones. Some Belmonters, they say, once desired to move their church three yards farther to the west; so they carefully marked the exact distance by leaving their coats upon the ground. They then set to work to push with all their might against the eastern wall. In the meantime a thief had gone round to the west, and stolen the coats. "Diable!" said the Belmonters, when they found their coats gone, "we have pushed too far!"

The French provinces are full of Gothams. One of the most famous is the pleasant little town of Pont-à-Mousson, in Lorraine, so well known in the annals of the last war. The most absurd stories are fathered upon the inhabitants of this favored town, who are said to combine with great simplicity a truly Gascon sense of their own importance. Their chief magistrate was once traveling in Italy, and chanced to arrive in the Eternal City on the night of a grand Pontifical festival. Rome was one mass of radiant flame, and a myriad of lamps lit up the dome of St. Peter's. "Pardieu!" said the Mayor of Pont-à-Mousson, "how on earth did they know I was coming?"

FASHIONS, ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL.

How few there are of the votaries of fashion who bestow a thought upon the origin or the vagaries of fashion they so slavishly follow—the pedigree of the idol they worship! No sooner is a pretty costume adopted than it becomes common. Then the fickle female mind casts it aside for any novelty, however *outré*—strangeness and the power of creating a sensation being great causes of recommendation. France is the country that for many centuries has been the arbitrator and creator of fashions, though now it may be said to be very difficult to devise new modes, the changes being but a series of adaptations and combinations carried out at the suggestion of mantua-makers and manufacturers. These prey upon their patron-puppets, the essayists, who promenade in society habited in garments, or, more properly, fanciful forms, that meet with applause or condemnation as fancy wills, climate and the dictates of reason having little influence. "The costume of the period" is anything but of the present day. It was suggested by the fashion of the empire on which it is founded, guided by Oriental and Japanese taste, and with a dash of the Louis XVI., some of it very pretty. Parisian patronage and *gout* being able to do what England could not, who, notwithstanding she owned the Indies, and was the first to import Oriental articles, has been the last to be influenced by their teachings.

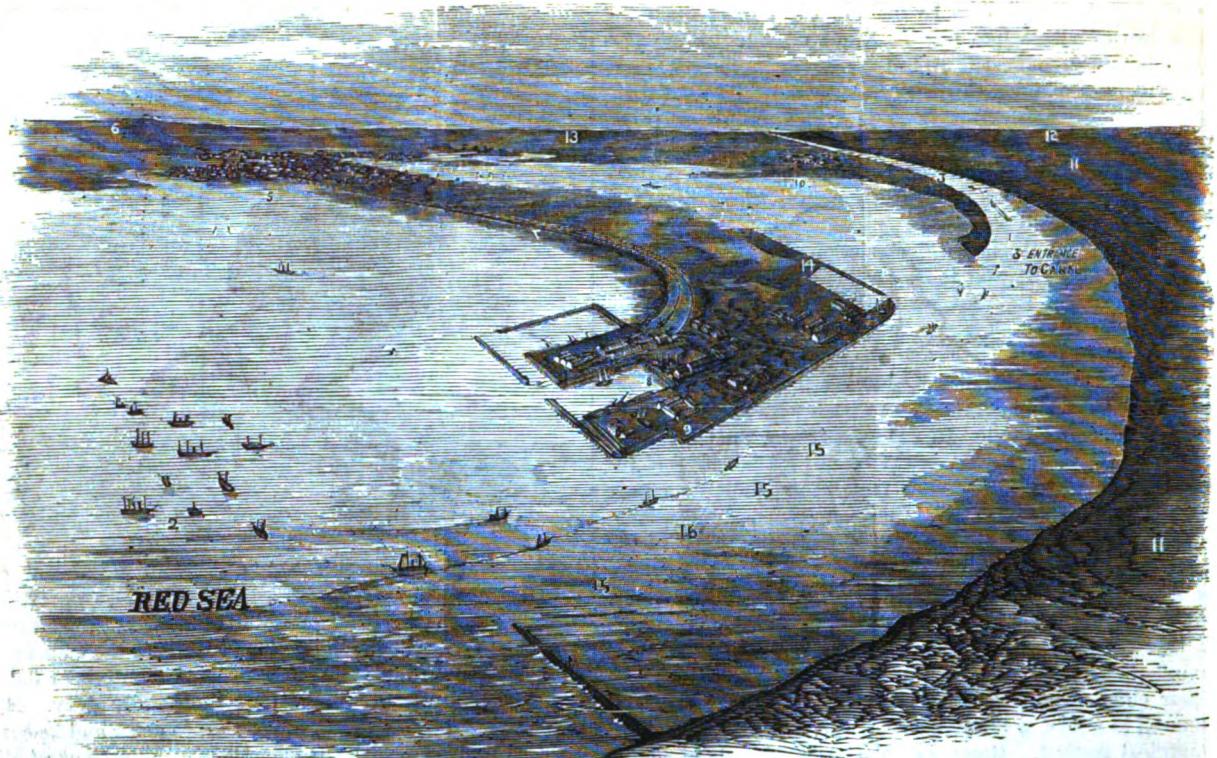
At the British International Exhibition of 1862 the English were the first to display the exquisite taste of the Japanese in design—a taste that was highly appreciated by a few of the more enlightened of her artists, though disregarded by the people at large, it being reserved for the French, at the next Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867, to show the Japanese *chez eux*, for in an enclosure in the park they installed a Japanese house, with fittings, and native occupants, both male and female, the magnificent



wardrobe of the Japanese girls affording wonderful and exciting lessons to the Parisian ladies, who were never tired of watching the movements and habiliments of the almond-eyed demoiselles of the mysterious islands of the China seas, as they sat upon their mat-covered floors, chatting, or following the ordinary occupations of their daily duty. *A la queue*, the Parisians slowly moved on, to enter and re-enter, feasting their eyes with the marvelous combinations of color and exquisite finish, until they imbibed some of its spirit and teaching. In natural knowledge of color, the Japanese, like the Indians, are unrivaled, as also in designing forms, by which we mean spiritual creative drawing, apart from the study of the human form—a study that seems always to have chilled the eye and damped the soul; Greek art may be considered the antithesis of that of Japan—cold, severe, symmetrical, and monochromatic; the Athenian taste pales before the youthful freshness and glorious daylight of Japanese art, which, whilst conventional, is never symmetrical. How at variance with the classic is the costume of Japan—the long folds of white or tinted garments finding no favor with a people who revel in design and color, and who recline upon the floor and take their meals at tables like stools! On the carpet all Oriental costumes are seen to advantage, and particularly that of the Japanese ladies, who strenuously avoid, even when walking, an upright carriage.

To contrast our example with the European, we have made both figures erect, to show the chignons and general contour—the apology for a bonnet that occupies the place of a comb; the form of the sun-shade (in vogue at present); the long robe tucked up before and behind, in imitation of the broad scarf worn round the waist, a practice common with both sexes in the East, where the people lounge, and corsets could hardly be endured, the ample folds of the *ceinture* being necessary to keep the vital parts at an even temperature, whilst in no way to interfere with the organs of respiration. This part of the costume is more apparent in the second cut of the glee-singers, whose really serviceable hats afford a contrast to the bonnets worn at





1. Eastern Jetty. 2. Roadstead of Suez. 3. Entrance to the Maritime Canal. 4. The Sweet Water Canal. 5. City of Suez. 6. Mountain of Attaku. 7. The Road to the City from the Port. 8. The Repairing Dock. 9. The Offices of the Suez Canal Company. 10. Quarantine. 11. The Desert on the Asiatic Side. 12. Mountains of Syria. 13. Zebel Genesse. 14. The Basin of the Suez Canal Company. 15. Floating Buoys along the Maritime Canal.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE Isthmus of Suez from the ROADSTEAD.

present. Never having been disported at Paris, they remain unappropriated. Of course the Japanese dress, as depicted above, being a costume, exists apart from fashion, a thing formerly unknown in the territory of the Tycoon, though now being adopted with other European vices, at least by the men, who are very fond of encasing their dapper little figures in broad cloth, boots and gloves, things formerly unknown in Japan.

Oh, that Fashion, that great spoiler of nationalities, should find such worshippers, as if variety of texture and difference of color were not enough, that man should desire to cut stuff to ribbons at the dictates of folly! With all their wonderful feeling for art, the Japanese are apt imitators, little appreciating the natural gifts they possess in a high degree—gifts that are denied to Europeans. In Japan they sometimes produce marvellous effects, and sketch nude forms and things in action with a facility far beyond the dull comprehension of aca-

demy teaching. Endowed with fertile imaginations and creative powers of the highest order, they do not produce pictures; yet in power of pictorial art no Oriental nation comes near them; but if picture-making is to destroy "the simple native of the new-found isle," God protect us from picture-making and the art of frippery!

PURPOSES, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into rottenness. It is these thorny "ifs," the mutterings of impatience and despair, which so often hedge

round the field of possibility, and prevent anything being done, or even attempted. "A difficulty," said Lord Lyndhurst, "is a thing to be overcome"; grapple with it at once, facility will come with practice, and strength and fortitude with repeated effort. Thus the mind and character may be trained to move with grace, spirit, and liberty almost incomprehensible.



THE SUEZ CANAL.—FORMAL OPENING—PROCESSION OF SHIPS IN CANAL, NOVEMBER 16, 1869.



GILLIAN.—“‘‘GISEBERT! IS IT YOU—IS IT REALLY YOU!’’ ‘IT IS I! I PROMISED—DO YOU NOT REMEMBER?—TO RETURN SOME TIME.’’
SEE PAGE 174.

A YEAR'S WORK.

SITTING beside the casement
In the chill October day,
While Twilight, wrapped in her misty veil,
Was sobbing her life away;
Hearing the tinkle of the beck,
And the chirp of the lingering bird,
And the whistle of the homebound hind,
And the low of the distant herd;
Watching the red leaves floating down
From the branches one by one;
Thinking of all that a year could do,
Of all that a year had done.

Sweet as an April morn it rose,
The love that failed so soon,
Strewing her path with bright May flowers,
Brilliant and warm as June.
It drooped in August's fervid smile,
It fell like the year's last rose;
She will scarcely trace its resting-place,
'Neath December's coming snows.
The blossoms will bloom into life again
At the call of the Summer sun,
But no time nor tide can undo for her
What a single year has done.

SITTING beside the casement
Till the stars gleam through the fire,
The large tears dropping, slow and cold,
On those folded hands of hers.
They glitter as bright in the red fire-light
As the diamond that she wore
Ere she drew it off, the mocking pledge
Of a troth whose truth was o'er.
The hollow darkness around her creeps,
The day's long watch is run,
And all that they swore but Death could do,
A little year has done.

GILLIAN.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.



N an antiquated street of the queerest and quaintest of all the New England towns—I mean the old seaport of Marblehead—stood the house. Tall, steep-roofed, and many-windowed, with its face to the rocky harbor, and its back, as it seemed, turned on the cottages of the shoemakers and the fishermen, it wore always an air of antique grandeur and gentility, quite in keeping with the character of its owner; for Captain Elkanah Endicott, master of the staunch trader *Mary Jane*, and a lineal descendant of that Massachusetts

Governor who hung the Quakers upon Boston Common, was as proud and uncompromising a tyrant as ever trod a quarter-deck.

A wide hall stretched through the house, with broad, shallow stairs, and a tiled fireplace painted with Scriptural scenes. All the rooms were wainscoted, and crossed by massive beams. Beautiful foreign knick-knacks abounded in them, along with chairs and chests of drawers as old as Cotton Mather's time. The windows had deep-cushioned seats, wherein Gillian, the sole daughter of the house, was wont to sit and watch the coasters and fishing-boats, and listen to the wild easterly storms rioting up and down the crazy, straggling streets of the town.

"She is like her father," Aunt Constance was wont to say, "but with a difference."

The captain's wife had been dead for many years. His

household consisted of his daughter, his sister-in-law, who acted as housekeeper and governess, and Keturah, who had served the family for half a century.

Gillian was just thirteen when Captain Elkanah wrote from Martinique the following letter, which a homeward-bound ship brought in due season to the Marblehead house:

"DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW: I take my pen in hand to let you and the little one know that the *Mary Jane* and I are anchored safe in Port Royal harbor after a perilous voyage, wherein we nearly founder'd in a hurricane in the Caribbean, and also lost at Santa Cruz two seamen by yellow jack, which misfortunes I ascribe to the rage in which I got with Keturah, and the oaths I let fly at her about packing my sea-chest on the day I left Marblehead.

"I wish you to give her a Spanish doubloon out of my strong box, and tell her to send me favoring winds and good health, and I'll remember her still further when I come.

"Last night I went ashore to dine at the house of my old friend St. Cyr, the richest planter on the island, and a member of the Privy Council. He is in great trouble about his son, a likely, mettlesome lad, who has been reading too many sea-yarns, and is wild, in consequence, to become a sailor. Madame St. Cyr, the daughter of the governor, and the grandest lady on the island, had thought to send the boy this same year to France, to there complete his education, and marry his cousin, and she is almost out of her wits. As young Gisbert will listen to no reason, monsieur and madame have decided to cure him of his folly by sending him on a voyage with me, which, be sure, I shall take care to make a bitter pill for his proud young stomach. Get the house ready for a guest, for I shall bring him when I come. He is sixteen years old, and so well-bred that he will give you no trouble. You may expect us about the first of October.

"Yours to command, etc."

"Martinique!" meditated Aunt Constance, as she smoothed the letter out upon her knee, "that is one of the Caribbean Islands. The people are French creoles. Poor boy! we must do our best to give him a hearty welcome."

"I hope he is nice," said Gillian, knitting her smooth brows; "I am sure he must be, if he is fond of sea-stories. Papa will make him scour the decks, and climb the masts in storms, and all that, I suppose."

"Very likely. Run, my dear, and get the doubloon." Gillian ran to the cabinet, where the captain's strong box was kept, and brought the gold piece twinkling in her hand.

"News, Keturah! news from papa!" she cried, flying off to the kitchen.

Captain Elkanah might boast descent from a Massachusetts Governor—Keturah, his servant, was the daughter of the Massachusetts kings. Their blood still showed in her high cheek-bones and black, deep-set eyes, and in the brown skin which hung upon her neck like tanned leather. She was an old woman—a hundred years old, at the very least, it seemed to Gillian. She always wore a cotton gown of bright pattern, a scarlet handkerchief, pinned upon her bosom, and a necklace of colored beads.

Aunt Constance called her a witch. Captain Elkanah—superstitions, like all sailors—held her in wholesome awe. Gillian, whose nurse she had been, loved her.

"Keturah," said she, waltzing across the hearth, "did you send the hurricane and the fever to papa's ship because he swore at you the day he went away?"

"The hurricane and the fever! they are God's messengers. Would they come or go at my bidding, do you think?"

"No," answered Gillian, meditatively; "but papa said so, and here's a doubloon for you——"

"Tut! tut!" snapped Keturah; "let him keep his money;" nevertheless, she put it in her pocket.

"So he's sailing home across seas, eh! and bringing with him a stranger—one from far away?"

Gillian stared at her in amazement.

"Oh, Keturah!" she cried. "How do you know? We have but just read the letter."

"The fire told me," said Keturah, laughing weirdly: "you may expect them with the next moon, ladybird."

Sure enough, one October night, when the harvest crescent was shining on the harbor waves, Captain Elkanah came home.

With a great bluster, like a northeaster blowing, he burst in upon Aunt Constance and his daughter, swinging in one hand a cage holding a white parrot, and followed by a pale, disheveled lad, with fair hair, and the look and mien of the Prince Perfect of Gillian's fairy tales.

"How d'ye do, sister-in-law?" cried Captain Elkanah; and he gave his rough paw to Aunt Constance, and then bent to smack Gillian's dog-rose cheek. "Hallo, little one! You're as pretty as a pink! Here is Monsieur Gisbert. He's been sick ever since we left Martinique;" adding, in a lower voice, "and, if I haven't cured him of his hankering for blue water, I'll eat the island and all its mountains."

Aunt Constance, sweet, motherly soul, hastened to take the young creole's hand and lead him to the fire.

"Dear me!" she began, compassionately. "How ill you look! You have had a rough voyage. Welcome to—"

But here she paused, for, with a faint attempt to raise her hand to his lips, young monsieur reeled toward the chair and fell in a dead faint.

The voyage had been too much for the son of the island planter. He lay without breath or motion, his face like the dead.

Gillian, in great fright, mixed with pity, screamed out:

"Oh, papa—you dreadful papa! you've killed him!" and began to wring her hands.

Aunt Constance alone preserved her senses.

"It is a swoon," said she; "he is quite exhausted. Run for smelling-salts, and burnt feathers, and Keturah."

In came Keturah, and slapped his hands, and burnt feathers under his nose, till his lids lifted, and he looked around.

His wondering, home-sick gaze turned from object to object, until it rested upon Gillian—Gillian, leaning over him, in a cloud of shining hair, tears on her lashes, and a smile parting her red young mouth.

"See!" she cried; "he is better."

The young creole lifted himself to look at her.

"Oh!" he breathed in slow delight, "who are you?"

"I am Gillian," she answered—"Gillian Endicott."

"Shall I see you as long as I stay here?"

"Every day."

"Ciel! what happiness!" he murmured, and fell back fainting again.

This was how he came to the old Northern seaport; Aunt Constance petted him with motherly tenderness; even Captain Elkanah was kind; and as for Gillian, from the first hour of his arrival the two adored each other.

One day they quarrelled. Gisbert took his flute and went off to a lonely corner, and began to play a wild, wailing improvisation, which pierced to the window where Gillian sat sulking. She would not turn or look. He played on awhile, the sweet notes growing sadder and sadder, but still she did not heed. Then he flung the instrument from him, and crossed to her side.

"If you do not forgive me at once," he hissed through his teeth, "I will throw myself from the rocks!"

"You dare not!" she answered, scornfully.

His violet eyes grew black with rage.

"Do you mean that? Eh bien—you shall see!" said he.

And, turning on his heel, he was tearing off in very truth, when she, following after, flung herself upon him.

"Stop!" she sobbed—oh, stop, Gilbert! I only am to blame. Forgive me!"

He snatched her in his arms, and kissed away her tears.

"Ah! have I made you weep?" he cried, remorsefully. "Why do you treat me so? When you are kind to me, I am in heaven; when you flout me, I am ready to die."

On another occasion, when Aunt Constance was taking her peaceable after-dinner nap, this pair of young creatures slipped out of the house, and flitted till they reached a wharf, where Gisbert, who had a plentiful supply of pocket-money, hired a boat. The two scrambled into it, and, having set the sail, went dancing off through the sunshine.

"You love the sea," cried Gillian, "and so do I—oh, so much! Let us go on a voyage together."

"To do that," said Gisbert, "we must have a compass and a bag of sea-biscuit."

"We can stop for them at the nearest port."

He looked doubtfully across the gray water.

"If you wish it, that is enough; I will go with you to the end of the world."

Then a flaw of wind struck the boat and capsized it, and the next instant the two were struggling in the water.

The French lad rose to the surface like a duck, and struck out for a crop of hazel hair floating on a great wave near by. He seized it as it was sinking, and held it fast.

The tide was setting strong against him; the shore looked far, far away. Nevertheless, he started for it gallantly.

"Let me go!" cried Gillian; "you will drown if you do not!"

"Then I will drown," he answered, holding her closer still.

He was a superb swimmer, but the odds were fearfully against him.

"Save yourself!" still entreated Gillian.

"Never—without you!" he replied, indignantly.

Some fishermen in a distant boat had witnessed the calamity. They tacked now, and came hastening to the rescue. More dead than alive, the two were drawn out of the water, and carried back to the house.

They sat battling one night over a set of superb chessmen which Gisbert had brought from Martinique, when Aunt Constance began to talk to her guest about his island home.

"You will go back to your dear mother," said she, "and never again think of the sea."

"Ah, madame, how could I think of you and Gillian, and not of the sea which will be between us?"

"Well, you will never again cross mamma's wishes?"

He hesitated; the blood leaped into his blonde face.

"I cannot promise that, for she has set her heart upon marrying me to my cousin."

Gisbert looked up quickly.

"And do not you wish it?" asked she.

"No," said Prince Perfect.

"Do you not love her?" urged Gillian.

He cast down his eyes, and looked red and rebellious.

"She lives in Paris. She is a great heiress; but she has also a crooked back. No, I do not love her; it was to escape her that I wished to go to sea."

A heavy step sounded in the hall, and Captain Elkanah, grizzled and bluff, unbuttoned his overcoat and walked in.

With a certain exhilaration in his manner, he advanced to the fire, rubbing his hands.

"I've done it, sister-in-law," he announced, briefly.

"Done—what?" queried Aunt Constance.

"Made an investment, ma'am—salted down ten thousand dollars for our old age. I was dining to-day with Fordham. There was a State Street broker in the company. He talked bonds to me, and I listened."

Then he caught sight of Keturah, who was just bringing in the lights.

"Hey!" cried he; "have I done a good thing to-day, Keturah, or have I not?"



DUCK-SHOOTING IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—SEE PAGE 281.



DUCK-SHOOTING IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—SEE PAGE 281.

She looked him over carefully with her cunning black eyes, then seized the poker, and, plunging it into the fire, sent a shower of sparks dancing up the chimney.

"There's your money!" she answered, "gone!"

"What do you mean?" cried Captain Elkanah, slapping his breast, angrily. "The bonds are a good investment—I've the word of honest men for it."

"Honest men," scoffed Keturah, "are hard to find in these days. You'll never see your money again," and she turned and vanished from the room.

The creole boy was as full of extravagant ways and fiery tempers as an egg of meat. Aunt Constance used to wonder if all French people were like him. He would sit for hours sketching portraits of Gillian, and then tear up his work in fury, because, as the child saucily said, he could not make her pretty enough. His fondness for her, his admiration of her beauty, knew no bounds. Often he astonished the grizzly captain, and deeply perplexed Aunt Constance.

"They are a perfect pair," Keturah was wont to mutter, as she watched the two children—"a perfect pair—made by the good Lord for each other."

On night Gillian went to bed with her head full of Aunt Constance's ghost-stories. In the dead of the night Gisbert dreamed that he saw an angel hovering with outspread wings upon a pinnacle. He awoke with a great start, and ran to his window.

As he looked forth into the night, lo! in the open space before the window, he saw a human shadow, flung from some point high above, moving back and forth in the moonlight.

It was very odd. The boy dressed hastily, and stepped out into the passage. Gillian's door stood wide open, and the room within was empty. Familiar by this time with all the winding ways of the house, he stopped only to cry out at Aunt Constance's door, "Arise, madame! Something has happened!" and then hurried to the attic. As he mounted its stair a rush of cold wind greeted him. The scuttle was standing open, and a ladder rested against it. The French lad climbed the rounds and looked out.

The steep roof, with its covering of mingled snow and ice, shone in the moonlight like pearl. Far to one end, poised upon the dizzy edge, as if for heavenward flight, like the angel of which he had dreamed, stood Gillian. She was in her night-clothes, and her white feet were bare. Her hazel curls streamed around her shoulders. Her face was peaceful and pale; the eyes were closed; a faint smile hovered on the calm red lips. The child was walking in her sleep—upon that steep and icy roof, where an inadvertent movement might plunge her down, where the next step was death!

For a moment Gisbert stood petrified, then he dropped his shoes, and, nimble as a cat, sprang upon the roof. It was as slippery as glass. Inch by inch he climbed and clung, drawing nearer and nearer to her.

Would she walk straight off the dizzy edge, or would some invisible hand hold her there till he could reach her? He crept on—he touched her nightdress, then balanced himself firmly, and grasped her with both arms.

She awoke with a frightened scream. He held her fast,

and retracing his steps, lowered her through the scuttle, around which the whole household was now gathered.

"That was well done!" commented Captain Elkanah, as the young hero descended the ladder.

As for Aunt Constance she rushed at him and hugged him till he was breathless.

"You brave boy!" she sobbed; "you splendid boy! What do we not owe you for this?"

Well, the weeks crept on, and the sojourn of the planter's son at the old New England house drew near its close.

In the attic, already mentioned, stood a cedar chest, with curious brass mountings and a spring lock, but the key was lost, as both the children had heard.

They were rioting through the house one afternoon when Gillian crept into this fragrant retreat to hide.

Down upon her, swift as lightning, banged the lid. Gisbert ran through the attic, searching and calling her in vain. At last, he heard, or fancied he heard, a faint noise from the chest. He tried the lid, and found it fast.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried he, and flew for a hatchet and a box of tools which he had seen among the rubbish of the place.

He hacked and sawed away the lock and released the prisoner, but not until the blood spurted in a stream from his own hands, and Gillian was nearly suffocated.

The two came gliding down the stair in the gloaming, very pale and subdued, and found Captain Elkanah standing on the hearth, talking with his sister-in-law.

"Come, young monsieur," he cried, at sight of Gisbert, "make your adieu with the little one! To-morrow you will be on your way to Martinique."

The lad staggered back a step.

"I will not go!" he gasped.

"Hey!" cried Captain Elkanah; "what would, monsieur, your father, and madame, your mother, say, should I appear in Port Royal Harbor without you?"

"I cannot go!" he persisted; "I cannot leave Gillian!"

"My dear," said Aunt Constance, "sometime you will come and see us again."

With such breath as remained to her, Gillian began to sob and roar. As for young monsieur, in mingled French and English he continued to reiterate his determination to remain unless Gillian should be allowed to go with him. When Aunt Constance pronounced this impracticable, he seized all his beautiful carved chessmen and flung them into the fire, crying out: "Nobody shall touch them after her!" and then sent his flute on the same journey with, "None shall hear me play it again;" after which he flung himself down, tearing his fair hair in misery.

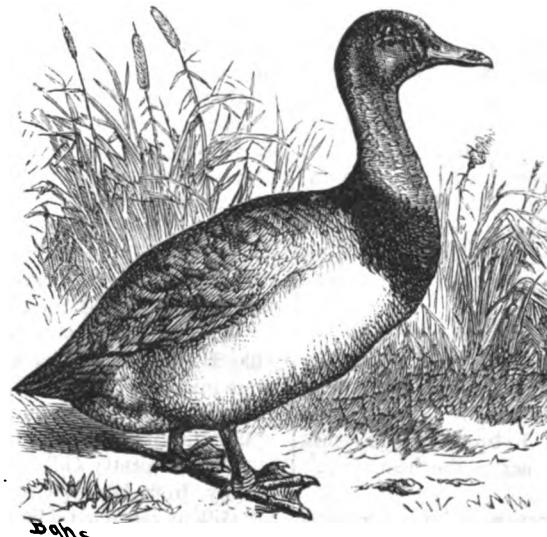
Then he fled from them all, and hid himself in a nook of the dark staircase, where Gillian found him after weary search, and mingled her tears with his.

The next morning they parted.

"You must wait for me!" whispered the pale lips of the creole boy in the ear of weeping Gillian. "I adore you! I will come back some day."

"No," she sobbed; "you will marry your cousin and forget me. I shall never, never see you again!"

"I will come back," he repeated: "I swear it!"



DUCK-SHOOTING IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—CANVAS-BACK DUCK.
SEE PAGE 281.

Aunt Constance embraced him, and bade him be a good boy henceforth, and mind his mamma.

Keturah, in the background, called out to the Captain :

"When we see you again, master, you will be upon four legs."

"Four legs!" cried the captain. "What! am I to be turned out to grass, like Nebuchadnezzar?"

"What's writ is writ," said Keturah, enigmatically.

Then they went their way, and the good ship *Mary Jane* sailed down past the forts and islands of Boston Harbor, and Gillian's fairy prince, with his blonde face and his tropic heart, faded out of her life like a splendid dream.

THAT was Captain Elkanah's last voyage. Paralysis seized him on shipboard, and when he came back to the Marblehead House Keturah's prophecy was verified; for he could move only upon crutches, and the old life was over for Captain Elkanah.

It was a terrible blow. Then, too, his investments had proved unlucky. Loss of money was added to loss of strength, and his temper, savage enough at all times, now became diabolic. Dark days—days of sickness and trouble—had come to the old house.

No word from Martinique ever reached Gillian. She wore a ring, which Gisbert had sent her on her father's return. All that the girl knew of her lover was that he had been sent to complete his education in France before *Mary Jane* weighed anchor for home. He was rarely mentioned now in the house, except by the parrot, who, in certain moods, would still call out for "Gisbert, Gisbert!"—at which the tears always started in Gillian's eyes.

She was just seventeen, oval-faced, pearly-skinned, and with plenty of fine manners and graces, when John Fordham first saw her.

It was a Winter twilight. With a sort of proud patience in her face, she was sitting by the captain's side, reading to him by the light of the open fire. Her elocution, it seemed, had failed to satisfy him, and he was just lifting his crutch, to reprove her with a blow, when Keturah ushered this stranger into the room. He strode across the hearth, and seized the old man's arm.

"Good God, sir!" he cried, "you would not strike a creature like this?"

Captain Elkanah stared up into the shocked, red-bearded face of the new-comer.

"Why not?" he answered, peevishly. "She's my daughter; I may do with her as I like. Ah, Mister John, see what a wreck I have become! I shall never walk the deck of the old *Mary Jane* again!"

John Fordham kept his fascinated eyes fixed on Gillian. Rising from her chair, pale and unspeakably lovely, she returned the look in amazement.

"I am the owner of the *Mary Jane*," he stammered. "I come to pay my respects to the man whom my father used to call the best sailor that ever trod a quarter-deck."

He was a stout, good-looking fellow of thirty, with a florid face and kind blue eyes. Gillian bowed, and retreated into the nearest window.

"I never knew before that you had a daughter," said Fordham to the captain.

"Ay," answered he; "she's the last of the stock, and she'll be next door to a beggar when I go."

Fordham remained to tea. He talked principally to the captain and Aunt Constance, but he looked only at Gillian. When he had taken his departure, Captain Elkanah called his daughter to his side, and eyed her closely and critically.

"Bless my soul! you're grown up!" he cried.

"Yes, papa," said Gillian.

"And you're not ugly, either! We must be looking out for a husband for you—eh, sister-in-law?"

"There is no hurry," replied Aunt Constance; "she is but seventeen."

John Fordham came again, and delicately apprised the captain that he had settled upon him an annuity for past services.

"I am only sorry," said he, "that I did not think of it before. But I have been abroad for years, and knew nothing about my father's affairs until his death."

After this he became a constant visitor. His purpose was understood by all save Gillian.

Sometimes he found her reading to the savage old captain, or trying to amuse him with chess, or cribbage, or piquet; and then he would take her book, or board, or cards, with such eagerness, such evident desire to relieve her for a little, that she could not but be grateful. Sometimes she sat in her favorite window-seat, with the white Martinique parrot on her shoulder, and her eyes fixed in a far, dreamy gaze upon the sea. Sometimes she worked at bits of sewing or embroidery, like other women, or played at an old piano. But whatever she was doing, John Fordham's eyes dwelt upon her with deep and steadily increasing passion.

An inkling of the truth first came to her one blustering night. With a cloak of sables thrown across his arm, and his good-natured face red by the frost, John Fordham entered.

"How I wish," he said, as he crossed to Gillian's corner, "that you would once look as if you were glad to see me, Miss Endicott!"

She did not withdraw her eyes from the darkening waters.

"I cannot be otherwise than glad," she answered; "for your visits here are a great comfort to papa."

"And are they nothing to *you*?" he urged.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "You are the only person in the world who takes the trouble to visit us."

"Why are you always gazing at that sea," he murmured, "like Hero watching for Leander? I wish you would look at me instead, Gillian."

He got her hand somehow betwixt his own.

She drew it away.

"Gillian, pretty Gillian!" called the Martinique parrot, sleepily, from her cage overhead.

"Gillian, darling Gillian!" groaned John Fordham, in a miserable, tremulous voice, and he laid his hot lips upon that burnished hair.

She sat for an instant as if thunderstruck; then started to her feet, flashed him one strange, astonished look, and was gone before he could utter so much as a word.

The next time he came Gillian would not see him.

"She has a headache," whispered Aunt Constance, deprecatingly, to the captain, "and has gone to bed."

"Go up and bring her down," he answered.

Aunt Constance went, but returned again alone.

"She will not come," was the message she telegraphed to him across John Fordham's shoulders.

Captain Elkanah seized his crutch and hobbled out of the room and up the stair to the door of Gillian's chamber. He flung it open without ceremony, and limped in.

She lay on her white pillows, reading her Bible by the light of a candle. With a face like a thunder-cloud, he advanced and, lifting his crutch, shook it over her head.

"Get up!" he commanded.

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Gillian, affrighted at his look.

"Get up, I tell you, and come down to John Fordham! You think because I am crippled that you can defy me, eh? You shall see!"

"Oh, papa," moaned Gillian, "spare me this once. I do not want to see John Fordham again."

"I will give you five minutes in which to dress," retorted

the brutal captain ; "if you are not ready I shall drag you down as you are."

Gillian made her toilet, and descended to the room below. She found John Fordham alone. As she entered, pale and perfect, he little dreamed of the scene above stairs. She gave him her cold finger tips.

"Gisbert! Gisbert!" called a sudden voice from the window.

It was the Martinique parrot. She had awakened on her perch, and was fluttering uneasily in the firelight. Gillian's hand dropped from John Fordham's. A swift, sharp pang struck to her heart. Her fairy prince, her hero, her lover—where was he now? Had he quite forgotten his early love? Without a doubt. Gillian moved, shivering, to the fire.

"I hope I have not disturbed you," stammered Fordham, his florid face growing redder; "but it is time, Gillian, that you knew my heart. I love, I have loved you passionately for weeks. I think, yes, *know* that I can make you happy. Will you marry me?"

She shrank away, pale as Niobe.

"I will not deceive you," she answered; "I have never given you a thought. If I marry you, it will be solely to please my father. There is no will in this house but his."

"That sounds very cold," said John Fordham.

"Yes," she replied, listlessly; "but I am not like other women—I have no heart."

"Be that as it may, I will take you, Gillian."

After which there was nothing for her to do but lay her white, reluctant hand in his.

The only one of the household who did not rejoice in Gillian's betrothal was Keturah.

"You will never marry him, ladybird," she said.

"For heaven's sake," cried Aunt Constance, "don't listen to that old creature, child! Love will come in time. There was Gisbert St. Cyr and his cousin—"

"Hush!" cried Gillian, "don't speak of him."

The old house began to ring with notes of preparation. Gillian, who was losing flesh and color, came to Keturah.

"They have set my wedding-day," said she.

"No matter," answered Keturah, "you will never marry him, I tell you!"

"My bridal dress is bought."

"You will never wear it, ladybird."

"Oh, Keturah," prayed Gillian, "do not deceive me."

"I will not," replied Keturah.

Years after, Gillian remembered the weeks preceding her marriage day as a dreary, confused dream. She neither tried nor wished to love John Fordham. She knew from the beginning that she could not.

It was a Winter morning. In her chamber stood Gillian, robed in misty white—the palest, loveliest bride that morning light ever shone upon.

Aunt Constance tried to kiss her; she thrust her away.

"Don't!" she said, coldly. "You are a Judas, Aunt Constance—you have helped to betray me."

Then she turned to Keturah, who was sweeping up the coals on the open hearth.

"Oh, Keturah," she cried, "you promised that I should never marry him."

The old woman did not lift her eyes from her work.

"You never will," she made answer.

"How dare you still tell me that?" scoffed Gillian. "All things are ready, and everybody is here."

"No," contradicted Keturah, "the bridegroom is not."

True, guests and clergyman had arrived, but not John Fordham. A half-hour went by—an hour; he did not come.

Gillian stood at her window, staring out upon the storm-swept sea. Everybody felt that it was no trivial matter which kept the ardent, eager bridegroom from his expectant bride.

"Poor Gillian—poor Gillian!" croaked the Martinique parrot from her perch.

Far down the crooked street the sound of horsehoofs rang suddenly out above the clamor of the storm. Gillian at her window was the first to see the messenger.

"Alas! none ride so fast as he that bears ill news. A great chill and terror crept through her veins. He stopped at the house, and leaping from the saddle, entered with his tidings among the gathered guests.

Gillian heard voices and confusion, and then the door of her chamber was flung wide open, and Captain Elkanah and his crutches stood on the threshold.

"Take off that dress, girl!" cried he, his old face terrible with grief and baffled hope, "and put on widow's weeds! John Fordham is dead. He was flung from his horse this morning, and killed instantly."

The room whirled, the day vanished. In the bridal white, which, in truth, she was never to wear at the altar, Gillian fell senseless to the floor.

After that day Captain Elkanah never again held up his grizzled head. Hardly had Gillian donned crape for her lover when the old tyrant departed on his last long voyage, and left his empty chair in the chimney nook.

Blow followed blow. Aunt Constance began to droop perceptibly. At the end of a twelvemonth, she, too, died, and Gillian and Keturah were left alone.

To its desolate hearth the two came back from Aunt Constance's grave.

They sat on either side of the fire—Keturah, old and feeble; Gillian, in her deep mourning, with big, sorrowful eyes, and cheeks from which the roses seemed forever fled.

"Keturah," she said, as the tears slipped one by one off her lashes; "what are we to do? Do you think we two can live on here alone?"

Keturah roused herself slowly from her torpor.

"Hark!" she muttered, "there is some one coming over the snow."

Gillian listened. The wind screeched in the chimney; the clock struck out the hour. But that was all.

"I hear no one," she said.

"There is some one coming over the snow," repeated Keturah, like one talking in a dream, "and he will tell you what you are to do."

A sudden peal rang out from the brass knocker on the hall-door. A visitor, and upon this night, and at this hour! Gillian looked up, startled and amazed.

"Who can it be? Go; open the door!" she said to Keturah.

The old woman obeyed. Lo! out of the storm and out of the night, a traveler stepped across the threshold!

"Does Captain Endicott still live in this house?"

"No," said Keturah; "he is dead."

"And his daughter?"

"She is here alone."

Gillian started up from the chimney corner. She saw a man, blonde, bearded, lordly as a young Antinous, but with the heart of his boyhood looking still from his eyes.

He saw a woman, with parted lips and lustrous hair, complete in every promised grace, who was to the Gillian of his memory what the radiant blossom is to the closed bud. They stood on that familiar hearth and looked into each other's eyes. She was the first to speak.

"Gisbert!" she pronounced; "is it you—is it *really* you?"

He still retained the extravagant ways of his boyhood—he sank at her feet.

"It is I! I promised—do not you remember—to return sometime?"

"And you have not married your cousin?" she faltered, betwixt smiles and tears.

"How could I, when my heart and soul were yours? She has taken the veil at Paris."

Then he told her of the long battle which he had waged with all his kindred and, finally, of the death of his father, and his succession to the family estates whereby he was for the first time enabled to follow the dictates of his own faithful heart.

"Your memory," he said to Gillian, "has grown with my growth and strengthened also with my strength. But you—how is it with you? Do you love me still?"

"I have never loved other than you — never!" she answered, shivering as she thought of John Fordham.

And so he married her, and carried her away to Martinique, and Keturah went with them. But the old house still stands overlooking the harbor of Marblehead, and the story of this pair—highborn French lad and beautiful New England girl—haunts it still like a spell.

Duck-Shooting in Chesapeake Bay.

THE canvas-back duck (*Aythya valisneria*), so well known in this country as an article of luxury, is a species exclusively North American. The excellence of flesh to which it owes its value and

celebrity is due, in a great measure, to the nature of its food during the Autumn and Winter months, which at that season consists chiefly of the *Valisneria Americana*—an aquatic plant growing in rather shallow and brackish waters within the influence of the tides, and sending long narrow leaves up to some height above the surface. The root is white, and its flavor is said to resemble that of celery. This, which is the only part of the plant eaten by the bird,

it obtains by diving, and, when abundant, all other kinds of food are passed unheeded. So attractive is it that, wherever the plant is found, there the canvas-back is sure to congregate; though the converse does not always hold good, as has been asserted. Flocks are frequently met with on parts of the coast where the plant does not exist, and they are then found to subsist on mollusca, different marine plants and algae—a diet which generally deteriorates the flavor and delicacy of the flesh to a greater or less extent. The most noted resorts of the canvas-back have always been Chesapeake Bay, the mouths of the Potomac, and James river, with several other lesser streams and river mouths in the same quarter, all of which abound with the *valisneria*.

As most persons are probably aware, the canvas-back derives its name from the resemblance which the marking of the back bears in its appearance to that of canvas, being of a light gray, curiously covered with fine dusky lines, closely intersecting one another like crossed threads. This peculiarity occurs also in the common pochard or dun bird (*Fuligula ferina*), which being somewhat similar in many other respects, though not in flavor or delicacy, is often sold in Europe



A YEAR'S WORK.—SEE PAGE 274.

as the genuine canvas-back. The following points of difference, however, if attended to, would prevent any one from being so deceived. When in good condition the male canvas-back weighs about three pounds, and the female about two pounds and three-quarters, while the pochard averages only one pound and three-quarters. The bill of the canvas-back runs high up on the forehead, is perfectly black, and an inch longer than that of the pochard; or three

inches instead of two. In the latter it is also narrower and slighter, and generally of a slate color, with black base and tip only. Further : the legs and feet of the canvas-back are larger and of a much paler ash color than those of the other. There are likewise minor differences in the color and markings of the plumage, but the above distinctions are sufficient to enable any person to tell the one from the other.

The following is the plumage of the canvas-back : the forehead and cheeks are a dusky brown, all the rest of the head, as well as the neck, being of a bright chestnut. The upper portion of the breast is black, extending round to the canvas-like marking of the back, which has been already described. The lower plumage is white, marked somewhat similarly to the back, though more faintly, the sides being dusky freckled. The wing-coverts are gray speckled, the wing feathers slate color, with a narrow edging of deep black on the inner ones ; underneath the whole are white. The legs and feet, the latter of which are rather large in proportion to the size of the bird, are of a pale ash color. The tail, which is short and sharp-pointed, is a brownish roan, and the tail-coverts are black.

The female has the sides of the head and the throat of a buff color, and in lieu of chestnut her neck is brown, which color extends down to the breast and replaces the black of the male bird. In other respects there is no difference excepting in that of size, as already noticed.

The canvas-back appears in Canada and the Northern States, like nearly all the rest of the order, only at two periods of the year—in Autumn, on its way South, and in Spring, on its return. At these times, though it is a very shy and difficult bird to approach, a great many are killed on the lakes and rivers along their route, though of course nothing to be compared with the numbers killed at the great rendezvous along the Atlantic coast, where they are slaughtered merely as a matter of trade and without any regard to sport. Wilson gives the following description of some of the various modes practised to get within gunshot of them : “The most successful way is said to be decoying them to the shore by means of a dog, while the gunner lies closely concealed in a proper situation. The dog, if properly trained, plays backwards and forwards along the margin of the water, and the ducks, observing his manoeuvres, enticed perhaps by curiosity, gradually approach the shore, until they are sometimes within twenty or thirty yards of the spot where the gunner lies concealed, and from which he rakes them, first on the water and then as they rise. If the ducks seem difficult to decoy, any glaring object, such as a red handkerchief, is fixed round the dog’s middle or to his tail, and this rarely fails to attract them. Sometimes, by moonlight, the sportsman directs his skiff towards a flock whose position he has previously ascertained, keeping himself within the projecting shadow of wood, bank, or headland, and paddles along so silently and imperceptibly as often to approach within fifteen or twenty yards of a flock of many thousands, among whom he generally makes great slaughter.”

They pass through Canada in great numbers on their flights North and South, and are mostly shot in the Detroit river and the St. Clair Flats, but are not so easily got at in the latter. The American widgeon is almost invariably to be seen feeding in company with them, attracted also by the *valisneria*, as already explained.

Piety and policy are like Martha and Mary—sisters. Martha fails if Mary help not ; and Mary suffers if Martha be idle. Happy is that kingdom where Martha complains of Mary ; but most happy where Mary complies with Martha. Where piety and policy go hand-in-hand, there war shall be just, and peace honorable.

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO MUNICH.



URING the recent representation of Wagner's operas, I was frequently attracted by descriptions of artistic performances in Munich, as well as in the whole extent of the Bavarian kingdom. The youthful, romantic, and progressive king now occupying the throne, is, by himself, an attractive character, and so I presumed that the city where he ruled, and the circle of artists by which he is surrounded, must be well worth studying. I therefore concluded that, on my next trip to Europe I should not stop to admire only London, Paris, the Alps, and Italy, but should visit Munich, and there pay tribute to the genius of art. My visit to this cyclopedia of all artistic tendencies and attainments of modern times has satisfied my mind beyond expectation ; thus it is I recommend Americans visiting the European continent, and who appreciate art, to study attentively the treasures and monuments so liberally exhibited in Munich.

The number of its inhabitants scarcely exceed one hundred and eighty thousand, and the city is built in a perfectly level and partly swampy, unhealthy tract of land, on the banks of the rapid Isar. The nearest Alpine ridge lies at a distance of thirty miles to the south, and its contours become plainly visible only when the atmosphere is dimmed by moisture or approaching rain. On the northwest lies an uninviting, peat-producing plain, which is rapidly crossed by the trains coming from Augsburg. The traveler then alights in the spacious, high-arched dépôt, and soon finds himself on a large square with a neat, attractive look. The centre of Munich forms its most ancient quarter, and has clean but very crooked streets and lanes, quaint-looking private residences with high-gabled roofs, peculiar to some parts of Germany, and vividly recalling the ancient wood architecture, high-vaulted temples of worship constructed in the nondescript rococo-fashion, and a few wide halls for marketing and grain-selling purposes. The new parts of the city widely differ in appearance from the old ; their streets intersecting at right angles in true American fashion, and are lined by large brick houses, many vacant lots yet intervening between them. The uniform rows of high-stoop or four-storyed private residences, as constructed in many American or English cities, have been avoided ; but a graceful variety is perceptible.

The streets are wide, well paved, and ornamented with fountains of running water, and people of every class, and vehicles of all descriptions, are continually moving up and down. In this part of Munich most of the public buildings were erected by the art-loving monarch Lewis I.

The beautiful days of September, with their transparent, healthy atmosphere, are most propitious for a visit to Munich. The scorching heat and the clouds of dust have passed ; the Winter days, with their rash changes of temperature, inducing malarial and throat diseases, have not arrived. In that month the air assumes in these elevated plains a very constant, mild, and agreeable temperature, which will induce every stranger to leave his hotel or apartments to see the sights either in the precincts of the city or on the neighboring lakes, hills, castles, or valleys ; and, when the Fall is spent at Munich, you will just have time enough to reach Florence, Rome, or Naples before Winter.

One of the glories of the Bavarian capital, the *Ruhmeshalle*, can be perceived at a great distance by travelers on

the railroad, and is, therefore, first visited by many of them. This conspicuous monument stands on the western outskirts of the city, and overlooks an extensive lawn, the "Theresienwiese," on which horse-races take place every year. The overwhelming impression which the classic proportions of this columnar structure will leave on every unbiased mind is partly due to its being built on a slight artificial eminence. Its ground-plan forms two large wings on each extremity, and its recess faces the capital; in the middle of this recess stands the colossal statue of "Bavaria." The *Ruhmeshalle*, or *Hall of Glories*, is a structure of very recent origin, having been erected but thirty years ago by King Lewis I. to immortalize the most eminent poets, prose-writers, artists, scientists, inventors, and military chiefs of Bavarian origin.

When you have ascended the steps of the basement-wall, which has a height of seventeen feet and sustains the whole marble building, you enter a lofty colonnade of forty-eight fluted columns, whose dimensions and solemn appearance fill you with a feeling of religious awe. Here you stand in a sanctuary of bygone ages, where the worthies of southern Germany are appropriately honored.

The heads of eighty men, noted in the political, ecclesiastical, literary, or artistic annals of Bavaria, are here exhibited in marble busts of heroic size. Their series commences with the fifteenth century, the earliest of them being the painter Schongauer, who died in 1499, and the century in which we live exhibits, perhaps, the largest share of names of world-wide fame, as are those of the poet and satirist Jean Paul Richter, of the metaphysician Schelling, of the artists Schwanthaler and P. von Cornelius, and the architect L. von Klenze, to whose productive genius Munich owes so many of her proudest moments, and who was the originator and architect of the Ruhmeshalle itself, probably one of the happiest imitations of the grandiose style of ancient Doric temples. The purple of the walls, against which the busts rest on high pedestals, reflects their outlines to the greatest advantage. When viewed from a distance on the Theresienwiese, the double-winged Ruhmeshalle, with the "Bavaria" in the centre, presents an exceedingly satisfactory spectacle to all, and especially so to those who have had the chance to study art and architecture from antiquity down to their most recent achievements.

The "Bavaria" statue, which I have already mentioned, is a representation of the female genius of the kingdom. Here Bavaria is allegorically and very appropriately represented, in a standing position, as a vigorous, well-proportioned Teutonic woman, arrayed in the early, almost prehistoric, furry dress of the German race, and holding up in her left hand the oaken wreath of distinction to every citizen deemed worthy to enter the Hall of Glory. The sword of defense she grasps in her powerful right hand, and at her feet crouches the king of beasts, the mighty lion, who has figured in the arms of the country from times immemorial. The statue is of bronze, and has a total height of sixty-six feet up to the wreath, without counting the forty-foot pedestal. Its interior is, of course, hollow, and the metal becomes gradually thinner as it rises from the ground, being not over an inch thick on the top.

Impelled by curiosity, I followed the example given by others in ascending the sixty-six iron steps in the interior that lead up to the head of the figure. But, before reaching this lofty aim, I had to pass the narrow neck of the statue, and this put me almost into the straitened circumstances as we encounter in the passages of our inland stalactite caves—called "the fat man's misery." Being a novice in such perilous ascensions, I knocked my head several times in the dark against the bronze neck, but finally got up into the head to find there two comfortable little sofas made of the same rather hard material. I had the satisfaction to learn afterwards that the skull-bone of many other ascensionists

had not been more fortunate than mine, and found here that another's woes, if not too serious, can sometimes afford some consolation for one's own.

On the day of inauguration of the Ruhmeshalle as many as eighteen persons crowded themselves into the narrow space figured in our illustration, and, to make the joke complete, they shoved up two more boys into the hollow hair-tuft of the colossus. But I presume the company were not very comfortable in that lofty brain-pan. The shaded features visible on one side of the seats are the inside impression of the Bavaria's face, and closely correspond to her impressive features when seen from without. The lines where the single castings composing the statue were riveted can still be discovered throughout its inside walls.

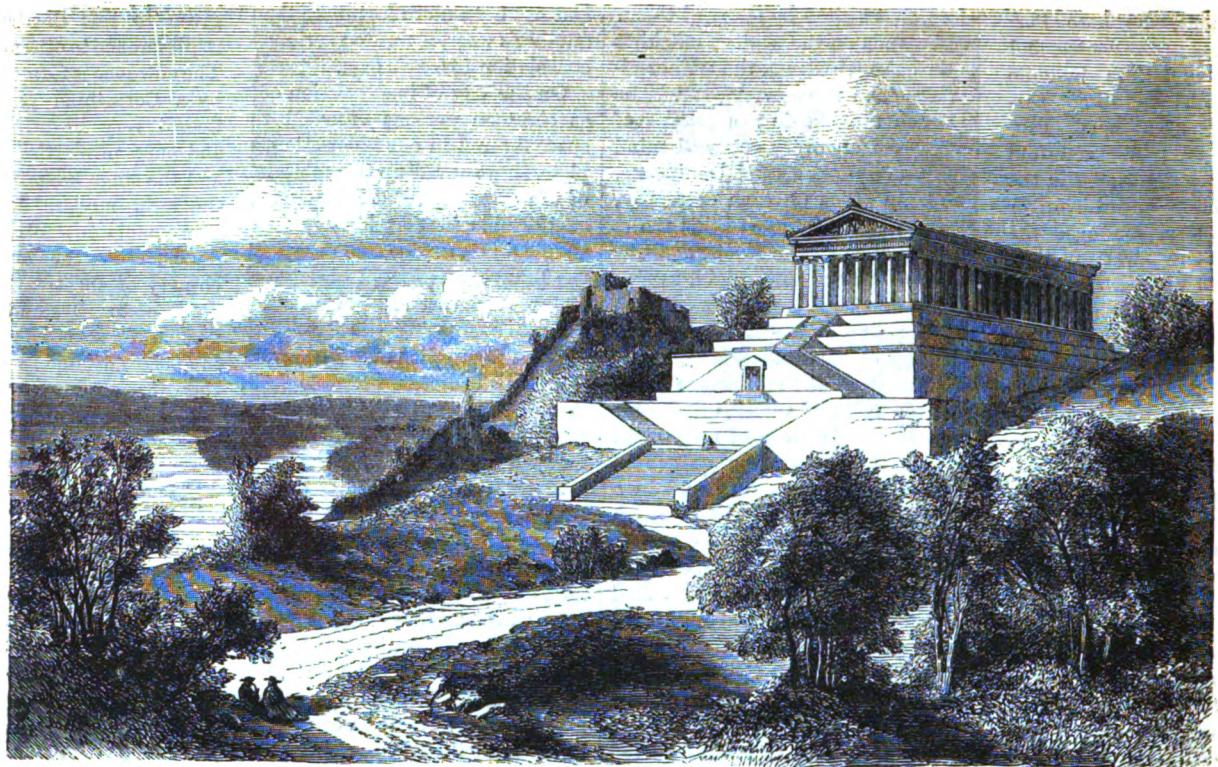
Two little lights, invisible from outside, let the daylight in and allow the visitor a glimpse of the distant Alpine ridge and of the city of Munich. A great deal of caution is necessary in descending the steps, which are smooth and slippery. A fall would have the most terrible consequences.

The moment of separation from the Ruhmeshalle was really painful for me. Such magnificence expended in honoring the deceased talent and genius (for busts of *deceased* men only are received there) is a fact which by far transcends such prosaic, commonplace beings as constitute the majority of men. The pious feeling which Bavaria feels for her great men touches our hearts, and we shall soon see that in Munich, as well as in other parts of the wide country, large mausoleums have been erected to their memory. This is the true method of exciting the young generation to strive after immortal fame and real merit, and to postpone to this lofty aim the immediate, glittering profits of the fugitive hour. This, I proclaim, is the real "civil service reform" for every country, whose citizens are educated so far as to see the only high-road to permanent welfare in mental acquirements.

What I had seen the very first day in Munich gave me a very high idea of the other wonders of human genius, whose contemplation I reserved for the coming week. Intending to see first the palaces of the youthful King Lewis II., it occurred to me that a monarch brought up in the midst of so many magnificent triumphs of art and science, fostered by the high spirit prevailing in his dynasty and the institutions of an art-loving Church, could be anything else but a romantic character. He is, we all know, romantic to a high degree, but at the same time progressive, and appreciates perfectly well the tendencies of the epoch in which we live.

The royal palaces, excluding those belonging to princes and relations of the king, form one large plot almost in the centre of the city, about a mile distant from Isar, which passes east of Munich. The most conspicuous is the New Palace, or "Königsbau," seen in our illustration; it has a large, lofty brown-stone front, with two stories of arched windows. It was erected from 1826 to 1835 by Klenze, after the model of a Florentine palace of the fourteenth century. It makes on one's mind the impression of uniformity, although a good finish is observed in the details of this royal mansion. It faces a fine square, in whose centre stands the pedestrian statue of Max Joseph, the first ruler of Bavaria who assumed the royal title, and who died in 1825.

I failed to visit all the nooks and corners of the Königsbau's interior, although many valuable treasures of sculpture and painting have been collected by the former monarchs and stored there. But every stranger will visit the principal artistic gem to be found in that palace; the admirable representations of the exploits of the Nibelungen heroes, painted *al fresco* by Julius Schnorr. They consist of nineteen large wall-paintings, without the smaller paintings between doors and windows, and fill five large halls. Those of my readers who are acquainted with the soul-stirring rhapsodies of the Nibelungen will, by the

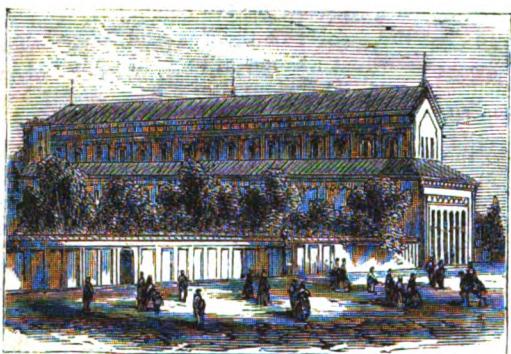


THE WALHALLA—EXTERIOR VIEW.

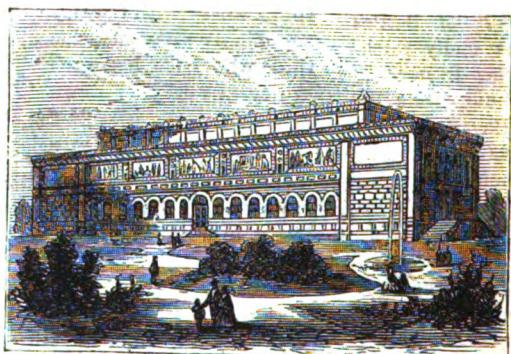
subdivision of the different scenes of the poem into the five rooms allotted to the artist, at once perceive how judiciously he has availed himself of the principal moments of the saga for his artistic purposes.

The contiguous buildings of what is called the "Old

Residence" are separated from each other by five courtyards, and are profusely ornamented in the Baroque style of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This peculiar style of a bygone period may be well studied in the "Grotto Yard," where a vein of water trickles from a grotto built of



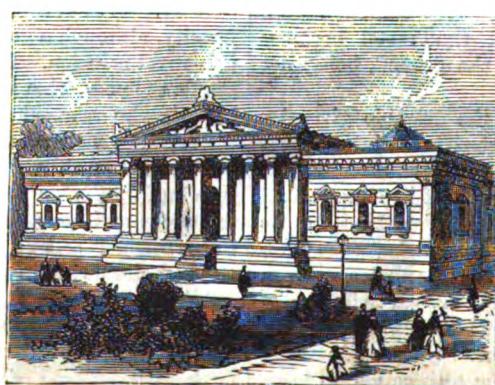
BASILICA OF ST. BONIFACE.



NEW PINAKOTHEK.



MARY COLUMN.



THE GLYPTOTHEK.

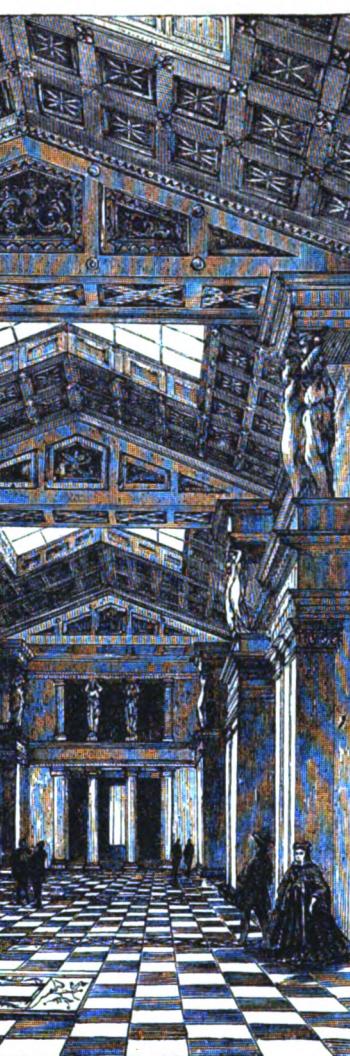


GATE OF VICTORY.

shells, the hero Perseus in the centre, and around him juvenile genii handling porpoises and fish. Among the manifold treasures stored in the picture and the mirror gallery, amongst the crown jewels, in the hall of marble sculptures, and other apartments, nothing attracts the attention of the ladies so much as the splendid sleeping-chamber with its royal bed, whose rich ornamentation with inlaid gold, and other precious substances, cost about \$350,000 gold.

The Festsaulban also forms a part of the royal palaces, but is of modern origin, and contains some most remarkable oil and fresco paintings, representing scenes from the life of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, and Rodolph of Hapsburg — three of the most celebrated German emperors. The Hall of Battles contains many thrilling scenes from those Napoleonic wars in which Bavarians took an active part, and two of the most attractive rooms are the "Cabinets of Beauties," with thirty-six oil portraits of female beauties. Twelve ancestors of the actual dynasty are immortalized in bronze statues in the "Hall of the Throne."

Adjoining the royal palaces stands a small court theatre, with only eight hundred seats—then the National Theatre—the largest house in Germany devoted to dramatic performances, and holding 2,500 spectators. The creations of Wagner's genius were for the first time introduced here to the judgment of the public, and classical plays or operas are



THE WALHALLA—INTERIOR VIEW.

given in this theatre in preference to others. The entrance is formed by a Corinthian portico of very beautiful and pure proportions, and the stage contains the most modern improvements now introduced in the machinery of theatres.

Close to it stands the "New Court Chapel," far-famed for the magnificence of its polished marble walls, its paintings on a gilt gold, and its admirable chiaroscuro. This small Byzantine edifice is remarkable for the manner by which light enters, the eye of the visitor being perfectly at a loss to discover whence it comes. I left the chapel with the impression that too much gilding, ornamenting, and painting fail to produce the intended artistic effect.

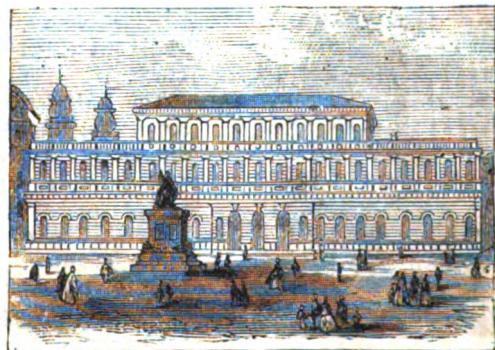
After a few days' stay in Munich the impressions from the art productions of all countries and epochs began to crowd so heavily upon my mind, that I concluded to make a short

trip to the surrounding rural tracts, where I would not be compelled to "see too much at a time." An excursion to the popular resorts of Grosshesselohe, Mentereschwaig, and the Lake of Starnberg, gave me an opportunity to study the habits of the laborious country people of Upper Bavaria.

The southern part of the realm is peopled by a tall, stout, and sturdy race of peasants, faithfully attached to the Catholic Church and to their dynasty. A stronger mutual reliance exists between the inhabitants of this part of the country and their rulers than is observed in the north and west of Bavaria. The dress looks very quaint and



THE UNIVERSITY.



PALACE OF RESIDENZ.

antique; the men cover themselves with black felt hats, not unlike those of our Continentals during the Revolutionary War, and dress in short trowsers, scarlet vests, and dark cloth coats, fabulous in length, but decidedly too short in the waist. Enormous silver buttons are sewed very closely to each other on one side of the coat only, and, as they are of intrinsic value, they serve sometimes as money.

The women are nearly as tall and robust as the men, and do not dress more elegantly. Their short bodice is richly ornamented with all sorts of fineries, but shows no adaptation to the bodily frame; evidently these women entertain opinions about tight-lacing just the reverse of those held by our ladies. Their dress does not form a very artistic drapery, for a multitude of small folds fall down from the waist, one just like the other. A small tasty bonnet or hat adorns the head.

Having returned from the pretty country resorts and castles situated on the Starnberger See, I found myself promenading the next day in the Ludwigsstrasse. This noble thoroughfare is twice as wide as Broadway in New York, and is about one and a half miles in extent. With its numerous public buildings, palaces, churches, and monuments, it is not so much a business as a monumental street, and is exclusively a creation of King Lewis I, who abdicated in 1848.

The most remarkable constructions between its two extreme points—the Hall of Captains in the south, and the Arch of Victory in the north—are as follows: The Odeon, with an equestrian statue of the king in front of it; the palaces of the Duke of Leuchtenberg and Duke Maximilian; the office of the War Department, the public library, the Ludwigs-kirche (church of Lewis I), the Asylum of the Blind, the University. Considered from an artistic standpoint, the Library, Ludwigs-kirche, and University will be found to exhibit the most interest to foreigners.

The first of these buildings is constructed in the Florentine style of architecture, contains upwards of 900,000 volumes and many curiosities, chiefly manuscripts, of medieval times, which are exhibited in show-cases. Statues of literary celebrities adorn the entrance and the gorgeous marble staircases leading to the upper stories; and, while libraries are generally blessed in Europe with a very commonplace exterior, we might state that Science has found here a temple worthy of itself.

The Ludwigs-kirche is a spacious, elegant temple, built of limestone in a modern romanesque style, approaching the

Byzantine; its ground-plan forms a large cross of about 240 feet in length, and two magnificent square towers face the street, measuring 228 feet in height. Schwanthaler and Cornelius adorned the interior with their skillful chisel and brush.

The half-yearly courses at the University Building, whose exterior we give in our illustration, are often attended by 1,400 students, and such a throng may be considered the fairest test of the ability of the professors.

The attendance is continually on the increase, as no sectarian or governmental influence is prescribing to the academic teachers or students the number of the courses, the time of attendance, or exercises any religious bias upon the treatment of their doctrine. However, every freshman of Bavarian origin has to undergo a severe preliminary examination, and must show that he is fit to listen with success to the difficult subjects expounded by the professors. Professor Justus von Liebig has long been one of the proudest ornaments of this university.

The triumphal Arch of Victory forms the northern limit of the populous capital, and is, no doubt, a meritorious reproduction, but does not show to advantage amid the tall poplar-trees. A monument like this ought to stand free and open to the eyes of all, like the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile in Paris, which is, moreover, placed on a slight eminence. The Arch in Munich has three openings for vehicles, is constructed of a whitish stone, and was dedicated by Lewis I. to the Bavarian army. The national genius, "Bavaria," is represented on its top platform entering the city on a triumphal car drawn by four lions. Numerous bassi-relievi on the sides, and both fronts, recall to memory the exploits of the army.

Another thoroughfare, second in importance only to the Ludwigsstrasse, and of almost equal length and width—the Maximiliansstrasse—is the creation of Lewis's son and successor upon the throne, Maximilian II. It forms a large esplanade, and, being planted throughout with alleys of trees, the city derives the same benefit from it as we do from our parks. On both sides it is lined with statuary and noble private and public buildings, the most conspicuous institution on it being the Bavarian National Museum, completed in 1866. Visitors and students will find there rich collections of implements, weapons, vases, tombs, tombstones, architectural and sculptural ornaments, carvings, altars, paintings on glass, tapestries, candelabras, statues, and statuettes, all manufactured in Bavaria, or having some reference to that country. It surpasses by far in richness the Musée Cluny in Paris, as well as the South Kensington Museum in London, and the objects are all exhibited to their best advantage and arranged in scientific order. The street starts from the River Isar, which is crossed there by a bridge, and joins the Ludwigsstrasse near the royal palaces, where the "Mary Column" stands in commemoration of a Bavarian victory on White Mountain, near Prague, in 1638.

The great art-collections purposely devoted to the study of the history of art are the Old and New Pinakothek for oil paintings, and the Glyptothek for sculpture. All three are located in close contiguity to each other in the north-western part of the city.

In the Old Pinakothek are exhibited over fourteen hundred productions of the old German, Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish masters. The building is constructed in the Renaissance style, and intended to be a reproduction of the palatial style of later Roman emperors. Visitors may admire leisurely in these lofty halls the masterworks of Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Murillo, Velazquez, Zurbarán, Titian, Guido Reni, etc., and also the gems of the old German masters—Dürer, Cranach, Holbein, and of many others. A side alley, divided into twenty-five partitions, and therefore called the "loggia," contains a goodly number of interesting pictures, which will give the most valuable hint concerning the historical development of the art of painting.

The New Pinakothek, finished in 1853, is of smaller dimensions than the old, and contains only productions of modern artists, chiefly of disciples or adherents of the Munich school of the present century. The building forms a compact square, the exterior profusely ornamented with weather-worn frescoes, painted after sketches of Kaulbach. We find here the canvases of Kaulbach, Kobell, Schraudolph,



BREWER GIRL IN A BREWERY.

Rottmann, Adams, Diday, and other modern celebrities, and the collection increases every year.

The Glyptothek forms a large square, with a spacious courtyard in its centre. It is the work of the architect Klenze, who has combined here the Ionic pillar with the vaults and arches of ancient Rome. The building is one of the oldest creations of Lewis I., and its construction was ordered by him for the purpose of exhibiting a number of exquisite originals of Grecian sculpture, and remains of temple-fronts which had been secured and brought to the capital by the enlightened monarch. The evolution of the sculptor's art is here laid open from its earliest productions, found in Egypt and Assyria, through the Greek and Roman period down to the most recent times, and, as the principal Greek masterpieces, we behold here the Sleeping Satyr, Silenus, holding the infant Bacchus in his arms, and several busts and torsos from the far-famed temple-group of the Niobids, other fragments of which are now in Florence. The "Hall of the Romans" contains a fine collection of original busts of Roman emperors and empresses.

In the vicinity of these three temples of art are some public buildings, which deserve more than a passing notice : the Palace for permanent Art-Exhibitions, the Crystal Palace, built in 1854, the Polytechnic School, and the Propyleum—an imitation of its Athenian model on the Acropolis, terminated in the year 1862.

Medieval styles of architecture are frequently observed in the construction of Munich churches. The new Auerkirche, with its spires and buttresses, is a happy imitation of the older Gothic ; the Frauenkirche, the oldest of all, exhibits the later Gothic style—its two unfinished steeples, with their pear-shaped apex, soar to the height of 360 feet. Not for its unassuming exterior, but for its magnificent interior and peculiar style, well adapted to the service of the Catholic Church, is the Basilica of St. Boniface remarkable. This temple is a very happy imitation of the ancient Christian basilicas or halls of worship of the fifth and sixth centuries, and is composed of five naves, resting on sixty-six marble pillars. The ceiling within is blue, studded with gold stars, and the centre nave has an elevation of ninety feet. The soft tone of the shades on the ceiling, windows, pillars, and the most agreeable chiaroscuro resulting from it, fills the visitor with an unspeakable, trance-like feeling of admiration. The royal founder, Lewis I., and his queen, Theresa, are buried here.

After having contemplated all the unrivalled improvements of the small but interesting Bavarian capital, the idea of my departure commenced to tell heavily upon my mind. As a traveler is unwilling to leave an interesting landscape, the mariner the uproar of the sea, or the lover the charms of his betrothed, so I tarried and deferred the hour of my departure to enjoy so much longer these unparalleled artistic results. I had to take leave of the city, but before quitting Bavaria I concluded to visit the Walhalla, one hundred miles northeast of Munich.

This temple of German honors is erected on a high eminence. The material is a grayish-white marble quarried in the vicinity. The Walhalla is a close imitation of the Athenian Parthenon, having fifty-two columns of the Doric order ; its dimensions are 240 feet in length and 120 in width by 75 in height. The illustrations will best exhibit the general appearance of the exterior and interior of this noble pile. The interior forms one large hall of 170 yards in length, which receives its light from above only. The roof has an elevation of fifty-five feet, and is disposed in small blue squares with white stars in the centre, and richly gilded. Fourteen caryatids support the heavy cross-beams, and are supported themselves by pilasters of the Ionic order.

The men and women immortalized here for their great genius, talents, or achievements, are generally not of Bava-

rian origin, but were born in other provinces of Germany, and their names were selected by King Lewis I. himself. One hundred and one of them are represented by marble busts resting upon splendid pedestals ; of sixty-three, tablets only recall the names to our memory, because we have no portraits of them left from the medieval times in which they lived. As an instance of this, I mention the poet of the Nibelungenlied. The earliest of all the persons represented is the Emperor Henry I. of Germany, who lived a thousand years ago, and from him the series goes chronologically down to Schiller, Goethe, and Beethoven. Among the celebrated women is to be found Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. A bust of Martin Luther was introduced only after the abdication of the royal founder of the Walhalla, and ostensibly was admitted only on account of his merits in improving the German language. A few tombstones are inmured into the beautiful marble floor.

The trouble of an ascent to the top of the structure will amply repay the visitor, by the extensive and diversified view enjoyed there over woods, fields, the rolling waves of the Danube, and the city of Regensburg. When the atmosphere is very clear, a view may also be obtained of the Alpine ridge, distant at least one hundred and thirty miles.

The Walhalla, with all the endowments providing for the maintenance of this majestic construction, has cost over three million florins in Rhenish money, say, \$1,300,000 American gold. The lavish expenditure of Lewis I. for purposes of art and architecture, while neglecting many branches of interior administration and imposing heavy taxes on the citizens, has often been the subject of reproachful comment. But we must at least avow that he has infused into the population, not of Bavaria only, but of Germany at large, a taste for cultivation of art and of scientific study hitherto unknown, and by fostering the idea of the *unity of the German race*, at a time when the country was cut up into thirty-six principalities and small duchies, he has contributed immensely to the final establishment of the political union of all the German States and Governments. He did not live to see his idea realized, but its fulfillment took place a short time after his demise ; and, considering this result, it would be wrong to count the sums expended to realize his magnanimous and prophetic idea of German unity.

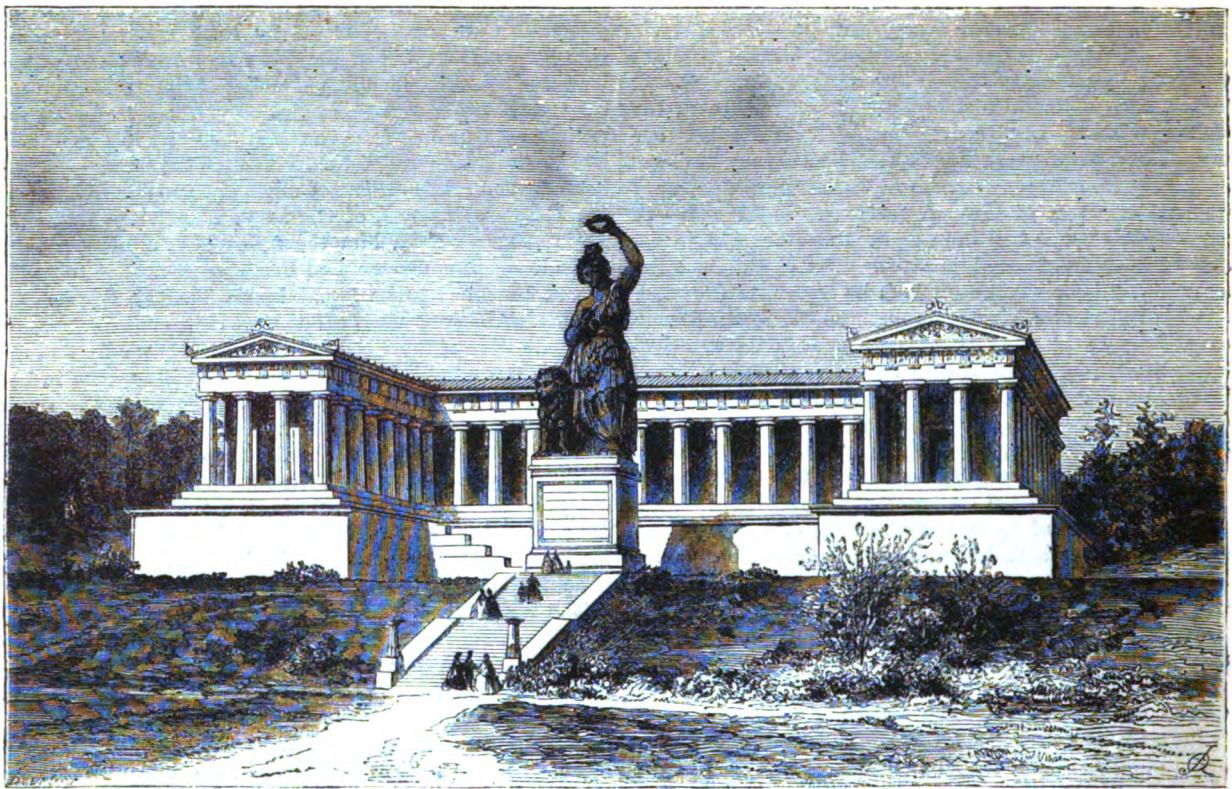
CHAPTER XXXVII.—CONTINUED.

ECCENTRICITIES.

The Earl of Pembroke, celebrated for his art-collections, was a deep lover of mice. "He would always," says Horace Walpole, "cut a slice of bread into small dice, and spread them on the chimney-piece of the dining-room. I was at first surprised at this ceremony, till I saw a number of mice creep from invisible crevices to partake of the Earl's unusual hospitality."

Pennant, famous for his "Tours," had a habit not quite so inoffensive. Among his eccentricities was a singular apathy to wigs. His fancy was to pull off the wig of his neighbor and fling it into the fire. He could suppress his yearning until he had drank a little too much wine—then off would go the wig next to him. We are told that, dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Pennant grew half intoxicated ; another friend who was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment. The officer ran for his sword. Down-stairs rushed Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester, but Pennant escaped. Such a habit, in the days when wigs were the *mode*, must have been found decidedly inconvenient.

Dean Swift's eccentricity was a surly bluntness, which, says



AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO MUNICH.—COLOSSAL STATUE OF "BAVARIA," AND PORTICO.—SEE PAGE 282.

Popo kindly, was mistaken by strangers for ill-nature. If it were not ill-nature, there is no instance on record to prove it amiability. To show how odd the man was, Popo told a story : "One evening Gay and I went to see him. On our coming in, 'Heyday, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit ? How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of to come hither to see a poor dean ?' 'Because we would rather see you than any of them.' 'Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do might believe you ; but since you are come I must get some supper for you, I suppose ?' 'No, doctor, we have supped already.' 'That's very strange ; but if you had not supped I must

have got something for you. Let me see : what should I have had—a couple of lobsters ? Ah, that would have done very well—two shillings; tarts—a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket.' 'No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you.' 'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must have drank with me. A bottle of wine—two shillings. Two and two is four, and one is five ; just two and sixpence a piece. There, Popo, there's another half-crown for you, sir ; for I won't save anything by you ; I'm determined !'" Being serious, he forced them to take it.



THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF "BAVARIA."—INTERIOR OF THE HEAD OF THE STATUE—THE FACE.



THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF "BAVARIA."—INTERIOR OF THE STATUE—THE CHIGNON.



THE CHURCH CLOCK'S SECRET.—"WE SWUNG ALONG, MAKING EVERY IMAGINABLE NOISE, AND IN THE VERY UTMOST DISORDER. BY TEN, HEADBRIDGE CHURCH LOOED UP. THERE WAS A LIGHT IN THE LOFTY TOWER, AND THE HANDS OF THE GREAT CLOCK—THOSE TWO PATIENT, WEARILSS SENTINELS OF ETERNITY—WERE MAKING THEIR STRANGE, GHOSTLY ROUNDS."—SEE PAGE 290.

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THE CHURCH CLOCK'S SECRET.



NOW, snow, snow! Would it never cease? Down fell the feathery flakes, touching the ground with hushed step, like the footfalls of people in a child's sick-room. I stood in the doorway watching the white earth and black gray sky, and thinking dreamily as we all think at these times.

At last I grew tired, and, shivering, I stole along the corridor, and back into the warm parlor. Slippers tell no tales, and they did not now tell of my presence to two people whispering in the curtained recess but a little distance from where I sat. I had left

them there, and, as they had no suspicion of my return, I might, if I chose, listen to what they were saying. It was very certain they were making love, and forty years had passed since I had known personally of that; and I felt my dry old breast would freshen and be the better for what I should hear, if I did not perform the very unnecessary act, strictly speaking, of clearing my throat at this moment. So I sinned by permitting myself to become an eavesdropper.

I am a practical, cynical, disagreeable old man, and what they call a pump and a foggy; and that is why I have never been able to make out what Bob Wayne and my little friend Bella Darling meant by conversing in the style that follows:

"Is dis my 'ittle mouse's nose?" asked Bob, and I was certain he had found a lady somewhere, and was fondling it.

"Ess, dat's your 'ittle mouse's nose," returned a voice I instantly recognized as Bella's.

"Does I lubs my 'ittle mouse?" asked Robert, with much seriousness.

"Ess," answered Bella, with the same gravity; "and I lubs my big mouse."

"Who is your big mouse?"

"You is my big mouse, and I is your 'ittle mouse."

"Oo ain't anybody else's 'ittle mouse, is oo? All mine?"

"Ess; all my big mouse's."

"Is diss my 'ittle mouse's mouf?"

"Ess; and yours, too."

"Den, let me kiss my 'ittle mouse's mouf."

Something pleasant followed, and happily for me (I was in a frightful state of dread), the door opened noisily, and Miss Teesdale entered.

Miss Teesdale, I will say, was a discreet person, and I knew if she found out that I had been listening, she would not expose me. So I rose as if I likewise had just come in; and as I did so Bob and Bella appeared.

Bob was a great big fellow—a dragoon sort of a built man—and I always before supposed in perfect health. I glanced anxiously at his face to see what traces there were there of the insanity which I now felt possessed him.

But Robert was as grave and practical as granite itself. Bella, however, was evidently just recovering from a blush.

"What have you folks been doing?" asked Miss Teesdale. "You're all very quiet."

"Oh!" said Bob, solemnly, "I've been giving Bella her lesson in geometry. She asked me a day or two ago to teach her something of problems and those sort of things, and we just finished the subject for to-day as you turned the knob."

"And dull enough it was," added Bella, yawning.

Fortunately I had my pocket-handkerchief at hand. Without it I should have exploded in the fit of laughter

which seized me, and all would have been known. I sauntered over to the window, suffering everything from my stifled hysterics.

Presently Miss Teesdale joined me, and we talked of Christmas.

"How very dreary everything is going to be!" she sighed. "The house is full of people, and yet it is dull as if there was no one here. I am dying for something exciting. Can't you think of means to avoid another mopy evening, Mr. Wix?"

(Wix, I may explain, is, to my misfortune, the name I bear. I don't fancy it, because everybody feels bound to call me "Old Candles.")

"Charades," I suggested, feebly.

"They are too silly. All of us put together haven't wit enough to devise one or two really good ones. What was the fate of the last attempt—your word, you know? Failure, complete and ridiculous. Do you remember how you were made game of as the heavy villain?"

Pleasant person Miss Teesdale, very. Her candor was considered remarkable and a credit to her. But somehow plain-speaking never agreed with me. I was decidedly in favor of a change of subject."

"Robert may be able to think of some means of disposing of Christmas Eve," I said. "Let us ask him."

Miss Teesdale, in her purring fashion, came closer to me, and her voice sank considerably. Never before had I thought the description of her as "the kitten of the house" so just.

"Mr. Wix," she said, softly, "I am going to tell you something. Mr. Wayne is a person I detest."

"Good gracious! I didn't know any one disliked Bob. He is handsome, bright, cheerful, sincere, forgiving, and I can't enumerate what all. You surprise me, Miss Teesdale."

"It is true that I never fancied him from the first. To me he is positively ugly."

"But you like Bella, I hope?"

"Yes—oh, yes, Mr. Wix," she answered, clasping her hand; "I love dear Bella. We are more than sisters, as you know."

"I'm glad—very glad."

"But, Mr. Wix, why do you speak of Mr. Wayne and Bella in the one breath?"

If I could have told her of the mouse dialogue she would have understood my most excellent reason; as it was, this was impossible; so I said, rather lamely, I didn't know.

"Forgive me; but I suspect you do. Come now!"

"Well, because they are always together, and, I suppose, are lovers."

"How can my darling think so much of him! Oh, Mr. Wix, it is impossible! They would never be happy if they were to marry. The tyrant is written in Mr. Wayne's face."

"I must declare, Miss Teesdale," I returned, tired of her purring, "that the penmanship there is certainly very fine, though I can't read it as you do. Who is this?"

It was old Doctor Warfield, Miss Georgie Warfield, Jack Elder, and young Mr. Pauncefort. They came bustling in, and we all crowded around the fire, so much crisp wintry air had come with them.

The room had grown darker, and, without, the dusk was falling with the melancholy snow.

"Bless my soul!" shouted the doctor, rubbing his hands, "here's another Christmas Eve! What shall we do with it, eh?"

"The very question which has agitated me, doctor," said Miss Teesdale. "Nobody seems capable of a fresh, clever suggestion. Mr. Pauncefort, your brain usually teems with excellent ideas—let us have one now."

It was this young man's infirmity that he could not pronounce the letter S. He made every S an F.

"It would give me great pleasure, lady," said Mr. Pauncefort, smiling with much self-satisfaction, "to do as you request; but really just at this moment I'm afraid I can't suggest anything at all."

That scamp, Jack Elder, struck out a little applause by tapping his thumb-nails together.

The question went around, and all answered it alike.

"Ah me!" sighed Miss Teesdale. "Better give up expectation altogether."

Suddenly the old doctor slapped me on the back.

"Wix, what a noodle you are! Why didn't you think of Bradbridge Church?"

"Bradbridge Church!" echoed a chorus.

"Yes; Midnight Mass there, and the chimes in the tower. We'll go and see the Swiss clock."

Miss Teesdale ran up to the doctor, and kissed him.

"You're an angel!" she said.

"It's a wonderful thing," continued the doctor. "We should be there about ten to see Fifer, the sexton, wind it up. It will take us nearly an hour to walk over. The snow is getting deep."

"I don't mind the walk over," said Georgie; "but I decidedly object to climbing up the great steps to the steeple."

"But such a grand, rare sight, dear!" said Miss Teesdale, reproachfully.

The confusion began from that moment. Everybody ran about in the wildest excitement. It was quite night now, and Jack lit the gas; and, then, presently the tea-bell rang. We hurried through, and the girls were making off upstairs.

"Stop!" shouted the doctor. "Wrap up well, or you'll be frozen to death. By Jove! we had better ride."

"No, no, no!" was screamed from all sides.

"Very well, then; but you'll wish you had."

I went to my room, and, after smoking, buried myself in a perfect vault of an overcoat, secured my feet in rubber overshoes, my ears and nose and eyes in a wonderful comforter, and my head in the most astounding fur cap ever seen.

Then, presenting the appearance of an extraordinary species of brown bear, I descended.

Some one was in the corridor at the table where the hats and wrappings lay. It was Miss Teesdale.

She did not perceive my approach, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts, and I beheld her raise a pair of yellow gauntlets to her lips, and kiss them passionately a hundred times.

"My lost love!" she moaned. "My lost love, and breaking heart!"

Then she laid down the gloves, and went into the parlor.

My curiosity was naturally much excited, and I went over and examined the gauntlets.

They were Robert Wayne's, and his name was written in gold thread at the wrists.

* * * * *

We rushed out into the open air at nine precisely, whooping and screaming and laughing like a flock of mad people, and immediately sank into the deep drifts of snow. Jack Elder turned a somersault like a harlequin; Bob Wayne hung Bella on his arm, and set off at a gallop; Mr. Pauncefort ambled along with Georgie; Miss Teesdale seized the doctor, and I trumped quietly by myself.

"This is all very fine," said Doctor Warfield; "but you'll have dreadful colds to-morrow."

"I won't!" said Bella. "See how well I am protected!"

She had on a gorgeous white astrachan; and, as she was remarkably close to her "big mouse," I suspected they designed escaping as soon as possible, to repeat the performance of the afternoon.

We swung along, making every imaginable noise, and in

the very utmost disorder. The snow poured down, it seemed, in clouds; the wind shrieked by our ears like invisible demons of the night, and every word we spoke was carried a mile beyond.

As we passed farm-gates, great dogs came out of their warm quarters, bounded down, and barked furiously at us. Windows were raised in the dwellings above, and lights shone for a moment, and then all was still again.

By ten, Bradbridge Church loomed up. There was a light in the lofty steeple, and the hands of the great clock—those two patient, weariless sentinels of eternity—were making their strange, ghostly rounds.

The sight silenced us somewhat, and we entered the building thoughtfully. At the door we encountered the sexton, Fifer, an odd man, with a lantern in his hand, a bunch of enormous keys at his belt, and a matronly cat at his heels.

"Fifer," said the doctor, bustling forward, "you promised to show me all that was to be seen in connection with Herr Desvaches' clock."

My old friend was in wonderful spirits at this moment.

"Just in time, sir. Big Tom wakes to-night, and roars. Ha! ha! ha! Only once a year for Tom—the rest, sleep. At twelve he strikes. This way, sir. Ladies—service!" said Fifer, nodding a great many times.

He led us along the lower part of the great, musty, dank church, the light routing the old shadows, and creating new ones; and at last we reached a cold, cheerless room behind the confession-boxes, used to store rubbish in. Here were frayed ropes, old brooms and buckets, shovels and picks, a rickety bier, a broken *prie-dieu*, rusty candlesticks, a one-legged missal-desk, and a hundred other odds and ends—the collection of years.

In the middle of the floor there were to be seen the outline of a hatchway, and by it a closed trap. Fifer stooped, and, clasping the worn iron ring, drew the latter open. A long stairway appeared, shrouded at the foot in obscurity.

"What use do you make of this great hatchway, Fifer?" asked the doctor.

"It leads below to graves, sir. Many's the man was buried here afore we were born or thought of, sir. Push away the bolt there, and the floor sinks."

He pointed to a heavy bar of iron near us.

"Thank you, Fifer. Surely we don't go down those horrible stairs?"

"Ay, sir; to see me wind Big Tom."

The ladies began to shudder, and make faces, and crowd together, and I noticed that Bob felt it his duty to shield Bella with both his arms, drawing her to his broad bosom.

"Girls, don't be foolish!" said Miss Teesdale, reprovingly.

"But it is so dark down there!" remonstrated Georgie. "Something might catch us!"

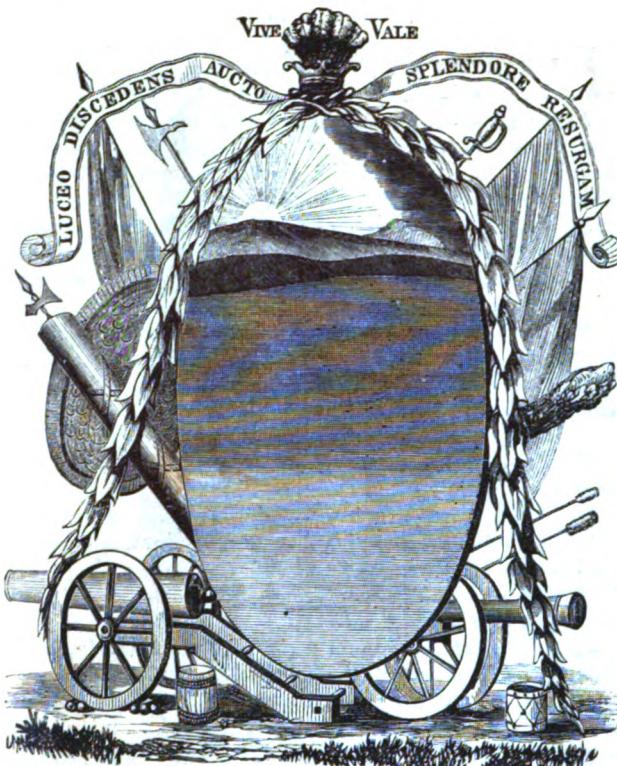
"Are there any ghosts about, Fifer? The church is certainly old enough to have a ghost," said Jack Elder. "I'm quite sure there is a ghost. Come, now."

"A foolish tale, sir," laughed Fifer, looking, in a meditative way, at his cat.

Everybody instantly became grave. Plainly a phantom was not so anxiously desired, after all.

"They do say as there's the White Abbess here, who walks at this season," continued Fifer, telling his tale with evident relish, though slowly.

"Ah!" said the doctor, shaking his head. "Always a White Abbess, or a Black Monk, or a Gray Nun! We need one thing, sir, greatly, and that is, some variety in our ghostly traditions. You needn't pause to relate the legend, Fifer. I know what it is—a love affair, a runaway, vengeance, somebody run through with a sword, somebody else drowned, and an uncomfortable spirit haunting the church ever since. Let us go downstairs and see you wind Big Tom."



THE MISCHIANZA TICKET.—SEE PAGE 296.

Fifer, rather disappointed at being cut short in his narrative, led the way, clumping down the creaking stairs, and we all followed, shivering. Across the black cellar we took our way, and at length, in the dim glare of the lantern, an immense box, like a coffin on end, loomed up. This opened and disclosed a recess at the touch of the sexton's key, and a door was perceptible to the left.

But in the recess were the works communicating with the clock in the tower. Across an iron beam was written the word "Desvaches," the name of the inventor of this wonderful horologue. I will not attempt any description more elaborate than to say that I beheld, beneath, above and behind this beam, pulleys, wheels, cranks, springs, chains, and a great deal of rope.

Upon a shining dial were nine slender indices, and, at the point of each, the designation of the bell it controlled. The hand directed perpendicularly governed the word "Avalanche."

"Big Tom, sir," said Fifer, touching it; and I of course understood that he had chosen this distinction for the bell above himself. "Three minutes before I wish him to speak, I turn his index forward three degrees."

"I perceive there are sixty degrees, and, consequently, if you wind him at eleven, he strikes at twelve," said Doctor Warfield. "Quite interesting, Fifer. The number of his strokes is, of course, regulated by the machinery about us."

"Has he a very loud tone to one standing close?" asked Miss Teesdale.

"Miss," said Fifer, emphatically, "to hear him a-standin' two feet off would bust the drum o' your ear. That deaf boy as plays about here lost his hearing by big Tom. Pigeons, you know," added Fifer, briefly. "Skittles would break his neck at squabs."

"You will wind now?" asked Bob, to whom Bella still clung, her great bright eyes shining in the glare of the lantern, and her pretty face all aglow.

"Ay, sir; may as well. And come back to touch off at quarter to midnight."

Fifer set down his lantern, and took off his bunch of keys,

First he unlocked a cabinet in the corner, and brought out two cylinders. These he placed in the machinery somewhere, and then he went behind, and presently was heard winding, winding, winding, until the heavy, laboring, discordant noise produced became almost intolerable. Finally, he reappeared, out of breath.

"Warms you up, that does!" he said.

"When does Mass begin?" asked Bella. "We must stay for that."

"Nigh upon midnight. So when the 'Gloria in Excelsis' comes, miss, the chimes will play, and Big Tom chant his Hymn to Christmas."

Fifer took off his cap, and bent his head with a rude reverence that was quite notable.

"Now, Fifer," said the doctor, "as we have seen everything here, let us go up to the home of the bells."

"Ready, sir," answered the sexton, picking up his light. "This way."

He opened the tall, gaunt door to the left, and we found ourselves at the foot of a spiral stairway.

"The tower steps. We reach the gallery, and then the steeple."

We all began to shudder again. The teeth of the ladies clicked like magic dice.

"Oh, I am getting so frightened!" whispered Georgie. "Something is going to happen, I know!"

"Be calm, dearest," answered Mr. Pauncefort. "There if weally no caufe for ferious alarm."

"I'll go far ahead, and hold the light so you can see," said Fifer, beginning the ascent. "It is a tiresome tramp, ladies."

The strange old fellow faded out of view, and we were alone in the darkness and cold of this horrible vault.

Suddenly a hasty movement was heard, as of a rush of wind, then of footsteps, and then all was still.

"What was that?" shrieked Bella.

"Ready!" shouted Fifer, in the distance.

There was a general rush for the steps, and Georgie, screaming, asked the sexton for explanation.

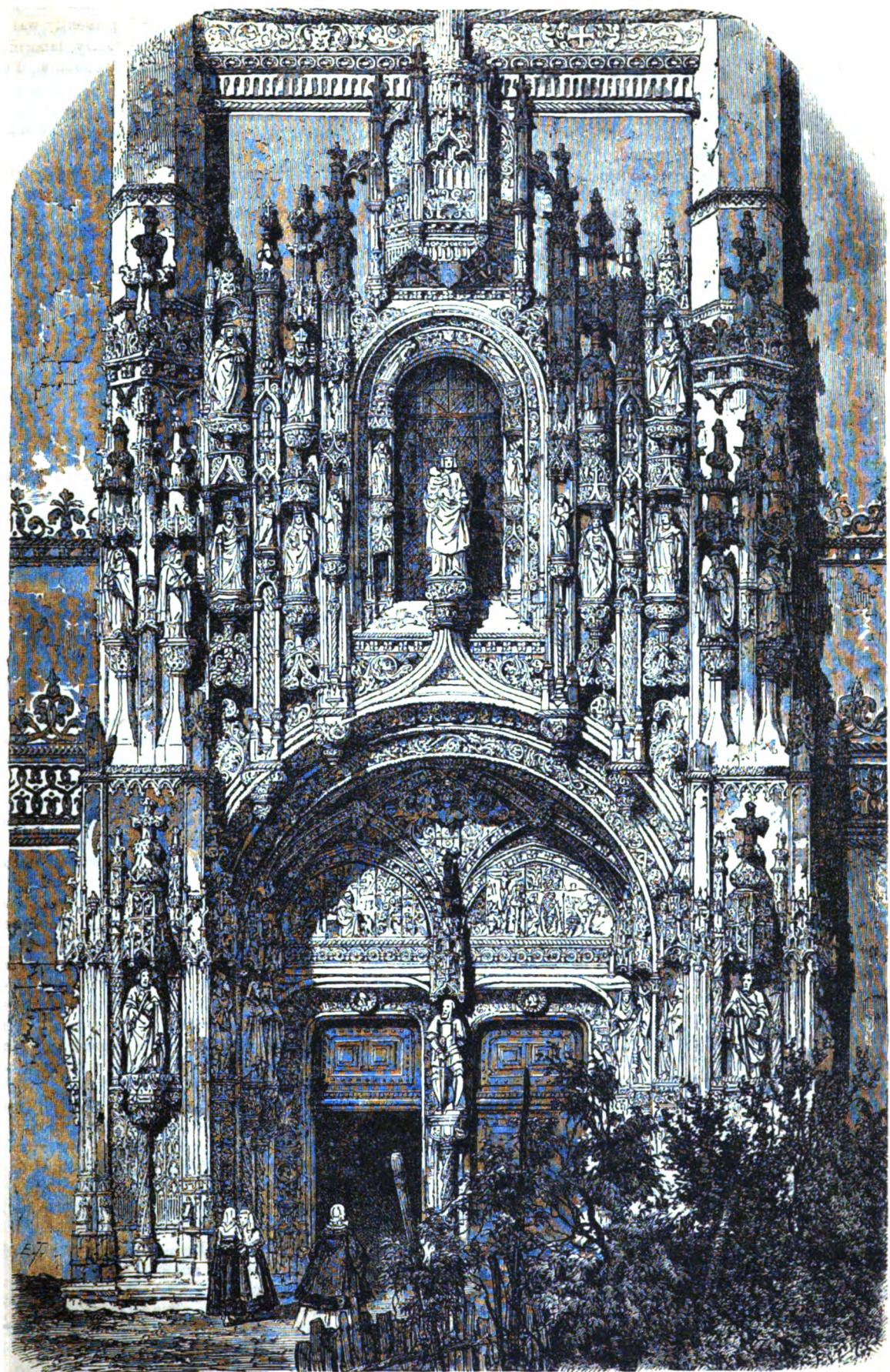
"Rats, miss. Don't be afraid," he replied, looking at us over the iron banisters, and guiding us by the light.

We quieted down, and began our tedious march. Up, up, up we went, our shadows falling on the cold walls, our tread re-echoing above and below, the wind sweeping past with a lonely moan, and the cold chilling us to the bone.

At last we reached the narrow gallery. In silence we crossed this, and, with a few yards more accomplished, we had gained the tower. The nine mute, icy bells hung about us—the Avalanche, in solitary majesty, above all the rest. We stood awed. Without, the blasts of Winter howled, the snow poured down, the night spoke in its thousand mystical voices; but here all was still, except the patient, relentless clock, which toiled on, and ticked the fleeting moments one by one into unknown eternity.



MEMENTO MORI WATCH.—SEE PAGE 295.



SOUTH FRONT OR PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DE BELEM, AT JERONIMOS, NEAR LISBON.—SEE PAGE 296.

Fifer moved forward, after a brief while, and motioned us to follow him.

"We can return to the church by the choir-steps," he said.

When he had passed aside, the girls seemed to be whispering among themselves, for none dared to speak aloud. By the faint glimmer of the distant lantern we resumed our way, and slowly went down the winding stairs.

Our progress had been short, indeed, when it was stopped by an incident that was the absolute culmination of everything mysterious and terrifying that imagination can well conceive.

We were in total darkness, perfect silence had fallen, when suddenly the great bell, the Avalanche, tolled out one slow, booming stroke!

The shrieks that followed were agonizing. One fearful plunge was made by all downward; but the sight which met us only increased our fright.

At a door in the wall, which led to the organ-gallery, stood Fifer, paralyzed by terror. His lantern had dropped to the ground, his eyes were staring, his under-jaw hung down, and his face was marble itself!

Again the bell moaned out its dreary knell.

"This way to the church!" shouted Fifer; and, darting through the doorway, he ran to the gallery, and we after him.

Flying from we knew not what—flying in that selfish flight which causes each one to have regard for his own safety alone—we sped on, falling over everything that came in our way, creating the maddest racket and confusion, the bell tolling in our ears, until at last we reached the church below.

Fifer, who had kept ahead, suddenly cried out, his voice ringing through the dense darkness all around:

"For love o' God, look to the tower gallery! The White Abbess!"

The morbid fascination of terror itself caused us all to glance upward one instant. By the clock-light we discerned a solitary white figure. Then we rushed on again, out of the building, and into the night—into the storm of resistless wind and blinding snow!

But, after a few yards of frantic flight, progress was impossible. The snow was up to the waists. I hailed and called out:

"Holloa!" came a reply back.

It was the doctor's voice. I followed the sound and reached him. By his side stood Robert Wayne, Pauncefort, Georgie, and Jack Elder.

"This is disgraceful!" gasped the old gentleman. "Let us get together and go back to the church. We are all children!"

"Who is missing?" I asked.

"Bella and Miss Teesdale and that fool Fifer!" answered the doctor, testily.

"It is a dreadful night," I returned, much concerned, for I now realized a new danger. "We must find them at once."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Bob Wayne, "they may have wandered off into the fields! They will be lost! No one could live an hour in such a storm as this! Who saw Bella last? She seemed to be by my side till the bell tolled. Oh, coward! coward!"

He covered his face with his hands, and dropped on his knees in the snow.

"There is no time to be lost," cried Jack Elder. "I will return alone for the lantern."

He darted off in the direction of the church, from the tower of which the bell was still ringing its dismal knell, and we waited his return.

"It is useless to think about standing here," said the

doctor. "You girls must all return to the church, 'White Abbess' or not. Not a moment can be spared. Some one of us will remain with you—Mr. Pauncefort, for instance—and the rest of the gentlemen will search for the lost."

No one objected, and we walked back, meeting Jack Elder by the way. The ladies were sheltered in the vestibule, Pauncefort remaining; and with the lantern, Bob, Jack, the doctor, and myself set out upon our almost hopeless mission.

We plodded slowly over the fields, taking care to find our way well, shouting and bellowing at every step.

At last we heard a feeble cry in answer.

We ran toward it, and, lying extended in the snow, we found Miss Teesdale.

"Where is Bella?" asked Bob Wayne, in a voice of agony, as he raised her up.

"She left me and ran on. I could not go further. We were so frightened," moaned Miss Teesdale.

"Lost, lost, lost!" exclaimed Bob, and I saw something there seldom seen—a great burly man weeping scalding tears that, hot and passionate as they were, froze upon his cheeks as they came forth.

We bore Miss Teesdale to the church, where we found the girls crying, of course, and Mr. Pauncefort's teeth chattering; and then, after a few words of reassurance, we resumed our task.

Suddenly through the night—all know how sound goes when the air is icy and the ground all snow—came the music of approaching sleigh-bells.

We paused, gathered in a group, our lantern flinging gaunt beams of light upon the white earth, and the brisk melody grew nearer.

"Holloa!" shouted Jack.

The challenge was answered some distance away, and we went in its direction. We came to a fence, crossed it, and found ourselves in the road.

A large, old-fashioned country sleigh was drawn up, in a halo of vapor from its occupants and the champing horses, and the doctor went close and told the narrative of the night's strange adventures.

"I am the parish priest, Father Raymond," said a rosy old gentleman, occupying the driver's seat, "on my way to celebrate the Midnight Mass. These are friends of mine."

He introduced the other occupants of the capacious sleigh.

"And so you were frightened by the 'White Abbess,'" laughed the priest. "That is really too bad. We must have that extremely unpleasant person suspended from her functions. But you tell me that a lady is perhaps lost in the snow?"

I answered briefly.

"And Fifer has fled, too. Well, we must not delay in our search. The congregation will be coming presently, and I shall put all hands out, and each party must carry a lantern. There are plenty in the sacristy."

He divined rightly, for it was now near midnight, and, by the time we had again reached the church, sleighs were jangling up from all quarters; and among the arrivals not one showed lack of heartfelt interest in the fate of the poor lady lost that bitter Christmas Eve in the snow.

Soon the fields were all gleaming with lanterns as far as the eye could see.

All were out—some with keen-scented dogs—ploughing through the snow, shouting, anxious, sympathetic.

But the Mass was celebrated, and she had not yet been found. Poor Bob gave way to utter despair.

There were no chimes that night. The choir-door had blown to, the trap in the room behind the confession-boxes was closed, and Fifer had driven back the bolt, and so, when Big Tom had ceased, the belfry was silent.

But all that dreadful night Bradridge was a scene of excitement. Dawn found squads of people still undauntedly seeking the pretty girl who had gone out into the storm a few hours before, and not yet returned.

They discovered poor Fifer about six o'clock—frozen stiff. The fright of the evening before was still in his dead, icy eyes. He had fled more than a mile from the church; but how he had succeeded in making his way through the mountains of snow piled around him will never in this world be known.

In those hours of distress, I felt my own grief so heavily that I did not seek sleep, or even break my fast, when I had accompanied our party home in the morning.

Miss Teesdale had grown much worse. Lying in the snow so long through the fearful night, she had caught cold; this had produced a fever, and she was now unconscious and raving.

I could not bear to remain in the house, and some perverse, mad influence drew me back to the church.

On my way I met a man standing at a stile in deep thought. He seemed unconscious of the freezing atmosphere and the keen blasts that whistled in our ears.

It was Robert Wayne.

I took his arm, and we went our way in silence almost hideous.

The organ was sounding forth its magnificent and most solemn music; the church was bright and gay; through the great colored windows came the sunlight, falling on the heads of the congregation.

Mass was celebrated with rare splendor.

But throughout the church hung a mysterious gloom. The horrors of the night before had not yet been dissipated. Even the gorgeous brightness of the day failed to redeem the ghastly festival.

"This," whispered Bob, "is Christmas!"

I felt fully the mockery which glistened like a cruel knife through his speech.

But the ceremony continued, and at length the priest intoned those majestic words:

"Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis."

The organ crashed forth, the choir took up the hymn, the congregation rose to their feet; but something happened even more startling yet.

The bells in the tower began to chime!

Faces grew pale; my companion trembled; the priest paused in the sacrifice, and turned toward the auditory:

"My brethren," he said, "there is some strange mystery here which we must penetrate. The male members of this congregation within the six first rows of pews will obtain an entrance to the chambers underneath and examine the works of the clock."

I was among those so selected, as was Robert. We opened the hatchway and trap in the rubbish-room by force, and descended. Our torches shone upon a white figure lying at the foot of the spiral stairs.

A cry from Robert told me all. It was Bella Darling!

We brought her up into the beautiful light of day; and, as we reached the doors of the church, an old man with white hair met us and knelt by the litter.

"All is known," he said, softly. "Miss Teesdale has confessed." It was Doctor Warfield.

AND so the truth came out. I shall not delay by elaborate description. Unhappily for poor Bella, she and Miss Teesdale had fallen in love with the same man, Robert Wayne. The expedition at midnight to Bradridge had furnished a long-looked-for opportunity for Miss Teesdale's vengeance. The rush and footsteps in the dark had been hers, to arrange the indices of the dial so that the Avalanche might strike at

the proper instant; to cause Bella to linger in the tower after we had gone, so that the bell might sound its ponderous stroke, and for the moment stun her, her enemy had whispered a message from Bob, apparently, requesting her to remain after us all; and these events had come to pass as designed.

Bella waited; the bell struck, petrifying her for the moment with the startling shock. Recovering, she had ventured along the gallery in her white astrachan coat. We had mistaken her for the legendary phantom; she had gone down the steps, and found the door of the choir closed (shut by the wind after Jack Elder had got the lantern); proceeding slowly on, she had at last reached the bottom of the spiral stairs, where she had fallen insensible.

Awaking, she remembered Fifer's directions regarding the indices on the dial, and she moved them two degrees. Within nine minutes after, she was free and safe.

The church-clock had told its mystery.

A MEMENTO MORI WATCH,

GIVEN BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS TO HER MAID OF HONOR,
MARY SETOUN.

THIS singular watch is illustrated the same size as the original in Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities"; and from the description there appended we extract the following account of it:

"On the forehead of the skull is the figure of Death, with his scythe and sand-glass. He stands between a palace on one hand and a cottage on the other, with his toes applied equally to the door of each; and around this is the legend from Horace, 'Pallida mors sequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turre.' On the opposite or posterior part of the skull is a representation of Time devouring all things. He also has a scythe, and near him is the serpent, with its tail in its mouth, being an emblem of eternity. This is surrounded by another legend from Horace, 'Tempus edax rerum tuque invidiosa vetustas.' The upper part of the skull is divided into two compartments: on one is represented our first parents in the Garden of Eden attended by some of the animals, with the motto, 'Peccando perditionem miseriam æternam posteris meruere.' The opposite compartment is filled with the subject of the salvation of lost man by the crucifixion of our Saviour, who is represented as suffering between the two thieves, whilst the Marys are in adoration below; the motto to this is, 'Sic justitiae satisfecit, mortem superavit, salutem comparavit.' Running below these compartments, on both sides, there is an open-work of about an inch in width, to permit the sound to come more freely when the watch strikes. This is formed of emblems belonging to the Crucifixion—scourges of various kinds, swords, the flagon and cup of the eucharist, the cross, pincers, lantern used in the garden, spears of different kinds, and one with the sponge on its point, thongs, ladder, the coat without a seam, and the dice that were thrown for it, the hammer and nails, and the crown of thorns. Under all these is the motto, 'Scala cœli ad gloriam via.'

"The watch is opened by reversing the skull, and placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and then lifting the under jaw, which rises on a hinge. Inside, on the plate, which may thus be called the lid, is a representation of the Holy Family in the stable, with the infant Jesus laid in the manger, and angels ministering to him; in the upper part an angel is seen descending, with a scroll, on which is written 'Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis.' In the distance are the shepherds, with their flocks and one of the men is in the act of performing on a bagpipe.

"The works of the watch occupy the position of the brains in the skull itself; the dial-plate being on a flat

where the roof of the mouth and the parts behind it under the base of the brain are to be found in the real subject. The dial-plate is of silver, and is fixed within a golden circle richly carved in a scroll pattern. The hours are marked in large Roman letters, and within them is the figure of Saturn devouring his children, with this legend round the outer rim of the flat, 'Sicut meis sic et omnibus idem.'

"Lifting up the body of the works on the hinges by which they are attached, they are found to be wonderfully entire. There is no date, but the maker's name, with the place of manufacture, 'Moysé, Blois,' are distinctly engraven. Blois is the place where it is believed that watches were first made, and this suggests the probability of the opinion that the watch was expressly ordered by Queen Mary, at Blois, when she went there with her husband, the Dauphin, previous to his death.

"The watch appears to have been originally constructed with catgut, instead of chain—as it now is—which must have been a more modern addition. It is still in perfect order and performs wonderfully well, though it requires to be wound up within twenty-six hours to keep it going with tolerable accuracy. A large silver bell, of very musical sound, fills the entire hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut. A small hammer, set in motion by a separate escapement, strikes the hours on it.

"This very curious relic must have been intended to occupy a stationary place on a *prie-dieu*, or small altar, in a private oratory, for its weight is much too great to have admitted of its being carried in any way attached to the person."

This watch is now in possession of the family of Sir T. D. Lauder, Bart., of Grange and Fountain Hall, who inherited it through the Setoun family, from which they are descended; it having been given by Queen Mary to Mary Setoun, of the house of Wintoun, one of the four Marys, Maids of Honor to the Scottish Queen.

THE MISCHIANZA.

AN ANECDOTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

On the 18th of May, 1778, a remarkable *fête*, known by the name of Mischianza (Italian for a medley), took place in Philadelphia. A British army, under General Sir William Howe, had occupied the city as Winter quarters for some months, while Washington lay with his shoeless army in a huddled camp a few miles off.

The British troops had found the possession of Philadelphia barren of results, although they had friends in a portion of the population. Howe, disappointed, was about to retire from the command and go home. The army itself contemplated withdrawal, and did, a month afterwards, withdraw. It was, nevertheless, resolved to put a good face upon matters, and hold a festival, professedly in honor of the retiring general.

The affair took a character of romance and elegant gaiety from the genius of a young officer, named André.

There was first a regatta on the river Delaware; then the main personages landed, and made a splendid procession for about a quarter of a mile to a piece of ground destined for the land *fête*. There a tournament took place between six knights of the "Blended Rose" on one side, and as many of the "Burning Mountain" on the other; all in fantastic silk dresses, with ribbons, devices, and mottoes, lances, shields, and pistols, each attended by his squire, and professing to serve some particular lady of his love.

Lord Cathcart, who acted as chief of the knights (and whom the writer remembers seeing thirty years afterwards in much soberer circumstances), rode at the head with a squire on each hand; the device of his shield, a Cupid

mounted on a lion, and professing to appear in "honor of Miss Auchmuty."

One of the knights of the "Blended Rose" was the young Captain André already alluded to, who stood forth for Miss P. Chew, with the device of two gamecocks, and the motto, "No Rival."

The first set of knights caused their herald to proclaim their intention to maintain by force of arms the supremacy of their ladies in wit, beauty, and virtue; the herald of the other set responded with defiance, and they closed in mock fight, shivering lances, discharging pistols, and finally taking to their swords, until the marshal of the field, at the request of the ladies, ordered them to desist.

Then the gay party adjourned to a large and handsome house near by, where, in finely decorated rooms, they entered upon a series of dances. Afterwards, a pair of hitherto concealed doors being thrown open, they moved into a large pavilion laid out with an elegant supper.

Fireworks completed this fantastic entertainment, the like of which had never before been seen on the west side of the Atlantic.

A few days afterwards, General Howe withdrew to England, and three or four weeks later the English troops vacated Philadelphia.

The tragic fate which three years after befell the sprightly and ingenious André, the moving spirit of this show, gives it a sad interest.

THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DE BELEM, AT JERONYMOS, PORTUGAL.

The Church of Santa Maria de Belem (Our Lady of Bethlehem) is one of the finest specimens of the revival in architecture in Portugal, and is a noble monument on a famous spot, for here stood a little chapel, dear to mariners, built by the great navigator Prince Henry, and in the walls of which the commanders and crews of all those great naval expeditions assembled to ask God's blessing before they bore the standard of Portugal to unknown seas.

Here, with a heart swelling with gratitude, Vasco de Gama knelt, after returning from his great voyage. The monastery which now occupies the spot was begun January 6, 1500, by the architect Boytaca, who was succeeded in the great work by Joao Castilho and Rodrigo de Pontezylla, the last of whom reared the splendid south front shown in our illustration. Unfortunately, we know nothing of him beyond the fact that he achieved this work.

It is built of hard liais, so common near Lisbon, so durable, and so agreeable to the eye. The circular arch is so softened by Gothic-work and reliefs that it gradually divides into two portals, separated by a column supporting a statue of Prince Henry in complete armor. On the sides are the twelve Apostles of the same size. The main arch has a Gothic summit crowned by a statue of Our Lady of Kings, which stands out from a very peculiar but very beautiful niche-like window, which is surrounded by statues in a series of Gothic pilasters of great beauty and symmetry, forming to the eye a most charming *coup d'œil*.

Our illustration shows the south or principal porch of this famous church. Of it, Lady Jackson, in her recent work, "Fair Lusitania," says: "The principal porch on the south side of the church, with its numerous statues, wreathed columns, and profusion of ornament, is superb, and scarcely less elaborate than the portal of Batalha. But it is better to enter this beautiful temple by the west door, the carvings of which are also profuse and handsome, and have been lately restored. The groined roof, at the western entrance, strikes you as exceedingly low, and the shrine in semi-darkness, on either side, adds to its air of mystery and solemnity. But, on advancing a few paces, you emerge



CARDINAL RICHELIEU AND THE CAPUCHIN FATHER JOSEPH.—SEE PAGE 298.

from beneath the low arch into the grand and lofty nave, and, thus viewed, this part of the interior has a singularly imposing effect, the vaulted roof rising from slender columns beautifully sculptured, turned with flowers, and enriched with the most fanciful and delicately wrought carvings. The church contains a few pictures, and several

finely sculptured royal tombs. Behind the high altar the body of the unfortunate Dom Alfonso VI. is entombed. Queen Catharine, the wife of Charles II., is buried here, and the tombs of Dom Manoel, the founder of the church, and his son and successor, Dom Joao III., and their respective queens, are in the north and south transepts.

There are two fine organs in the west gallery, and round the arches supporting it much exquisite sculpture. The mausoleum to the memory of the famous Dom Sebastian was erected by Don Felipe II. The bones sent from Africa as those of the young and much-loved monarch were not deposited in it till about a hundred years after his death. But these bones are not believed to be those of Sebastian, whose death was shrouded in mystery, and whose return to his country was looked forward to long after it was possible that he should be living."

RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.



THE death of the great Henry once more plunged unhappy France from the very pinnacle of prosperity to the lowest depths of turbulence and misery. Left to the guardianship of an infant king and an ambitious, weak, unworthy woman, what fate was in store for her?

While in the streets and the dwellings of the citizens all was woe and mourning, while the public apartments of the palace presented one sombre aspect of unrelieved black, and faithful servants and honest men wandered through them, in ghostly silence, with tearful faces and saddened hearts, Marie de Médicis and her Italian minions held secret conclave amongst gold, purple, and embroidery; from behind their closed doors came sounds of laughter and songs of gladness; every semblance of even outward decency was cast aside; it was the exultation of a band of freebooters, who saw before them a wealthy country, in which law was dead, laid open to pillage. Honest Sully was no companion for those vampires, and, with a heart bowed down with grief for the loss of his noble master, and even yet more so for the sorrow of seeing the labors of his life about to be destroyed, retired to his estate, and left them to wreak the ruin he was powerless to avert. The chief favorite of the Queen Regent was a Florentine, named Concino Conchini, better known by his French title of Maréchal d'Ancre, an unscrupulous adventurer, whom she loaded with riches and dignities.

Conchini and Leonora Galigai, afterward his wife, had come to France in the train of Marie de Médicis; from the first they were the Queen's most evil councillors, filling her ears with scandals and her heart with bitterness against her husband. If the assassination of the King was the result of a plot, and not simply of individual fanaticism, there are reasons to suspect that these Italians, as well as the Duc d'Epernon, were concerned in it; indeed, were it possible to prove the existence of such a conspiracy, it might be difficult to exonerate the Queen herself from participation. Her behavior after the tragic event sufficiently warrants the assertion that Henry's death, far from being a source of grief, was regarded by her as a relief.

D'Ancre, his wife, the Pope's Nuncio, the Spanish Ambassador, D'Epernon, and a few others, formed this privy council, of which the object was the total overthrow of that policy under which France had grown great and prosperous, the reopening of religious persecution, and the appropriation of the treasures amassed by the dead King for the execution of his great design.

The effects of this combination were soon fatally apparent. The genius and firm hand of the great Henry repressed the power of the nobles and kept it within the boundaries of the

law, but under the feeble rule of a weak woman it again agitated the State with factions and conspiracies. Bribes and largesses to the amount of forty million livres were scattered among the malcontents for the purpose of conciliating them. But, while they shamelessly accepted the money, their turbulence continued to increase; many withdrew to their domains, assembled their men-at-arms, and prepared for civil war. The more honest, desirous to reform the abuses of the State, demanded the convocation of the States-General, and the Government, powerless for all save evil, after futile preparations for an armed resistance and many more bribes, was compelled to submit. But little or nothing could be achieved by an assembly the interests of the different parts of which were so utterly opposing. And so after much talk, complaining, and disputing, it was dissolved, not to meet again for one hundred and seventy years. And then how different the result!

And yet this gathering of vapid, purposeless talkers, that passed away and seemed to leave behind it no more trace of its existence than does a fleeting cloud upon the face of heaven, was pregnant with great results, since it brought into the light a man destined to remodel the political world of France. That man was Armand du Plessis, afterwards Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

Armand Jean du Plessis was born in the Château de Richelieu, in Tournine, on the 5th of September, 1585. His father was the Seigneur de Richelieu, and captain in Henry IV.'s guards. There were three sons; the eldest, according to the custom of noble houses, followed the career of arms; the second entered the Church; the third, Armand, created Marquis de Chillon, was likewise educated for the military profession, which he followed until his brother, who had been appointed to the bishopric of Luçon, turned ascetic and entered a Carthusian monastery. The bishopric having been for many years in the Richelieu family, so valuable an appanage could not be permitted to pass into the hands of a stranger, and the young Marquis, then only eighteen, was called upon to take his brother's place. He does not appear to have offered any opposition to this sudden change of career. Eight hours a day for four years he is said to have devoted to the study of theology, and thereby to have permanently injured a constitution always frail and delicate. Not having attained the age prescribed for the episcopacy, he took a journey to Rome to solicit his institution. The Abbé Siri tells an anecdote of this time which foreshadows the future cardinal. He deceived the Pope in his age, and after he had received consecration begged absolution for the deceit. "This young bishop," said the Pontiff, "is gifted with a rare genius, but he is subtle and crafty."

Seven years passed away, and never was prelate more pious, more unassuming; theological studies and the conversion of heretics formed the sole objects of his life; but he had also gained a great reputation as a preacher. Probably his ambition at this time—for there never could have been a time when Armand Richelieu was not ambitious—was confined within the pale of the Church. But the convocation of the States-General summoned him from his retirement. The clergy chose him as one of their representatives, and, on account of his before-mentioned priestly eloquence, selected him for their orator. No fierce denouncer, however, of corrupt power was the Bishop of Luçon; on the contrary, he introduced into his speech such adroit flatteries to the Queen Mother that, having already insinuated himself into the favor of the favorite, Leonora Galigai, she appointed him to be her chaplain. So well did his fortunes progress that within two years we find him, thanks to Maréchal d'Ancre, Secretary of State for War and Foreign Affairs. A not very noble figure does the future great Cardinal cut at this period as the toady of the Queen Mother and her minion.

But the days of the latter were numbered. The boy-king

was carefully secluded by the ambitious Marie from all state affairs, and passed his time in hunting and puerile amusements. Among his attendants was a gentleman named Albert de Luynes, whose ambition meditated no less a design than to destroy Conchini, subvert the power of the Queen Mother, and rule in their place. To accomplish this, he irritated the pride of the young Louis to such an extent, by representing the condition of tutelage and almost imprisonment in which he was kept—a condition, he averred, that would continue as long as the Maréchal lived—that he prevailed upon the boy to enter into a plot for his assassination. And on the 24th of April, 1617, Conchini was murdered in the broad daylight in the court of the Louvre, not by common hirelings, but by barons, officers, and "men of honor." After the murder followed a yet more revolting scene; each murderer, anxious to prove his share in the deed, fell upon the dead man and stripped him of his accoutrements and property; one seized upon his sword, another upon his ring, a third upon his scarf, a fourth upon his cloak, and rushed away, eager and breathless, to lay these spoils at the feet of the King. Jean Baptiste d'Ornando, a Corsican colonel, had the *honor* to reach the royal presence first. Upon learning the success of the plot, Louis showed himself at the window of the grand *salon*, and to the shout of "Vive le roi!" which rose from the court below, responded, "Many thanks to you, my worthy friends; now I am King indeed!"

Wolves devour wolves. The downfall of the favorite was the signal for the destruction of all his belongings; and those who had cringed lowest to him in his days of power were now the most inveterate against all who claimed kin with him. His wife was the first victim. She was immediately arrested, and brought before the Parlement, upon accusations of sacrilege, witchcraft, and political crimes. Being weak in health, and finding no relief from ordinary physicians, she had engaged the services of a charlatan, who pretended to the knowledge and exercise of the occult sciences. Her credulity afforded an excellent means for her destruction. She was accused of performing pagan sacrifices and of communing with the powers of darkness. She was asked by what kind of sorcery she had dominated the Queen Mother? "By no other than the power by which strong souls govern the weak," was the answer. Her innocence of the greater part of the charges brought against her was so palpable that several of the judges, knowing her death to be a foregone conclusion, retired from the deliberations. The sentence declared Conchini and his widow guilty of *lèse-majesté* divine and human, condemned the memory of the husband to perpetual infamy, and the wife to be beheaded, and her body burned.

It was for this treacherous assassination and false *procès* that Louis obtained the agnomen of "The Just"!

Marie de Médicis was, it need scarcely be said, included in the ruin of her party, and was kept close prisoner to her own apartments until she obtained permission to retire to her estate at Blois.

The Bishop of Luçon, who had ever been one of the most assiduous flatterers of the unfortunate Conchini, was one of the first to felicitate the King upon having "done justice." Nevertheless, he had to follow the Queen Mother into her exile. But soon afterwards, De Luynes, probably considering him too clever a servant to be safe, ordered him to seek some other abode. He retired into a priory in Poitou, "being desirous," he said, "of devoting himself entirely to the combating of heresy." Here he also composed and published controversial and devotional works, and played the hypocrite à merveilles!

Marie de Médicis was no better off at Blois than she had been in the Louvre; De Luynes surrounded her and her adherents with spies, two of her friends were broken upon

the wheel for holding secret correspondence with her, others were sent into perpetual banishment. But after a time the nobles grew impatient of the yoke of the new favorite, who was quite as rapacious and tyrannous as the old; to break it, it was necessary to reinstate the Queen, and the Duc d'Epernon headed an enterprise which effected her escape. The court was in great alarm; but, too weak to crush the rebels, was compelled to negotiate with them. The man chosen to conduct these negotiations was the Bishop of Luçon. The friend who procured him this mission and consequent recall to court was Père Joseph. This man had some time previously attracted Richelieu's attention; the subtle attraction of kindred minds had drawn them towards each other and brought about a close attachment, which was dissolved only by death. Joseph had been a soldier before he turned Capuchin, had been a great traveller, and was possessed of a subtle, powerful genius, and a resolution so indomitable and tenacious that at times it was capable of supporting even that of the Cardinal. Could all the secret springs of that age be laid bare before us, we might perhaps see his *Eminence grise* frequently playing the part of wire-puller, his *Eminence rouge* that of puppet, to use the two nicknames attaching to the Cardinal and his confessor.

Père Joseph had, thanks to his patron, obtained so good a footing at court, having been employed upon more than one important affair to foreign courts, that he was enabled to insinuate that patron's return. And with such skill and prudence did the Bishop conduct his delicate mission that he succeeded in bringing about a temporary reconciliation between Marie de Médicis and her son. But it was of short duration. De Luynes, still all powerful, soon recommenced the persecution of her friends; the great nobles, more disaffected than ever, retired to their estates and took up arms; the Huguenots, fearing repressive measures, followed their example; D'Epernon, rallying himself with their chiefs, De Rohan and La Trémouille, broke into open revolt. The King marched against them in person; there was an engagement in which the rebels had the worst of it. A second reconciliation was patched up, and Louis published a declaration to the effect, that all which had been done by his mother and those allied with her had no end but the good of the State.

During this time the Bishop of Luçon, while still retaining the mother's confidence, contrived to preserve the favor of De Luynes, and even, through one of his nieces, to ally himself by marriage with him. But the genius of the subtle churchman had already begun to excite apprehensions in the favorite's mind, and he cared not to let him become too powerful. The Bishop desired to be a cardinal, but the King, under the inspiration of his minister, while openly supporting the bishop's claim, sent secret instructions to the Pope to refuse him the hat—a proceeding highly characteristic of this weak and treacherous monarch.

The death of De Luynes, who expired of a fever while engaged in military operations against the Protestants of the south, left the helm of the State free to the first hand daring and powerful enough to seize upon it. The next year Richelieu obtained the coveted hat. In 1624 he again became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but only after much coquetting and dissimulation. His health rendered the country air necessary to him; his tastes were not for mundane affairs, but for study and seclusion; these and other like excuses rendered his acceptance of the post an apparent sacrifice. But from that time his rise was swift and sure. Day by day his powerful mind and striking genius made themselves felt in the national councils, and his giant intellect, mastering the puny dwarfs by whom he was surrounded, quickly grasped the supreme power.

Austria, which was master of both ends of Italy—Naples and Milan—desired a route which should unite the empire

with Spain and the German with the Italian possessions, so that it could, when necessary, march an army from one side of the Alps to the other without opposition. The Valtelline Valley, situated between Tyrol, Venetia, Milan, and the Grisons, to which it belonged, fulfilled these requirements ; and taking advantage of the religious feuds which were then raging in that district, the Empire would have annexed it but for the decisive action of Richelieu. Taking up the policy of the great Henry, he resolved by every means to weaken the power of the Colossus. His reply to the ambassador, who sent him a long despatch setting forth the difficulties of interfering in this affair, and especially urging the ambiguous conduct of the Pope, is highly characteristic of the man.

"The King has changed his council and the ministry its policy. We shall send an army into the Valtelline, which will render the Pope less uncertain, and the Spaniards more tractable."

It was not foreign affairs alone, however, that engaged his attention. The whole land was in a state of ferment that threatened universal anarchy. The Huguenots were in a chronic state of revolt, and the great nobles combining in incessant conspiracies. Most dangerous of the conspirators was the King's brother, Gaston Duc d'Orléans. History cannot furnish, even out of the family of which he was the founder, a character more revolting and contemptible than that of this prince. The first to initiate a plot, the first to fly upon discovery ; arousing discontent in every heart, and ready to betray and sacrifice every man who listened to his councils ; there was no villainy, no treachery too black for his approval ; there was no meanness, no degradation to which he was not ready to submit to save himself from the consequences. Seven years had elapsed since Louis's marriage with Anne of Austria, and still there was no heir to the crown ; the King's health was delicate, and the chances were thus greatly in favor of Gaston's succession. This gave him an influence among the *noblesse* even greater than his position warranted. It was but in the ordinary course of things that Orléans and his faction should be the bitter opponents of Richelieu ; to them were joined in the league of hate the Queen and her friends, the Duchesse de Chevreuse—the remarried widow of De Luynes—and the Princesse de Condé. From the first there had been feud between the Queen and the Cardinal. It has been said that he made dishonorable addresses to her, and that the rejection of his advances was the cause of that enmity with which he ever afterwards pursued her. There is nothing improbable in the charge, for his gallantries were notorious, as Marion de l'Orme could have testified ; but her dislike, probably, arose at first from the fact of his being a favorite of Marie de Médicis, between her and whom there had ever been implacable hostility.

Out of these complications was hatched a conspiracy which aimed, not only at the destruction of the Minister, but the dethronement of the King, his divorce from the Queen, and her marriage with Gaston. Joined with the arch-traitor in this design was the Duc de Vendôme and his brother, the natural sons of Henry IV., the Comte de Soissons, the Duc de Montmorency, the Comte Chalais, and D'Ornano, one of the assassins of Conchini. Informed of the plot, Richelieu struck the first blow by arresting the latter. A few days afterwards Gaston was upon his knees before the Minister in abject submission, swearing upon the 'Gospel to love those who loved the King and the Queen Mother, and to inform his Majesty of the least word he heard uttered against him or his councillors, expressing at the same time his approval of the arrest of D'Ornano, who had hitherto been his most faithful servant. Once more the Cardinal played the part of the humble, studious priest, for the relentless animosity of his enemies intimidated him. Once more he pleaded his desire to retire from mundane affairs—he was weary of

pomps and vanities ; the weak, vacillating king, alarmed at the thought of being left to govern alone, would not hear of his retirement, and even wrote with his own hand the most lavish promises to defend him against all enemies, whoever they might be : "Assure yourself that I will never change," ran the document, "and whoever attacks you, you shall have me for your second." But his *ruse* obtained him a far more substantial protection than this royal bond in the shape of permission to raise a company of musqueteers to serve him for a body-guard. Armed and omnipotent, he ordered the arrest of the Duc de Vendôme, the Grand Prior, and several personages of the highest consequence, among whom was the King's favorite, the Comte de Chalais. Upon being arrested, the unfortunate young man, hoping thereby to save his life, made certain revelations which implicated the Queen in the plot ; but on the scaffold he recalled the accusation, and firmly protested her innocence. This, however, goes for nothing ; he would have been a poor creature who would not have done as much under similar circumstances. There was a private judgment held upon the unhappy Anne in the King's chamber, in the presence of Marie de Médicis and the Cardinal ; Louis accused her of desiring his death in order that she might espouse Orléans.

"What ! from Louis to Gaston ; there would be too little to gain by such a change !" was her disdainful retort.

The death of Henry IV. had once more loosed the persecution of a fanatical populace upon the Protestants, who were compelled to arm in self-defence. In the south and west they were under the leadership of such powerful names as Soubise, Trémouille, and Rohan, and formed a league, whose organization, army, and treasury were perfectly distinct from those of the State, thus forming a government within a government. So dangerous a combination, which threatened to permanently divide the kingdom, could not be permitted by so sagacious and powerful a statesman as Richelieu. As early as the period of the Valtelline expedition the royal fleet had gained an advantage over the league in the waters of La Rochelle, which important naval and military town had always been the headquarters of the Huguenots, and captured the Isle of Ré ; but France did not possess at the time sufficient ships to blockade the port, and so the advantage was lost.

Richelieu may be justly considered to have been the creator of the French navy. When he entered upon power, the nation did not possess a single vessel of war fit for service. This branch of the national defences was in a state of deplorable incompetency, as was every person connected with it ; the admirals were nobles who knew no more of the sea than do the Lords of the Admiralty in England. He abolished the office of Grand Admiral, and instituted in its place a Superintendent of Navigation ; established schools of pilotage and of marine artillery, and published a complete maritime code. In a few years he had created a fleet capable of coping with those of Spain and England.

In 1627, however, the attitude of England compelled Richelieu to again turn his attention in that direction. Buckingham, to avenge himself upon Louis and Richelieu, had long since resolved upon war with France. To provoke this, he had encouraged English privateers to seize upon French ships, which were confiscated as prizes. An application for assistance from Soubise, one of the great Huguenot leaders, gave him the opportunity he desired, and, at his solicitation, Charles fitted out a fleet of one hundred vessels, and an army of seven thousand men, for the invasion of France, of which the duke himself, who was neither soldier nor sailor, was entrusted with the command. Nevertheless, he succeeded in effecting a landing upon the Isle of Ré.

With all the energy the situation required, Richelieu set to work to repel the invader. Concealing the crisis from the King, who was sick at the time, he took the whole



MARIE DE MÉDICIS.

responsibility upon himself. He made every provision, spent his own money, engaged his credit, collected all the munitions of war, covered the menaced coast with troops, and, doffing his cardinal's gown and hat for breastplate and helmet, commanded the expedition in person. Buckingham was completely routed, and two-thirds of his army destroyed. The Royalists now laid siege to Rochelle. By the orders of the Minister, a mole, 4,700 feet in length, was thrown across the harbor, thus isolating the town from the sea, and rendering further assistance from England impossible. Twice was the gigantic work thrown down by the waves, but the

inflexible Cardinal began afresh each time, and the third succeeded. After a most heroic resistance, during which, it is said, 25,000 people, out of a population of 30,000, died by famine or the sword, the town was obliged to capitulate. The Cardinal, issuing from the trenches, where he had performed the part of captain and engineer, doffed his armor, and, donning his gown, celebrated a thanksgiving mass in the Church of Sainte Marguerite.

But his enemies were like the fabled hydra; he had no sooner destroyed one batch than others sprang up in their places. His grand and comprehensive policy had long since

scored above the weak intelligence of the Queen Mother. Jealous of the absolute power he wielded over the State, and, above all, jealous of the influence he had won over her son's mind, she now manifested towards him only bitterness and hostility. He no longer bowed before the storm, as in the old days, but faced it with haughty reproaches. "Considerations of State frequently oblige us to rise above the passions of princes," he said, and peremptorily demanded permission to retire from the ministry. Louis dared not accept his resignation, and was fain to humble himself to his all-powerful servant.

More absolute than ever, he turns his attention to the re-establishment of French influence in Italy, assembles a large body of troops, superintends their discipline, draws out a plan of campaign, and, carrying the King with him, is soon at the foot of the Alps. A complete victory over the Duke of Savoy and the Spanish army terminates the campaign. With his soldiers flushed with success, he again turns his arms against the Huguenots; Privas, Alais, Nimes, their last strongholds, fall before him; De Rohan makes submission, and on the 28th of June, 1629, the last flames of the civil war are extinguished. At Privas, while he was sick, there had been a cruel massacre; but at Montauban he received the Huguenot ministers with much graciousness, telling them that the King looked upon them as his subjects, and in that quality made no distinction between them and the Catholics. He used his victory with the most generous moderation, and obtained an ordinance from the King which left the conquered the free exercise of their religion. Richelieu's was too large a mind to be a persecutor of opinion.

Another campaign against Savoy quickly followed this success. With armor on back, and sword at his side, he led the troops in person, endured all the dangers and fatigues of a common soldier, carried Pignerol and Chambéry, and, with the assistance of a brilliant victory gained by the Maréchal de Montmorency at Veglana, brought the war to a close. But while the nation was growing greater and more powerful day by day, while the acclamations of the people followed his steps wherever he moved, the envy and hatred of little minds were endeavoring to rob him of the fruits of his labors. The two Queens, putting aside for a time their mutual antipathies, made common cause against him; the mother, whose sympathies were with Savoy, her son-in-law, importuned Louis night and day to dismiss his minister. But once more these enmities redounded to his honor, and letters patent conferring upon him the title of "Principal Minister of State" raised him to a still greater height of power.

Towards the end of the Italian campaign, however, Louis was seized with a fever at Lyons, and his life was despaired of. Even around the sick man's bed the courtiers held council how the obnoxious Cardinal should be disposed of after the King's death. De Guise was for exile, Bassompierre for perpetual imprisonment, the Maréchal de Marillac, the Mother's favorite, counselled death. An unseen listener, Richelieu overheard all, and marked each speaker for the doom he had proposed. But the crisis passed, and the King lived. The affectionate solicitude shown by the Queen during his danger softened his heart towards her, and inclined him to lend his ear to her accusations against the Cardinal, and to the prayers of the Mother for his dismissal. In vain did Richelieu, by the most humble advances, endeavor to conciliate her; implacable in her hatred, she only redoubled her importunities.

The result of these intrigues will be best conveyed to the reader in the following graphic scene, bequeathed us by the Abbé Siri, which was acted in the Luxembourg, Marie de Médicis' palace:

"As she was in the midst of her discourse, and was earn-

estly pressing her son to accord her what she desired, the Cardinal suddenly entered the chamber; he had in truth found the door closed and express injunctions given to the usher to admit no person, and, above all, him, if he presented himself; but, as he knew all the ways of the palace, he went to the wardrobe of that princess, and through there entered the chamber, having gained for that end one of her women named Zuccole, who, being in her mistress's confidence, was left sole guard of that entrance. The unexpected arrival of the Cardinal quite confounded the Queen Mother. Very soon, however, she recovered from her surprise, and the presence of the Cardinal served only to redouble her anger as much by the remembrance it renewed of all the offences he had committed as because she saw herself interrupted in the accomplishment of her designs, so that, full of fury and resentment, transported with anger, she called him, in the presence of her son, a double-faced, insolent, audacious traitor, and bestowed upon him many other injurious epithets. She recapitulated to the King in his presence all that she had already said to him upon the subject before he arrived, omitting nothing that was calculated to still further blacken him in his mind. The Cardinal, astounded and confused at the extreme fury of this princess, replied not a single word to all the abuse she heaped upon him; he endeavored only to soften the bitterness of her mind, and to moderate her anger. That is why, with a respectful countenance and in the most humble and submissive terms he could find, accompanied even with tears, which he always had at his command, he addressed her in the most feeling manner in the world, and the most proper, to soften her. But her hatred and anger against him had risen to such a height that neither his submission, his prayers, nor his tears were able to move her; on the contrary, she cried, with a loud voice, that he was a crafty knave who well knew how to play his part, and that all he was doing was mere mummery, and a mere trick to deceive her once more. The Cardinal, seeing this, turned to the King and entreated him to permit his retiring and passing the remainder of his days in repose, it not being right that his Majesty should retain him in his service and continue him in the ministry against the wish of the Queen. At these words, the Monarch, testifying a desire to defer to the wishes of his mother, acceded him his request, and desired him to leave the presence."

Without losing a moment's time, the Mother appoints two of her favorites—the brothers De Marillac—to the premiership and the command of the army, throws open her *salons* to the crowd of fawning sycophants, and gives way to the exultation of victory. But her confidence is premature; Richelieu is not yet defeated. Upon quitting the Luxembourg, Louis repairs to his hunting-lodge at Versailles; thither the Cardinal follows him, and obtains admission to his Cabinet. What passed at that interview history has not recorded, but at the moment De Marillac, the premier, arrived to be formally installed in his new dignity, the King was taking leave of Richelieu, and commanding him to retain his office and serve him well in it. The would-be minister was arrested upon the spot, and his brother the same night, at a supper he had given to celebrate his new fortune. French wit has recorded these events in history under the heading of "The Day of Dupes."

Maréchal de Marillac, under the pretence of exactions and peculations carried on during his government in Champagne, was brought to the scaffold after a two years' *procès*. The condemnation of this man, a soldier who had served in the army forty years, was an act of lawless tyranny; the Parliament of Paris twice declared the commission appointed to try him to be illegal, and was twice compelled to rescind its decree. Once resolved upon a course of action, Richelieu was prepared to trample upon every law and every institution. He constituted himself the sole judge of the right and

the wrong, and his WILL was the only fixed law of the nation. All the creatures of the Queen Mother, down to the meanest, were cast into the Bastille, and she herself exiled from France never to return. The cowardly Gaston immediately sought other dupes with whom to concoct conspiracy. This time he found a noble one in the Maréchal de Montmorency, who placed himself at the head of a body of malcontents vowed to the destruction of the Cardinal. They were defeated in an engagement near Castelnau-dry, and the Maréchal and the Duke fell into the hands of the Minister. Orléans betrayed his victims as usual, and he vowed to evermore love all the King's ministers, and Richelieu especially. Being the King's brother, he was permitted to join his worthy mother in Brussels. But Montmorency was condemned to the block, spite of the prayers of the people and an almost universal intercession.

While suppressing the power of the Protestants at home, the Cardinal assisted them abroad; thus we find him taking part with the revolting Netherlands, and allying himself during the Thirty Years' War with the great Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus. The revolution which wrested Portugal from Spain also greatly owed its success to his countenance and succor. Varying fortunes attended the arms of France during this period. In 1635 the Imperialists and Spaniards crossed the frontiers at different points, and the latter advanced within thirty-five leagues of Paris. A universal cry rose from every Order in the State. Richelieu would have retreated before it, but for the encouragement of Père Joseph. He held his ground, and conquered. The invaders were beaten back, everywhere defeated. Not in vain had he taken up the mantle of the great Henry; the decline of the House of Austria and the ruin of the Spanish monarchy date from this period, as well as the permanent preponderance of France in the affairs of Europe.

Not all the terrible examples could repress plots against him. The Queen continued her correspondence with the exiled foes of the Minister, and especially with the Duchesse de Chevreuse, and even to hold treasonous communication with those foreign powers most hostile to France. Such despatches, more than once intercepted, brought upon her ever increasing humiliation. But in 1638, in the twenty-second year of her unhappy married life, a Dauphin was born; an event that did little to soften the King's habitual coolness towards her.

Orléans was as indefatigable as ever in plotting, and continued to bring better heads than his own to the block. De Soisson's conspiracy, however, which broke out in 1641, and which was supported by the Duc de Bouillon, Spain, and Austria, might have brought about a revolution had not the leader been killed in the first engagement. To distract the King's maudering affections from Mademoiselle de Hauteville—for he could not endure that Louis should have any favorite, male or female, unless of his own choosing—Richelieu had placed about his person, in the capacity of a spy, a young gentleman named Cinq-Mars. This youth, who was very handsome and engaging in manners, quickly became supreme favorite, and his royal master's bosom confidant. Louis, in his weak, fretful way, would constantly complain to him of the Cardinal's tyranny and his weariness beneath the yoke; from which this shallow-sighted courtier conceived the assurance that he might attempt the destruction of the obnoxious Minister and leap into his place. The result was a conspiracy, which embraced De Bouillon, Orléans, and all the other haters of the great man. While this was concocting, a severe illness kept Richelieu away from the court. He suspected, however, that mischief was brewing, but could obtain no proofs. One day he received anonymously a sealed packet which contained a copy of the conspirators' treaty with Spain. With the spring of a tiger he was upon them: Cinq-Mars

was arrested, and Orléans, so swift had been his movement, unable to fly, sent him the most humble excuses, the most cowardly supplications. The condition he imposed upon this double traitor was that he should give up the names of all his accomplices; a condition which he scrupulously and with all alacrity performed. Cinq-Mars boldly asserted that the King knew of his projects, and had not discouraged them. Louis was compelled to admit that a proposition for the Cardinal's destruction had been made to him, but he gave up his favorite to the tiger's fangs with cruel indifference.

More than ever did Louis now fall beneath the domination of his minister, and never had that minister been so triumphant and terrible. His progress from Lyons, where the execution had taken place, to Paris was that of a Cesar. Being in ill-health, he was carried by his guards in a gorgeous litter, which accommodated, besides his bed, seats for two other persons; it was so large that in places walls had to be taken down and gates widened to admit its passage. But the Nemesis of blood was upon the conqueror in the midst of his victory. Sick in body and in mind; the burden of taxation created by the ceaseless wars maddening the lower classes to riot; every hand armed with a dagger against his life; every person that approached the throne threatening that which was dearer to him than life—his power; he dared not stir abroad, even to the King's antechamber, unless surrounded by guards; fear and hatred were the only sentiments he inspired. At last came the end, when the iron will could no longer sustain the frail body, and, worn-out by labor and anxiety, the great minister lay npon his bed of death. "Sire," he said to the King, who came to visit him, "in taking leave of your Majesty, I have the consolation of leaving your kingdom more powerful than it ever was before, and your enemies abased." Henri Martin thus pictures the closing scene:

"On the 3d of December, in the afternoon, the King came to see the Cardinal for the last time. The doctors, having given up all hope, had abandoned the sick man to some empirics who procured him a little relief, but his weakness increased; on the morning of the fourth, perceiving the approach of death, he desired his niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, to retire, 'the person,' according to his own words, 'whom he had most loved'; it was the only moment, not of weakness, but of tenderness, that he had had; his immovable firmness was not belied during all his long sufferings. All the assistants, ministers, generals, relations, and domestics were bathed in tears; for this terrible man was, by the confession of contemporaries the least favorable to him, 'the best master, relation, and friend that ever existed.' Toward noon he heaved a deep sigh, then a feeble one, then his body sank down and remained immovable—his great soul had departed."

Five months afterward, on the 14th of May, 1643, Louis followed him into the tomb, thus dying ere he could realize the irreparable loss he had sustained.

A figure at once elegant and imposing, a majestic bearing, features delicate, yet stern, and the eye of an eagle, such is the portrait of the great Cardinal, which has been handed down to posterity. In society the terrible and relentless statesman was gay and *spirituel*; his conversation, from the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his mind, delightful, and at the same time diversified by *bon mots*, and the gossip of the time. In the society of ladies he was the most polished of gallants; he was a constant frequenter of the Hôtel Rambouillet; assisted at the *thèses d'amour* of the Précieuses, and even spoke the jargon of the romances of the period. His ordinary life was one of unceasing labor. He usually retired to rest at eleven o'clock, but slept only three or four hours. His first sleep passed, he had his portfolio brought to him in bed, and either wrote himself or dictated to a secretary. At six o'clock he went to sleep



MARRIAGE OF MARIE DE MÉDICIS TO HENRI IV. OF FRANCE.

again, but rose between seven and eight. Having performed his devotions, he set his secretaries to copy the despatches of which he had made minutes during the night. After this he dressed, and received his ministers, with whom he shut himself up until ten or eleven. Then he heard mass, and took a walk round the garden, where he gave audience to the numerous inferior persons who sought him. After dinner he conversed for several hours with his guests. The rest of the day was employed in State affairs, in receiving ambassadors and other functionaries. In the evening

he took another walk for recreation, and to give audience to those who could not obtain it in the morning.

Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is that of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milksop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be judged at the present day.

THE SERF'S REVENGE.

A STORY OF SIBERIAN EXILE.

By COLONEL THOMAS W. KNOX.

DURING the revolution in Poland, in 1830-31, there were many Russians living near the Polish frontier who became more or less involved in the movement. Many of them sympathized with the Poles, and where they could not publicly take part in the revolution they did so privately. Some gave money to the insurgent cause, and while they would not inform the Government officials of any plans of the conspirators, they were ever ready to tell the latter what the Government was doing against them. Their houses frequently gave concealment to the messengers of the Poles, when pursued by the Government scouts, and furnished convenient hiding-places for refugees, who found their own homes too hot to hold them. A great many proprietors of landed estates were suspected of disloyalty, though it was often difficult to prove it against them. They were able to conceal their true character in much the same way that some of the residents of the border States during our late war used to pretend to be on both sides of the political fence at the same moment, and favored the Union or the Rebellion as best served their purpose.

The Government made a great many arrests among these frontier residents, and held investigations over their conduct. Some were discharged on giving proof of their loyalty, or on no evidence being found against them; others were imprisoned on account of the suspicions against them, and when there was proof of their disloyalty they were banished to Siberia. The banishment was in proportion to the extent of their offence, and varied all the way from a few years up to the duration of the natural life of the offender. Some were marched in chains over the long road into Northern Asia, and frequently their journey lasted more than two years before they reached their destination. More distinguished prisoners were entitled to ride, and went forward day and night with great rapidity; thus they traveled in a few weeks the road that the pedestrian prisoners were many months in passing to the end.



THE SERF'S REVENGE.—“A WEEK LATER DOLAEFF WAS ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF AIDING IN THE INSURRECTION.”

Among the residents on the Russian frontier at that time was a nobleman named Dolaeff, who had served in his youth at the court of the Emperor at St. Petersburg. The atmosphere of the court did not suit him, and so after a few years he left the service, and retired to his estate, where he hoped to live in peace. He formed an acquaintance with a few noblemen living near him, and made occasional visits to Warsaw whenever the solitude of his country-place began to weary him. By-and-by the insurrection broke out, and speedily assumed the proportions of a revolution. Most of the Poles espoused the cause; some of the Russians living on the frontier declared in their favor, and others against them; while still others, as before stated, remained, or professed to remain, neutral.

Of this last number was Dolaeff.

He argued that as he had served in the army, and had always been thoroughly loyal to his Emperor, the latter could need no special proof of his adhesion to the Government cause. On the other hand, his estate was so near the frontier that, if he pronounced emphatically in opposition to the rebellion, his life and property would be in great danger from the hostility of the Poles. He remained quietly at home in attendance upon his affairs, and hoped to escape all trouble.

Among the serfs on Dolaeff's estate, the master was not particularly popular. He was imperious, and often cruel, and in the collection of the *obrok*, or annual dues, from such as had control of their own time, he was never merciful. He demanded always the last copeck upon an agreement, and no plea of sickness, bad harvests, or low markets had any weight with him. Occasionally a serf was severely beaten at his order for some trifling offence, and he was never backward in demanding, on all occasions, the exercise of his full seigniorial rights. Masters of this class were in about the same proportion among Russian noblemen, under the system of serfdom, as were men of the Legree stamp in the days of American slavery. No one, whatever his political faith, will deny that the world would be better off if it contained fewer of these petty tyrants.

Ivan Stepanof was one of the most intelligent serfs on the estate, and often assisted his fellow-laborers in getting out of



THE SERF'S REVENGE.—“DOLAEFF, IN A FIT OF ANGER, STRUCK HIS SERF A BLOW THAT FELLING HIM TO THE GROUND.”

difficulties with each other, or with their master. Dolaeff regarded him very favorably, and generally showed him more kindness than was his wont toward others. Ivan was prosperous, in a worldly point of view, and on two or three occasions had relieved Dolaeff from financial embarrassments. But one day, after a heavy loss at cards, Dolaeff sent for Ivan, and asked him for a sum of money greater than he could command. Ivan protested that he had not that amount, and could not raise it. Dolaeff, in a fit of anger, struck his serf a blow that felled him to the ground; then, kicking him in the side, he turned away, and just as he was getting out of earshot he heard Ivan mutter:

"I will have my revenge for this."

A week later Dolaeff was arrested on a charge of aiding the insurrection. It was shown that several rebels had been concealed in his house at different times, and that one, with whom he was particularly intimate, was the chief of a gang of conspirators whose place of meeting was at Warsaw. He was taken to the nearest Government town, and in due time tried, found guilty, and sentenced to Siberia for life. Ivan was not to be found at the time of the arrest, and the master naturally attributed it to the revenge that his servant had promised to obtain for the blow and kick he received.

Dolaeff was ordered to be taken to Siberia as rapidly as possible. He was kept a day or two in prison after his sentence, and then placed in a *telyaga*, or common country wagon, and started on his long journey eastward. By his side was a soldier, to whom he was chained, while a postillion sat on the box with the driver, and allowed the latter to waste no time. They halted at the stations only long enough to change horses and obtain food. Occasionally the postillion and the soldier exchanged places, so as to allow the former to obtain the sleep he could not easily get while sitting bolt upright on the box. The *telyaga* is an ordinary wagon, mounted on wooden springs, which have very little elasticity; and, where the roads are rough, the jolting is very uncomfortable. To ease the motion a little, the traveler generally fills the vehicle with straw or hay, and lies, half-sitting and half-reclining, upon it. The horses are driven at the best of their speed, if the postillion demands it, as he generally does. Most travellers are anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible, in order that their journey may be ended at the earliest moment. Whether they are on pleasure or business, or going into exile, they are quite willing that their time on the road shall be brief.

The exiles who go on foot rest every third day, but those who ride make no delay. Very often the pedestrian prisoners ask to be allowed to go forward without these third days of rest, but the request is not allowed on account of the confusion it would make among the convoys of prisoners on the road. It is quite desirable that proper distances should be maintained between the travelling parties, so that no two of them shall be at the same station at once. The stations are strong buildings surrounded with palisaded fences, and generally a little distance from the villages. They are not very neatly kept, and in Summer the prisoners prefer to camp on the ground and sleep in the open air, either in the station-yard or outside of it.

Dolaeff's guard showed him every attention consistent with his duties; but, as the guard is held to a strict responsibility in case of the escape of a prisoner, he could not allow him many privileges or relax his vigilance toward him. Sometimes at the station he prolonged the halts more than was necessary for refreshment and the change of horses, but he could not allow many delays of this kind lest the increase of time over the usual length of the journey should attract attention. The postillion looked upon the journey much as his prisoner did, and often bemoaned his fate in being assigned to that duty. "Poor wretch that I am," said he; "I am going to Siberia as well as you, and it may be months

before I am able to return. What if I should be forgotten, and allowed to stay there for years!"

Day by day and night by night they rolled along. They passed Moscow—the holy Moscow—beloved by every true Russian, and venerated by the subjects of the Czar with a feeling akin to that with which every true Moslem regards the birthplace of Mohammed. They skirted the banks of the Volga, and despite his mental depression at the thought that every step was bearing him further from home and nearer exile, Dolaeff grew enraptured at the picturesque scenery which each turn of the road and river unfolded to his eye. Rough and huge-bearded ferrymen carried them over its waters just as the domes and towers of Kazan glittered in the sunlight above the battlemented walls, where, three hundred years ago, the Tartar power was dominant, and only expelled after a long and bloody conflict, and the loss of many Russian lives. They followed the lovely valley of the Kama till the peaks of the Ural Mountains rose into view, like a wall built between the European and Asiatic world. Climbing the wooded slopes, they passed the boundary, and entered Northern Asia; two hours later they halted in Ekaterinburg, the first city on the eastern slope of the mountains, and nestled in a charming position on the banks of the little River Isset. On and on they went among the foot hills that every hour grew smaller until they reached the great Barabinsky steppe, which seemed to stretch away limitless as the ocean, and apparently as trackless. Along the level steppe they galloped, with little to vary the monotony of their journey. Ferrying the Irtish and the Ob, those great rivers of Western Siberia, passing town after town, and village after village, they came at length to Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, when Dolaeff was delivered to the hands of the official, and his weary postillion released from further care.

The prisoner, after a few days' rest, was appointed to settle as a colonist a thousand miles to the northward, and once more his journey was resumed. When this destination was reached, his duties were assigned to him. With a fellow-prisoner—sentenced for the same cause and to a similar period of exile—he was assigned to the hard duties of a farmer in a new country. A quantity of land equal to about fifty acres was given to them in the valley of a small river, and they were at liberty to cut as much wood and timber as they pleased from the public domain that surrounded them. They were supplied with axes and all other tools necessary for clearing their ground, building a house, and tilling the soil. The Government gave them food and clothing, seed for planting their fields, and everything absolutely necessary to their subsistence for the first two years of their residence; at the end of that time they were expected to take care of themselves.

Once a week the two prisoners were required to report to the *starost*, or head man of the village, four miles away. They endeavored to plan an escape, but could see no possibility of leaving the country. The road was long; it was more than three thousand miles to European Russia, and at almost every step there were difficulties to be encountered. They had no passports, and without them no one can travel in Siberia; they could not pass in the disguise of peasants, as their language would betray them; they had no money for their expenses on the road, and would be certain of detection and severe punishment. So, after canvassing the possibilities of escape, and finding the chances altogether against them, Dolaeff and his companion abandoned hope, and in the sadness of despair pursued their dreary labors as colonists in Siberia.

After the arrest of his master, Ivan was drafted into the Russian service and assigned to a battalion of the army about to move upon Warsaw. Dolaeff's estate, like all the property of men convicted of treason, passed into the pos-

session of the Government and was managed in the interest of the Crown. Ivan's battalion was not long in finding active service, and took part in the battles that had for their object the capture of Warsaw. In the last attack upon the fortified capital, in September, 1831, he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery, and was mentioned in the reports of his regimental commander as worthy of an officer's commission.

The gulf between the Russian soldier and the Russian officer is a wide one; it cannot be easily crossed; but when a man has once left the ranks and passed the gulf, his promotion is comparatively easy. Ivan devoted his whole time and attention to his duties, and won the admiration of his superiors. Step by step he advanced; the battalion was ordered to St. Petersburg, and four years after his entry into the service Ivan found himself on duty at the palace, and frequently under the eye of the Emperor.

Nicholas was pleased with him, and one day said to Ivan that he would grant any favor he might ask, provided it were not too great. Ivan busied himself a day or two in the preparation of a paper, and then tremblingly presented it to the Emperor. The latter glanced a moment at the document, frowned, and turned away.

That evening a courier left the palace and hastened away eastward as fast as his horses could carry him. Four months later he returned, and with him Dolaeff. They waited in the ante-room until Nicholas was ready to see them and were summoned to his presence.

"Your Majesty," said the courier, "I have brought the man for whom you sent me. This is Paul Dolaeff."

"Send for the lieutenant of the guard," was the only response of the Emperor. A messenger left the room and in a few moments Ivan was brought before the Czar, and into the presence of his old master.

"You are pardoned," said Nicholas to Dolaeff; "and all your estates, titles, and civil rights are restored to you. This meritorious officer, whom I promised to grant any favor he would ask, instead of seeking promotion, interceded in your behalf, and to him you owe your release."

This was the revenge of Ivan Stepanof.

The Origin of the Diamond.

SOME philosophers have supposed that diamonds are in all probability a cosmic product—chips of original creation, so to speak—which the earth has picked up in the course of her travels through space; in short, that they are of meteoric origin. To the popular mind there must be something plausible in the suggestion. Indeed, what could be more plausible to those whose knowledge of the diamond is embraced by the one word, carbon, and whose acquaintance with it is limited to some little familiarity with the appearance of the cut gem? How pure, how hard, how brilliant! What fitter product could there be of the heavenly spaces? But facts are earthly and very stubborn, prone even to take the shine out of splendid theories. It is true that the diamond is a puzzle even to chemists; that the mode of its formation is a mystery; that even its place in the order of nature is a matter of doubt. Like amber, it is found among minerals. Amber is known to be a vegetable product; and the diamond is thought by some to show strong evidence of a similar origin. As surely as flies in amber prove the presence of animal life during some stage in the formation of that singular substance, the vegetable organisms found in diamonds are proof that these gems were formed amid surroundings not consistent with the presence of vegetation, perhaps in water; a supposition that finds support not only in the fact of their inclusion of organic matter, but still more in the presence of dendrites, such as form on minerals of aquatic origin. Crystals of gold, iron, and other minerals

have also been found inside of diamonds; still, other diamonds are superficially impressed by sand and crystals, which leads some to believe them to have been originally soft; but it is quite as probable that these foreign substances may have interfered in some way with a perfect development of the diamond crystals, forcing them to grow around or partly around the obstructions. Though supremely beautiful in its best estate, the diamond appears to be but an earthly product, after all, subject, like everything else, even theories, to earthly imperfections. There may be a diamond factory up in the sky somewhere, but the evidence of it is not strong.

Alchemy.

THE conduct of the scientific alchemists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries presents a problem of very difficult solution. When we consider that a gas, a fluid, and a solid may consist of the very same ingredients in different proportions, and a virulent poison may differ from the most wholesome food only in the difference of quantity of the very same elements; that gold and silver, and lead and mercury, and, in lead, all the metals, may be extracted from transparent crystals, which scarcely differ in their appearance from a piece of common salt, or a bit of sugar-candy; and that diamond is nothing more than charcoal—we need not greatly wonder at the extravagant expectation that the precious metals and the noblest gems might be produced from the basest materials. These expectations, too, must have been often excited by the startling results of their daily experiments. The most ignorant compounder of simples could not fail to witness the magical transformations of chemical action, and every new product must have added to the probability that the tempting doublets of gold and silver might be thrown from the dice-box with which he was gambling. But when the precious metals were found in lead and copper by the action of powerful re-agents, it was natural to suppose that they had been actually formed during the process, and men of well-regulated minds even might have thus been led to embark in new adventures to procure a more copious supply, without any insult being offered to sober reason, or any injury inflicted on morality.

Influence of the Seasons on Health.

THE seasons, which exercise such a striking influence upon the vegetable kingdom, influence the diseases of the human race. The reduction of temperature alone, when the atmosphere reaches the freezing-point, is fatal to a certain number of persons; at the same time many artisans are thrown out of employment, the small earnings of the poorer classes are diminished, and, as fuel is dear, the air, to exclude the cold, is shut out of their dwellings until it becomes highly insalubrious. Warm weather creates a demand for labor out of doors, and excites all the functions when it is not carried to excess. As the temperature advances, and Autumn comes on, dead vegetable and animal matter undergoes rapid decomposition; the living are infected; and, where the miasma are concentrated in cities or in undrained lands, remittent fevers, dysenteries, plagues, and malignant maladies, are generated.

LAOTIAN STAG-HUNT.

THE people of Laos, one of those little known countries of Further India, are of Mongolian origin, although, strangely enough, there seem to be Caucasians in their midst. They appear to have come from the uplands of Thibet. The Northern Laotians call themselves Thay, which means Freemen, and the Siamese, who claim descent from them, call themselves the Lesser Thay. The term



THE SERF'S REVENGE.—"IVAN BUSIED HIMSELF A DAY OR TWO IN THE PREPARATION OF A PAPER."—SEE PAGE 305.

Laotian, or Léo, is that applied to themselves by the inhabitants of the valley of the Cambodia.

The Laotian is generally well made and vigorous. His eyes are less inclined, his cheek-bones less prominent, his nose straighter than those of other Mongols, and his complexion is lighter. They shave the head all but what we would call a scalp-lock. The common people wear simply the breech-cloth; that worn by the wealthy is of silk, and to this they add a light vest, buttoned close over the chest, and another piece of silk as a sash. Great personages wear, on important occasions, a kind of slipper, but this article is laid aside as soon as possible. They tattoo the body from the waist down.

The women wear a piece of cotton around the waist, falling a little below the knee. They do nearly all the work, the men never exerting themselves except to hunt or fish.

A general hunting scene, as described by a French officer, was stirring and curious. For several days the men of the village had been busy manufacturing nets from rattan and other fibres of remarkable strength, as well as looking over old ones to see that the meshes were all perfect. Some visited neighboring districts to borrow.

On the morning of the hunt the whole village was early in motion, and some on foot; others mounted on such animals or vehicles as they could command, pushed for the scene of the hunt, an isolated strip of woods not far from the foot of the mountain. The net-bearers, as the line approached the woods, struck off first to the western skirt of the wood, on which the rising sun was not yet pouring its flood of light, but only gilding the tall tree-tops.

The officer, eager to see the operation, joined this party; he found the wood on that side filled with a dense undergrowth, through which no animal could force its way, but at intervals paths made by the wild denizens of the forest led from the recesses, well-trodden by animals of various kinds, whose various spores were distinctly seen.

The natives proceeded to close these openings one after another with the nets, which were of great size and immense strength. The ends were fastened to trees on either side, and the net hung down, closing the path almost to the ground, and rising about fifteen feet.

When the nets had been set most of the party prepared to rejoin the main body, starting in two divisions, one taking the north, the other the south side of the wood, and leaving only a few to guard the nets.

"Preferring active service to being a mere sentry, I started with a moving column which took the north side," says he, "and soon came upon a flanking party at the side of the wood. The word was given to these, and every man started up with arms, or some queer culinary article, in his hand. We met band after band, and the same scene ensued.

"At last we reached the eastern end, rather weary with our long march, and here found the leaders of the hunt. Half an hour's rest came not at all amiss. Then the signal was given. The leader, with ten others, fired their guns, and at once not only from our band, but from the flankers north and south, came responsive shots, and a din of kettles, drums, pans, mingling with yells and cries that made the very trees reel.

"At once the silent woods started to life. We could hear the rush of animals westward, and cries of alarm. Into the wood we plunged, keeping up our infernal racket, and ere long were joined by the first flanking parties, who, seeing the animals dart past the opening near which they were posted, pushed in to bring up the rear.

"The whole plan was now clear, and, accepting a proffered horse, I rode out and galloped down to the nets. There the almost-naked sentinels were at work, and as deer of various kinds and other animals came bounding on the nets checked them, and, while entangled, a spear finished them. Now and then one would by a tremendous leap clear the net, but this was rarely the case. Few escaped, and one of these I took in mid-air with a rifle ball. Before long we heard the approaching cries and din, and frenzied animals came huddling down, some almost petrified by fear.

"Almost the whole of the living tenants of the wood had been captured and slain, and all the men were soon busy preparing the game for transportation.

"A dinner under the shade of the trees, a lounge during the sultry afternoon; then, when the evening breeze began to rustle the leaves, the caravan began the homeward march."



THE SERF'S REVENGE.—"TO THIS MERITORIOUS OFFICER YOU OWE YOUR RELEASE." THIS WAS THE REVENGE OF IVAN STEPANOV."

AN ARMFUL OF OVEN-WOOD.

CHAPTER I.



S pretty a girl as you ever saw was Orra Barnes, when she came into that grim old meeting-house, on a Sabbath morning, with her straw gipsy canted a little on one side of her head till the roses upon it mingled with her soft brown hair, and a gossamer fall of lace at the edge forming an almost imperceptible shadow across her white forehead.

"Pretty as a pink," the young fellow in the neighborhood were apt to say of her. But I never liked that old-fashioned comparison. The hot scarlet of carnation leaves gave you no idea of the soft, bright color that came and went in that fair young cheek. It was only the plump lips that carnations had anything in common with.

Small, slender, delicately graceful, Orra Barnes certainly was; piquant too, and saucily smart enough for fifty common girls. Everybody said that, and, for once, everybody said the truth. So, if you expect me to give this girl a perfect character, we may as well close my story here, and have done with it.

Had you seen Orra on the day I am thinking of, out in the garden of that old farmhouse, with one foot on the kitchen chair which Delia, "the help," had brought out for her, and the other bearing down the lower branch of a fine peach-tree, which she was despoiling of its fruit, I doubt if you would not say, with me, that she was one of the most charming little creatures you ever saw.

"Don't bruise them," she said, handing down the great red-cheeked peaches to the help. "Lay them softly on the grass, for I mean to take them over to Mrs. Hutchenson. Would you believe it, a whole lot of the Shrub oak women have gone in there to tea without letting her know a word about it? I know she hasn't got a thing ready, and they'll just mortify her to death. Mrs. Deacon Haynes is among them, and I haven't a doubt she has taken her unawares on purpose, poor dear soul! if she wasn't worth them all put together I'd never speak to her again. There, Delia, I think we have got enough. Now run into the house while I pick them up, and rummage the pantry for everything you can find good to eat. Bring a handful of the best gunpowder tea—a good big handful, remember. She hasn't got a drawing in the house, I know. There is a pound-cake uncut, and lots of things, so don't skimp in anything. And, Delia, skim the morning's milk, I want a pitcher full of cream for the peaches. I will carry them over and be talking with the visitors while you slip in at the back door; leave everything on the table, and off again."

Delia listened to these directions with some impatience, for she was rather restive under authority, but at last left Orra to gather up the peaches in her white apron, and met her at the door with a pitcher of cream in her hand, and a basket laden down with dainties on her arm.

Orra took the cream, gave a few more directions, and, walking down the deep yard in front of her home, crossed the street to a small brown house that stood a little back from the highway.

A footpath, bordered with plantain leaves, ran through the thick grass to the front door, which Orra abandoned half-way down and turned off to a window curtained so thickly with scarlet leaves and morning glories that her presence scarcely darkened it at all. She had heard the buzz

of voices from the path, and went that way in order to conceal the advance of Delia toward the kitchen door.

The girl had no idea of listening; but she did not wish the people within to know of her presence just then, and gathered in almost unconsciously what they were saying.

"I tell you," said a tall angular woman, with pink cap-ribbons streaming over her shoulders, "that girl wants a great deal of looking after."

"Yes," answered an old lady, while she settled her knitting-needle in its sheath; "I agree with you. She'll want holding in afore long. Some people say she's put her foot down upon help sitting at table when there's company. Only think of that for a girl like her—not a day over seventeen."

"Oh my!"

"Did you ever?"

"No, I never did."

All the visitors had paused in their work except good-natured Mrs. Hutchenson, who sat blushing and turning pale by turns.

When these exclamations had exploded, the visitors fell to work again, and for a moment nothing but the click-clack of knitting-needles was heard. Then Mrs. Deacon Haynes, having passed her seam-needle, spoke again.

"For my part, I can't help feeling as if that gurl was nothing more or less than a robber of the Lord; before her father, the doctor, died, Deacon Haynes had no calculation stronger than that he meant to leave his house to the Society, for our minister to live in."

"Did he promise it?" asked Mrs. Hutchenson, timidly.

"Well, not exactly in so many words; but then it was so handy to the meeting-house that it seemed as if any Christian-minded man would have done it. When the lawyer went up to make the doctor's will, Deacon Haynes went along, just on that account, and, says he—when the house came in—says he, doctor, that ere property naterally belongs to the Lord. Don't forget that."

"What did the doctor say to that?" asked a voice.

"You'll hate to believe it, but this is just what that dying man said; says he, looking straight at the lawyer, 'You can put that down for my beloved daughter with all the rest.' Now, wasn't that nigh upon blasphemy, putting the gurl afore the Lord in his heart?"

Two or three faint groans broke into the conversation here.

"Now just reflect on what has followed that stiff-necked will. The gurl has got everything—house, land, money, and see what airs she puts on! There is her Uncle Jase left guardene instead of the deacon, who naturally expected it. No man in these parts can keep up a farm better than he can, but he hain't got the first idee how to train up a creatur' like Orra. As like as not you hain't any of you noticed it, but that gurl don't go to meeting more 'en every other Sabbath day."

"You can hear every word of the sermon from her front stoop," suggested Mrs. Hutchenson, with a sort of timid championship. "Orra is a gurl that I like, anyway. One takes to her naturally, as you love a bird that sings under your window. Dear me!"

This exclamation was uttered under the good woman's breath, for lifting her eyes she saw the half-laughing, half-angry face of Orra Barnes peeping through the morning-glory vines, while her pitcher of cream rested on the window-sill.

"Dear me, what a clicking of needles! How do you do, Aunt Huldah? Enjoying yourselves with hard work? Mrs. Hutchenson, I saw company coming up the road, and ran over with a few peaches and some cream from the morning's milk. There they are, red-cheeked fellows, from our rare-ripe tree. They cut up deliciously."

Never did a human voice, sweet as a bird-song, create such

consternation. The women started and looked grimly at each other, as it floated in among them. Mrs. Hutchenson, after a moment of natural confusion, arose and went to the window where Orra, looking through the morning-glories, made a picture so blooming and so sweet that the sunshine fairly seemed to dance around her.

"There, too," said Orra, lifting up her white apron, through which the red-ripe peaches glowed. "The pitcher took both hands, so I had to bring the rest in this. There they go, helter-skelter. Good-day, Mrs. Hutchenson; good-day, Aunt Huldah."

Away went the young face from the window, and directly the music of her voice rang back from the foot-path.

"What a voice the gurl has!" said Aunt Huldah. "Got it kind of softened down at boarding-school, I reckon."

"What a heart!" Mrs. Hutchenson ventured to say. "There never was a kinder heart than hers."

"Do you think she heard what we were saying? I, for my part, don't care; never saying behind people's backs what I won't say to their faces. But did she?" inquired Mrs. Deacon Haynes.

"I'm sure she did," answered Mrs. Hutchenson, rather enjoying the scene, "for her eyes were brimful of mischief, and it seemed to me as if the pitcher had been standing there a good while."

"That's just like her—brought up to listen at her boarding-school, I shouldn't wonder. Not that I care," said the deacon's wife, with a defiant motion of the head that made her cap-strings quiver. Hear her! I do believe she is singing a song this very minute."

"No," interposed kind Mrs. Hutchenson, "it's something about coming through the rye. One of Watts' harvest hymns, I reckon."

"If there ain't something about a kiss in it my name isn't Haynes," answered the deacon's wife, firing up for the contest.

"Bliss!" answered the hostess, "I'm sure it was heavenly bliss. There ain't a more common name in the hymn-book or Bible. Then there is something about crying, which is penitential. Now, what harm is there in a poor girl practising her hymns out of doors?"

"I only wish she'd practise them a little more in the meeting-house," rejoined the deaconess, "and not crowd them into a tune that I, being in my senses, set down for a song. I'm not satisfied yet that it's anything else."

Here Mrs. Haynes looked around grimly to see if any one was bold enough to disagree with her, but was interrupted in her search by an announcement that tea was ready.

CHAPTER II.

A SELF-WILLED, spoiled, and generously reckless little person was Orra Barnes. With all her pouts, she possessed the beauty of an angel, the voice of a nightingale, and the wilfulness of a jealous mocking-bird, which always sings his barn-yard airs when you most desire him to be on his good behavior.

Panting with anger, and half enjoying the mischief, she had heard all that this group of gossips had to say about her. No doubt the girl was open to criticism. Poor motherless child, how could she help it? She had indeed a strong will and sharp temper of her own, which even Uncle Jase, her good old guardian, had never even attempted to control, for he loved her better than all the world besides, and could see nothing but graciousness and brilliancy in anything she said or did.

As for Delia Scott, with all her crabbed ways—and she had enough of them—she worshipped the young heiress, and allowed no human being to find fault with her save herself. She had her private doubts regarding the thirst

for dominion which sometimes made sudden outbursts in the kitchen when the young lady invaded that sacred domain; but, having great faith in her own reserved resources, had made no complaint yet.

Of course, all that was scornful and defiant rose uppermost in the girl's nature when she turned from that window and left her defamers behind.

"They think my dear dead father should have given my home to the society, do they? As if he didn't know best which was dearest to him. She thinks I don't go to meeting often enough! As if I didn't go every Sunday for a month when my Spring bonnet was new, and sing my very best when the young minister was here! But when the old one came back with his seven-headed sermons, and led out nothing but Greenbank and Old Hundreds, what was the use? If they want to have my voice let them take that."

Here Orra broke out into a naughty burst of "Coming through the Rye," and flung it back at the women all the way up the footpath—a song she had never dared to sing above her breath before, and which poor Mrs. Hutchenson had done her very best to smuggle down into a hymn of praise.

"As for going to meeting three times a day, I hope they may catch me at it—that's all!"

This angry sentence broke into her song with a dash of sharp prose, and when Orra went into the house she made Delia Scott stand up to her duties, I can tell you. Some one had to pay the penalty of her outraged feelings, and there was no one else in that great old house on which her resentment could fall.

The next Sunday came, and Orra Barnes remained obstinately at home, and, glorying in her resolution, watched the congregation pass into the meeting-house, two by two or in family groups, through the tall white lilac-trees that rose up to her chamber windows, and had been for years the glory and pride of the whole neighborhood.

The girl was a little lonesome that morning, for there was a great lack of social excitements in the neighborhood, and the very gathering of a congregation had its charm. All at once the girl started from her seat, and pushed back the lilac branches with her eager hands.

"Who can it be? Who on earth can it be?"

As Orra asked this question, which there was no one to answer, a young man, who was walking slowly toward the meeting-house, happened to look up, and saw those bright eyes gazing on him through the foliage.

Orra darted back when she met those laughing blue eyes, and stamped her little foot with vexation.

"To think that of all days I should have set my foot down against going to meeting this one! It's enough to provoke a saint. How Mrs. Haynes will chuckle over it! A stranger, so handsome, so genteel, swinging his cane so lightly! It's enough to make one strike her own grandma. Oh, how I wish Uncle Jase would coax and entreat me to go just this once for his sake, or even say I must, right out! Or Delia, she might come and urge me. But no; they haven't the courage of mice. That's the front door! There they go without so much as looking up, as if a girl was always to be taken at her word. There now, I've just done it for myself!"

Here Orra sunk back into the great dimity-covered easy-chair which she had dragged to the window, and dashed some angry tears from her eyes.

Directly a burst of music came swelling in through the open window, and took a certain harmony of sweetness as it was filtered through the common rose-bushes and trumpet honeysuckles that made a leafy struggle against the lilac-trees, and carried the richness of their perfume deeper into the year. This was not unnatural, for the music came from

the throats of those new English worshippers in a spontaneous stream, like the prayers, that were much longer than our fashionable sermons are nowadays, and to a sensitive ear the softening effect of distance had its advantage.

Orra listened eagerly, for a new voice, powerful, clear, and inexpressibly sweet, rang out from the usual jangle of sounds with a distinctness that took her breath away.

All the more clearly did the girl hear this one strange singer, because organs were unknown even in churches in these old times. The sounding-board above that high box-pulpit, in which a small family might have lived, and a tuning-fork, in the hand of Deacon Haynes, was quite as much instrumental assistance as any Presbyterian congregation in all Connecticut would have tolerated. So that grand, sweet voice rang out with a silvery accord through both morning hymns, and Orra Barnes listened to it fascinated. Her own love of music was spontaneous as the heath of a warm Summer's day, as her voice, rich with sympathetic sweetness, broke out in that silent chamber, and floated on with the strange harmony as a nightingale answers to the roses.

During all that long reverie, Orra never once left her chair. She slept a little through the sermon, lulled into a sleepy calm by the monotonous droning of the old clergyman's voice; but the closing hymn aroused her thoroughly, and when the congregation came pouring out she sat on the very edge of her chair, and with her elbow on the windowsill and her chin nestled in a curve of her hand, watched eagerly for that strange young man to appear.

He came out with the crowd, holding his hat in one hand, thus revealing a splendid head, covered with thick brown hair, which threw back the sunshine from every curving wave. He was speaking to some one in the road. Who could it be? Surely not her Uncle Jason! Yes, it was, and the two were coming across the street together. What could it mean?

Orra left the great dimity-chair in haste, ran to a looking-glass that hung between the windows, and began to twist her curls around her shaking fingers. Then she fastened a knot of blue ribbon at the throat of her dress, and arranged another, snood-fashion, into her hair, making a perfect picture of herself, which she regarded very doubtfully in the glass.

"Delia—I say, Delia!"

There was nothing shrill in her voice then, only a sweet, hushed impatience.

"Delia, I say, who is it? Come, tell me—do, Delia, please."

Delia came with affected reluctance, trying her best not to smile.

"Is it the young man that has come home between meetings with you, Uncle Jase, that you want to know about?" inquired the help, feeling her power, and resolved to use it, but tenderly.

"Yes, Delia, yes."

"Well, I don't know positive."

"Oh, Delia, how can you be so hateful!"

"I said positive, Orra; but Mrs. Hutchenson told me that it was a young man that had come to see about opening a singing-school right here in Shrub oak."

"A singing-school! Oh, Delia, won't that be splendid!"

"For them as can afford to go," answered Delia, "and have got voices worth while."

"Well, you have a voice, Delia, and I can afford to pay for both. We must get up a good class of scholars."

Delia condescended to brighten up and take a more lively interest in the school.

"Delia, the time between churches is so long, suppose you set out something to eat in the meeting-room. You can roll the paper blinds down in front, so that the people need not see in and make a fuss about it."

"Just as you think," answered Delia; "so long as you

don't ask me to get anything hot on the Sabbath day; I couldn't answer to my conscience for that."

"Hot—no; only let it be something nice. Skim all the new milk if you want to, Delia, and be sure you set on one of your nice pot-cheeses. The best china, too. I shall not be angry if you get that out, Delia. And, Delia, just step in and see if my dress is all right."

Delia stepped into the room, gave the white dress a superfluous jerk or two, and disappeared. The young mistress went demurely downstairs, and pretended to be greatly astonished when she found company sitting with her uncle in the low-ceiled, old-fashioned family room below. The young man, equally surprised, started from his chair and made a low bow, while Uncle Jase was introducing him, looking innocent of all memory regarding the face he had seen through the lilac bushes.

Scarcely was the girl seated at the very farthest window, when Uncle Jase began the subject of the singing-school, in which the young man made two or three polite attempts to draw out the young lady; but she kept a decorous silence, while listening with all her senses. After a while she stole from the room, gave a peep into the kitchen, and fluttered through the back door, carefully keeping out of view from the windows.

By-and-by Delia looked into the sitting-room rather stiffly, as if conscious of a sinful innovation, and announced that a cold bite was ready in the other room, if the young gentleman felt like taking a mouthful of something to eat.

Then Uncle Jase arose, followed by the young gentleman, who glanced into a looking-glass in passing, brushed the thick hair up from his forehead, and marched after Uncle Jase across the hall and into the best parlor, where he caught Orra hurriedly twining a quantity of bright flowers and green leaves around a little basket of peaches—for she had robbed the rare-ripe tree of its best fruit while the singing-school discussion was going on. She had also snatched as many flowers as she had time to pluck from the beds, to adorn the table with.

When the girl was thus surprised at her pretty work, she dropped the flowers as if there had been some sin in them, and took a seat at the table, blushing, and all in a shiver of agitation. Those people who charged Orra with being a bit of a shrew would have taken every word of it back had they seen her on that Sabbath day.

That Sabbath day—why it was the one day of that young girl's life, for then and there she fell so desperately in love with the young singing-master, that she was shy of her very self, and scarcely spoke above her breath.

You would not have blamed Orra in the least had you seen the young fellow, with all that light in his wide-open, blue eyes and that smile which flashed out on every feature of his face. Who was he? Why, nothing in particular—a young fellow bound to make his way in the world, and ready to take hold of anything that promised to help him forward, as long as it was honest and respectable. Just now he was intent on getting up a singing-school, and laying the foundation of a decent choir in the old meeting-house. He wanted Uncle Jase to help this object along, and so got Deacon Haynes to introduce him, which resulted in this surreptitious little feast at noonday in the best keeping-room of the farmhouse, and, in two cases, of undoubtedly love at first sight. The very next day young Forbes took board at Mrs. Hutchenson's brown house—at a cheap rate of course—and began to canvass the neighborhood most vigorously.

Before another week a large singing-class was organized in the school-house, half a mile up the road, and every Saturday night the chestnut grove back of it fairly trembled under the bursts of church music that surged through the windows. Of course Orra Barnes was the pride and glory

of this class, and when Forbes managed to take his choir into the gallery, and silence all the cracked old voices down in the body of the meeting-house, this girl fairly filled the vast building with the glory of her own proud happiness coined into music.

Yes, it was a beautiful truth, Orra loved and was beloved. I do not go into particulars here, holding the first love of a young girl as something too sacred and pure for common discussion. So I say nothing of the moonlight walks through the longest way from the school-house or the minutes those young dreamers lingered at the gate before the last good-night was said.

Neither will I give any reason why Orra became so desperately intimate with Mrs. Hutchenson, and was constantly flitting to and fro between her own home and the little brown house, sometimes with flowers from the garden, sometimes with red-cheeked apples, a pot of fresh butter, or a mince-pie, done up so daintily in a home-made napkin. All such gossip would be superfluous were I traitress enough to betray what I could tell about the matter, for the leaves were scarcely off the trees that Autumn before the whole neighborhood knew all about it in the most orthodox way.

spare room of the red farmhouse, listening to the disjointed music and looking into each other's eyes for more perfect melodies. The one was a great heiress for those days, and the other possessed little beyond his native energies; but there was no thought of these things with the young couple. They were both desperately in love, and full of rich, young life. They would have given worlds to be out in the fields gathering chestnuts, but an enormity of that kind would have been an almost penal offence; so they sat in that dim room, like two birds in a cage, listening, wondering, and breaking forth into little outbursts of loving fun now and then, with a delicious sort of wickedness that gave piquancy to their voluntary confinement.

As the day grew old, Orra's mischievous excitement became intense. The hour of her fate was at hand. In a few minutes her name would sound through that old meeting-house coupled with that dearest to her on earth. There would be commotion, excitement, smiles, envious looks. Oh, how she would like to witness it, if that were possible, without blushing!

Orra started from her place on the settee and would have gone to the window, only Forbes held her hand tightly, and



A LAOTIAN STAG-HUNT.—SEE PAGE 307.

It happened after this fashion: One Sabbath neither the singing-master nor Orra Barnes were at meeting, and, though the choir did its very best, and sang its loudest, there was felt to be a great deficiency in the music, which surprised every one except the minister, who gravely proceeded to enlighten his congregation, after service, by reading the banns of marriage between Frederick Forbes and Orra Barnes.

Oh, what a commotion broke out in front of that old meeting-house after the benediction was fairly given! Such whispering, such interchanges of knowing looks, such subdued giggling among the young girls, and grave looks among the matrons, had never been known in years! Even Mrs. Deacon Haynes stopped majestically in front of the east door, with a little eager group about her, and said "she had always thought—yes, she might say, dreaded—that it would happen, and she only hoped it might turn out well for the young man; but she was constrained to say that, as a Christian woman and the head of a family, she had her doubts." At which her audience was wonderfully impressed, and broke up in great commotion.

All this time Orra Barnes and her lover were sitting in the

took an unfair advantage of her face, which turned to his in surprise, and drew it closer with unscrupulous audacity.

"Oh, Fred," she cried out, laughing, blushing, and struggling, "for shame! Don't you know it's against the law to kiss any one on Sunday? I could have you brought up and fined five dollars for every time."

"Which would leave me so poor that I couldn't begin to pay the minister for marrying us," said Forbes, attempting to renew the sweet offence; but Orra broke away from him, and went on tip-toe to the window, where she leant her flushed face and listened.

"The minister is praying; I hope to goodness he won't pray for us out loud by name. He would though, if he only knew. Hush! hush! Stay there, I tell you! He's reading the hymn—now they're pitching the tune. Oh my! in a few minutes it will all be out!"

Here Orra crept back to the settee, and stealing her hand into the ready clasp of her lover, sat, breathless and pale as a lily, listening.

"They're coming! It's all over now!" she said, starting from her seat, and turning up a corner of the window-shade that she might peep through. "The young folks first,

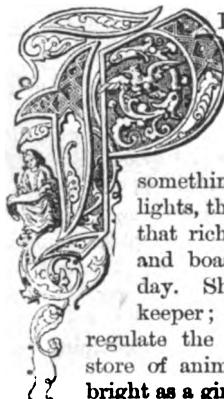


AN ARMFUL OF OVEN-WOOD.—“SHE WAS BUSY RAKING-UP THE EMBERS IN THE OVEN WITH A LONG-HANDED IRON SHOVEL, WITH WHICH SHE MADE ANGRY LUNGEs THAT FAILED TO WORK OFF HER EXCITEMENT.”—SEE PAGE 309.

fluttering and swarming together like bees. Oh ! there is Mrs. Haynes standing by the door-step. Do look, Fred ; isn't she laying down the law ! She sees the minister and the deacon coming, and breaks up her crowd. Now they are all scattering. Here comes Mrs. Hutchinson, smiling like an April morning, and Uncle Jase, looking as if honey wouldn't melt in his dear old mouth. I say, Fred, pick up the Bible ; you can be reading that chapter in Ruth, you know, where she says she'll see all her relations farther before she'll give up the good old woman that has been kind to her. I'll run upstairs and study 'Baxter's Saint's Rest.' They must think you've just come in and are waiting for them ; and, Fred, it's wicked, I know, but one might as well die for a yearling as a lamb."

Here Orra put up her red lips as if craving the bite of a ripe cherry, and ran upstairs.

CHAPTER III.



PRETTY Orra Barnes had been married almost a year.

"Was she happy ?"

Yes, I think she really was ; for up to that time everything had gone well with her. The wedding had been

something wonderful. The splendor of its lights, the bridal dress, the immense cake, and that rich overflow of red wine, were the talk and boast of the neighborhood even to that day. She was a married woman and a house-keeper ; no one could dispute her right to regulate the old farmhouse now. The wonderful store of animal life that made her so active and bright as a girl was thrown into her housework with an energy that carried everything before it. She had plenty to do, and wielded the authority it gave her joyously and saucily enough—sometimes against the splendid young fellow she had married.

"Did he like this ?"

Could a proud young man, full of life and honest self-respect, become the appendage of a wife, without a feeling of rebellion ? While the honeymoon was at its height, the repose and languor of an idle life was delightful ; but the ecstacies of a grand passion cannot last forever, and after awhile the masterful spirit of the man asserted itself. Would he submit to see his life quenched before its first energies were kindled to action ?

Orra never asked herself these questions. How could she ; so young, so self-willed, so utterly inexperienced ? The very bounty of her love threatened to enslave her husband and paralyze all his fine qualities ; but how could she understand that ?

Uncle Jase had always controlled the farm ; and Orra had protested, with affectionate arrogance, against any attempt that her husband made to share in these duties. The young man had no profession to fall back upon for independent occupation, and felt himself sinking into that insignificant thing—the dependent husband of a rich, smart wife.

Forbes felt this keenly. Toil, privation, trouble of any kind, he could have battled bravely with it ; but his whole nature revolted against this worthless existence, and, as his self-respect was wounded, that which he had felt for his wife waned a little. True there was no quarrel between them—unconscious oppression on one side, unrest and growing impatience on the other—that was all.

Did you ever see a noble Newfoundland dog, with a mouth that opened like some pink-hearted shell, faithful brown eyes, and bright hair waving all over his powerful limbs, submitting himself to the yelps, caressing bites, and vicious

snarls of a dainty little skye-terrier ? Scorning to put forth his massive strength against the pretty offender, and rendered impotent from his own native magnanimity, he wheels gravely about and walks away, not really knowing what to do with himself.

If you have ever witnessed a scene like this, I need not describe the position in which young Forbes found himself on Thanksgiving week, about a year after he married pretty Orra Barnes.

That year the great New England dinner was in the first stages of preparation at the old farmhouse, where all the second, third, and even the fourth cousins, of the young wife were to assemble and hold high festival. Of course the household was all in commotion. Pumpkins of enormous size were brought in from the cornfields ; turkeys gobbled hoarsely, and ran off to hide themselves whenever Uncle Jase showed himself in the barnyard ; the sound of the chopping-knife was heard incessantly in the kitchen. Extra help was difficult to get, and Delia was compelled to sit up late at night and break her rest early in the morning, which was accompanied with groans of discontent. Of course Orra was in full command, and busy as a queen-bee. I beg pardon—queen-bees never are busy. Well, busy as a bee that gathers honey for a living. She fluttered around in great excitement, and, I am afraid, scolded a good deal more than was becoming in a happy young matron.

In fact, as the last working day wore on, things lagged, and went wrong to an aggravating extent. Everything had got behindhand, the young wife said, burning with impatience, and flashing angry looks at poor Delia, who had allowed the fire to burn so low that the great brick oven, buried deep in the chimney, was getting cold.

"If anything is done properly, I must do it myself !" she exclaimed, starting up with a flushed face, and emptying a pound or two of raisins from her lap to the kitchen table. "There never was a creature surrounded by so many lazy people!"

Just then young Forbes came in, and stood gazing around on the confusion. Orra did not see him. She was busy raking-up the embers in the oven with a long-handled iron shovel, with which she made angry lunges that failed to work off her excitement.

Delia stopped short in her work, began to roll down her sleeves, and snapped back a tart reply.

"What is the matter ? Can I do anything ?" inquired the young husband, coming forward at the moment Delia's words stung her mistress deepest.

"Can you do anything ? As if you ever tried ! You are all alike—only, if there is one person more shiftless than another on this farm, it's you. Go out and get me an armful of oven-wood—I suppose you can make out to do that."

The young man stood on the hearth a moment, white and cold. Even the blaze stirred up in the oven failed to give his handsome face a tinge of color. Then he turned his eyes from the flushed face of his wife, and, without a word, went slowly from the room.

Delia was frightened by the still pallor of his face, and sat down with both hands in her lap, gazing at the door.

Orra, who scarcely knew what she had been saying, drew back from the oven and wiped her face with her apron.

"Where is he ? Where is Frederick ?" she said, looking anxiously around.

Delia did not answer.

"I thought Frederick was here. Why don't you speak ? Where is he ?"

"Gone out for oven-wood, where you sent him," answered the girl.

"Where I sent him ? So I did. Go right out and get the wood yourself !"

Delia did not move. She saw dismay in her young mistress's face, and enjoyed it, maliciously ignoring her sharp command altogether.

"Oh, Delia, do go. He will be angry."

"Just as like as not," muttered the help, "but it ain't no business of mine. I didn't call him lazy; I didn't tell him he was just good enough to bring in oven-wood, and nothing else."

"Delia! Delia! how dare you? I never said that, or anything like it."

"I reckon you did say just that," answered Delia, smoothing down her linsey-woolsey apron with aggravating nicety. "I only hope you'll see him coming back with the wood in his arms. That's all I've got to say."

All the red heat went out of Orra's face. She put both hands up to her temples, and pushed the hair away as if stunned.

"What do you mean? What can you mean?" she said, beginning to tremble.

Delia could not withstand that wild, piteous look.

"Nothing particular, Miss Orra. It don't make no difference what I say when I'm out of sorts."

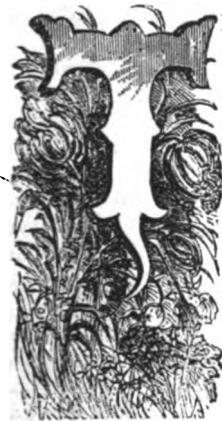
"Yes, it does—it does. He has had time to come back. I will go myself. That's what I ought to have done at first. Oh, Delia, I did not say that!"

Orra drew the white apron over her head, and hurried out of the back door, pale and helpless.

The wood-pile lay a little distance from the house. She could not distinguish any person near it from the back door, but ran that way, sure of finding her husband; but when she reached the place, an ax sank deep into a log of wood, and a small heap of pine knots lying near, was all she found.

She went behind the great wood-pile, sobbing as she moved. She called her husband by name, again and again. No answer, no sound, but the tread of her own feet among the loose chips or the sweep of her dress along the frost-bitten grass—as she returned heart-sick to the house.

CHAPTER IV.



HERE was no Thanksgiving dinner at the farmhouse that day. A man was sent round on horseback, early in the morning, to disappoint the cousins, and Orra spent the hours, that should have been full of festivity, wandering from room to room, wild with nameless dread, heavy-eyed, and sadly pale, watching through the windows for news of her husband, for no word or trace of him had reached her since he left the farmhouse so silently on the day before.

"What, indeed, had become of him? Where could he have gone?"

Uncle Jase was out all day, making inquiries in a quiet, thoughtful fashion, down at the tavern where the stage-coaches took up passengers, and on the banks of the river, which he approached with inward dread, born of a cry that had broken over night from the young wife's lips.

"Is he dead? Have I driven him to that?" she cried, wringing her hands as she roamed from room to room, in the desperate hope of finding her husband somewhere in the house. "He was so proud—I knew it. I meant to hurt some one, and the insult fell on him. Oh, if I could see him one minute—only one minute; just long enough to tell him how sorry I am! Oh, Uncle Jase! Uncle Jase! go to the river—go to the river and search for him there!"

This wild dread had shaken the old uncle, who went down

to the river alone, when all other inquiry was useless, and searched for some trace of the young man along its banks, shuddering lest he should find them, and so drive his niece almost mad.

While he was by the river, Orra joined him, possessed by the same awful fear.

"Had he seen anything? Had he examined the banks closely?" she inquired, in hoarse undertones. "She would stay with him. It was getting dark and chilly, but when the moon was up they would go down stream together. Perhaps his white face might rise up from the water and kill her at once! At any rate, they two would walk there all night."

The kind old man was shocked by that pitiful voice and dreary face. He strove to give some comfort, and argued, strongly, that there was no reason to fear that a young man so full of life, so little given to extremes, would take the desperate step she dreaded. In a fit of resentment he had gone away; but the anger would soon die out. She would soon see her husband again, and have a chance to tell him how sorry she was.

Here Orra clung with both hands to the old man's arm, and, bowing her head, sobbed out her passionate regret.

"Oh, if he would come back, Uncle Jase—if he would only come back!"

"Maybe he is there now, waiting for us," suggested the old man, who felt the young wife shiver and droop under the cold night fog, that was stealing like a funeral vail over the water. "Anyway, Orra, you had better go home. There is no use waiting here. Forbes wasn't the man to kill himself for a sorry word or two. He's mad enough, I hain't no doubt? but I reckon he'll come sooner or later. Young married men do, I notice."

Orra lifted her face in the moonlight, and, wiping her tears, tried to smile.

"Do you think so, Uncle Jase—do you really think so?"

"I really think there is no sort of use looking for him here, Orra."

While the old man spoke he drew the shivering young creature close to his side and led her home.

Orra went into the family room. The fires had burned down to ashes on the hearth, and a pair of long-wicked candles burned dimly on the little round stand, filling every corner with shadows.

She stood a moment by the door, cast a wild, yearning look around; then, drawing a deep breath, that ended in a moan like that of some wounded creature, crept upstairs.

Uncle Jase was wrong. Frederick Forbes did not come back to the farmhouse in a few days, nor did any message reach his wife, who never heard a step on the walk or a gate shut that she did not gasp for breath, and listen, while bitter disappointment settled back upon her heart.

Nothing but the wonderful vitality of her nature kept her from a sick bed. As it was, she drooped, grew pale, and suffered in proud, dreary silence, avoiding her neighbors, shrinking from their sympathy and censure alike, and guarding the secret of her agony well.

Of course the whole town was full of wonder, gossip, and condemnation. Spinning-wheels were carried from house to house with portentous ostentation. Women went to and fro with knitting-sheaths at their sides, and balls of mixed yarn in their work-bags, from which long steel needles, as sharp as their own tongues, protruded.

For weeks and weeks various little parties of tea-drinkers gathered at some house to discuss the news that never came, and conjecture causes for which no explanation could be obtained from the farmhouse. They knew that young Forbes had left his house, but why or how no one could ever learn.

Foremost and most assiduous of these gossipers was Mrs. Deacon Haynes, who looked upon the desolate loneliness.

that had fallen upon Orra as a judgment for her light ways, and held her up as a solemn example to her own children.

The poor young wife knew all this, and bore up under it with marvellous dignity. She neither sought nor accepted sympathy—gave no sign to her enemies of the pain that lay forever close to her heart, or of the half-desperate hope that kept her alive.

Thus time wore on, and the enforced widowhood of Orra Forbes had dragged two years out of her young life. The melancholy days had come again. The second Thanksgiving was at hand—the gloomiest time of all the year to her, for then memory became vivid and hope sickened in her bosom. One of these evenings Uncle Jase came in from the village, and found her sitting in a gloom of firelight, drooping under her memories like a wounded bird.

"You are thinking of him," said the kind old man, drawing his chair close to hers, and patting her little hand, as if it were a flower he was afraid of crushing.

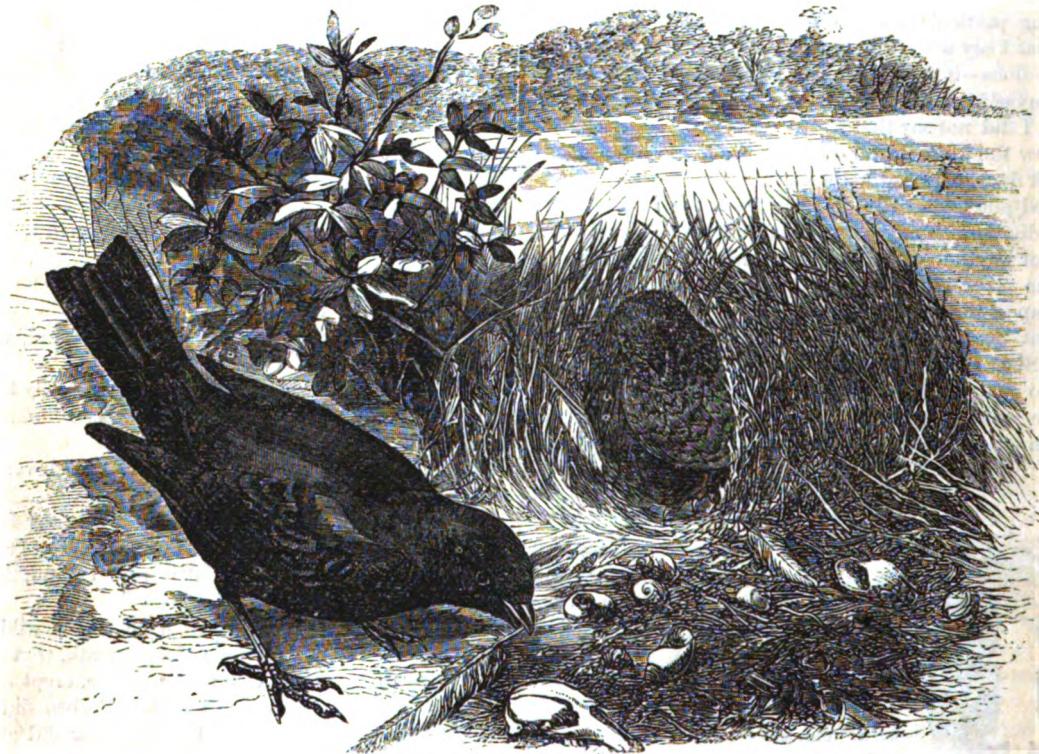
"Yes," she said, with the sweet, patient smile that had

been my fault; I never could see any wrong in you, so went on like a blind old idiot till I brought you this."

Uncle Jase's voice shook, and slow tears crept into his eyes, tears that wounded Orra worse than her own pain.

"There it is again, I never can be good. It's just like me to heap all the blame on you, the best, the dearest—oh! Uncle Jase, don't believe a word I said; no one spoiled me. It was my own haughtiness; no one is to blame but myself."

"Yes, there is one other to blame," snapped a voice from the door, which Delia had opened. "I for one! Who ever learned you to go about scolding like a hailstorm, when there was any extra work to do? Why, me—me; nobody on 'arth but me! Who went blounging about the kitchen when things didn't go to suit her? Why, me! Washing dishes in the best milk pan, and setting sich examples daily before a smart young gal, that was sure to ketch 'em up as turkeys gobble corn. Speaking of turkeys, Uncle Jase, I just came in to say that this 'ere funeral has been kept up



THE SATIN BOWER BIRD.—SEE PAGE 319.

become habitual to her of late, "I was wondering if he ever would come back. It seems very cruel that he should leave me so, without even a word; but perhaps it was all for my good. I never might have taken time to think how overbearing I was, if he had forgiven me easily. You think he will come back, Uncle Jase?"

The old man looked tenderly down into the sweet, wan face as piteously uplifted to his. It was greatly changed; the expression had deepened, and it had gained in delicacy all that it had lost in bloom.

"Of course he will come back, Orra; no doubt of that. Fred isn't no sort of a man to stay mad out of reason; yet, I must say, it's unfeelin' in him to keep it up so long."

Here Orra broke into a flash of her old spirit.

"No, no, uncle, not unfeeling but just. I begin to think kindly—just. I only wonder he could have lived with me so long, going on as I did; but it was your fault, Uncle Jase—yours and Delia. You had no business to pet me so much."

"I know, I know," answered the old man. "In course it

too long. Two Thanksgivings gone, and not an extra bite took on these premises. Now, day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, and we're bound to have a dinner worth while. I just came in to say that there must be six chickens brought in early in the morning. That young gobbler has carried his red comb long enough. He'll look well on the kitchen table, so send him along by the legs."

Delia was interrupted by a burst of passionate sobs. Orra had thrown her arms around Uncle Jase's neck and clung to him.

"What on 'arth is the matter now?" demanded the help. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, nor nothin'. What have I done?"

"Nothing—nothing, Delia; only, only—never mind about me. You want the dinner got, and I felt foolish about it, that is just the selfish creature I am."

"It's no such thing," snapped Delia; "never had a selfish bone in your body; but it's my belief that a good dinner, with nobody but us, and maybe Mrs. Hutchenson and the boys—but that's just as you like."



GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.—SEE PAGE 319.

"Not just yet; we will have the dinner all by ourselves this once," said Orra, hushing her sobs and trying to smile. "We will get up early and see to the cooking."

"Will you help?" demanded Delia, flushing red with surprise.

"Yes, Delia; I will help."

"And go to meeting Thanksgiving morning?"

Orra hesitated an instant, then turned to Uncle Jase.

"Yes, uncle, we will go to meeting together."

Delia went out, wiping her eyes with a corner of her

apron. The old man drew Orra closer to him and kissed her tenderly. Then her sobs broke forth again and her slight form shook in the clasp of his arms.

"Oh, uncle, it is so hard, so hard! How can I bear it? Two years—two whole years."

The poor young thing wiped her eyes, resolutely, at last, and placing a hand on each of his shoulders, looked wistfully into his honest eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Jase, I am trying so hard to be good! Have you any hope—or are you saying he is sure to come back to pacify me?"

"If he would only just look in here now, all creation couldn't keep him away," said the old man, with tears in his eyes. "Come back? Of course he will. I only wonder he could find it in his heart to stay so long."

"Uncle, kiss me again. Do you know, I rather seem to like having a dinner, and—yes, I think I don't much mind going to meeting with you."

"There, now, good-night. I will be up early in the morning."

Orra was up just as the golden sun of a fine Indian Summer day glinted through the curtains of her window. For the first time in two years, she went to work in her own kitchen. Delia was in a splendid humor, and the preparations for the old-fashioned feast went on quietly enough. Now and then Orra faltered in her work, and fell into thought. Sometimes tears would gather into her beautiful eyes, and a deep, long breath stir her bosom; but she gave no other sign of the tender grief which this occupation brought upon her.

Delia saw it all, but said nothing. When the tears came thick and fast, she would need help about the mince-pies, or take counsel regarding the pound-cake. At last everything was ready for the oven, which had been allowed to burn down a little too low.

"Just you cut one of your purtyest bruke-leaves into the middle of this crust, and pinch it in a border round the plate, while I run out for some more wood. We're going to have a baking worth while," said Delia, pushing a half-finished pie toward her young mistress.

With this, Delia took her bonnet from its peg, and was trying it on, when the back-door opened, and a man appeared, so strangely, so suddenly, that she was struck almost dumb.

Orra was busy ornamenting the pie-crust, and did not look up; so Frederick Forbes walked quietly to the hearth, laid down his burden, and said, in the most natural way possible: "My dear, I have brought your oven-wood!"

CHAPTER V.



Orra and her husband were sitting together at the chamber window, behind the white lilac-trees, on which a few leaves still shivered.

"Oh, how could you—how could you—keep angry with me so long?" she questioned, looking at him through her happy tears. I was so sorry, before you could have got out of sight!"

"I did not keep anger, Orra; before I had gone five miles all that was over. But your saucy outburst filled me with grave thoughts of the future. I could not endure the idle life you had arranged for me. I saw that our marriage had been a mistake—as to time, not in itself—dear. It was cowardly when I took upon myself the pleasures of a husband without its duties. You did not know it, but I had studied medicine a year before we met. I resolved to com-

plete those studies, and fit myself for an independent, useful life before we met again."

"But why not write to me? Why not tell me?"

"Because you would never have consented to the necessary separation—because I loved you so dearly that it was impossible to give myself up to hard study while you were near to attract me from it. Besides, Orra, I thought of all that was growing up between us, and felt that solitude and thought might benefit you."

"Oh, Frederick, it was a hard lesson!"

"Yes—for both of us; but we are still young, still love each other, and these two years have not been lost. I left you a proud, saucy girl; I find you—"

"Well, darling, how do you find me?"

"The prettiest, sweetest, and best little woman in all Connecticut. That is what I find you, Orra."

"And you?"

"Oh, I am an M.D., with a diploma on parchment, a year's hospital practice, and a splendid pair of new saddle-bags stuffed full of medicine. In my vest-pocket you will find a lancet, and, the very first thing to-morrow morning, I want you to make twenty yards or so of bandages. Next week we will have a brass plate on the front-door where your father's was taken off, and you must begin business by calling me 'Dr. Forbes,' whenever you can crowd the dignity in."

Orra shook her head.

"Is that all I can do?"

"No; I had forgotten. If you have a good, steady horse in the barn, that won't be frightened when I fling the saddle-bags over him, my outfit will be complete. Have you a useful animal of this sort, wife?"

Orra threw back her head, and her old sweet, ringing laugh sounded through the room.

"Oh, Fred, how funny you will look riding down between the poplars sitting on a pair of saddlebags!"

"Exactly, my dear, and the very first patient I expect will be Mrs. Deacon Haynes, who will be taken ill with astonishment and spite when she sees us come into meeting together."

"Poor woman! I really think she will. It almost killed her when, with all her spying and questioning, she never could find out why you went or where you had gone."

"Then you gave no information?"

"No, I would have died first."

"Wise little woman. But Uncle Jase?"

"You know Uncle Jase—he has listened and smiled, and told nothing."

"But Delia?"

Orra shook her head, and made a vain effort to look grave.

"Fred, I am afraid Delia is just a little crafty. Would you believe it? She has a brother in New York, and, after you left, all his letters came directed to me, inclosing one to her. Do you understand that?"

Doctor Forbes shook his head, and Orra explained:

"Of course they kept asking at the post office if any letters came from you."

"Oh, ho! I understand. Letters did come?"

Orra nodded her head.

"Yes, postmarked New York. I should never have thought of it. But Delia—you have no idea how bright she can be where I am concerned—I really don't know the stories about your coming home every month or two that she has told."

The doctor laughed heartily, then managed to get out a question.

"Orra, suppose we give Delia a first-class silk dress for her Thanksgiving? I have one in my trunk, when it comes up from the stage-house."

"Have you? That is splendid."

"And, Orra, if you will just take a peep through the lilac bushes perhaps you will observe that the people are going into the meeting-house."

"Are they? Dear me, how the time flies!"

During the next ten minutes there was the brightest and happiest face you ever saw peeping into the looking-glass, and darting away again to the window.

At last a prettily-gloved hand was laid on the doctor's shoulder, and a happy voice said:

"Here, sir—I am ready. Hurry, hurry! Uncle Jesse is waiting on the doorstep. I promised to go with him, and he remembers."

Down the stairs this young couple hurried, scattering happiness around them like sunshine as they went. On the doorstep Orra put her hand on the young doctor's arm, looked smilingly around to make sure that Uncle Jase was on the other side, and, thus escorted, walked gravely toward the old meeting house, the proudest and happiest creature, I venture to say, that ever entered that building.

THE SATIN BOWER BIRD.

This beautiful and remarkable bird is found in many parts of New South Wales, and although it is by no means uncommon, it is so cautious in the concealment of its home, that even the hawk-eyed natives seem never to have discovered its nest. Perhaps they may be actuated by some superstitious reverence for the bird, and have therefore feigned ignorance of its residence, for it is well known that the voracious native, who will eat almost anything which is not poisonous and will yield to his sharp and powerful teeth has in many portions of the country so great an awe for this bird that he will never kill it.

The chief peculiarity for which this bird is famous is a kind of bower or arbor, which it constructs from twigs in a manner almost unique among the feathered tribes.

The form of this bower may be seen in the illustration, and the mode of construction, together with the use to which the bird puts the building, may be learned from Mr. Gould's account:

"On visiting the cedar bushes of the Liverpool range I discovered several of these bowers or playing-places. They are usually placed under the shelter of the branches of some overhanging tree in the most retired part of the forest; they differ considerably in size, some being larger while others are considerably smaller. The base consists of an exterior and rather convex platform of sticks, firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built. This, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, being so arranged as to curve inward and nearly meet at the top in the interior of the bower; the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds.

"For what purpose these curious bowers are made is not yet perhaps fully understood; they are certainly not used as a nest, but as a place of resort for many individuals of both sexes, who, when there assembled, run through and round the bower in a sportive and playful manner, and that so frequently that it is seldom entirely deserted.

"The interest of this curious bower is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated, at and near the entrance, with the most gaily-colored articles that can be collected, such as the blue tail feathers of the Rose-hill and Lory parrots, bleached bones, the shells of snails, etc. Some of the feathers are stuck in among the twigs, while others, with the bones and shells, are strewed about near the en-

trance. The propensity of these birds to fly off with any attractive object is so well known, that the blacks always search the runs for any missing article."

So persevering are these birds in carrying off anything that may strike their fancy, that they have been known to steal a stone tomahawk, some blue cotton rags, and an old tobacco-pipe.

The satin bower bird bears confinement well, and although it will not breed in captivity, it is very industrious in building bowers for recreation.

The food of this bird seems to consist chiefly of fruit and berries, as the stomachs of several specimens were found to contain nothing but vegetable remains. Those which are caged in Australia are fed upon rice, fruit, moistened bread, and a very little meat at intervals—a diet on which they thrive well. It is rather a gregarious bird, assembling in flocks led by a few adult males in their full plumage, and a great number of young males and females. They are said to migrate from Murrumbidgee in the Summer and to return in the Autumn.

The plumage of the adult male is a very glossy satinlike purple, so deep as to appear black in a faint light, but the young males and females are almost entirely of an olive-green.

GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

"Tis grandmamma's birthday, and a cluster round her—

Her daughter, her son, and the little ones twain;

"Many happy returns of the day," they all wish her,

All are lovingly bound in affection's sweet chain.

The fair chubby child brings a rich blooming posy,

And dear, very dear, is the offering, I wis;

Grandma clasps to her heart both the child and the flow'rets,

And the distance of years is bridged o'er with a kiss.

WEIGHING THE DONKEY.



HERE were ten children of the name of Hington. The eldest was thirteen years old, and his name was Alfred. The youngest was called Baby; she was only one year and four months of age. Then there were Polly, Herbert, Susie, Nanny, and Georgy, with three more, whose names I cannot think of now. The little Hingtons sang very prettily—not Baby, of course, she could only laugh and crow. So at Christmas they gave a concert, and sold their tickets at three cents each to their aunts, uncles, and cousins. Their mamma played the piano for them, and they all sang together pretty songs and simple glees; even Susie, who was scarcely as high as the table, helped with her little voice. You will like to know what they did with the money they got for their tickets, but I do not think you would ever guess, so I had better tell you at once—they wanted to buy a donkey. Their papa and mamma said they might keep one if they liked to buy it with their own money; so to get the donkey they gave a concert, and a few days after their music-party the donkey was bought and brought home. You can fancy how very pleased the little Hingtons were when Herbert and Alfred led the donkey up and down the walk before the house, and mamma, and nurse, and baby, came out to look at him.

The donkey was called "Bumble"—a funny name, was it not? He had a long mane nearly black, and a nice thick coat of hair of a dark-brown color, and when the boys spoke to him he would look at them, as if he wished to tell them that he would be very good if they were very kind to him.

Bumble was to live in the stable behind Mr. Hington's house, and for three or four days after he came to the little Hingtons' nurse had hard work to keep the children out of the stable, they did so beg to be let go and see Bumble. They saved bits of apple and apple-paring for him, and Alfred and Herbert hunted for thistles, and when Bumble heard their footsteps he began pushing at the door to get it open, for he knew his little friends had something nice to give him, and he would take what they had brought very gently out of their hands. But though Bumble was so quiet and tame, he had a temper like most donkeys, and tried to get his own way, as you will hear.

One day Alfred's cousin lent him his saddle that he might have a long ride, and Alfred's papa and mamma said he might go to a village near. Bumble went off in a very good temper, at a trot or gallop, as he liked best, and Alfred thought that there never was such a donkey as Bumble, when all at once Bumble saw something or other in the hedge, and stopped to look at it. Then he pushed his nose into the grass, and began eating as if he had not been fed all day, and move from the hedge he would not. Alfred coaxed him with : "Go on, Bumble, dear old Bumble, go on," but Bumble did not heed.

Then he scolded him, saying : "Naughty Bumble; bad Bumble, are you not ashamed of yourself?" but Bumble did not care.

Then Alfred gave him two or three kicks and blows, for he had a little stick with him; but Bumble only held up his head for a minute, and looked at Alfred, as much as to say : "Oh, that does not hurt me!" and then he began eating again.

Poor Alfred did not know what to do; he did not like to get off the donkey, lest he should not let him get on him again, so there he had to sit close to the thorny hedge, whilst Bumble turned over the weeds growing on the bank, and ate what he chose.

After sitting until he was tired, Alfred saw a boy coming, and when he came near enough for Alfred to talk to him, Alfred told him he would give him a cent if he would make Bumble go on. The boy was pleased to get a cent, so he took the bridle and led the donkey out into the road; and after a good deal of shouting, Bumble took to his heels, and went off as fast as he could go. Bumble did not stop for a long time, but trotted on, as if he intended to be good the rest of the afternoon; when, just as Alfred thought they should soon be at the village, Bumble turned round with his face toward home, and set off, never stopping until he got to the stable door. I think it was very naughty of Bumble to serve Alfred such a trick, do not you? The next time Alfred's cousin lends the saddle Herbert and Georgy are going with him, and they will take it in turn to ride, so if Bumble does not go the way they want him to, he will get a caning, and I am sure he will deserve it; what do you think? A little while ago Alfred, and Herbert, and Nanny, and

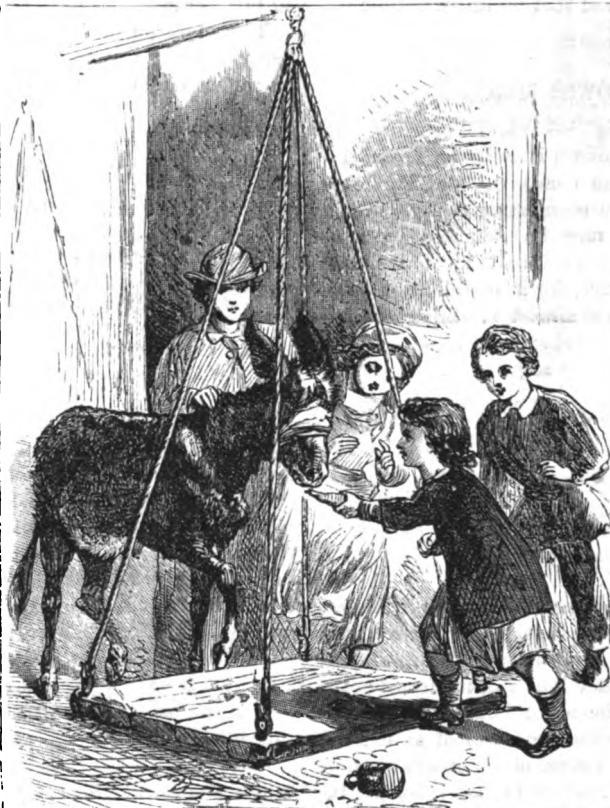
Georgy, and two or three more of the children, took Bumble down to their papa's warehouses in the city, their mamma having given them leave to go there. I do not think their mamma would have let them go by themselves if she had known what they were wanting to do—not that it was anything wrong, but I am sure she would have been afraid lest they should get hurt. You know the little Hingtons had bought their donkey, and had named their donkey, and their next wish was to weigh their donkey.

At their papa's warehouses were very large scales for weighing wool, and into one of these scales they wished to get Bumble, but that was not an easy task, for you know Bumble had a strong will of his own, as he showed the afternoon Alfred rode him. After a great deal of talking, Alfred and Herbert tied a pocket handkerchief over Bumble's eyes, and then they set a small plank of wood, which they placed on the scale, with one end on the ground. Then they led Bumble to the plank, one of the little ones walking before him, holding a parsnip to his nose. Bumble was very fond of parsnips; so, when he smelt the parsnips, he walked very quietly up into the scale, the little one going before him, and Herbert and Alfred, and the other big children standing on each side of the plank. It must have looked very funny to see a donkey with a handkerchief over his eyes, and a little child going before him, hold a 'parsnip to his nose. When Bumble was in the scale Georgy jumped out of it, and what do you think Bumble weighed? Why, two hundred and sixty pounds. Was he not a heavy donkey?

Of course George let Bumble have the parsnip to eat when he was in the scale; and when they had weighed him he tempted him to walk out of it with another. I do not know whether Bumble liked being blinded; but, if he did not, he kept good and quiet for the sake of the parsnips; and as soon as his eyes were uncovered began

poking his nose into George's basket to see if he had any more for him. You will be glad to hear that Bumble is getting over his bad temper, and does what his young masters and mistresses want; he walks or runs just as they wish him, and follows them about like a dog. I am afraid they are so fond of him that they will give him too much to eat, and then he will get too fat to run.

I hope if any of you, my little readers, are self-willed, you will think of Bumble. Bumble got over his haughty temper, though he could not think as you can; he loved his little friends, and tried to please them, and then they were kind to him and made him happy. Neither children nor animals can be happy doing wrong. Bumble could not, no more can you; and you are not like Bumble, for God has given you the power to think and talk, so that you can ask what you ought to do if you are not quite sure about it. If you would be happy, you must try to please others, and then they will love and try to please you.



WEIGHING THE DONKEY.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

THE PINK COUNTESS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PINK COUNTESS IN ST. PETER'S.

MURIETTA did not enter St. Peter's the first day, as do most travelers. He only went alone and stood before it. Nor did he enter the second day, nor the third, nor the fourth. No, not for many days. This magnificent temple had been to him a sort of Mecca. He hovered about it now; he feared almost to enter it. He looked at it from the Campagna. He admired its symmetry and airy proportions from the mountains of Tivoli twenty miles away. He looked down on the great dome from Monte Mario, and felt for a long time content to remain without.

At last he entered—and was disappointed. It seemed but a small affair after all. He had expected too much.

The walls and columns were hung in red, for it was a festal day, and the effect was anything but grand. The place was black with people moving through and through, and there was a sound of voices as if it were a second Babel. He walked to the further end. It was like walking to church from your country seat. The place began to look more as he had expected to find it. He walked back towards the great leather apron.

Murietta was a devout Christian, and had dipped his fingers in the bowl of holy water which is supported by reclining cherubs against the pillars to the right and left as you enter. These cherubs at first sight seemed to be no bigger than your hand. Now, as he looked at them again, they began to grow and expand, and expand and grow, till they grew to be larger than a grown man.

He walked back and stood beneath the dome.
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The people went and came, poured past, talked loud, knelt and prayed in silence, stood up and prayed aloud, or admired, or condemned, or disparaged. There were at least a hundred voices singing to the left, and many deep-throated instruments filled the place with melody.

"Do you see the angel that holds the pen?" said one man with an eye-glass and long whiskers and black clothes, and a red-covered guide-book in his hand.

Another man—a tall, lean, hungry-looking man, with a mournful face and a threadbare coat, with an umbrella under his arm—took off his spectacles, rubbed them, looked up, and then from under his spectacles, said, "Do you see that pen in the hand of the angel away up yonder at the base of the dome?"

"Yes," said a tall bony woman in gold-rimmed glasses.

The spectacles came down; the long neck relaxed; the long, lean figure that had reached and tiptoed and towered up above the crowd, came down; an umbrella went up, jammed tight up under the arm like an arrow in rest, and the bow bent as if it was about to shoot.

"Well, that pen looks just precisely the size of an ordinary goose-quill, in an ordinary hand, does it not?"

"Yes, doctor, yes," answered the tall, thin special correspondent, stretching her long neck up and above the mass of the people.

"Well," answered the doctor and missionary of Naples, as he shot his arrow down into the floor and sprang up like a bow let loose, "well, that pen is just fifteen feet long, fifteen feet long! Just think of it! fifteen feet long!" and at every emphatic "fifteen" he shot his catapult against the floor till it trembled with the concussion.

"Such, madam, is St. Peter's! You see a column here that does not look so big after all. Good. Look at the man beside it: he does not stand knee-high to the statue there that only looks to be life-size. Ah, my friend! delighted to see you."

The doctor had caught sight of Murietta, who had been thrown by the tide of people at his elbow.

"Ah, so delighted to see you!" The umbrella went up, and the tombstone face, with its weeping willows, came down, but not so far down as of old. And then the face did not look so much like a monument as it did before. The doctor had evidently been having some good fortune. The man had been dining; the new moon was filling up; the bow was a little stiff; even the umbrella did not seem so long and lean as before; it seemed to have got some meat on its ribs as well as the doctor.

If you want a man to bow right well leave him a little hungry; don't let him be too fat; that will make him stiff. The politest man in the world, in the matter of bows at least, is a man who wants a dinner. Perhaps that is why certain Italian and French adventurers are so very civil.

The umbrella shot down; the tombstone shot up; and the doctor again addressed himself to the special correspondent.

The music rose and rolled and sounded through the vast edifice, and then came softly back and died away as other notes followed, as wave follows wave upon the beach. The priests were passing here and there with lighted candles. A thousand people moved here and there with red books held up before them, and they read aloud as they walked, and looked up and about, and wondered and uttered exclamations as they went.

There were figures, men and women, who ran against each other, and talked in loud, harsh tones; they held these red-covered books up before them as if they had been a sort of lamp to their feet.

The artist wearied of this. To him it was revolting. Here were all things that ought to inspire devotion—that did inspire devotion in the Latin. In the Saxon it seemed to excite something half akin to contempt.

"Do you see those mighty twisted columns of bronze that support the canopy above the sacred reliques, and the eternal lamps that lead down to the vault?" said one. "Well, those columns are made of the melted doors of the Pantheon."

"Ah, yes," answered another, reading aloud from the guide-book as he bumped up against a fat man who was also reading aloud; "ah, yes, and this floor, the very floor of St. Peter's, was plundered from the baths of Caracalla."

Murietta had turned to go away and find the quiet of the great piazza. His mind was sad, fevered, excited. He had been thinking again of his ideal. Even now, as he walked towards the great leathern doors that kept constantly thundering their protest against the rude crowd that pushed and rushed, and went and came, he shook his hair as if to shake off this confusion and sacrilegious tumult. And then he sighed, and said, "I scattered roses in her path as she rode that morning up the fiery mountain. But then in the dusk by the sea she turned her face away, and she did not answer me."

He moved on towards the door, with his head held down and his hat in his hand.

There were a thousand people—peasants, princes, merchants, pirates, brigands, priests, all kinds and all classes—kneeling before and praying to the statue of St. Peter.

The doctor had got the point of his umbrella in between the toes of a cherub weeping at a tomb, and was trying to split them off as a relic of St. Peter's. The passing stranger smiled at his efforts; but one good Samaritan from his own country came slyly up to him, slipped a hammer into his hand, and then as the organ pealed its deepest surge, he struck the little cherub on its marble toes with all his might, and the burglary was accomplished.

Murietta passed on towards the door disgusted. There was now a row of people standing before the figure of St. Peter; they were waiting their turn to kiss his sacred toes.

A devotee would step up to the toe, which is—or was before it was so much worn away by pious lips—set out a little way over the pedestal, and leaning, would wipe or hastily dust the toe with his handkerchief, and then touching the toe with his lips, would bend the head a little more and touch the foot with his forehead; then he would wipe the toe as he passed on, for the man or woman, the prince or peasant, who was waiting his turn behind him.

There were mothers with their little children. They had in some cases borne these children on their backs, hundreds of miles from out the mountains all the way to Rome on foot, only to touch their little lips to this sacred toe of St. Peter, and thus secure and ensure an entrance into heaven. Sometimes a devotee would tiptoe up, reach over, and kiss the other foot; but as a rule they were content to touch the one which stood reached out and on a level with the lip. .

Our artist turned to look at this as he passed. To him it had a meaning and a beauty. 'Twas Faith, and Hope, and Charity. A prince of the north was kneeling now, and with him was a bishop from South America, and an ex-king. They were gorgeously dressed, and were very pious and very penitent. As they approached to kiss the sacred toe, the crowd gave way, the peasants stepped back and left an open space and the place free to the pious pilgrims who had come so far to invoke the pity of St. Peter.

But there was one who did not give way. She stood close up to the statue. She lifted up her face and looked, with her gold spectacles, right into the face of St. Peter. Then dipping into her pocket, she fumbled among guide-books, note-books, maps, relics, and antiquities, and she brought forth a little carpenter's rule, and calmly proceeded to measure the foot of St. Peter, as if to calculate how much of it had been kissed away.

Perhaps the ex-king thought this singular instrument in the hands of this singular woman was a kind of cross, or sacred symbol of worship. At all events, he bowed his head and reached his lips as the woman laid her rule along the foot and measured to the toe.

The lips of the ex-king touched and kissed the brass end of the carpenter's rule held in the hand of the ex-school-mistress of Connecticut.

Extremes meet. The world is round.

Murietta had almost reached the door when the great leathern apron that hung across it fluttered and thundered louder than before.

He started back and stood leaning, almost falling, against the feet of the cherub that supports the bowl of holy water.

The beautiful Countess Edna, the lady in pink, had entered, and was standing there, with her great brown eyes wide open, and wandering in a sort of dreamy wonder about her.

How beautiful she was! Ah, how more than beautiful! The rose and sea-shell color of her face and neck, the soft baby complexion, the sweet surprise on her face, the old expression of inquiry and longing, the lips pushed out and pouting full and as longing for love, the mouth half opened as if to ask you the way into some great brave heart where she could enter in and sit down and rest as in some sacred temple.

She stood there like a fluttered bird. Her maid was near her. A man stood behind her. Murietta did not move. He did not dare to move for fear of disturbing the vision before him. He had thirsted for this sight all his life. It had been to him an ideal that he had despised to see. It had never taken any real shape in his mind. Unlike Annette, he could never have painted this woman before he saw her. But now that he saw her standing thus, in this new light, he knew that he had seen her away down deep in the well of his soul, even from his cradle up.

She stood still as in a dream. Her face now began to grow more radiant as the organ rose, and rolled, and died away, and swelled again, and a half-smile played over the beautiful baby face. The lips whispered as if to things unseen. Her soul was like an opening rose.

Then the organ pealed again, and the woman moved. She stepped, she turned, she whirled. Her face was beaming, and her eyes were full of a new and uncommon lustre.

She whirled as in a dance. Her pink robes trailed and swept the glossy marble; her pink feet shot in and out and kept time to the music; and her pretty hands swayed as she spun, and whirled, and glided around and around; and the diamonds shone on her fingers as the little hands waved in the dreamy movement of the waltz.

Her faithful maid followed her in her giddy dance, and as she stopped, radiant, smiling, pushing out her pretty mouth, half opening her lips as if to take her breath, she lifted her black lace mantle about her, pushed back the golden fold of hair that had half fallen about her face, but did not say a word.

People were all a-wonder. Priests were coming forward by the dozen. All this had been done in a moment, but it was not a thing to be tolerated or passed over.

A priest stood before her. She handed him some money. "For your poor, father."

The priest bowed himself before the lady, took the money and melted away into the crowd.

Then came another, a sterner and an older priest. She looked at him and smiled. He was melted away even without a bow. There was a little consultation among the priests as they stood behind a massive column under the monument of the Queen of Sweden.

Then three priests, headed by one of dignity and authority, came to the beautiful Countess Edna as she walked on slowly toward the statue of St. Peter.

The priests moved on in a circuit and came up before her.

"I have brought you some money," said this wonderful woman in a voice low and soft and sweet as the far-off sound of the silver trumpets that are heard no more on the mighty dome above the sacred statue which she was approaching.

She stretched out her hand, smiled, and the angry priests were angry no longer, but they, too, melted away and were no more seen.

Murietta had followed her without knowing it. He followed her as he would have followed any other most beautiful thing in all the world. If it had been possible for that most beautiful thing to come in any other form than that of woman, he would have followed that also just the same. He felt that the beautiful was to him a sort of special property to look upon. He knew how very, very few there are in the world who know what beauty is. He knew perfectly well how rare was perfect beauty. He knew the rareness of this occasion, and knew it would never happen again in the world to him. Yet he did not know he followed her. If he had asked himself where he was standing, and had not taken heed to look about him, he would have answered that he was resting still against the chubby little cherub that puffed its fat cheeks above the bowl of holy water.

The lady stopped before the image of St. Peter; but it was evident that her feelings, as she contemplated it, were not those of devotion. There was a touch of pity, a touch of tenderness, in her face as she saw the poor, ragged, ignorant wretches from the fields bow before this image, and rise and kiss the cold and unanswering metal.

A rough hand touched her arm. She started as if she had been stung by a snake, and uttered a cry of pain.

Murietta sprang forward, and almost caught her in his arms.

"I am a man," thundered a voice that came from out the

crowd close by, "I am a man who carries his heart in his hand." The great chin thrust itself in between the lady and Murietta, just as she was reaching her hand in grateful recognition.

"I am a man, sir," continued the admiral, "who carries his heart in his hand. You know me to be a blunt but honest sailor; and I tell you, candidly, madam, that this levity in this holy temple will not do."

"My dear, it will not do," echoed the count, who came in behind the admiral.

The lady was overcome with embarrassment and mortification.

Then she laughed like an Apennine cascade.

"What! this holy temple! This great hideous, hollow piece of architecture that is only fit to be seen ten miles away on the Campagna! This sacred temple built of other temples plundered for the purpose—this temple with every stone wet with blood and tears wrung from the poor—from Christ's poor!"

The admiral had taken a book from his pocket, and was writing as fast as he could.

"What are you doing there?"

"I am writing down all this, madam; all that you have done and said against the holy religion."

"Holy religion! Holy indeed it must be that can harbor such monsters as you!"

She tried to pass as she spoke. The admiral caught her by the arm, and wrenches it as he set his teeth with rage.

The lady screamed with fright and pain. The count timidly remonstrated, and the ruffian swore as if he had been a pirate.

A crowd was gathering, and priests came forward. The admiral knew too much to create a scene there, and fell back.

"Come with me, Murietta," cried the lady.

Murietta hesitated.

"I am a man, Murietta, who carries his heart in his hand. How do you do? How do you do? I am your friend, believe me. I am your friend. A rough but honest sailor."

The count, with his old politeness, bowed and smiled as was his custom.

"Come," cried the lady, "I shall die here. I cannot breath this atmosphere."

"Murietta," growled the admiral, "mind what you do; this is not your affair."

"This is not your affair, Signor Murietta. Please to be careful what you do," said the count as he bowed and smiled once more.

"Will you not come with me? I need you."

"He will not come, madam," thundered the admiral.

"I need you—I need you. Are you a man? Oh! is there one man in Rome?"

Murietta was by her side. He took her hand, passed it under his arm, and almost lifted her as he elbowed his way to the door.

His face was red and flushed. He had suddenly grown blind with rage.

"Two men against one woman!" He ground his teeth as he said this to himself, and turned on the edge of the crowd to look back and see if he was followed.

He almost wished he had been followed. He would, perhaps, have left the lady standing there with her maid beside the bowl of holy water, and—devout Christian as he was—would have sprung like a tiger at the throat of her enemy.

They were not followed. The count and admiral were perhaps lost in the crowd. Yet had they truly sought to find the lady in pink, it had certainly been no task to find her.

He dipped his fingers in the holy water, drew a long breath, and his sudden impulse and passion had passed.

" You will pardon me, sir," the lady begun. " Some time I may tell you all. I meant no harm, you see. But whenever I enter St. Peter's, I am always seized with a desire to dance. It looks so much like a great ball-room hung ready for the dancers. See ! how gay ! how bright ! how many-colored and fantastic ! Why, is it not a ball-room ? Do you not hear the music playing yonder ? Do you not see the dancers moving up and down ? Why, that old monk there in that fustian dress is already drunk with wine, and the ball is only just begun ! "

Murietta looked at her in pity. " Surely, surely she is mad," he said to himself as he again dipped his fingers in the holy water and piously crossed himself and bowed his head.

She suddenly grew very grave. " I am by nature a devotee. I would have made a good Catholic, a good fire-worshipper, a good anything that demands a whole and an undivided heart. But I will not be led. I will not be blind-folded, or at least I will not hold up the scales to my own eyes. Look here ! Do you see this ? "

The peasants were still filing past, bowing before and kissing the foot of St. Peter.

" Is that religion ? No ! Yes ! I will answer for you. It is, on the part of the peasant. On the part of the priest, who knows better, it is blasphemy. Not one of those poor toilers can read. Not one of them knows what the true religion is. They are the poorest, the lowest, the most miserable beings on earth. And who made them so ? The men who built St. Peter's. What keeps them so ? St. Peter's. I would blow St. Peter's to the moon ! "

Murietta was more embarrassed and puzzled than before.



STATUE OF ST. PETER, IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

They were moving towards the door. He did not answer her, but lifted the edge of the great leathern apron, handed the priest a few coppers, and the two passed out, followed by the maid, and descended to the carriages at the foot of the great circular steps.

CHAPTER X.

THE COUNTESS AT HOME.



HE countess beckoned Murietta to enter the carriage. Little Sunshine leaned from the carriage as they stepped in, and, with his face half hidden in his curls, was trying to balance a little balloon that had hardly made up its mind whether to lie down on the ground or rise up into the air.

" Writing it down ! writing it down !" murmured the lady. " They are writing down everything I do or say. They are getting up evidence to put me in a mad-house. I — "

She caught the eyes of little Sunshine, reached out her hands, took him in her lap, set him down between herself and Murietta, and laughing softly, and toying with his hair, and adjusting her dress, she made a sign to the maid seated before her. The maid pulled a string ; the man pushed the driver ; the driver drew the lines, and they sped away at a sharp trot over the little square paving-stones around the end of the great curving colonnade under the Vatican, and out through the gate of Saint Angelo.

Murietta felt certain that now he was to hear a long history of domestic warfare, that could only be painful and unpleasant.

She lifted her face, looked up at Monte Mario before them, and pointing with her little baby-hand, said :

" It was on that mountain the French first planted the cannon which drove Garibaldi from Rome. You see it is the highest point within ten miles of the city. It is the key of Rome. It is Rome herself. But wonderful as it is to tell, Garibaldi had not mounted a single gun. Look at those black cedars ? Well, we will drive up there some day, and I will show you the very tracks of the cannon. You can see where those red-mouthed orators stood on the summit of the mountain, and talked in unmistakable terms to the dear old city below."

" What an oversight in the Liberator ! "

" Ah, just what you might expect from Garibaldi. Garibaldi you know never was a general. He is only a colonel. He can handle a regiment perhaps better than any man since Caesar. Beyond that, he is beyond his depth. He is, however, the next best man in Italy after the king, for he is honest and unselfish, and has more political ability than all the Mazzinis that have ever been. In fact, do you know, that while Garibaldi led his men to battle, that man lay hidden away in an old garret in the Jew quarter, trembling for his life."

" It is incredible ! "

" It is very true, nevertheless."

The lady again played with the long sunny hair that fell from the little head leaning on her breast, and there was a silence.

Murietta, who had at first been bored with the fear that he should have to listen to a recital of wrongs, now began to fear she would not relate her story at all, and tried in a desultory sort of way to lead back again to the scene in St. Peter's.

She seemed not to understand the drift of his observations, and there was again a silence.



They were passing up close to the borders of the Tiber, between a long, long avenue of locust-trees, and poplar, and chestnut, that almost shut out the light. Men were treading wine by the roadside ; women were singing as they gathered corn from the yellow shocks, and some peasant minstrels in goatskins piped and played as the carriages passed, and caught the pennies thrown them as they danced and before they touched the ground.

As they approached Ponto Malo, leading away towards Florence, they came upon the field of Mars by the left roadside, and close to the banks of the turbid river.

The field was full of soldiers. Cannon were booming against the Sabine hills, and now and then long lines of riflemen would wheel to the front, and the rattle of musketry would make strange music as it fell in the interrupted rests of the cannon fired at the target fixed at the base of the mountain.

The horses stepped gingerly. The Italian servants lightened up as if they took a pride in this mimic battle that was going on, and held a little of the old fire that animated men when Rome was Rome.

A little man with a waist and a face like a woman's galloped by with a handful of followers. His enormous blonde moustache—such a big moustache on such a little face !—looked as if he wore a coat of fur about his throat.

"The Crown Prince of Italy," said the countess. "Look at that face. Do you fancy those little hands can hold together the unsettled States of Rome when the reins fall from the hands of his great father ?"

Murietta only answered with his eyes.

"You see, the king is great. He is really great, a wonderful man. He is born out of his time. Not in advance of his time, understand, but at least a thousand years behind it. He is a sort of wild boar. A perfect grizzly bear. He has the will and the strength of a lion. If he lives, Italy lives ; if he dies, Italy is worse off than when under the popes."

There was a smell of powder in the air as they passed out of the avenue of trees, and turned to the right and passed under the tower of Ponto Malo.

They passed long lines of peasants bearing wood on their backs to Rome. Some of these carried loads of cork, some had charcoal ; some had willows to be woven into baskets. Little mules drew little carts loaded with wine for the city, and here and there a shepherd in a sheepskin coat, with naked legs, led a sheep or a goat to the city to be sold and slaughtered.

Now and then they would meet splendid equipages on their way out to the Parade, or to the grand and pleasant drives on the Sabine hills beyond the Tiber.

At last they drew up close to the great gate of Rome, known as the Porto Populo. Still was the fair lady playing with the golden hair, and still was she silent on the subject of which Murietta was now most curious to hear her speak.

Perhaps he was a little bit vulgar in his curiosity. He was even now ashamed of it, and would not freely admit to himself that just at this time he would give a great deal to have her tell him who she was, and by what right that great vulgar sailor swore at or even spoke to her at all.

They drove under the great arch with great difficulty. It was like going up against the current of a very swift and narrow stream, for the people were pouring out in thousands to walk in the Borghese or to cross the Tiber, and see the soldiers at drill, or the flocks on green hills beyond.

The Corso was full of people on foot. These people walk in the middle of the street and among the carriages with perfect impunity.

These Italian cities have not, or had not till very lately,

any side-walks at all. They were built for only two classes, were these cities of Italy—the peasant on foot and the prince in his carriage.

Yet this crowd will part as the carriages approach, will part and come together, and part again, and flow on gaily, pleasantly, laughingly, like a stream of water running among the rocks.

Still the woman in pink was silent. Still her small baby hand lifted and toyed with the golden hair that fell in sunny folds upon her breast.

They reached the palace of the Cardinal Bonaparte, and Murietta lifted his hat to the palace just opposite and across the corso. He kissed his hand in the air to some invisible object, and looked as though he really had seen a face that he loved.

The lady looked at him with the old wonder in her wide brown eyes, and the color began to come back in her face.

This palace was the Winter residence of Annette, the one Fair Woman. Did the countess then know her? Did she by any possibility dream of his love and devotion to Annette?

Then the color rose to the face of Murietta too, and they both looked down in the carriage, and did not look up again till they passed the Via Angelo Custoda and drove under an arch, and entered a great court and stopped at the bottom of great tuffa steps, so wide and low and slanting that you might drive a carriage up them.

"This is my home," sighed the Countess Elna, "and I am almost afraid to enter it."

Murietta began to think how her story will be told. He looked at her inquiringly.

"Yes, I live here, and a sad sort of a life it is. I had rather live alone under a tree. Rather live in a hut, a peasant's hut, with but a single grape-vine and my little boy about me—than in this great palace in all this gilded misery!"

The artist began to be ashamed of his vulgar curiosity. He pitied her from the bottom of his heart. She was so in earnest, so sad, yet so beautiful, so fashioned for happiness, so willing to make others happy around her.

She did not speak again till they had climbed the steps and were standing by the massive doors.

"I want to say a word or two to you. You will come in? If the count is in, or the admiral, you will wait till they go, or you will call soon again? I have something to say to you."

The little hand trembled like a bird that has just been taken in the toils as it withdrew from his arm.

"What then does the woman mean?" thought Murietta. "Here she has let all this time go by and not a word has she uttered. Now at the last moment, she has some awful secret at the end of her tongue. Was ever such a curious thing as woman?"

They passed through the ante-camera, hung with old arms, implements of the chase and of the field, and old and ugly busts and aged pictures and moth-eaten tapestry on time-stained walls.

Then a smaller hall, then a great triangular *salon*, gorgeous with all that embellishes the heart of the palace of a perfect Italian. Gilt and mosaics everywhere. Pictures, frescoes, blood-red carpets, blood-red curtains; vases, flowers, fragrant herbs in baskets ; and about the windows and in the corners of the great triangular *salon*, built in this shape as a preservative against the evil eye, were perfect little forests of all kinds of beautiful and fragrant plants in vases.

The lady passed through this and led into an adjoining room. This was a round-built *salon*, and arched overhead like the heavens and painted blue, with clouds and a moon and stars, and looking at it you might have imagined you

were in a diminutive world of your own, so perfect was the painting of the sky and clouds and twinkling stars.

Gilt and glass again. Carpets and curtains and forests of ferns grouped around against the painted walls of the curious little *salon*.

"Ah, how beautiful!" cried Murietta. "And do you not think it a beautiful little retreat? It is beautiful! It is just such a house as I shall have—that is, if I ever have a house," hesitated the artist, looking timidly around. "Yes, I shall have a house just like this room. I will build a house with one great big room. Just one room; that is best. I do not want but one room. That is the way the Indians live, and it is the best and the warmest and the most friendly way to live in the world. You see I would have a fire here." He sprang to the centre of the *salon* and stamped with his foot. "Yes, I would have a fire here in the centre, so that we could all get around it in a good and friendly way. That is as the Indians have it—it is the best way—a sort of wigwam. And there," he pointed up at the top, "I would have a hole—a hole for the light to come in and the smoke to go out."

"Hush! Hush, for heaven's sake! They are coming. Don't let them, don't let him, hear you talk so. They will write it all down and put you in a madhouse."

She had come up to the artist, stood close beside him, and laid one little hand on his shoulder, and with the other had closed his mouth.

"Listen, I cannot say more now!" She lifted her finger in the air. "But there is something going on that is not altogether right. I will tell you—I will tell you the first possible opportunity. In the meantime, promise me—promise me solemnly—to return soon."

"I promise."

Murietta said this sullenly and with a sense of humiliation. The excitement had passed away. He felt that he had talked wildly to this strange lady and had humiliated himself. What is more, he felt that he had for a moment been disloyal to his love, to his ideal, to the one fair woman of whom he had dreamed all his life.

It seemed to make no difference to him that his love was hopeless at all. He had loved Annette before he saw her. He could not help loving her, even after she had scorned him. He had now this day allowed the one woman of his life, the one being set up in his heart, to be shaken for a moment on her pedestal. He was ashamed of himself. He wanted to go up into the mountains and pray, as it were. He wanted to be alone again, and bow down before his idol, and make a new covenant to love none but her.

No, he would not sit down. He was tired. He turned, he shook the beautiful pink lady out of his heart—the languid, the moody, the loving beauty—the most worthy, the bravest, and the best woman, quite out of his heart—the one woman that needed his help, his advice, his moral support—and turned on his heel and passed out and down and into the streets.

As he passed the glorious fountain of Trevi, he threw a handful of French and English coins into the water and made a wish.

That night the artist sat all alone before his canvas till the sun rose up and entered in above the Capitoline.

Then he was not alone, for on his canvas was Annette, looking at him, looking back at him over her shoulder, turning from him, passing away.

Ever she moved before him thus.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ROMAN FEVER.

MURIETTA looked at his new picture in the new light of morning with a singular expression on his worn and weary face. He turned it to the light, turned it away, turned it

sidewise, turned it in every conceivable way; still it did not please him. Surely it was not the fault of the hand that fashioned it, for it was as wonderful in its execution as it was sudden. It was such a likeness, such a beautiful, matchless, and magnificent face! You could only see the face, and yet you could fancy you saw the lady, saw her moving, gliding, passing away, turning, looking back over her shoulder, earnest, thoughtful, full of soul—but it was a soul of pity, of sympathy, not of love.

And this it was that tormented the fevered brain of Murietta. She was forever turning away from him, not scornfully, not suddenly or severely, but sadly, and with a face full of pity for him, and that sort of sympathy which a great and good soul feels for an inferior one when troubled.

He had drawn this picture in a state of mind that made him almost beyond the reach of responsibility for his acts. He had painted this by the dim candle-light, and in a single night, and all from memory. Yet he had, from the first beginning of that picture, determined to paint quite another position and quite another expression. Time and again he had pictured this same face, this same retiring, sorrowful face, looking back at him over her shoulder. If he had painted his ideal woman, the one who had been set up in his heart from the first, it is pretty certain he had painted this same picture, and painted it exactly after this fashion. At least he could now only image her in that way. He tried to recall the time when she had not been turning away from him, looking back in a great sympathy—but he could not.

He turned the picture to the cold, bright sunbeams that pitched through the little window down over the Capitoline Hill once more, and walked around and around and around, and began to talk to himself in a low, quiet way. Then he turned the picture again. This time he smiled and uttered an exclamation of delight.

The picture, the face was looking at him as if it might return, as if it had stopped in its retreat and would come back and lay its hand on his arm, and talk to him in a low, sweet way, and not be forever turning from him.

He stepped close to the picture, spoke to it, clasped his hands, and looked eagerly in the face, for he thought he saw the lips move, and he waited to hear her answer him.

The door softly opened. "Did you call, signor?" He turned his head angrily, and beckoned the servant from the room. The man was insane with a fever.

The dream seemed broken. He could not get the face to look at him again turn it as he would. His hands were cold; his head was burning; the brain on fire.

Around and around he moved, and turned the picture in every possible light; yet all the time it was passing away, and would come to him no more.

He caught up a dagger that lay on the little table at his side. "I have followed you—I have followed you for a thousand years. Centuries before I was born it seems to me, I sought to find you out among the millions that make their journey through the chartless seas and touch the stars, and land sometimes to rest like birds in flight, but found no place where we might rest till now.

"At last we two are on this earth! We two have touched this little grain of dust that rises in the great highway of stars from the wheels of Time; we two together! and yet you, after all my years of weary waiting, will turn away and come to me no more!"

He folded his arms, tucked the little blade up under his arm, and stood before the picture; and he looked at it, and bowed forward, and he listened, and he seemed to hear it speak—to speak to him—to answer back—and to turn to him. Yet all the time his brow grew dark, his lips hot, and his breathing short and quick.

Suddenly he sprang erect. He seemed to have heard her final answer.

The blade was in the air. He struck his foot on the floor, and cried :

"There, go ! go ! I command you to go ! I curse you—I kill—There ! take that and go from out my heart, for you have been my bane and death !"

He struck the dagger through the picture, and, leaving it there, staggered on past it through the open door, and fell with his face buried in his bed.

Nothing is so hard for an over-taxed mind to do as nothing.

Murietta all these months past had been attempting to rest. The result was his mind was hard at work, and grew more wearied than ever.

The mind can only rest at work. Lie down to sleep, and the more tired you are, the more certain is the soul to take strange journeys, and vex you with scenes that you would not see.

Had this artist had the strength and the determination while the world abused him, and when he first met Annette, to quietly find out some pleasant English village, sit down there, picture old cathedrals, lonesome lanes, and stout human faces, he had rested at his work and been very well. As it was, he traveled. Just as if a man could travel away from himself !

And now at last, with all this care and with this counter-current, this beautiful countess, with her pitiful face and all her troubles crossing his path, appealing to him, and then his hard life and horrible cell on the shady side of the Tarpeian Rock, the miasma blowing in from the Pontine marshes, the poisonous air generated in the wretched Jew quarter—all these were too much. The artist was mad with the Roman fever !

As he lay there, the beautiful countess, in her strange but becoming dress of rose and pink, was before him all the time, and pleading to him for help.

He knew perfectly well, insane as he was with the fever, that his own mind now was not over practical and cool. He felt that his life and soul were not on a level with the world around him, and that in the battle with the world he stood at a sore disadvantage. True, he might be above them all ; yet to be alone, to be lifted up, is to be made a mark for every archer's arrow.

If you would have peace, or even make a successful fight,



PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

keep down in the open plain, and on a level with your fellows, for that is best.

He now remembered, more vividly than ever before, his old terror of the madhouse. He seemed to see all his friends, all the fearless and bold and original men who dared speak, live, act, as they believed and for themselves, shut up in cells by the great majority who live, act, speak, as is prescribed and ordered by society.

He saw himself persecuted, hunted down, caught, confined in a damp prison, behind rusty bars, watched by a set of imbeciles, pitied by a set of well-regulated philanthropists, and he began to cry out in his agony of mind. He half awoke. His mind settled in its place a moment. Yet the countess, in her warm soft attire of rose and pink, was before him still.

Never had she seemed so near to him before. His own stormy seas had thrown him on the sands at her feet.

He seemed to understand her now. He pictured himself as standing in her place.

He remembered how terrible it had been to him when men tried to make him appear insane. Yet he was a man, strong enough, well enough, with all the world before him, and he was free to choose his time of going and his place of retreat.

But here was a weak and helpless woman, one who certainly had seen nothing at all of the hard side of life, a woman with a family, bound by ties of man and God to a certain person and to a certain form of conduct. And this woman, too, was being persecuted by a beast—a sort of Caliban and Old Man of the Mountains combined, from whom she could not escape.

He saw all this as she stood before him there, and his heart filled full of sympathy. He seemed to stand beside her. He saw that their souls stood very near together now in their trouble, and he questioned himself why he could not reach out his hand to the only one in all the world that stood by his side and understood him.

Then he thought of Annette. He saw her as he had seen her ten thousand times. She was still in his heart, the one great picture there, the central figure on its walls. But she was going away, it seemed to him. She was looking back over her shoulder, turning sharp about she seemed to be. Yet he had seen her ever thus before. He thought this all over, and tried to remember what had happened that morning between them. He was certain he had just been talking to her. Even now, as she was turning away, passing out of sight, looking back, her lips were half parted.

Perhaps she had just been saying farewell !

This thought maddened him. He sprang up, shrieked aloud, and reached his hands in the air, and then fell back moaning in his bed.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE PINCIAN HILL.

How it rains, and rains, and rains in Rome, when it once sets in for the Winter ! And there is health in this rain, and not altogether because it washes out and cleanses filthy Rome, but it somehow seems to purify the atmosphere in and around Rome, and everywhere up and down the Tiber.

The Roman fever, as a rule, is nothing more or less than the fever and ague of the Mississippi valley, and the mud lakes near Mexico city. A man who has had the ague in the United States or Mexico, is very likely to take this fever in Rome ; and when he does take it, and after the first bad attack of the fever, he will readily see the relation between the two.

Murietta was almost well again. The fever had gone ; the chill had left his bones and flesh sore, as if he had been on



ROMAN PEASANTS FLEEING FROM THE MALARIA OF THE CAMPAGNA.

a long journey ; but his head was clear, and he knew what was the matter, and knew perfectly well what to do.

But how it did rain ! The narrow streets of Rome were one moving mass of umbrellas. The Tiber came booming up through the streets, and flood-wood came down from the mountains in great rafts. The river seemed to be banked up from the sea. In fact, it was a little sea of itself.

Murietta had painted no more. He could not or he would not touch his brush in all this time that he had sat there in his little room over his little stove so like an open pickle-jar waiting for the sun.

The artist had but one conception in his mind. He could think of but one thing. Even here in eternal Rome, with the flower of his art before him, the best results of all the last five centuries, he saw nothing but this one face. He would not paint that any more.

Back behind the door, with a shawl thrown over it by the thoughtful and gentle sisters, stood his easel. There was but one picture there, in this artist's studio, the picture of Annette, the one fair woman, with a dagger driven to the hilt in her heart.

The sunshine follows the rain in fact as well as in poetry. How terribly tired Murietta had grown of playing the hermit ! He had hidden away determined to let the world go on the other side, go on its own way without him, and let him alone.

It was a little humiliating to this man's vanity, perhaps, to find that the world did go on, just about as well without him as with him. In fact, he found that he was not missed at all. He began to see that this would be the final end of the story ; that men come and go, and the busy world does not trouble its head at all about this man's loves, or that man's losses, or anything of the kind.

The artist began to want to see the world once more. The sun came out one day in mid-winter, as only an Italian sun can—came out after a long Winter rain ; and the hermit left

the shadow of the Tarpeian Rock, to see the gay gathering of people on the Pincian Hill. He arose and went out. Under the north side of the Capitoline Hill, down the Corso, up the Via Condotti, to the Spanish Square, and then up the grand, wide, tuffa, Spanish steps, the artist took his way, glad again to see the faces of men from the strong new West.

He went close up to the house standing at the base of these steps to the right, and lifted his hat as he looked in through the window where the last sunlight fell on the face of the boy-poet, Keats ; and he said as he passed on :

" He is gathered to the kings of thought."

The sun was spilling all over these hundreds of wide, high, splendid Spanish steps, and people were sunning themselves here in long rows by the dozen.

Further up the steps, on a little flat, peasants were playing their reed pipes and the tambourine, and men in long hair and short breeches, with little dirk knives just visible between the waists of their goatskin coats, were dancing wildly as the wind, with pretty peasant girls in very short dresses and little tunics and bodices, and striped and tattered shawls thrown loose over the arm and flying in the air as they danced.

Never is an Italian half so lively as when at the dance. You employ any peasant to do you any service, and watch his movements. You will come to think him the dullest, stupidest, slowest creature that ever has been born. See him dance, and you will think him about the liveliest.

A beautiful scene was this. They were dancing their old Saturnalia. This was the dance that these people had danced under the cork-trees on the Sabine Hills for thousands and thousands of years. And here in Rome it stood apart by itself. There was nothing like it. There can be no music like this. Nothing can imitate or approach it. No one takes part in these dances but these peasants from the Campagna, and they all gather around on these occasions. They stand

huddled in a close ring, with the dancers in the centre. The dance goes on for hours and hours. As soon as one man tires, he falls back exhausted into the arms of his friends, and another takes his place. The women can endure more of this than the men, but they, too, fall back exhausted, and then another steps out into the ring, dancing as she enters; and unless you are very quick in your observation you will not see the change of dancers at all.

This is a dance with a meaning. It is a sort of invocation and thanksgiving to Saturn. It is said that the Carnival was introduced by the popes in the hope of displacing and rooting out this relic of heathen custom; but in vain.

Up these steps to another level, and there in the sun sat a row of beggars engaged in gambling, and all too intent on their game to even reach out a hand to the artist as he passed. He climbed fairly to the top and stood by the obelisk before the church where sleeps poor Claude Lorraine.

Here the carriages went whirling by under the barren oak and elm trees on their way to the great little drive on the Pincian Hill. The Spanish steps away up here at the top, with all Rome beneath them, had blossomed all along the upper rows and bastions with the most beautiful women of the lower orders in Southern Italy.

These women were ranked under the general and not very comprehensive name of models. Such eyes are not to be met with anywhere in the world outside of Rome! Such wild brown hair about the brows and shoulders! Teeth—such teeth! And lips! only made to love, and laugh, and show such pretty, perfect teeth!

Oh, Rome! for all the bloody stories you have given us, for all the crimes with which you cursed the world when you were Rome, we hold you hardly guilty when we see what beautiful women you have brought us from out the world that was!

On to the left, between the leafless avenues of elms, with a high wall to your right, and all old Rome away down below you, and a part of new Rome immediately under you, and you come to a very little fountain playing in a very large broad basin, beneath an old gnarled and knotted tree, with its ancient limbs reaching down, as if they were tired and would like to come to the ground.

You pass through a great iron gate, up a pleasant sidewalk, with carriages whirling by you all the time, and music playing on every hand, and cactus growing on the walls, as if you were in Mexico, and then you stand on the Pincian Hill, with its forests of flowers, its fountains, its hundreds of masterpieces in marble, its banks of Winter roses, its black firs and forests of great evergreens, brought from the furthest borders of the world to beautify and make attractive this most delicious spot in Italy.

Then all around the edges of this, between the avenues of trees, is the drive. To the left there, as you drive between the trees and the rows of beautiful statues, you are above, or on, the wall of Rome. The wall is beneath you. If you leave your carriage and walk a few paces to the left, in one of the pleasant paths between the trees and by the flower-beds of beautiful colors, you will come to a little abutment reaching almost to your breast. Lean and look over. You will see that this portion of the wall of Rome is nearly sixty feet in height.

Below you is the Borghese, the great drive of Rome, where men also ride and lovers find seclusion in the paths leading from fountain to fountain through the dense wood below you.

You return to your carriage and drive on around, by flower-beds, by fountains, by beautiful figures in marble, and under fragrant and dark sweeping trees, and in a little time you are back to the place where you first entered, and in a perfect jam of carriages, with a dozen very handsome, and very polite, and very helpless and inefficient officers, trying hard

to keep the way open and to please every foreigner who has come to enjoy the carnival in their beautiful city.

There is a wide, wide place above the great wall. Room enough for a hundred carriages to come abreast. Here they make a diversion, and lines and lines of carriages are drawn up in rank, for under that great big palm-tree that King Someone sent to Pope Somebody is the splendid military band that plays here every day, just before sundown, for the people.

They are slow to begin. The Italian has always and forever, and without an exception, to make a speech before he begins even the most trifling task.

You have a minute to spare. Come close to the wall and look down. Here under you are fountains. All along the steep hillside below you see one unbroken bed of beautiful flowers, in every color of the rainbow. Even under the trees the flowers grow in Italy.

Down there, away down over the beds of flowers and beyond the trees and across the many turns of the road that leads up here from another gate by the way of the Piazza del Popolo, you see gray granite columns bristling with prows of ships. The tradition is that these were set here to commemorate the victory over Antony and Cleopatra.

Fountains and flowers, and flowers and fountains! That is Rome!

This, just beyond the granite columns and just beneath you, as it were, is the great Piazza del Popolo. There is an immense fountain in the centre of it with great big blue lions, and there are boys riding the stone lions, as they spout water, with strings in their mouths for bridles.

There are a hundred carriages in the Piazza and a thousand people. But the people do not look much taller than a span.

In the centre of this Piazza by the fountain is the oldest obelisk in Rome. That obelisk was chiselled, and had the inscriptions it holds up there to all the world, long before Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt.

Tradition locates the tomb of Nero on this very spot. Yet there is another so-called tomb of Nero away over yonder, five miles beyond the Tiber.

This obelisk was placed here on account of a dream which one of the popes had concerning the old tomb which stood here, bearing the name of Nero. Out of and around and over this tomb had grown a little forest of trees. These trees had grown to an immense size. The rocks had been roosting in them for centuries.

It was a bad year in Rome. Then the pope dreamed that all these rooks, roosting in these trees above the tomb of Nero, were evil spirits brooding over the city. He had the trees cut down, the tomb levelled, this obelisk placed there; and now you see nothing but the naked stones, and obelisk, and fountains.

And the story is that there is the portion of a man's body beneath this obelisk too; that when they were placing it there, and settling it to its place, a man got caught beneath it, and a part of his body remains still beneath the obelisk—buried perhaps with the Emperor Nero!

But hark! the music begins.

Softly it swells, sways, falls, rises again, loud, louder, long!—now light and faint and far away, sweet as kisses in a dream.

Classic song in a classic land. You may see the satyrs dance below the chestnut-trees almost. You picture the great god Pan sitting by the waters of the Tiber, piping in his reed, and puffing his cheeks, and tapping the time on the sand with his hoof.

And these pretty players here, these handsome Italian musicians, with hands and waists like women—these soldiers, too, with painted and powdered faces—these men wearing stays to make them seem more beautiful, know

perfectly well what awe and what interest envelop them. They are playing under the *prestige* of the whole world's history, from the days of the she-wolf up to the hour when their king came down from the North and sat down on his throne in Rome.

These players know that the beautiful blonde barbarians of England, and that farther and still more barbarous country which their great navigator discovered, are listening and looking on and thinking of the time when Caesar entered yonder gate of Rome to reign, and when St. Paul passed out through yonder gate to die.

Higher and higher the melody mounts up. They are playing a martial air. The very horses prance in their harness. The officers come closer around, sabres rattle on the sand, the beautiful blondes lean from their carriages and listen, or seem to listen, while they do not at all seem to see the bold and adventurous eyes that watch them from every quarter of the garden.

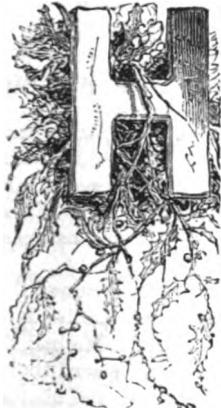
Higher and higher the music swells. You can hear the rustle of the palm-leaves—it is so still. The boughs of the ever-green oak quake, tremble, quiver and dance as if with delight. The great palm-tree that King Somebody presented to Pope Someone reaches out his great hands as if to say, "Bless you, my sunny Italian singers!"

Higher and higher, louder and louder, and at last the horses fairly plunge in their harness: the air, the heaven, is filled with this long last note.

It dies away; the horses plunge ahead; and the carriages are again whirling around on the rim of this last, save the Aventine, of the Seven Hills of Rome.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BROTHERS OF THE ALTAR.



The young lady kissed her hand as the general reached his to Murietta.

The carriage was whirled away, and cheery words of the light-hearted and honest Californian girl were spilled down in the tumult, and trodden under the feet of the plunging and prancing horses, and lost.

Murietta's heart was made lighter by this young woman whom he had met often before in the Far West, and gathering his cloak about him he was sauntering away with his eyes turned to the dome of St. Peter's away across the northern edge of Rome and beyond the Tiber.

As he reached the outside of the crowd a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned, and the hand was reached in token of friendship.

"I am a rough but honest sailor, a man who carries his heart in his hand. Shake hands, I am a man of the world; you are an artist. You dream, I work. You sleep, I wake. Come, we can be of use to each other as friends. We can destroy each other as enemies. Let us be wise. It is best to be friends."

His hand was reached out. Murietta drew back and wrapped his cloak closer about him.

"What if I prefer to be enemies?"

"Ha! ha! just what I was saying! You are a dreamer! Well, there is no occasion for being enemies, none in the least; and, in fact, there is but little occasion for being friends. I only want to ask you a question or two about a certain young lady with whom I just now saw you conversing in a most friendly manner."

The admiral took out a large note-book from his breast-pocket, and began to scan a list of names, with figures, dates, addresses, and the like, set opposite them. He stopped reading a moment, tapped the leather note-book with his fingers, as if it had been a kind of instrument on which he was about to play a tune, and then, stepping closer to the side of the artist, and looking carefully about to see that no one was listening, went on:

"I am a blunt and open-hearted man, a rough but honest sailor! Ah! you smile at this! But if you come to know me you will say at last—ay! you will inscribe it upon my tombstone—'The admiral was a rough but an honest man.' Well, as I was saying," here the fingers played up and down the back of the leather note-book as if the man was a bit embarrassed. "As I was saying, I am a blunt, honest man, and if I tell you why I want to know these things, and you see nothing wrong in it, will you not tell me?"

"Well, yes," said the artist, half sullenly, and gathering his cloak still closer up under his chin.

"Then I proceed to explain." The fingers again played a tattoo up and down the back of the leather note-book, and the admiral, looking again over his shoulder to be doubly sure that no one was listening, went on:

"In the first place you, Mr. Murietta, ought to belong to my Association. You have a reputation. Well, reputation is money. Fame is money. Title is money. The name of a count is worth so much in market. A duke so much. A marquis so much. A general so much, and so on. Well, the name of an illustrious painter is worth—let me see!" The fingers again ran up and down the imaginary keys on the back of the leather note-book, "is worth, say—well! say a quarter of a million francs."

Murietta loosened his cloak a little from under his chin and relaxed his features. He was getting interested to know what this mysterious, this monster, half-hideous man was driving at.

"You follow me?"

"Yes."

"You are interested, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are poor."

"Certainly, if that is any of your business."

"No offence—no offence. I am a blunt but honest man, and only want to feel my way across the ground as I proceed." The fingers again tapped and danced along the back of the note-book. "Now we come to the pith and core of the question. Thousands of young ladies pour into this country every year from America, and also from England. They are the cream of the country, and, particularly from America, are the wealthiest and best of the land. Of course they are vulgar, very loud and very vulgar, but then they are also very rich. Well, you follow me?"

"Yes."

"Good. These girls, vulgar but rich, come here in nine cases out of ten to get married. That is their business. They have no other. Particularly those from America are here for that purpose, and that purpose alone. They know nothing about art; they care less. They would give more to look upon the face of a single member of a royal family than to see all the works of Michael Angelo or De Vinci."

"Well, suppose that this falsehood which you utter of my

people of the West is true, what of it?" Murietta was again gathering up his cloak and contracting his brows.

"That is it, that is it. Now we come to the point." He again tapped and tattooed on the back of the note-book. "Put this and that together, and you will understand. These girls, these vulgar but wealthy women from the West, are here to get husbands. Shall they be disappointed? No! A gallant man will not willingly see a lady disappointed. I am a gallant man. I have set my heart to assist them in this matter. I go about doing good in silence. They do not know, do not dream, how I am assisting them in their efforts to get what they have crossed the seas to obtain."

"I do not understand you at all."

"Look here! read these names. I am a blunt and an honest man—a man who carries his heart in his hand. I have nothing whatever to conceal. Read these."

The admiral handed the book to the artist, and struck an attitude before him as if he would sit for the personification of Simple Innocence.

Murietta glanced down a long list of names with addresses, dates, and figures opposite them.

"There!" The admiral pointed to the name of Mollie Wopsua. "There! Now what sum shall we set opposite? In other words, what is she worth? She comes here to be married like the others. She, like the others, wants a title. Very well. These titled gentlemen are my friends. They are not to be imposed upon. Now, sir, she wants a title. She is easily caught, too easily; we are afraid of her. We cannot find out what she is worth. She comes from too remote a quarter. We have agents in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, who keep us informed here and in Paris, and in all great cities of the continent, and we know oftentimes better than the father himself knows what his daughter is worth. But here, sir, we are in a dilemma. Now, you know this young lady. You not only know what she is worth, but, should she prove to be wealthy, you can materially assist her, assist her, mark you, in a most gallant and disinterested way, to procure a husband. There! there! pardon me," said the old admiral, catching his breath and reaching out and taking his book, and again tapping the tattoo on its back. "Pardon me, sir, but I hope I have now proved to you that I have no secrets at all in this matter from gentlemen—from gentlemen, mark you. And now, sir, what sum shall we set against the name of the vivacious Miss Mollie Wopsus?"

"Let me look at that book again."

The artist reached his hand with an air of authority. He turned a leaf, looked up and down the lines of names there, and read that of Annette.

He threw the book in the man's face, and stepping back, loosened his cloak and freed his arm as if to strike, if followed, as in the fashion of his country. The admiral picked up his note-book and smiled.

"I have a mind to tumble you over that parapet!"

"Just as I was saying—just as I remarked before!" and the fingers tattooed again up and down the note-book. "You are a dreamer. You do nothing but dream. Do you suppose I like this business better than you do? No. A man must eat. A gentleman must have money. Come. The lady wants a title. Is she able to pay for it?"

"You gray-headed old villain! What if I should tell this to the world?"

"Tell it! tell it? There is nothing to tell. This which we do is no secret. Every gentleman in Paris, every gentleman in Germany, every gentleman in Italy—that is, gentlemen who are unfortunate enough to be without fortune—belongs to our Association. We are a society. We are a band of brothers. We are more than a thousand strong. When one marriage is consummated and a fortune secured, that fortune must go in part to the general fund for the purchase of clothes, jewels, crests, and other things necessary to

catch the eye of the ladies from out the West. Tell it! ha, ha!" The fingers again ran up and down the leather keys.

"Why, do you see those gentlemen walking up and down there before the lines of carriages? You see they are the handsomest and the best dressed men in all Rome. They are the most polite and accomplished gentlemen in Italy. Well, those gentlemen have all a list like this. These same names, dates, figures, are down in their books just as in my own. We are hesitating about this one name. Tell it? ha, ha! But please don't tell any ladies here. The Italian dagger still retains its point. Tell it! Bah! These thousand gentlemen forming one Association know it already, and as for the world, it will not believe you," and the fingers again tapped the book. "Come, I have been blunt, but honest. Just as I told you, you will find me to the end. I am a practical man. I am an old man, too. I know perfectly well what I am about, and see no more harm in this trade than in any other transaction in commerce."

He took off his glove, drew out a pencil, raised it to the open book, and began to write.

"Come! be as frank with me as I have been with you. What sum shall we set opposite to the name of the lively Miss Mollie Wopsus?"

Murietta seemed to have a sudden inspiration. He drew his cloak closer up under his chin, and said through his teeth:

"Ten million francs."

The admiral wrote the figures down with as much coolness as if he had been entering a note of the weather. As he wrote, Murietta noticed that the ends of his fingers were stained and yellow, as if burned by acids. He remained no longer near, but left the man writing in his leather notebook, and melted away in the crowd.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BELLE OF ROME.

WAS not altogether strange that the artist should have met the countess face to face. He might have met her here any day for a long time.

She, with a will that was law, beckoned him to a seat in her carriage, for she was alone. As they descended the Pincian Hill they met Annette in her carriage with her father.

"The belle of Rome!" cried the countess, suddenly growing animated, and turning to Murietta as she spoke.

"The beauty of Rome!" answered Murietta, warmly.

"Do you know her?"

"Know the lady! I have known her a thousand years!"

"Oh, in the time of the Caesars! Why not say in the Caesars? Say, for example, that you met her at the ball given by the wife of citizen Brutus, to celebrate the opening of the Appian Way, and so on."

"Well," said Murietta sharply, "since you are so exact about the matter, I am bound to confess the truth, and to tell you that I do not know her at all; or, at least, that she does not know me."

"Are you certain that you are not romancing?" One of the pretty little pink fingers, in a little pink glove, was rolling itself up like a silkworm in the tassels of a crape shawl as she said this, and the lips pouted out saucily, and the lady colored to the brows.

"I am certain that she does not recognize me; and I can only add, in all candor, that I am sorry that she does not; and am covered with shame and confusion, for I have followed her as faithfully as night follows day, and——"





THE SYBIL'S CAVE, IN TIVOLI.

He stopped then suddenly, and bit his lips till he almost tasted blood.

The color went from the face of the beautiful countess only for an instant. Then, turning to Murietta, she laid her little hand on his arm, gently, very gently, scarcely touching

it, and looking in his face so earnestly, so sadly, so full of soul, she said :

"I comprehend, I understand you ; I understand you perfectly; and, Mr. Murietta, listen to me and believe me ; I, too, am sorry ; very, very sorry."

"Hist! soft! Her name is sacred, lady. Remember, I said I knew nothing whatever. I have never spoken to her one word. The admission that I have made is my own. It is also my own secret. If I have followed her and worshipped her, it has not been her fault in anywise whatever. Remember that! Remember that! Her name, somehow, is sacred. Her good name and her fair name, her purity of heart, her charity, her truth, her nobility of nature, that would forbid her to encourage for one moment a passion that she could not entertain, must never be questioned. She never so much as spoke to me, or even smiled in my presence."

"Please don't be mysterious," pleaded the countess.

"But I am only trying to be plain."

"I do not understand you."

"But you said you understood perfectly."

"I do not understand a nature and a sentiment like that."

The pretty little pink finger was wound tight as a silkworm in its shroud, and the great brown eyes full of melancholy lifted and looked with earnestness and inquiry into the face of Murietta.

The carriage had turned into the court, and stopped at the foot of the great stairway, while the footman stood holding open the door for them to descend.

"You will dine with us to-day?"

"No."

"You will at least come in and have a glass of wine?"

The artist gave the lady his arm; little Sunshine ran up the steps holding on to the footman's hand, and the senatorial Roman on the box snapped his silk, and, lifting his finger to his hat, trundled over the stones and was gone.

The doors of the old palace were massive and old and rusty as the doors of a prison. A whole army might be held at bay for ever so long by one of these doors, built in the Middle Ages out of crossed beams of oak, and twisted bars of iron and bolts of copper and plates of brass.

There was a smell of tobacco-smoke as they entered the ante-camera, and from beyond there came the shouts of many voices, as if men were at wine in a wayside inn.

The countess tried to pass this tumult by with the remark that the count and his friends were having their carnival in the palace instead of on the Corso, but she looked very much troubled, and her brow gathered with care and anxiety.

They entered the great saloon, gorgeous with mirrors and paintings, and set all around by little forests of flowers, and pleasant to the feet with its soft and luxuriant carpets.

To the delight and relief of Murietta, here they came upon Carlton, an American artist and poet he had before met in Naples. He was hidden away in a corner like a hermit, devouring a book, and as if he was trying to get out of sight and hearing of the terrible din of voices back yonder somewhere in the depths of the palace.

The beautiful countess, with her brows gathered in trouble, left the two gentlemen together, and, taking her little boy by the hand, passed on through the great saloon into the little wigwam we have before visited.

Carlton was a cautious man, with some of the look and manner, and, some said, with all the cunning of a Catholic priest of the most zealous order.

"I have come here to dine with the count," began Carlton, timidly and cautiously, as he flipped the leaves of his book back and forward, "and I have seen the strangest man!"

"Well! the strangest man ought to be very interesting, at all events," laughed the artist.

"But he does not interest me, I assure you; he sets my teeth on edge. I am afraid of him."

"Heavens! you talk like a man who finds himself among the banditti of the Alps."

"No, I am not afraid the man will murder me—nothing like that; only he gives me the shivers, and if I could I should so like to get out of the house and away from the presence and hearing of that man, for he is my evil genius."

"Why, my dear fellow, does he persecute you?" asked the artist kindly.

"No, no, I can hardly understand. I certainly cannot explain. I only know that he strikes me with terror when he talks, and almost drives me wild when he laughs; and this terrible man is to dine here. That is he now."

The two men listened to the uproar in the remote depths of the palace, and the voice of one man rose above the tumult like the trumpet of a sea-captain in a storm.

"Why, that is the voice of the admiral," said Murietta.

"I don't care who it is, that man is my evil genius. He absorbs me, he takes my strength. Perhaps I shall have to sit by him at dinner."

"Mercy, man! are you afraid he will eat you? Come, if it comes to that, I shall dine here also, and we will see what idle fancies you poets cherish."

"No, it is not an idle fancy. That man has blood on his hands, and that man will die a violent death."

"Carlton, you have a reputation for prudence and caution; but to-day you are perfectly reckless in your remarks. The old sailor, a sort of ugly sea-dog, is of course vulgar and hard-natured, but, as for there being blood on his hands, that is a thing that is hard on him to assert and would be hard on yourself to prove."

"You are right, Murietta. But I will tell you what may be proved, and what time will testify to."

"Well."

"That man will be hanged."

"Are you mad, or are you talking only for your own amusement?"

"Neither, I trust. You see, Murietta," said Carlton, coming close up to his friend and laying his hand on his shoulder, and looking slowly and cautiously around, as guides are sometimes seen to do—"you see violent men, men of marked and savage individuality, often have their future written in their faces, and it is given to some men of a very sensitive composition to read them as prophecies. That man will be hanged!"

He shrunk back, and, holding up the book in his other hand, began to look through the leaves hurriedly; but his face was red and flushed, as if it would set them on fire.

The admiral had entered from a door behind a screen, and was upon them even as Carlton spoke. He reeled and rolled as if he walked the deck of a ship in a storm. The admiral was drunk.

The count was with him, close up by his side, near him, as a sort of shadow.

The admiral came up, slapped Carlton on the shoulder with his hard horny hand, shook hands with both the artists, rolled his big heavy head from one shoulder to the other, and talked and bantered in a loud and boisterous manner,

The count was very quiet and very friendly. This annoyed Murietta. Had he been a stranger to the Latin race and the nature of this distinct people, he had not been either surprised or displeased at this friendliness; on the contrary, he had been delighted, and would have concluded that these men had found out and admitted to themselves that they were wrong in the little scene at St. Peter's, and were now willing to admit as much by their actions, without going into the unpleasant task of a formal acknowledgment to Murietta. But he knew that the pride of these people never allows them to confess themselves in the wrong. He knew that they never forget or forgive. He knew that the little scene in St. Peter's was uppermost in their minds, even as they smiled and made him welcome to the palace.

Had the countess appeared he had taken his leave, and

been very glad to get away. As it was, he sauntered about the saloon with Carlton after the two men, who had forced a reluctant consent from him to remain till dinner, had returned to their boon companions, and talked of the pictures and the palace.

"What a display of wealth!" said Carlton; "there is enough hanging on every one of these four walls to make a little fortune."

"And where does it come from?" queried Murietta of his friend. "These Italians as a rule are so very poor."

"Where does it come from?" echoed Carlton, turning sharply to Murietta as they stood before a Titian; "from America—from our country."

"No!"

"Every sou of it. That count, like all foreign counts, is a beggar, of course, like the whole crew he has about him."

"But do you really know these men he has about him? You must remember we are to dine with these men."

"Yes, we are to dine with them; and mark me, I tell you if they were only beggars I should not care. They are a deal worse than beggars." The poet shrugged his shoulders, pointed out some special point of beauty in the old Titian before them, and passed on to another picture.

Murietta was somehow very glad to know that all this wealth was that of the countess in pink and rose. This at least would keep her from dependence on those around her, and would in all reason insure her some liberty of action and some repose and peace of mind.

He tried to recall any allusion she had made to this matter, but could not. On this subject, as well as that of her alleged malady and misfortune, and the good or ill behavior of the count, she had been as silent as possible. Her soul, it seemed to him, had always risen above these things. He could now see how she had at times been lashed to fury, as in St. Peter's, and how wild words and expressions had sometimes been forced from her unwilling lips, that were closed and silent again as soon as she escaped and was free. And that was all.

The door of the round and magnificent wigwam, which we have seen before, opened, and the maid stepped up to Murietta, after glancing about the saloon to see that no one was watching her, and said:

"Here! one minute—the countess."

He looked at Carlton, and then hastily passed in after the maid.

The beautiful woman lay there pale and prostrate on the sofa. Her gorgeous robes were tumbled about her, and her clothes were open at the breast.

A great tall man with a black beard stood beside her with a letter in his hand.

Murietta started back. How did this man get into the presence of the countess, and who could he be?

The countess put out her hand. It was so delicate, so soft and beautiful. It had all the tint hue of a pale pink shell of the sea, and was soft and sweet as a full-blown rose to touch.

"I am ill," she began in a voice as low and tender as if she spoke to a child. "I am too ill to join you at dinner, but you will remain to dinner, and you will come again and as soon as possible, for it is so lonesome here, and heaven knows when I will get out of the palace again. There, go, go, and do not let them see you, or let them know that you have been in here." Then, drawing Murietta by the hand very near, she whispered: "This is my prison, and that man is one of my keepers. Now, go. But come to-morrow—to-morrow, at twelve!"

She beckoned him back; frowned as he lingered, and threw out her hand as if to urge him through the door.

Murietta, all breathless and embarrassed, stepped back and through the door as he had been directed, and as he did so heard a strong bolt close behind him, and the beau-

tiful woman lying there on the sofa, like a pink-rose full blown and gathered in the hand and half withered in the sun, was locked and bolted in the saloon with a tall strong stranger.

Murietta did not like mystery. To him there was enough that was incomprehensible in the very problem of life and death and the future worlds, and it irked him to see enigmas and to find secrecy where it seemed to him there should have been candor and simplicity.

Carlton had taken his seat on the sofa in a retreat behind a little forest of blossoming rhododendrons, and was again turning the leaves of the book.

"Well, and have you been into the secret cave in search of the lamp?"

"The countess is ill," said Murietta, gravely, "and will not be able to join us at dinner."

Here the admiral again entered. He was singing a loud sailor's song, and he seemed to be walking a stormier deck than ever before.

There was the sound of another bolt being shot behind the door that led from the grand saloon to the wigwam where the countess was lying.

The count was at the side of the admiral smiling in a sort of drunken imbecility. The two men heard the bolt. They went up to the door, and the count called through the key-hole. Then he tapped on the door with his knuckles and put down his head to wait for an answer. Then he knocked again louder than before. No answer. Then the admiral called in a voice that might wake the dead. Still no answer. At this the admiral raised his two hands and pounded against the door of the room where lay the beautiful lady ill, as if they had been battering-rams. No answer. He waited a moment longer and then drew back and kicked the door with all his might.

Here the count feebly remonstrated.

"Teach her a lesson," thundered the admiral, as the two men turned away from the door and came towards where the artist and the poet sat together, indignant witnesses of this scene.

"I will not taste his bread," said Murietta, between his teeth.

"As to that," answered Carlton, "the bread is not his, and we can't well get away now."

The count came forward with great politeness and announced that dinner was waiting. In a walk of half-a-minute across the great saloon he had laid off the rough and brutal behavior just exhibited to his wife, and now with these strangers was only civility and sweetness. As for the admiral, he went straight on into the dining-hall and sat at the table, and talked and behaved in all respects like a savage old Saxon of the Middle Ages, and as if not only all this palace but all of Rome was his special property.

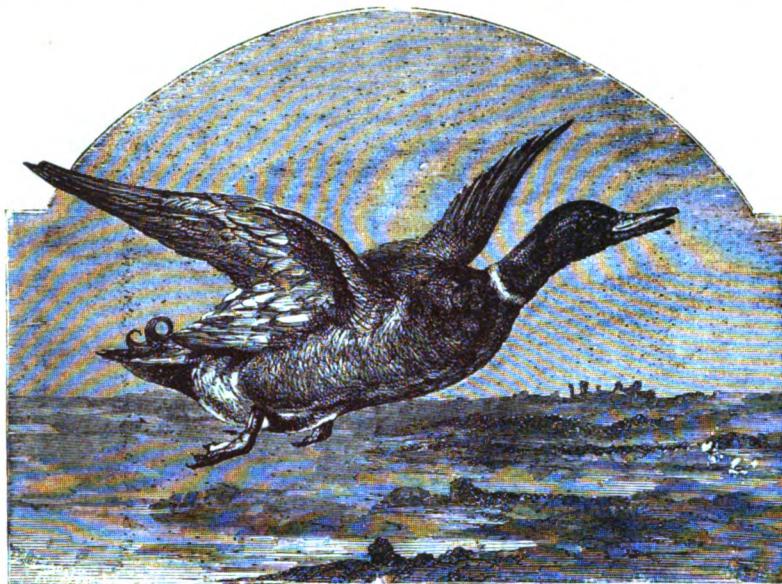
There were at least a dozen men present, and all strangers, save a little threadbare Secretary of the Legation whom he had met on his first arrival at Rome. As for the others of the party, they were mostly after the type and manners of the admiral, and all seemed to look up to him as a sort of leader.

"Are these men really beggars," said Murietta to himself, as he took a seat between the secretary and Carlton, "or are they a band of brigands?"

"This is a very bad atmosphere," answered Carlton, in an undertone; and the two men ate in silence, and left the palace at an early hour.

(To be continued.)

DEATH is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time.



TO A WATER-FOWL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last step of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the thin, cold atmosphere;
Yet stoop not weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end—
Soon shalt thou find a Summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

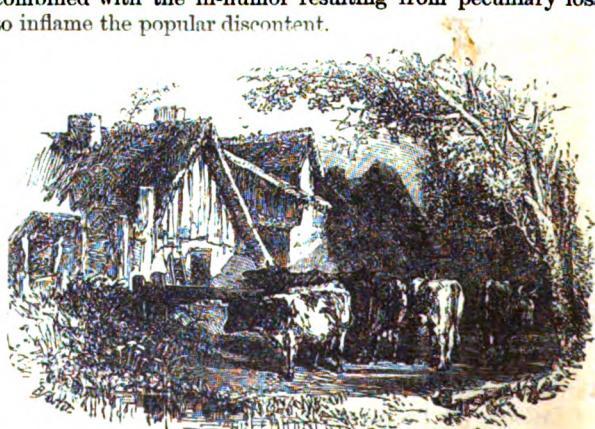
BY JAMES PARTON.

THE career of William Cullen Bryant gives no support to the prevalent impression that precocity is fatal to the mind's harmonious development. The venerable and illustrious head of American literature, whom we have seen solacing his old age by translating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and translating them so well that these works take their

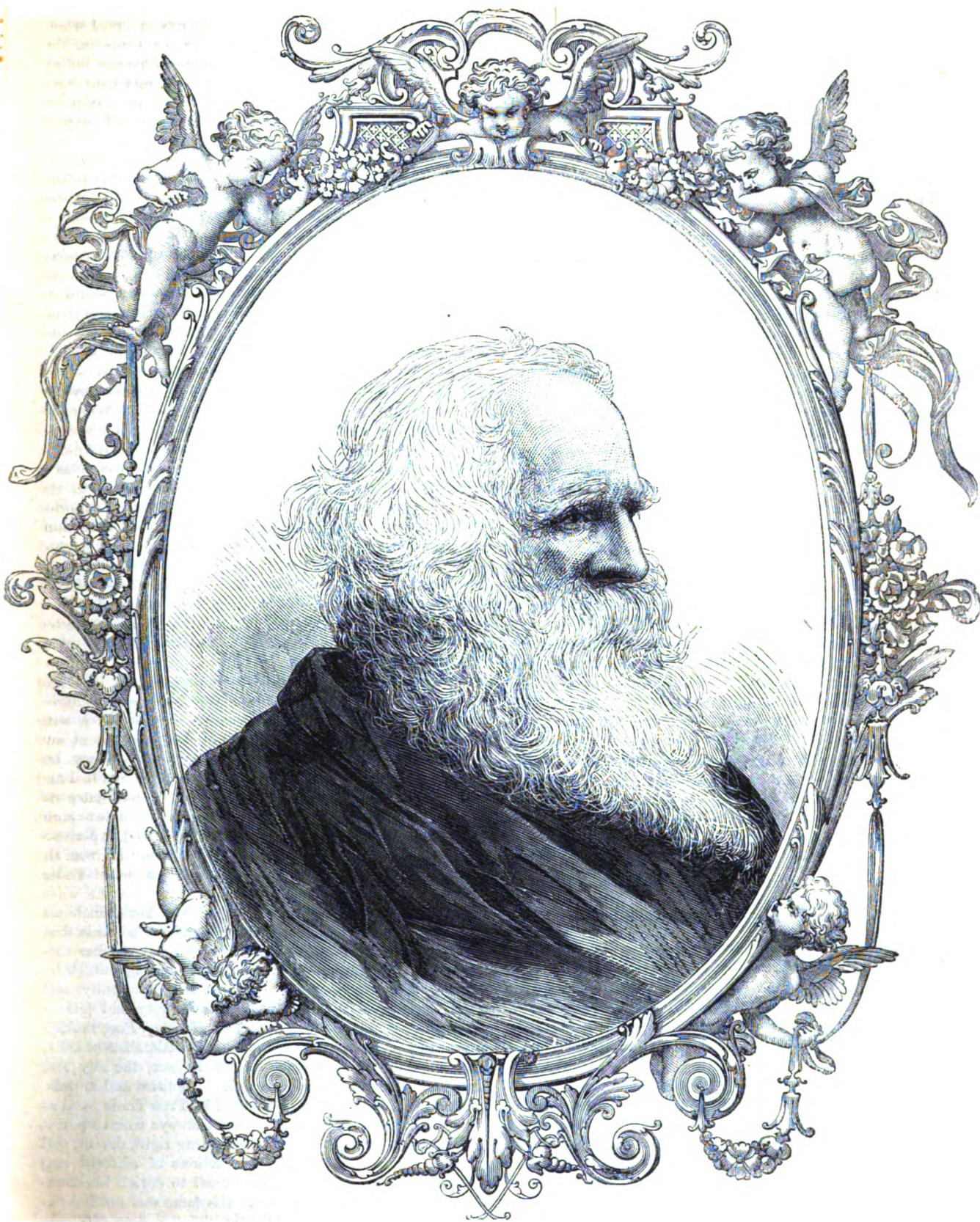
places among the few great translations which the world possesses, wrote correct verses when he was nine years of age, enjoyed a local celebrity as a poet when he was ten, and saw his name on the title-page of a volume of poems before he was fifteen. Few literary lives have been so long. He has been a poet for sixty-eight years, and we still expect verses from his pen.

At the beginning of this century, one of the leading citizens of Hampshire County, in Massachusetts, was Dr. Peter Bryant, who, besides being eminent as a physician and man of learning, was a noted politician of the Federal party which he afterwards represented in the Senate of his State. His children were all intelligent beyond their years; but William Cullen, his eldest son, may be truly said to have "lisped in numbers." He wrote creditable translations as well as original verses long before boys in

general can write tolerable sentences in prose. When he was ten years of age, a poetical piece of his was spoken at a school exhibition, which was thought so good that it was published in the county paper. He exhibited as a boy that susceptibility to impressions, that interest in the topics of the time, which we usually observe in superior children. It was when he was a boy of eleven that Congress, upon the recommendation of the President, passed the Embargo Law of 1807, which forbade the departure of merchant vessels from the ports of United States; an act which, of course, suspended commerce and deprived of their means of living an immense number of persons connected with the foreign commerce of the country. All those towns upon the coast of New England which had been growing rich for so many years by trade with the East and West Indies, and by supplying the European belligerents with provisions and merchandise, were stricken with paralysis. Their wharves and warehouses were silent and desolate. The price of farm produce fell, and thus the whole of the people of the sea-board States suffered loss and anxiety. In one year the exports of the United States declined from one hundred and eight millions of dollars to eight millions and a half. New England did not, indeed, experience more than her share of the loss and ruin resulting from the measure; but New England was the very citadel of Federalism, and the Federal party was opposed to the whole system of policy of which the Embargo was but a single act. Political feeling, therefore, intense almost to fanaticism, combined with the ill-humor resulting from pecuniary loss to inflame the popular discontent.



EVENING.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

This susceptible boy, at his father's home in the beautiful village of Commington, hearing so much of the terrible Embargo and of Thomas Jefferson, still more terrible, and the turbulent, menacing democratic party, was moved to write a poem, in heroic verse, which he entitled "The Embargo." This production was so highly esteemed that it was published as a pamphlet and circulated throughout the county. A less gifted boy than William Cullen Bryant could have pleased the heated Federalists of 1808. The poem was indeed so well received in the county that, in the following year, it was republished in a thin volume of thirty-six pages at Boston; the title-page of which was as follows: "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Time. A Satire. The second edition, corrected and enlarged, together with the Spanish Revolution and other Poems. By William Cullen Bryant. Boston: Printed for the author by E. G. House. No. V. Court Street; 1809."

The poet was not quite fifteen years of age when this volume was published, and it was thought necessary to preface it by a statement certifying that the author was really only a lad, born at Commington, November 3, 1794.

Such was the entrance into literature of the first man of the Western Continent who ever wrote verses which the verdict of the world pronounced POETRY. Nothing in this little volume can claim attention for its merits alone, but it is questionable if ever a boy of ten or eleven years of age wrote verses more correct or melodious than the poems, written in July, 1807, entitled "Drought," which Messrs. Duyckinck have reproduced in their *Cyclopedia of American literature*. Such precocity, with the injudicious applause that usually accompanies it, had probably been a disastrous gift, but for the fact that the poet was blessed with a father who was as wise as he was kind. Dr. Bryant gave to his gifted son many a lesson upon the value of correctness and brevity, and led him early to distinguish between the true and the false in poetry. The poet in his later verses testified to the benefit which he derived from his father's instruction:

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses."

Nor does he omit to record in eloquent lines the skill which his father had acquired in the healing art:

"By years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lessons."

He tells us, too, that when this excellent physician had fallen a victim to his humane exertions on behalf of the sick and suffering, tears stood in eyes unused to weep, and men turned pale

"Who deemed thy skill delayed their death-hour."

What better nourisher of a poetic genius could there be than a thoughtful, learned physician, observant of Nature's ways, yet not uninterested in subjects more vivid and stirring? As the father blended in his life science and politics, so has the world admired in the son a life chiefly passed in political discussions, but ennobled, enlivened, and beautified by poetry.

He was fortunate, too, in the place of his birth. Hampshire has been styled the garden county of Massachusetts; and Berkshire, which lies beyond it, where he passed the years of early manhood, is a region renowned for its romantic loveliness. Beautiful rivers wind about the bases of wood-covered mountains—streams that course for a while tranquilly through green meadows, and then break into rapids and falls, around which have clustered, in these later years, manufacturing villages, but which were then still foaming in their natural purity and freedom.

Mr. Bryant is a poet because he inherited the brain and temperament of a poet, and because he had a father who

knew how to supply his genius with its proper nutriment and training. Poet as he was, however, he was a New England lad, and he therefore had to pursue the course which New England then marked out for the *élite* of her youth. He had to go to college, and enter a lawyer's office, and pass his examination, and be admitted to the bar, and find some town where there appeared a chance for a young lawyer to gather a business. Always forward, we find him hanging out his tin sign at Plainfield, Massachusetts, before he was twenty; subsequently, and for nine years, he successfully practised law at Great Barrington, Mass.

Fortunately, his clients left him some leisure for verse. In 1816 Mr. Richard H. Dana, editor of the "North American Review," which then combined the features of a review and a magazine, one day received two poems: one entitled "Thanatopsis," and the other "A Fragment." The editor observed that the name of Bryant was attached to them. It so chanced that Dr. Peter Bryant was at the time a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and, knowing something of his reputation as a man of learning, the editor hastily concluded that the doctor was the author of the poems. Struck with the majestic beauty, the full harmonious flow, of the longer poem, Mr. Dana hurried off to the Senate-chamber to get a sight of the new poet. He discovered the doctor—a man of dark complexion, with black hair, thick eyebrows, and a general cast of countenance the opposite of his (Mr. Dana's) conception of a poet's lineaments. He was rather ashamed of his want of discernment in not being able to perceive a poet in the laborious country practitioner; and, what is still more strange, he remained for several years under the impression that it was Dr. Bryant who had written the poem.

"Thanatopsis" appeared in the "North American Review" in 1815, and from that time an American citizen could justly claim that his country, too, had produced a poet. Its merit was instantly appreciated, and it remains to this hour the favorite poem of American readers of a contemplative cast of mind.

The young lawyer, during the next five years, contributed verses occasionally to the Boston periodicals, and in 1821 his poems were published at Cambridge, in a small volume, which gave him at once a position in the literature of the world. In 1825, when he was thirty-one years of age, he took courage to abandon his law business at Great Barrington, and came to New York with the deliberate purpose of making literature his profession. Not that he entertained the fond delusion of being able to live by poetry. He was a citizen more than he was a man of letters. He was an intelligent and well-informed politician, as well as his country's most gifted poet.

After spending two or three years in New York, editing a literary periodical, and contributing to others, he made that fortunate engagement with the *Evening Post*—not less fortunate for the country than for himself—through which he gradually won an assured position in the community, and which has given to his old age the dignity and leisure afforded by an ample fortune. The *Evening Post*, though founded by Alexander Hamilton and the Federalists of 1804, became, under the influence of Mr. Bryant, the ally and champion of every liberal principle—politics and morals. Almost alone, for many years it stood by Free Trade; and at every time of crisis, the public could always count upon it as the enlightened advocate of everything right, decent, and magnanimous. Amid all the distractions of editorial and political life, Mr. Bryant has continued to enrich his country's literature with noble verse. His fame was not long in making its way across the Atlantic. The readers of Washington Irving's *Correspondence* are aware with what friendly zeal Mr. Irving, on receiving in 1832 a volume of Mr. Bryant's poems, ran about among the London publishers to find one who would venture to reproduce the volume in England. It

was the time of the terrible cholera of 1832, and no publisher would think of an enterprise involving risk. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Irving, who was the popular author of the day, the great lion of literature on both sides of the Atlantic, wrote a preface introducing the poet to the people of England. No publisher could refuse anything bearing the magic name of Irving. The volume was published in 1832, and Mr. Bryant has ever since been one of the household authors of Great Britain.

The poet now approaches his seventy-ninth year. For some time past he has been withdrawn from the more active labors of the Press; but he never willingly withdraws either his name or his pen, or his presence, from any public object of which he approves.

He has pronounced some noble orations in honor of the distinguished dead, and he has made sterling and weighty speeches in behalf of such objects as International Copyright, of which he has always been an advocate. If he does not believe in protecting *interests*, he does entirely believe in protecting *rights*. Mr. Bryant has become an exceedingly beautiful old man. His snowy hair, his round, full and spacious forehead, the benignant expression of his countenance, and the gentle dignity of his bearing, realize a poet's dream of a sage.

Fortunate in his birth, successful at every stage of his career, he has employed his great talents and his great opportunities always for noble ends. His career honors human nature, and his name is part of his country's claim to the regard of mankind.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

HAT bric-à-brac is it would be difficult to define.



Perhaps the most exact, as well as the most comprehensive, definition of it that could be given would be elegant rubbish. For it is essential to the bric-à-brac of a thing that it should be utterly useless; so much so, that if once made for use, as it is quite likely to have been, any using of it now for the purpose for which it was made would be sacrilege; or worse, bad taste; or worst of all, quite out of the fashion. The mania for collecting bric-à-brac is now at its height. The amount of money that may be got by gathering together a promiscuous assemblage of old pots and pans, decayed door-knockers, battered spoons, cracked crockery, worm-eaten carving, and noseless statuettes, and then selling them as the collection of a well-known amateur, is quite incalculable. If a few people, with their pockets pretty full of money, wishing to be in the fashion, take a notion to most of the things, your fortune is almost made. For, to get a big price in the auction room, it is only necessary that two persons pretty well provided with money should want the same thing—the intrinsic value of it is not of the least consequence,

The outbreak of this bric-à-brac mania is altogether without visible cause. It appears, however, to be only a new form of that mental disease which has been always more or less prevalent in modern times at least—the mania for collecting. Book-lovers are most likely to be affected by this disease, so that their ailment has come to have a name—*bibliomania*. In this, as in the bric-à-brac mania, the uselessness of the article so eagerly desired is an essential element of the ailment. For your true bibliomaniac never reads his books. Some books he may read (in the time left to him for the consultation of catalogues), but not his own. True, Mr.

Heber, the greatest of bibliomaniacs, who had houses full of books all over London, did read; and said that a man couldn't get on without at least three copies of every book he wanted—his copy to read, his copy to lend, and his show copy. He also gave us the true diagnosis of the disease from which he suffered. He said that his collecting mania began when he bought his first duplicate. He was right; he then stepped over the bounds of use in the object of his desire. There is nothing that may not be made the occasion of this mania for collecting, which is a passion by itself. Have we not seen the assembling together of old, smutched postage stamps made a pursuit, and actually dignified by a name, "Philately"? than which form of collecting it would seem that, except for children, there could not be a more trivial occupation even of leisure time. But, even in this, one of the great spur to collecting is not lacking. We have heard of a boy asking his father for a dollar to pay for a much-desired object of "philately," who, on being remonstrated with for paying so much for a dirty little scrap of paper, answered—"But, papa, no other boy will have the stamp." The possession of something rare, something that no other boy will have, is one of the great stimulants to this collecting, and greatly so in the collection of bric-à-brac. Mr. Du Maurier touched the motive-feeling in a cartoon in *Punch's Almanac*, in which he represents a woman in the despair of dishevelled hair over the fragments of a piece of crockery. Life, she says, has now no charms for her. A little girl, who has broken away from a knot of others, exclaims, "Why, mamma, have you not me?" "But you are not unique," is the reply; "there are six of you—half a dozen."

But although bric-à-brac collecting, like all collecting, has its ridiculous side, and is carried to excess chiefly by those who cannot appreciate what they buy, and gather merely for the reputation of being the possessors of a collection, it has also its genuinely pleasing, and perhaps not altogether useless, side. For there is collecting and collecting; and taste and knowledge, or the lack of them, may be shown in the collection of bric-à-brac, as in that of books or of pictures, or of engraved gems. The devotee of high art may scoff at the bric-à-brac collector; but Sèvres porcelain, or even Delft ware, Wedgwoods, Japanese vases, and bronzes, and finely wrought jade and the like, have intrinsic beauty, and well-disposed through a house do much to delight the eye, and give the place a human, habitable look. But the moment this disposition of bric-à-brac is abandoned for a formal arrangement of the articles by themselves, then beware; the collecting mania has begun, and the articles cease to be household goods, and become a sort of museum. The very highest style of the possession of such quaint, dainty, and elegant things as form the best part of bric-à-brac is to have them for use, although it may be only on grand occasions. To ring a bell or use a candlestick carved by Benvenuto Cellini, to pour chocolate from a Sèvres pitcher into Sèvres cups, to use a snuff-box painted by Petitot—this is the highest enjoyment of the beauty of such things; for this is putting them to the use for which they were designed. Between this use and the setting them up to be looked at, there is the same difference that there is between a woman's wearing handsome dresses, and keeping them in a wardrobe to be taken out and shown to her dearest friends for the purpose of exciting their admiration and provoking their envy. Few, however, especially in this country of untrained servants, can afford to subject articles so expensive as those which go to make up bric-à-brac to the hazards of use, even upon high days and holidays. We must keep our most beautiful things for show, and use our common clay. All the more, then, should we be careful in their selection, and, unless we have some knowledge and art culture, get the advice of a friend who is so qualified, before we purchase; and we should buy only what we can

arrange as part of the furniture of our rooms. A room cumbered and clattered with bric-à-brac is an offence; one in which it appears as an element of domestic beauty—a sort of rich, quaint fringe of daily life—is very attractive, and has a variety not to be attained by conformity to any particular style of decoration.

THE TWO DOGS.

THERE are two parties in animal opinions: the one argues for instinct only in the brute creation, the other pleads for reasoning faculty. The first party is occasionally staggered by some record of animal doings, which, if it does not argue reasoning faculty, shows wondrous accident.

One of this class we describe and illustrate in the misfortune and charity of two dogs:

A tin can that had attracted the attention, gastronomically, of a hungry cur connected with a traveling circus, from its outside drippings and some remnant of the good things it had held, stood by the door of a house. Mr. Dog regaled himself, at first, by licking away all the savory matter from the outside, and smelling at the in, but at last the temptation was too strong, and in went the head. For awhile all was silence and enjoyment, but soon the lunch was devoured, and the devourer wished to take

his leave. This was easier thought than done, and the animal found the tin pot so firmly set that he could not withdraw his head. Here was trouble of the first water—blindness and a closeness of atmosphere. A few low, half-suppressed howls of despair came out of the prison, a few wild butts at vacancy, and away flew the poor cur down the street, frantically rushing at everything that lay in his path.

In the midst of the excitement, another gentleman—he showed himself such—canine came upon the scene. At a glance he saw the condition of things, and with a vigor of intellect only to be found in true greatness, set himself to work to reform them. To the astonishment of the spectators, after throwing himself before the blinded animal, and stopping its career, he seized the handle of the tin pot in his mouth, and—this part we do not vouch for—whispering something in the ear of his new-found friend to quiet his nerves, led him gently down the street.

At the distance of a few blocks the tap, tap of a hammer

on metal was heard from a small shop. There was no sign up for Mr. Dog to read—supposing he could read—or indication of a tinman's, as it was, but the sound of the hammer, and to this spot the benevolent bow-wow led his afflicted friend, ushering him into the presence of the workman with an expression that said as plainly as a dog can speak, "Be kind enough to attend to this little job, and some day when I get rich your bill shall be settled."

Is it any wonder that the tinsmith, under such an appeal, dropped his work, and speedily extricated the imprisoned dog, who, when he found himself at liberty, uttered a soft yelp of satisfaction and thanks.

RUBY CLYDE'S COMPANION.

"You are unusually late home from your ride, my dear!"

"Yes, father; but Loth was unusually lazy, which was quite needless." And Ruby Clyde took off her little velvet cap, and pushed the jetty braids from her temples. As she did so, she happened to glance through the long French window, and saw a gentleman riding slowly up the avenue.

She did not speak; but her father, lying back in his armchair, went on:

"Your companion has come, and a quaint little name she has—Peace Graves. She has a little of the Quaker aspect, I fancy

—a fair, mild face, demure manners, quiet dress, and very pretty brown hair, Ruby—not in curls. You know I dislike curls. I am quite pleased by her appearance."

Miss Clyde said: "Some one is coming, father!" but—the old doctor was deaf—he did not hear the somewhat low tone, for Strathmore was passing on the terraces, close under the window, and Miss Clyde spoke cautiously.

"Her father seemed quite affected at parting with her, and wished me to promise that she should be permitted to go home on a visit once a month. They came from a farmhouse four or five miles back in the country; but the girl has been educated in a convent, and sings very prettily. She sang for me. What was the song? Let me see—"

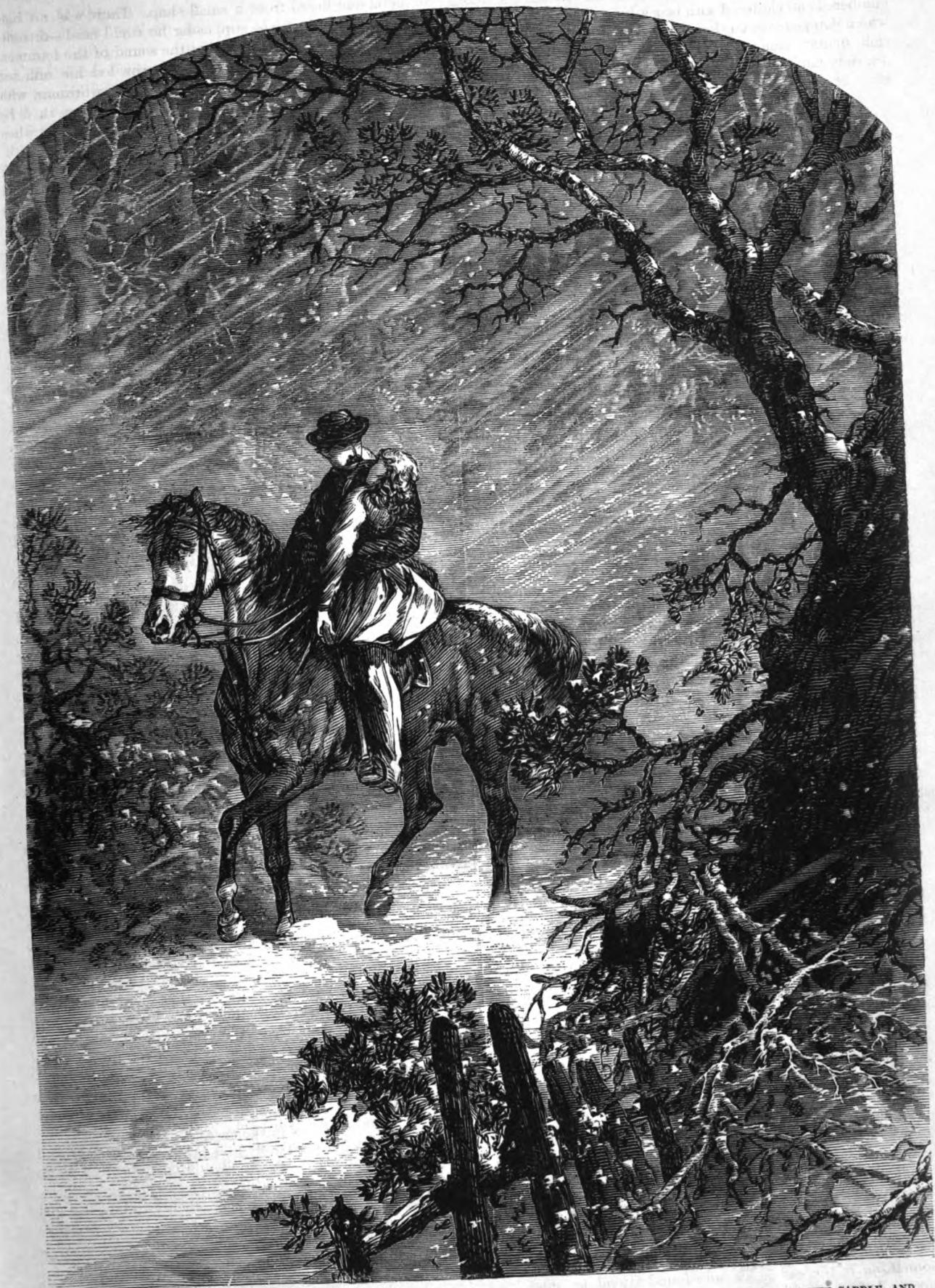
"Never mind, father. Here is a visitor."

Strathmore was shown in by a servant.

Gaspard Strathmore. He was the only son of Doctor Clyde's oldest friend. The doctor recalled him after a moment, and welcomed him heartily.



THE TWO DOGS.



RUBY CLYDE'S COMPANION.—“AT THE FAINT SOUND OF A DISTANT BELL, HE RAISED HER IN HIS ARMS, CLIMBED INTO THE SADDLE, AND TURNED HIS HORSE'S HEAD TOWARDS THE WELCOME TOKEN.”

"Yes, yea. Donald's son—I understand. Your father married an Italian lady, and you were born abroad. There's where you get your queer name—half-Italian, half-Scotch. And your father's figure and your mother's face, I dare say. I never saw her; but Italians always are dark. So, you have come up from New York to see your father's old friend? Very good of you! Gaspard, let me present you to my only daughter, Ruby. Looks like her mother. Your father would like to see her—eh? You know the story, I suppose? Very unfortunate that Donald and I should fall in love with the same woman. I hope he has forgiven me by this time. Had supper, my boy? No! That is right. Ruby, ring, and order supper directly."

Strathmore watched with a man's interest the slender hand, ringed by diamonds, which pulled the silken bellrope. The crimson scarf which Miss Clyde had worn while riding was carelessly girdled about her waist; a rose-colored opal tint still stained her satin-smooth cheek. She was strikingly beautiful.

In return, Ruby Clyde's quick senses took in the face, figure, dress, tone, and gestures of her new acquaintance with unerring fidelity. She pronounced him the most agreeable man she had ever seen.

He was certainly peculiar in appearance. With his olive skin and curling coal-black hair, he had gray eyes, bright as steel points. These piercing eyes and his soft Italian accent rendered his appearance singularly contradictory and charming.

They supped—they chatted. Miss Clyde and Strathmore sang a duet. Then the doctor sent for Miss Graves, to sing for them.

The door opened softly. A little, lily-faced figure in gray, with a guitar, glided in.

For one instant those gray eyes of Strathmore's seemed to hold in them a spark like fire, but he neither stirred nor spoke.

The doctor called Peace Graves to a seat close to his side, that he might not lose the song through his deafness; and, after a moment, the girl commenced quietly to sing. The first was a fragment of an old Scotch ballad:

"Oh, bonny, bonny was her mou',
An' cherry were her cheiks,
An' clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood dreips!"

"Queer old stories those ballads tell," said the doctor. "But I like them."

And Peace sang another and another, in her soft, plaintive voice, while the room seemed slowly whirling around her, and the words she uttered had not a sound of meaning.

Miss Clyde looked at her curiously. She wondered if the little country girl knew how correctly pretty her face was, and where she got that fashion of simply knotting up her hair, which gave her small head that classical grace. Her voice, though only partially cultivated, was soft as a silver bell.

At length the doctor said, "You must be tired, my dear. We won't ask any more of you;" and Peace rose from her low seat.

Strathmore made an involuntary movement, as if to detain her, but no one but Miss Clyde noticed it, and Peace Graves slipped quietly out of the room, flew noiselessly to her chamber, and wept as if she would weep her life away.

For the remainder of that evening Strathmore's spirits deserted him.

Ruby Clyde could not but notice it, though her guest made an effort to conceal his abstraction. Observing that he had watched Peace Graves attentively, she was inex-pressibly annoyed.

"He has fallen in love with her!" she thought.

The opal tint deepened on her satin check. For a moment her voluptuous lips were closed firmly. She had never in her life been thwarted. At the mere thought of it, a furious passion brought the breath in quick pants from her fair bosom. But she spoke graciously to Strathmore, who had, for a moment, quite forgotten himself, and sat in deep meditation.

"There are lovely haunts about Goldbanks, Mr. Strathmore. I have a little pony-carriage of my own, and we will drive among them to-morrow."

"I must leave you early in the morning—" began Strathmore.

But the doctor, who had not heard his guest's words, exclaimed :

"Yes, yes! Take him to the Lake, to Lovers' Retreat, to the Knoll Grove, and along the river, Ruby! And," he added, "take Miss Graves along with you! She must not get homesick at Goldbanks!"

Ruby did not answer; but Strathmore said, eagerly :

"I have no doubt the young lady will enjoy it as much as I. I shall be delighted to go!"

Ruby set her white teeth hard.

The next morning, when the carriage was announced, Strathmore came out, eagerly. The pampered, jetty pony was shaking his head crossly, in disapprobation of having been led out, while a lazy groom carelessly held him. Strathmore looked anxiously toward the steps. Only Miss Clyde, with her plumed cap and ermine at the tops of her velvet riding-boots, came tripping down.

"Was not Miss Graves coming?" he asked; and Ruby carelessly said that she had declined.

He turned white with disappointment. His feelings were a thousand times stronger than she knew, as he forced himself to quietly take the seat beside her.

But Ruby Clyde had Strathmore all to herself for the long, sunny ride—she was satisfied. She was gay and charming. He could not but feel it.

"Mine is the laziest pony in the world, Mr. Strathmore; but we shall get around, with patience. Come, come, Loth! You see, I named him Lothario, in his more ambitious days; but the abbreviation suits him much better now."

"He is too fat!" laughed Strathmore, as he watched Loth's mane, shaking, with the waddle of his gait.

The vicinity of Goldbanks was lovely; but, after all, Strathmore could not heartily enjoy it. The October crimson of the woods reminded him, somehow, of that silvery-sung ballad line :

"Whereon the red blood dreips!"

Would there be no chance of his once more seeing the singer? He was forced to take his departure that same afternoon.

"But you will visit us again soon?" said the doctor. "Tell your father that his old friend is his old friend still, Gaspard. I should be glad to see him at Goldbanks."

"I shall be at liberty not before a month or so; but I hope to renew my visit, and bring my father with me then," said Strathmore. And then he begged the rose from Miss Clyde's hair, and came away.

A groom held his horse in the avenue.

"Can you do an errand well, my man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give this note to Miss Graves. Here is some silver for you. You understand?"

"I understand. Thank ye, sir."

Having watched Mr. Strathmore ride away, Jim turned toward the house. He had hardly reached the lower terrace before Miss Clyde confronted him :

"Give me that paper, sir!"

Without a word, he gave it into her hands.

She read it in her chamber. Only a few words, but they made her proud heart bound with rage :

"PEACE : I shall be back in a month. Stay at Gold-banks. I must see you then. STRATHMORE."

A month passed. Peace Graves' soft cheeks had lost their faint arbutus-bloom in that time. Miss Clyde was graciously spoken ; but all day she kept her head bent over her needle, and all night she wept for Gaspard Strathmore. No wonder her color faded.

The first of December came. The morning's mail brought the doctor a letter.

"Ruby, Donald Strathmore is coming to-morrow, with his son. To-morrow—is it? No! I have mistaken the date! They will be here to-night!"

Miss Clyde started from her easy-chair. Gliding from the apartment, she entered the sewing room, where Peace Graves sat, bent over a lapful of embroidery.

"Miss Graves, you are at liberty to make a visit to your home, if you like."

The girl rose, eagerly.

"You may go at once, and stay until I send for you."

"Thank you! I think I have been a little homesick to-day," said the girl, with a rare smile.

Miss Clyde watched her hurry away to make her few preparations. Then she went back to her book.

But in an hour she rang for a servant.

"Has Miss Graves gone?"

"She is just going down the avenue, miss. I am afraid she will get caught in the snow-storm," added the man.

Miss Clyde had already seen the large, feathery flakes. She made no reply.

"Lothario hasn't been exercised to-day," ventured Nicolo. "I could drive Miss Graves home."

Miss Clyde's white hand motioned him to shut the door. She curled her red lip scornfully at the thought.

"Expose my horse to such weather for her!"

Meanwhile Gaspard Strathmore was on his way to Gold-banks, alone. His father had had an attack of gout, and could not come.

Half-way to his journey's end, he, too, was overtaken by the storm. The large, floating flakes confused, bewildered, misled him. He had lost the road, when his horse suddenly shied at some object, half-buried in snow, at the side of the path. Its resemblance to a human being made Strathmore dismount from the saddle, though numb and stiff with cold, and anxious to reach his journey's end.

Her gold-brown hair loosened, her face white as the snow shrouding it, her limbs motionless, lay Peace Graves.

"Peace! My God! she is dead!"

But, at the faint sound of a distant bell, he raised her in his arms, climbed into the saddle, and turned Chabert's heel toward the welcome token. He soon came in sight of a railroad station. He knew his way then to Peace's home. In a moment he was there, kneeling upon the hearth, and chafing her frozen limbs, forcing between the poor pale lips cordials, madly bidding them pile the fire higher. For an hour she showed no signs of life.

At last her blue eyes opened. She smiled :

"I heard your voice. I tried to come to you; but I have been bound in chains of ice."

"Peace, do you know me? And will you forgive me?"

She softly kissed the lips he put to hers—and the year he had faltered, while she suffered, changed to a lifetime of happiness for both. Pure, brave little spirit: he loved her better than a thousand belles and heiresses who coveted his wealth.

They were married.

Miss Clyde heard the tidings in silence. She received no

cards. They had left her out of their list, and she understood that Gaspard Strathmore knew the wickedness of which her nature was more than capable. She set her red lip in scorn, but her spirit writhed within her.

HISTORY.

HISTORY has to do with real occurrences, as distinct from the fictions of imagination and from abstract conceptions; the former we denominate fable, the latter science. History, indeed, requires the presence of imagination that the pictures of the past may possess something of the force of the present; and the aid of strong mental perception is no less needed, that its facts may be made subservient to utility. But the imagination has more to do with making history attractive than in giving it existence; and we look to enlarged views for its philosophy more than for its substance. Still, in our day, the appellation of historian would be regarded as greatly misapplied (and very properly so) if bestowed on the author of a mere chronicle of occurrences, produced on no intelligent principle of selection and without reference to any wise or dignified result. History, accordingly, in our view of it, partakes of what is much more interesting and important than a bare recording of facts. It embraces an account of whatever has happened that may be so presented as to minister to the gratification and improvement of the human mind. It is conversant with the past, partly for the sake of amusement, principally for the sake of instruction. It is busied with what has been, that it may live again, and that it may serve to correct and elevate what is and what shall be. Within its province ample space is found for the pleasing and the useful; for whatever is powerful in genius, whatever is expansive in benevolence. Man, in all the diversities and all the complexities of human character, and the circumstances of man, embracing the ever-changing combinations of the many elements of his social being, all belong to the substance of history.

EXTREME SENSITIVENESS IN THE BLIND.

JOHN STANLEY, the musician, lost his sight, when only two years of age. He had so correct an ear that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. An instance is given in which he recollects the voice of a person he had not heard for twenty years, who then accosted him in an assumed voice. If twenty people were seated at table together, he would address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously known to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises, though it would seem a very dangerous one for the blind, and towards the close of his life, when he lived in Epping Forest, England, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would take them the pleasantest road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment. Each card was marked at the corner with the point of the needle, but these marks were so delicately fine as scarcely to be discerned by any person not previously apprised of them. His hand was generally the first arranged, and it was not uncommon for him to complain of the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards. He could tell the precise time by a watch. He knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it; would direct his voice to each person in particular—even to strangers after they had once spoken; and would miss any one who was absent, and could tell who that one was.

OUR happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.

A Dance among the Ticunas : A South American Tribe.

THE Ticunas are a tribe now fast dwindling away, and numbering less than two hundred souls, but they were once the object of earnest contention between the crowns of Spain and Portugal, or rather between the earnest missionaries of those countries. They were then on the Amazon, between the Ambiacu and Atacoari. Many of their customs are very strange : one is to receive a stranger at the point of the bayonet ; but, disregarding this apparently hostile attitude, he is not to play Winkelried, but simply put the bristling arms aside and enter a hut, and there turn into the most convenient hammock. The rest will soon fill up ; and while all are going like some great machinery, he can at leisure tell who he is and whence he cometh. Marcoy depicts one of the strange dances in use among this people, and we lay

seems so characteristic of Indian music in all parts of the land, and which seems to our ears as devoid of harmony as the movements of the dance are of grace in our eyes.

THE RHINOCEROS :

ITS BIRD GUARDIAN, AND HOW IT IS HUNTED.

THE Bechuana of Southern Africa, if he be rich enough, purchases a gun wherewith to attack the dauntless black rhinoceros, much preferring, as any one who has a chance of seeing Borele in all his savage grandeur will at once understand, to send the messenger of death in the shape of a bullet from a safe distance, than to bear it himself at the end of his soft-headed assagai ; indeed, rather than risk the "pretty pickle" that would certainly ensue, if the ill-

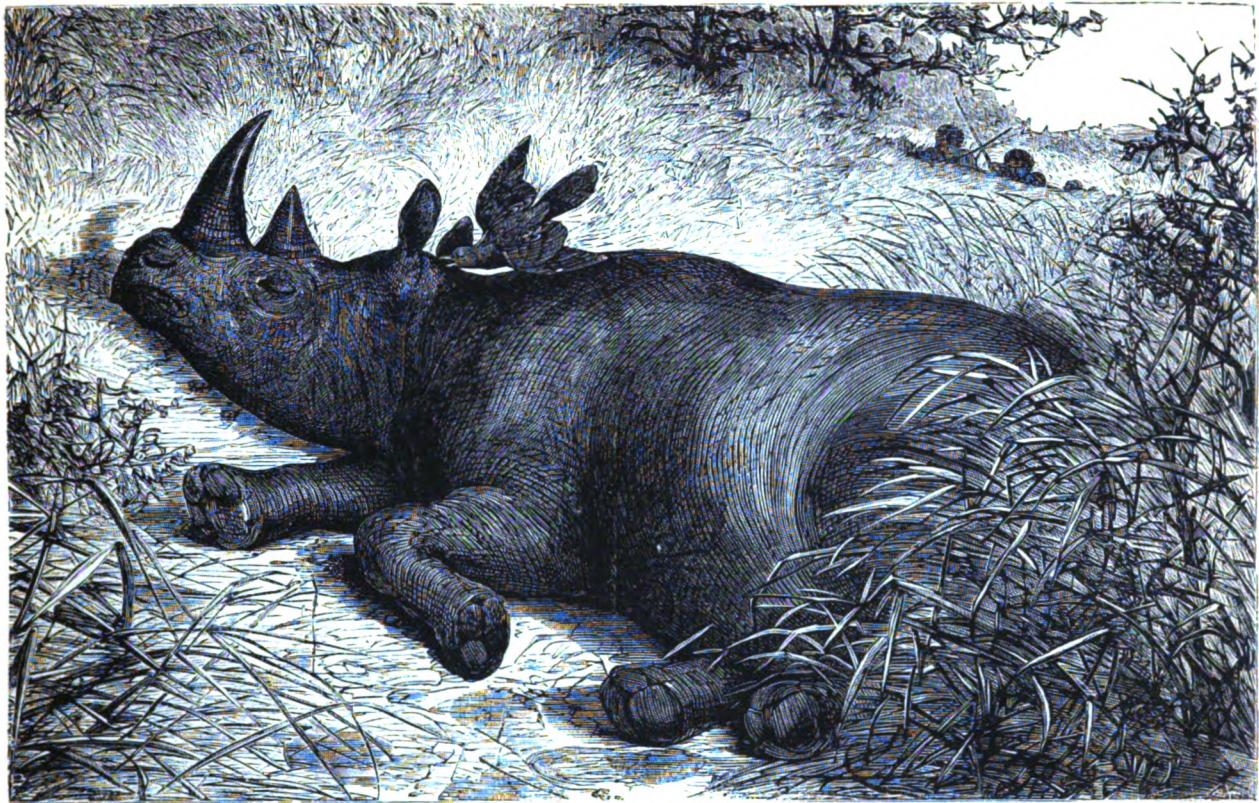


A DANCE AMONG THE TICUNAS : A SOUTH AMERICAN TRIBE.

it before our readers. Clothing is never superfluous, but on the occasion of these dances, evidently religious in their origin and connected with pagan rites, the Ticunas assume a dress large enough to cover the body, although, like dancers in civilized lands, there is a weakness for displaying a considerable portion of the nether limbs. The robe is a curiosity, made of bark generally, and, like a long sack, sometimes with arms, oftener with mere arm-holes. The bottom is circular, and below it a face is rudely painted. This is put on so as to be a considerable distance above the head ; opposite the dancer's mouth is a slit to allow him to breathe. This strange thing is pulled over the head and descends to the knee, ending in fringes of grass or strips of skin. Each dancer is furnished with two rattles, having a long handle, and the dance begins. They chant the ancient songs peculiar to the dance in the monotonous cadence, which

tempered blade should prove treacherous, the native who goes out to hunt the rhinoceros prefers depending on his bow and poisoned arrows. This mode of hunting, however, at least so say Cumming and Anderson, and other sporting travelers qualified to judge, is extremely unproductive and tedious, in consequence of the poison (which the bushmen manufacture themselves from a sort of tarantula spider, by a process which they keep scrupulously secret) growing so hard and dry on the arrow-tips, that it either chips away on encountering the animal's tough hide, or else, on penetrating the flesh, remains intact, and without dispersing its deadly qualities.

A well-directed common leaden bullet is sufficient to make the biggest rhinoceros bite the dust ; but for a long range, say a hundred yards, two-thirds lead and one-third solder is best, or, better still, all spelter. The head of the



THE BIRD-GUARDIAN OF THE RHINOCEROS.

rhinoceros is so thick, that there is little use in firing at it ; and, if it should be penetrated, it is a great chance that the bullet finds the animal's brain, as it is very small and confined in a chamber about six inches long by four high. Sparrman relates that, on filling this receptacle with peas, it was found to hold barely a quart. He tried a human skull, and found that it comfortably accommodated nearly three pints.

Mr. Anderson's experience in hunting the rhinoceros is of the most thrilling character. Although he slew scores of them from behind the "skarm," his favorite mode was to "stalk" them. He tells of a monstrous white rhinoceros that nearly put an end to his stalking.

"Having got within a few paces of her," says he, 'I put a ball in her shoulder; but it nearly cost me dear; for, guided by the flash of the

gun, she rushed upon me with such fury, that I had only time to throw myself on my back, in which position I remained motionless. This saved my life; for, not observing me, she came to a sudden halt just as her feet were about to crush my body. She was so near me, that I felt the saliva from her mouth trickle on to my face. I was in an agony of suspense, though happily only for a moment; for, having impatiently sniffed the air, she wheeled about and made off at full speed."

Some quadrupeds find a remarkable protection in the company of animals belonging not only to the same genus, but to a totally different class. Thus, the rhinoceros is frequently accompanied by a bird—*Buphaga africana*—that feasts upon the larvæ that settle in his skin. As the range of his small and deep-set eyes is impeded by his horn, he can only see what



THE SPOOF OF THE RHINOCEROS.

is immediately before him, so that, if one be to leeward of him, it is not difficult to approach within a few paces. But the bird sees all the better, and flying away at the first approach of danger, awakens the short-sighted brute's attention by a shrill cry of warning. Thus the insects which plague the rhinoceros become the indirect means of his preservation from many perils, as, but for them, his winged monitor would have no inducement to seek his company.

The African buffalo possesses a similar guardian in the *Texier erythrorynchus*. When the beast is quietly feeding, the bird may frequently be seen hopping on the ground, picking up food, or sitting on its back, and ridding it of the insects with which its skin is infested. The sight of the bird being much more acute than that of the buffalo, it is soon alarmed by the approach of any danger; and, when it flies up, the buffaloes instantly raise their heads to discover the cause which has led to the sudden flight of their companion.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE, THE PEDESTRIAN TRAVELER.



THE passion for adventure in foreign lands appears to be natural to human beings; but probably no one ever possessed this passion more strongly than Captain Dundas Cochrane, whose narrative of a pedestrian journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the frontiers of Tartary to the Frozen Sea and Kamtschatka, was published about forty years since. In the introduction to this extraordinary book, Captain Cochrane tells us that, in the month of January, 1820, he addressed a letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, offering to undertake a journey on foot into the interior of Africa, or to any other place to which they pleased to send him. He was entirely without funds for the purpose, his whole fortune consisting of his half-pay as a commander in the navy; but his intention was to proceed alone, and he asked only to be furnished with the countenance of the Government. "With this protection," he says, "and such recommendations as it might procure me, I would have accompanied the caravans in some servile capacity, nor hesitated even to sell myself as a slave if that miserable alternative were necessary to accomplish the object I had in view." His opinion upon the advantages of this mode of exploring were peculiar, but were not without some plausibility.

"In going alone," he said, "I relied upon my own individual exertions and knowledge of man, unfettered by the frailties and misconduct of others. I was then, as now, convinced that many people traveling together, for the purpose of exploring a barbarous country, have the less chance of succeeding; more especially when they go armed, and take with them presents of value. The appearance of numbers must naturally excite the natives to resistance, from motives of jealousy or fear; and the danger would be greatly increased by the hope of plunder. The death of the whole party, and consequently the failure of the expedition, will be the probable result of such a plan. The difficulty of finding men, otherwise suitable, whose constitutions admit an equal degree of suffering and fatigue, is also great; and that of collecting a number of people gifted with the due portion of those virtues, without which no expedition of discovery could succeed, is certainly a greater."

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the Admiralty shrank from the responsibility of advising a young officer without fortune to start upon a pedestrian expedition of such magnitude; but Cochrane was not easily discouraged. Despair-

ing of obtaining employment afloat, he determined to start on his explorations without any assistance. Having procured two years' leave of absence, he accordingly sketched out a magnificent scheme, which was no other than to travel on foot round the globe as nearly as could be done by land, crossing from Northern Asia to America at Behring's Straits. He had but little qualification for a scientific traveler; he was ignorant of natural history, nor could he, traveling on foot, have brought away with him any specimens of animals, plants, or minerals. Moreover, he had no means of carrying with him the instruments necessary for making geographical observations of places, of the state of the air, or such other matters as are generally expected to be noted by travellers; but his inextinguishable thirst for travel overcame all these objections. His first and leading object was to trace the shores of the Polar Sea along America by land, as Captain Parry was then attempting to do by sea, and at the same time to note his observations on men and manners. Having, therefore, procured such documents as were necessary, and filled his knapsack with the few articles which he considered requisite to enable him to wander alone through the wild deserts and forests of three quarters of the globe, he quitted England, and landed, in February, 1820, at Dieppe, in France, from which point his long pedestrian journey commenced.

Having traversed in this way the whole of France by way of Paris, sleeping chiefly in humble lodging-houses, where bed and breakfast were furnished for a franc, he entered Rhenish Prussia by way of Metz and Sarrebruck. The country people, and particularly the roadside innkeepers, eyed him with suspicion. The landlord of one house at which he had stopped at Alzey turned him out because he was only a foot-traveler; but the indomitable pedestrian, thinking it better to pocket the affront, purchased a loaf of bread, and pushed on, fatigued, cold, and mortified, but not downcast, until he reached a farm, whose adjoining barn furnished him with a night's shelter. Here he reposed with perfect content upon clean hay. On another occasion, at Naumberg, he could gain no reception into any house but that of a poor shoemaker, which he did at the price of a glass of schnaps; who besides, for a second glass, mended his shoes and gaiters, and provided him with a truss of straw, on which he slept soundly. At Potsdam he obtained admittance to a house with infinite difficulty, content to purchase black bread for his supper, and the use of a hard bench for his bed. In Berlin he perambulated the streets nearly the whole night in search of a lodging, and was at last compelled to sleep on a seat in the Promenade under the open sky. Here, however, he fared better for awhile. By the kind assistance of Mr. Rose, the British minister, he obtained a comfortable lodging, and his benefactor invited him to a dinner at his house, at which Captain Cochrane made the acquaintance of Prince Labanoff and other powerful persons, by whose interest he was enabled greatly to facilitate his journey to St. Petersburg. We find a curious contrast to the rapid transmission of intelligence in the present day, when we learn that Cochrane, though a pedestrian, was the first bearer of the information of the Duc de Berri's assassination in Paris, a full month's post being due at Berlin, owing to the great quantity of snow which had fallen.

Continuing his journey towards Stettin, the traveler suffered cruelly from the cold and the bad roads. An old soldier of Napoleon whom he had met on the road, to whom he had complained of blistered feet, had imparted to him a remedy which he found to be invaluable. It was simply to rub the feet at going to rest with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand; and this remedy the wayworn traveller was continually called upon to renew. Occasionally he met with a reception

from poor people very different from that harshness which he experienced so often. "A post-house," he says, "called Romini, with a good, civil landlord, better wife, and seven well-behaved children, made me welcome, dried my clothes, and gave me a glass of schnape to keep me warm, while a good supper of beef and potatoes was preparing for me. Cold, wet, weary, and half-famished, I had entered the benevolent post-house; but one short hour restored me to life and good humor, and ultimately to the enjoyment of a clean bed made on the spot for my accommodation, by filling a tick with hay and sewing it up again. The whole property of this family," he adds, "could not have been worth ten pounds."

I had arrived in a most miserable plight, the heavy and frequent rains having dilapidated my apparel, which, even in good weather, was not calculated to last long. My cap I had lost in the icy swamp, and in default my head was bound up with a piece of red flannel. My trousers were literally torn to tatters; my shoes tied to my feet to prevent their falling off; my shirt, except a flannel one and waistcoat, both superseded by my outer jacket. All I had retained was sound health and a contented mind, and I wanted no more, for this generous family had, during the night, put my entire wardrobe to rights; and I departed the following morning with sound clothing, and reflections of heartfelt gratitude to have met with the beneficial exercise of such qualities in a quarter of the world where I had little reason to expect them."

After passing in this manner through Memel and Riga, at which towns he called upon the British Consuls, he reached St. Petersburg, having been eighty-three days from London in performing a distance of sixteen hundred miles. Here he was kindly entertained by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, and through Sir Daniel Bailey, the British Consul-General, then the only representative of the British Court at St. Petersburg, he was enabled to transmit a memorial to Count Nesselrode, the Foreign Minister, for the approbation of His Imperial Majesty, who readily assented to furnish him with the necessary passports, and even offered the traveler, through Colonel Cathcart, money to aid him in the journey, which, however, was declined. Furnished with the necessary documents, after three weeks' stay in St. Petersburg, the traveler set out again upon a journey on foot of eight or ten thousand miles, through a country still more cold and inhospitable than that through which he had just passed. The principal of these documents was addressed "To all Civil Governors," and bore the words, "The bearer hereof, Captain John Cochrane, of the British Royal Navy, purposing to travel through Russia on foot, is now on his departure for Kamtschatka with the intention of penetrating from thence to America. Having, by the command of His Imperial Majesty, provided this traveler with open instructions to the police of all the towns and provinces lying in his track from St. Petersburg to Kamtschatka, this is also to desire all the chiefs of the different governments through which he may travel, to aid Captain Cochrane, as far as possible, to proceed on his journey without interruption, as well as to afford him lawful defence and protection, in case it should be desired." Armed with these documents, and his simple knapsack, he set out from St. Petersburg on the 24th of May. He had not proceeded, however, many days upon the road, when an accident befell him, more serious than any of his previous mishaps. Having left the town of Tosna, on the road to Luibane, he sat down at about the ninth milestone, to rest and smoke a cigar, when he felt himself suddenly seized from behind, and, looking round, found himself in the power of two ruffians, whose faces were as much concealed as the oddness of their dress would permit. One of them, who held an iron bar in his hand, dragged him by the collar towards a forest, whilst the other, with a bayoneted musket,

pushed him in such a manner as to compel him to hasten, while a boy of their party was stationed on the roadside to keep a look-out.

Having penetrated some sixty or eighty paces into the thickest part of the forest, the unfortunate traveler was desired to undress, and having stripped off his trousers, jacket, and shirt, and finally his shoes and stockings, the robbers proceeded to tie him to a tree. From this ceremony, and from the manner of it, their victim naturally concluded that they intended to kill him by firing at him as they would at a mark. The villains, however, with much coolness, merely seated themselves at his feet, and commenced rifling his pockets, even cutting out the lining of the clothes in search of bank bills, or some other valuable articles. They then compelled him to take a pound of black bread, and a glass of rum poured from a small flask which had been suspended from his neck. Having next appropriated his trousers, shirts, stockings, and English shooting shoes—a present from his kind friends in St. Petersburg—as also his spectacles, watch, compass, thermometer, and small pocket sextant, with one hundred and sixty roubles—about seven pounds sterling—they released him from the tree for a while. Then, after flourishing a knife in his face, indicating a threat of vengeance if he informed against them, they again bound him to the tree, and finally left him. Here he was at last discovered by a boy, whom his cries attracted to the spot, and who helped to release him. The unlucky pedestrian was compelled to make the best of the blue jacket, flannel waistcoat, and the few other articles which the robbers had left him, in making up some kind of attire; and in this miserable, half-naked state he resumed his route, until he fortunately fell in with a number of soldiers, who were employed in making a new road under General Woronzoff. The general kindly provided him with a vehicle to Novgorod, where a benevolent Russian merchant, to whom he had a letter of recommendation, provided him with a complete refit; while the Governor, Gerebzoff, kindly furnished him with a little money.

These anecdotes give a good idea of the kind of mishaps to which the adventurous traveler was subjected in the course of his long wanderings. Lofty mountains of half-frozen snow, large overflowed marshes, crowded and decayed forests, and half-frozen lakes, were among the obstacles which sometimes diverted his path, but were never sufficient to turn him from his purpose. Suffering from cold, rain, hunger, and fatigue—on one occasion, with forty-five nights' exposure to the snow; at times without fire in a frost of thirty degrees, being once actually five days without food—the traveler still pushed on. In Kamtschatka he walked four hundred miles without seeing one individual, and for one thousand miles of the worst part of his journey he met with but one habitation. Where he did find people or habitations, however, in these regions he was almost invariably treated with kindness and hospitality; and the governors of towns, or other Russian officials, to whom he presented his papers, were ever ready to help him forward. In this way he finally accomplished his purpose of penetrating to the remotest eastern corner of the continent of Asia, the bay of St. Peter and St. Paul, which the reader may find on the map at the extremity of the peninsula of Kamtschatka. Here, unfortunately, he met with an insurmountable obstacle to further progress. No vessel of any description could be found to convey him thence to the northwestern coast of America, from which he had intended to continue his wanderings. Having, therefore, addressed a letter from Okotsk, on the sea of that name, to the Governor-General of Siberia, stating the reasons which compelled him to return, Cochrane finally set out again on foot, and traversing Siberia once more, he arrived safely at St. Petersburg, exactly three years and three weeks after quitting that city.

LITTERS, PALANQUINS, AND SEDANS.

ONE of the distinguishing characteristics of man is his propensity to shy work wherever the thing is at all practicable. So far as mere amusement or exercise is concerned, he can put in, without a murmur, an hour or two of as intense labor as his muscular system could be subjected to; but set any serious task before him involving a few minutes' application and the sweat of his brow, and, unless it is essentially romantic, he will fly off at a tangent, or endeavor to get some one to stand proxy for him.

This phase of his character has long been illustrated by the number and variety of the beasts of burden he has pressed into his service, and the numerous offices he has constrained them to perform. Take the horse, the ass, or the mule, for example, not to speak of the camel, or the ox, and we shall find in his treatment of them, one and all, verification of the truth of what we have here asserted.

Doubtless, the first illustration of his selfishness and ingenuity, in this relation, was after he had himself begun to feel that his powers of endurance or of locomotion were not adequate to his aspirations or necessities. So far as his own personal comfort was concerned, he early began to perceive the difference between a day's journey on foot and one performed on the back of some beast of burden. And yet he has never been able to free himself completely of some portion at least of the task assigned to him by nature as it were, for even to this day he

is constrained, in various parts of the world, to bear some slight share of the labors which we now regard as properly belonging to some of the lower animals.

That he had experimented upon some of his own race, however, before he encroached, to any great extent, upon the liberty and endurance of any four-footed creature, is highly probable, as he seems not to have forgotten this

knack to the present hour. Obviously, the first means or vehicle used, in the transportation from point to point of any mere burden, was a single pole carried on the hands or on the shoulders of two persons; the one preceding the other and in line with him, and the load suspended in the centre between them; or the litter in its simplest form—that is, two long poles with branches laid on cross-pieces forming a platform in the centre, upon which whatever was to be carried might rest; while a man, standing at each end between the extremities of the poles, the one with his face turned toward the back of the other, grasped the handles of the platform, as it were, and, lifting the whole, trudged away with it.

These have evidently been the original of all more modern litters, palanquins, and sedans. And that, in course of

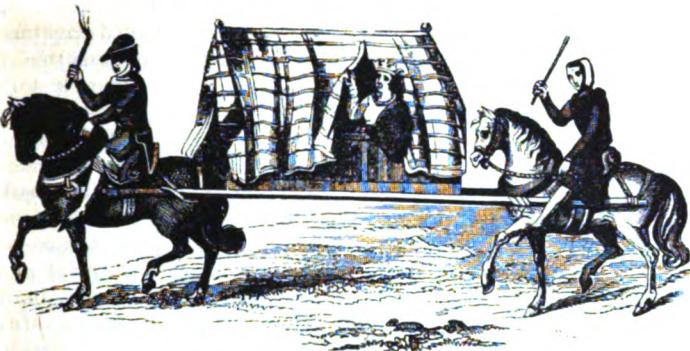
time, they had become improved and ornamental, while the two carriers of the latter quietly slipped out of the harness, and introduced horses in their place, is quite apparent from the accompanying illustration of one of these modes of conveyances used in the time of Richard II.

The most ancient Welsh tribes tied the two poles along-



UMBRELLA CHARACTERISTICS.

side their horses in something like this fashion, but let their ends trail on the ground. On these they placed burdens in some rude manner, as some of the Indian tribes at the West do at this day, using their tent-

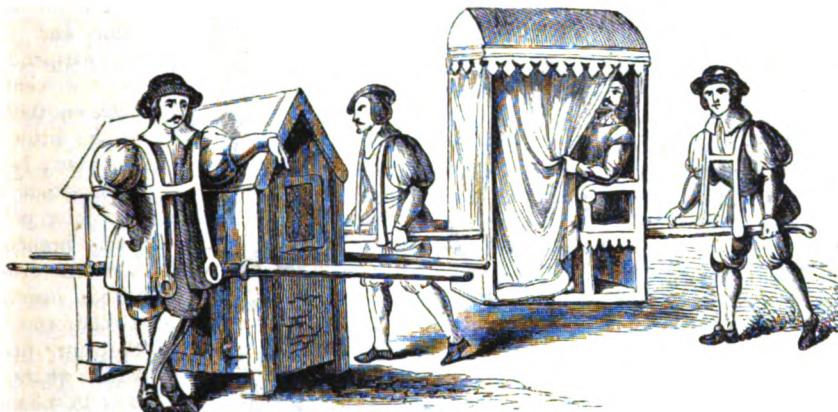


HORSE-LITTER IN THE TIME OF RICHARD II.

poles for the purpose. Subsequently, and by way of improvement, they used forked poles as more convenient and useful. Such contrivances were used for drawing stone from quarries in very early times, and more



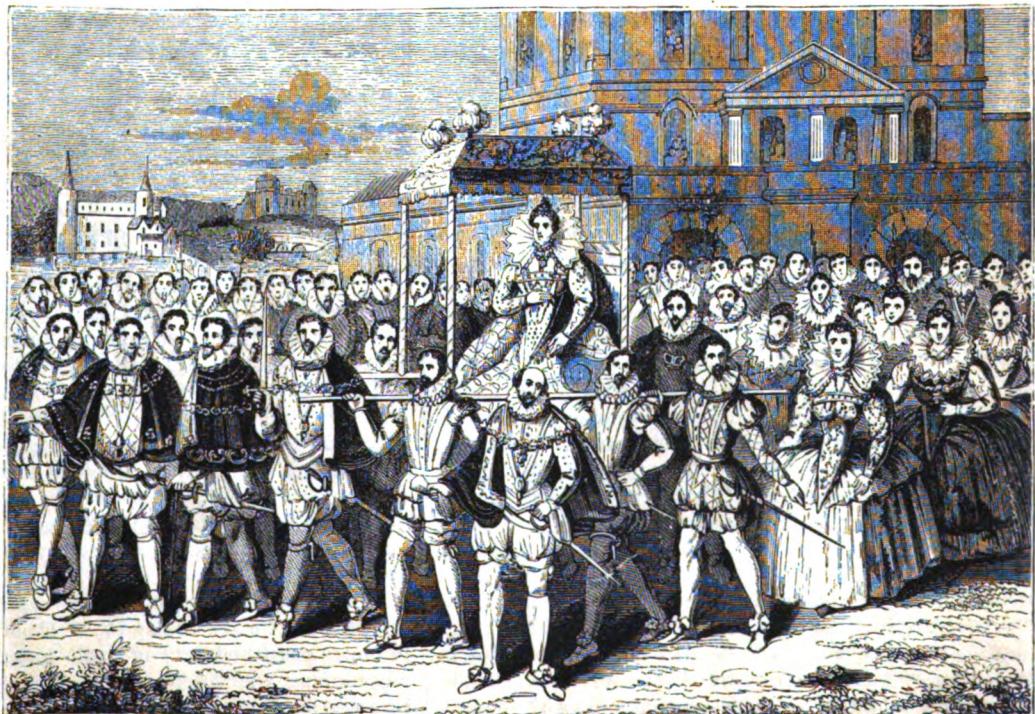
LADY'S SEDAN-CHAIR.



SEDAN-CHAIRS.

recently, in Madeira, for the transport of wine. It would appear, however, that the original one-pole method of carrying burdens, to which we have already referred as the earliest mode used, gave rise to the Tando of Java or the Palanquin of Japan, for it will be perceived from our full-page illustration that here still are the two carriers with the single pole on their shoulders, and their burden suspended between them. To be sure, this is a vast improvement upon the original, inasmuch as it presents some of

the evidences of civilization and refinement; for the body of this conveyance is made of light and beautifully wrought mats, with a falling lid or door on each side, which can be kept closed or open at pleasure; as may be perceived from our engraving. The pole from which it is suspended is sometimes beautifully carved, and the inside of the huge satchel made luxurious with costly stuffs and mats. The porters who trudge along with it are sturdy fellows, who, protected from the rays of the burning sun by their umbrella-hats, perform long jour-



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER STATE SEDAN.

neys with great speed and certainty, and especially along roads and through regions not practicable to beasts of burden. The Tando or Tandoor is extremely cool and comfortable, and, when the season is at all propitious, a most agreeable conveyance to travel in, and particularly for tourists who would enjoy the beautiful scenery of either Japan or Java.

In India the palanquin is indispensable, from the fact that the roads are, as a general thing, so bad that they are impossible to any other mode of conveyance. Those belonging to the wealthy Parsees and princes are luxurious in the extreme, and of the most exquisite workmanship. They are sometimes carried by a dozen coolies, although containing but one person. The J'Halledar, or State Palanquin, of this great empire, is one of the most costly and gorgeous contrivances imaginable. A roof of sandal-wood, magnificently carved and inlaid with gold; lining of heavy wrought silk, ablaze with precious stones; cushions of the rarest fabrics, and framework of the rarest woods, gleaming with numberless devices in ivory and pearl; and rich in the most beautiful and elaborate carvings, strike the eye of the beholder. The roof, as will be seen from the annexed engraving, can be raised or lowered at pleasure; while the ornamented snake-like shaft that projects in front, and two very much shorter ones behind, explain the means through which it is borne along by the officials, who wait upon the movements of "the sacred person of royalty." The fringe, represented in our illustration, is of pure gold; and the two keepers—the one standing and the other seated in the background—are responsible for the good condition and the safety of the whole with their heads. Hence, they keep watch and ward over it both day and night, save when relieved by those who share their trust.

There are two classes of carriers in India—the one for transporting passengers and the mails, the other for the conveyance of goods. When not heavily laden, their speed is about five miles an hour; when otherwise, about four. At the termination of every fifteen or twenty miles they halt to rest for a short time at a sort of post-house or bungalow. They are most certain and systematic; and the relays going out and coming in meet each other at certain points with great regularity, where the one who had just borne a burden to the distance appointed to him relinquishes his burden and returns empty, another having taken up his load. Strange stories are told, however, in relation to the cunning and knavish tricks of some of these couriers; but as we are not aware that there is anything vicious about their dealings we shall not be instrumental in propagating rumors unfriendly to them.

There are two other sorts of palanquins in Japan besides the one previously named, the larger and stronger of which has four bearers or carriers, and sides of lacquered wood. It is somewhat heavy, and is very durable. The pace of the carriers that bear it along is wonderfully even and rapid, great distance being accomplished by them in an incredibly short period. Those used for the conveyance of the nobility and ladies of rank have sash-doors, and are beautifully fitted up and ornamented. This description of palanquin is called a Noriman, and is, of course, much in use. The other, which is named Cango, is made of bamboo, and is open on all sides. It is very light, and is borne by two carriers only. Tourists, from its coolness and convenience, are much given to its use, as also from the circumstance that it is most manageable in forest travel and in narrow pathways. There is, however, yet another one-pole conveyance among the Celestials, if we may so call the Japanese, which is much employed by the poorer classes, and of which we give an illustration. This also is, as will be perceived, a one-pole affair, quite primitive as to its construction, and hammock-like in its appearance. It is, however, very comfortable, and

furnished with cushions that are soft and agreeable, as well as with a roof that not only wards off the rain and the direct rays of the sun, but serves as a shelf for such articles as the occupant may choose to place upon it. However strange the assertion, travelers declare that these conveyances are the only agreeable ones used in hot countries, or that are at all suited to the abominable roads which are to be met everywhere within the tropics. Certainly, they seem preferable to lumbering wheels, or even to the chair, strapped on the back of certain carriers, in which we find mountain travelers seated.

The street-chair or sedan of South America, with its two bearers and its curtains—a representation of which we here annex—is found to be most agreeable and convenient by the inhabitants. It is, as will be observed, carried at such a trifling distance from the ground that a passenger can step in and out of it with the greatest ease, while the bearers rest on the shoulders of the carriers. It is not used for long journeys, and is to be met in towns and cities only, mules and other beasts of burden being employed in the saddle or in harness where anything like considerable distances are to be accomplished. But then the mule and the mustang are now used so freely throughout the whole of Spanish and South America, whether in the pursuit of business or of pleasure, that we fear the receipts from the sedan, in even the most populous centres of these countries, have been of late years greatly restricted.

Our hardy Saxon ancestors seemed to have disdained such effeminate things as litters, and the only use of such a mode of conveyance was to carry off a wounded warrior from the battle-field. But with the Normans came greater luxury, and the litter intended originally for the sick or wounded began to come into use among the rich, indolent, and voluptuous.

The old English sedan-chair seems to have been an uneasy affair, from the fact that the occupant was usually seated above the poles or bearers, instead of beneath them, as in the South American and Japanese chairs. The toppling effect of this elevation can be readily conceived as most uncomfortable. In the chairs of the East, the conveyance, from its pendulum-like construction, always hangs in the line of gravitation, so that the vertical position of the passenger is never disturbed; while, in the Anglo-Saxon contrivance, he felt, of necessity, every motion of the wooden bearers and of the step of the carriers. In the following engraving, however, we may perceive a sort of sentry-box, in which he must have been a little more at ease, although still far from being as comfortably poised as he might have been.

These two chairs were in great vogue in England during the sixteenth century, and down a considerable way into the seventeenth. From their respective appearances, it is evident that the one was used by the poorer classes, and the other by the gentry and the nobility. After night had fallen, the more aristocratic one was universally preceded by two or more link-boys carrying torches, so as not only to light up the dark and dull streets, but to deter robbers from making a descent upon the usually wealthy occupant.

Strange enough that, after the horse-litter had been used in both England and France with some degree of comfort and pleasure, both nations seem to have let it drop out of existence, and to have returned to the carrier system in every relation in which the litter had been used. This, as somebody observes, was a return of man to the harness, and his resumption of an office that belonged properly to beasts of burden. Be this as it may, the sedan, during the reign of Elizabeth, and of Henry IV. of France, was to be found in every town and city of both kingdoms, where it was regarded as a mode of conveyance never to be superseded by anything in the way of convenient or fashionable locomotion. In England, especially, it became an institution,

as more manageable and elegant than a heavy, lumbering vehicle, in the shape of a coach drawn by horses.

The English Queen Elizabeth had adopted it as a most regal mode of conveyance, and delighted to appear seated in it upon the shoulders of gentlemen of rank, while followed through the streets by a numerous retinue of lords and ladies on foot. The annexed illustration is from an old engraving representing her journey from the Palace to Whitehall, where her Parliament assembled, and where she managed to have it pretty much her own way.

The conspicuous elevation of this sedan, together with the throng of bearers and nobles who accompany the conveyance, may be regarded as a fair indication of the pride and the power of this despotic sovereign. From the moment that she had left her prison at Woodstock to ascend the throne, to the close of her long life, she ruled her court with a rod of iron, and made the very noblest of her subjects bear her upon their shoulders in everything that could minister to her greatness and that of the nation. While we behold her thus exalted, however, and notwithstanding some redeeming qualities, we find blood upon her hands—that of her fair sister-sovereign and cousin, Mary Queen of Scots. This stain is the deepest and most indelible affecting her character, and one that has been denounced for many generations by the noble and the good of all lands. Such litters and sedans seem to have gone out of fashion in England.

Sedan-chairs were first seen in England when Charles, son of James I., on his return from Spain, brought with him three specimens of a peculiar character, somewhat resembling the Indian palanquin in the manner in which they were carried. The favorite, Buckingham, being in the habit of traveling about London in one of these, was abused by the populace for turning men into "slaves and beasts of burden." In spite, however, of popular clamor and the furious opposition of coach-drivers, this new and handy method of traveling steadily grew into favor. The frontispiece of a tract published in 1636, and entitled "Coach and Sedan Pleasantly Disputing for Place and Procedure," represents the form of the sedan and its bearers touting for custom. The mode of carrying was the same as that adopted in the later sedans. In the eighteenth century we find that the sedan, though considerably altered in form from the original type, had become a universal mode of conveyance for the higher and middle classes of society. The state of the pavement in the metropolis and the chief cities of Great Britain caused the sedan to be preferred, both for comfort and safety, to every description of coach. As there were no footpaths, and only a line of posts in the principal streets to protect pedestrians, none would even walk any distance who could afford to hire a sedan. The London chairmen were a numerous and influential body. Those who were in the service of the aristocracy had their gorgeous liveries, epaulets, and cocked-hats. The hackney chairmen pervaded the neighborhood of tavern doors, where they waited to be hired. They were chiefly Irishmen, and were distinguished by their muscular development, especially in the calves of their legs. That they were popularly believed to be somewhat given to insolence may be gathered from an incident in one of Smollett's novels, where, in retaliation for the hero having been insulted by two chairmen, the man who acts as his servant and trusty henchman conceals a number of heavy weights about his person, and hires the delinquents to carry him a certain distance. Staggering under the unusual load, each chairman suspects his comrade of not taking his fair share of the burden, and begins to abuse him accordingly. The strife waxing hotter, the two belligerents ultimately set down both box and passenger, in order to settle the dispute with their fists; whilst the real author of the quarrel quietly slips away, having deposited his weights in the chair for the sub-

sequent enlightenment and consolation of the mutually-battered disputants.

In the first three quarters of the eighteenth century, when the style of dress was highly refined, and the least derangement to the hair of either lady or gentleman was fatal, the sedan was at its zenith of usefulness. Then was the gentleman, with his silk clothes and nicely arranged toupee and curls, as fain to take advantage of this careful casing as he went from house to house, as any of the softer sex. The nobility, and other wealthy persons, used to keep their own sedans, and have them very handsomely decorated. They stood in the lobby of the town mansion, ready to be used when required. It must have been a fine sight to see several gilt sedans passing along, with a set of ladies and gentlemen of one family, through the West-End streets of London, attended by link-boys, and being one by one ushered into some luxurious mansion, where company was received for the evening. When the whole party had been duly delivered, the link-boys thrust their flambeaux into the trumpet-like extinguishers which flourished at each aristocratic door-cheek in the metropolis, and withdrew till the appointed time when their services were required for returning home.

In Edinburgh, in the middle of the eighteenth century, there were far more sedans in use than coaches. The sedan was better suited for the steep streets and narrow lanes of the Scottish capital, besides being better fitted in all circumstances for transporting a finely dressed lady or gentleman in a cleanly and composed condition. The public sedans of that city were for the most part in the hands of Highlanders, whose uncouth jargon and irritability amidst the confusions of a dissolving party, or a dismissed theatre, used to be highly amusing. Now there is no such thing in Edinburgh, any more than in London, as a private sedan; and within the last few years the use of public ones has nearly, if not entirely, ceased.

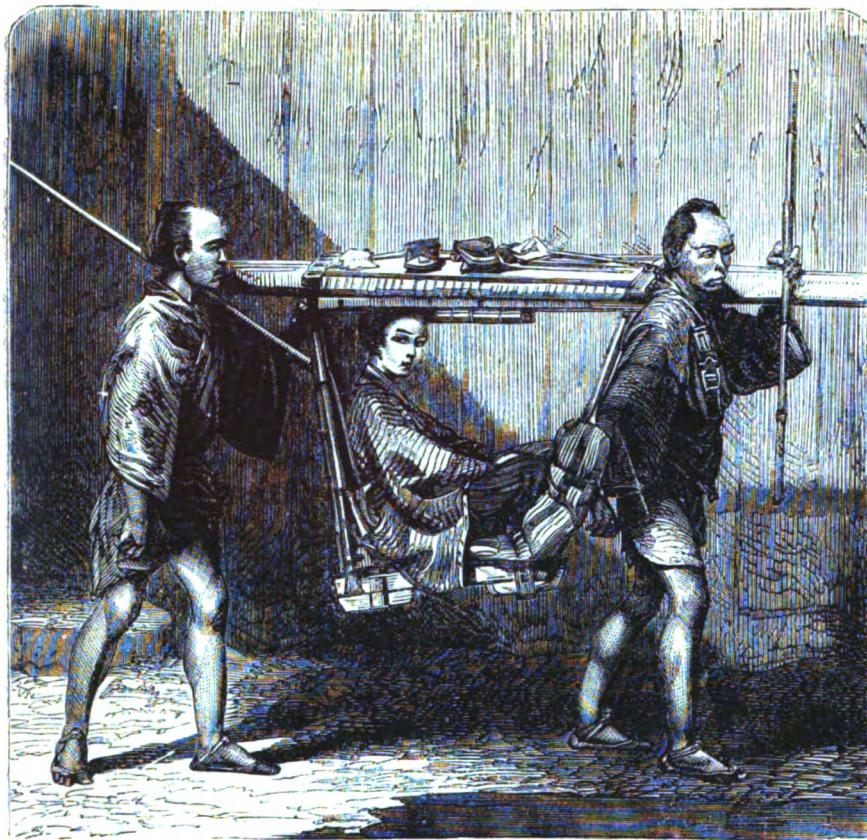
Although the sedan-chair has died out in Europe, it is still held of great importance in other countries. Whether it may ever reappear in London or Paris, it is difficult to say, fashion, like history, repeats itself so often. That it will never make its *début* in the streets of modern New York is more than probable, from the fact that our American ideas of locomotion, in this year of grace 1876, involve so rapid a change of place, that one might suppose we aimed at being "in two places at once."

DREAMING AND SLEEP - WALKING.



DREAMING is now not such a puzzle as it once was. We know by careful study and experience what it is. No one dreams when he is sound asleep. Dreams take place only during an imperfect or perturbed sleep. The imaginative faculties are less or more awake, and being unchecked by the reflective faculties or judgment, the wildest conceptions are formed, and these half-waking fancies we call dreams. Usually, these fancies are ill-assorted shreds of casual remembrances, or of something that has made a strong impression on the mind. There is nothing supernatural about them, and any attempt to explain them is simply ridiculous. Persons who pretend to tell the meaning of dreams are either impostors or weak-minded individuals.

Yet there are some curious phenomena about dreams. The half-wakeful mind, in an unchecked imaginative



LITTERS, PALANQUINS AND SEDANS.—A JAPANESE PALANQUIN.—SEE PAGE 348.

condition, can do things that appear a little surprising. Musicians have composed tunes in their dreams, and so have persons of a poetical fancy composed verses, which they wrote down on waking. We have at times experienced a pleasure, no doubt enjoyed by many, that of waking up and still continuing to carry on a dream. To do this requires some delicate management. Feeling that we have awoken, we must take care to keep the eyes shut, so as to prevent any confusion between the imaginings and the exterior objects. If the eyes look about them, in a way to convey impressions to the brain, the dream vanishes. In short, in certain half-wakeful conditions, the imagination is powerful, the more so, as being wholly unobstructed by reflection, and dashes off into the most wonderful and sometimes most beautiful conceptions.

When we pass from the phenomena of dreaming, and enter the domain of sleep-walking, or somnambulism, a higher psychological curiosity is reached. Here we shall find it convenient to adopt some kind of classification, so varied are the forms in which the action presents itself. Many cases are on record, for instance, in which the sleep action is a direct continuation of wakeful action, without any break. Coachmen, postillions, and muleteers are known to have continued driving even after they had fallen into a drowsy sleep; the muscles and nerves continue to act in a

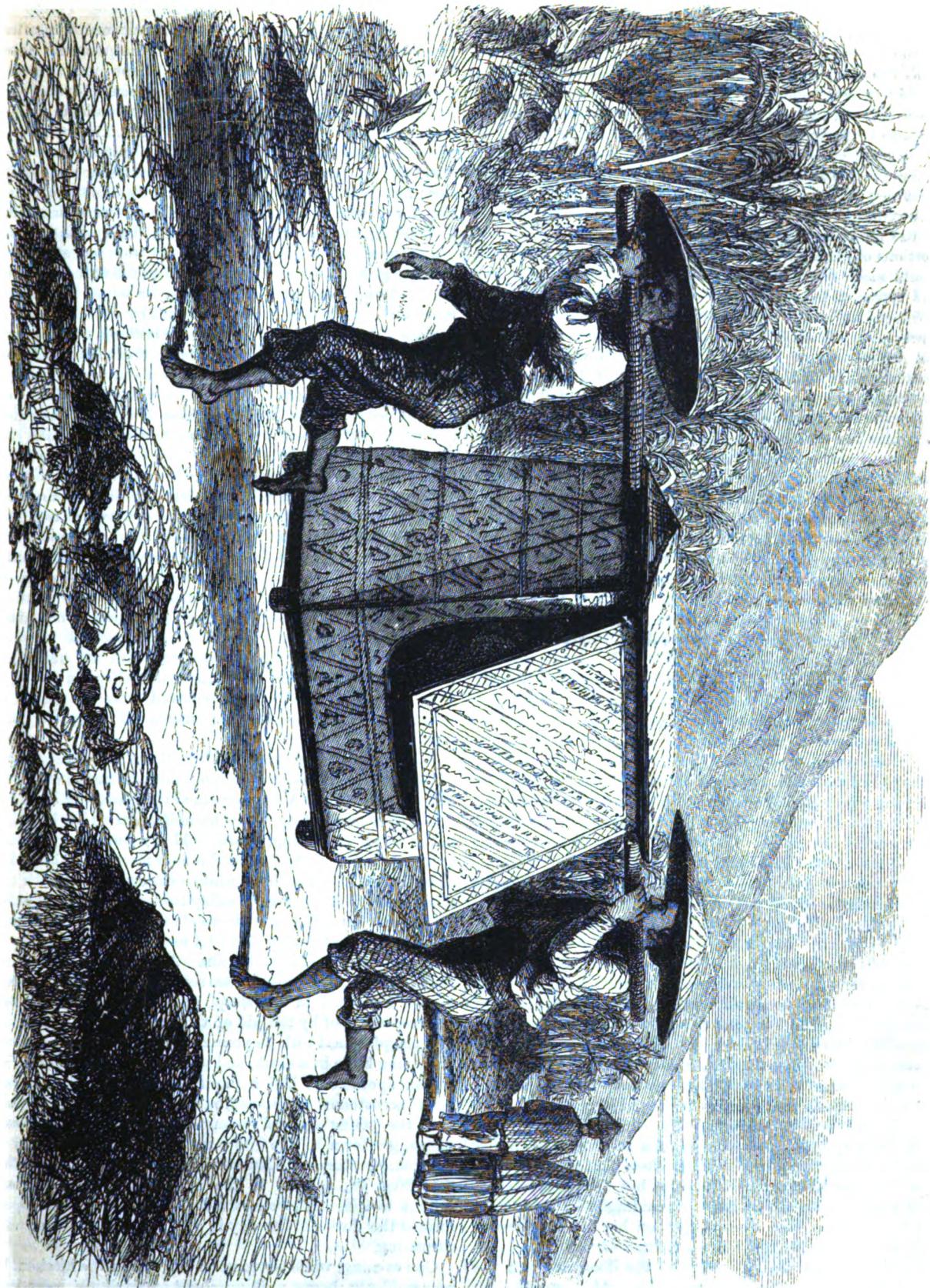
sort of automatic manner, after consciousness has lapsed into slumber. M. Plater, the celebrated lutanist or luteplayer, one evening dropped asleep while playing, after partaking of an unusually liberal supper; he continued to "discourse sweet music," correctly and tastefully, until roused from his drowsy nap by the noise of his lute falling on the floor. A "reader" in a printing-office fell asleep while reading for the correction of proof, but continued reading down to the bottom of that page. In this case the probability is that his sleep only went to the extent of drowsiness; at anyrate, when roused up, he could not remember the words which he had just been correctly reading. Sir John Moore, during his ever-memorable retreat to Corunna, had to make forced marches night and day, as the only mode of averting capture by a vastly larger French army; his poor tired soldiers often slept as they marched, or marched as they slept.

A truly remarkable manifestation of somnambulism is that



LITTERS, PALANQUINS AND SEDANS.—THE IMPERIAL PALANQUIN AND CORTÉGÉ OF THE MIKADO, ON THE ROAD FROM MIAKO TO YEDDO, JAPAN.

LITTERS, PALANQUINS, AND SEDANS.—TANDOOK, OR JAPANESE PALANQUIN.—SEE PAGE 348.



officer voyaging with his regiment in a troop-ship, displayed a tendency which some of the mischievous wags around him took an unfair advantage of. When he was asleep in his berth, they would whisper in his ear, giving him all the details of a duel, a shipwreck, or a battle; his mind uncon-

sciously followed the narrative, until he was roused to action by the climax, and awoke by springing out of bed. Fortunately for society, such cases are rare; it would be a perilous thing if others could induce us to do what *they* wish, without consciousness on our part.

Sleep-writing is not the least noteworthy among these phenomena. Indeed, some of the instances are inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge; for things are done with closed eyes while asleep, which the persons certainly could not have done with closed eyes when awake. In some cases, although the eyes are open, ordinary vision does not seem to be performed by them. It would almost appear as if we were endowed with an additional sense, which only makes itself manifest in the somnambulistic state. Be this as it may, the recorded examples are deeply interesting.

A young French ecclesiastic frequently rose in the middle of the night, went to a table, took pen and ink, and wrote portions of sermons. It was not mere mechanical work; he would make frequent corrections to improve the grammar and syntax of his composition—changing, for instance, “*ce divin enfant*” into “*cet adorable enfant*,” and then into “*cet enfant adorable*.” On one occasion, when watched by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, experiments were made to ascertain what kind of vision was being exerted. A sheet of writing-paper was quietly and cautiously substituted for that which the somnambulist had placed before him; he did not recognize the change, if the two sheets were similar in size and shape; an opaque screen was placed between his eyes and the paper, but he wrote on just the same. In another case, a young poet, not having finished some stanzas before he went to bed, rose in the night, went to his table, and finished them—so much to his satisfaction, that he applauded his own genius and taste; in the morning he remembered nothing of the matter. Dr. Carpenter mentions the instance of a man who wrote accurately in his sleep, placing his words at good distances apart, dotting every *i*, and crossing every *t*. A young collegian got out of bed asleep, lit a candle, sat down to a table, took pen and paper, wrote out some geometrical and algebraic problems, extinguished the light, and went to bed again—his eyes closed all the time. On one occasion, an Amsterdam banker requested a mathematical professor to work out a very intricate calculation for him; the professor set his pupils to work; one of them went to bed with his mind full of the subject; and in the morning was not a little surprised to find his table covered with sheets of paper on which the calculation was fully and satisfactorily developed. The writing was in his own hand; he had risen in the night and done it while asleep.

Walking, without *talking* or *working*, is a familiar kind of somnambulistic manifestation. Bellini's “*Somnambula*” hits the right note here; poor *Amina* walks in her sleep, a tendency which first rouses the suspicions of her lover, and afterwards supplies the means of removing them. Dr. Carpenter adverts to “sleep-walkers who make their way over the roofs of houses, steadily traverse narrow planks, and even clamber precipices; and this they do with far less hesitation than they would do in the waking state.” Muratori speaks of an Italian nobleman, Signor Agostino Forari, who was much prone to sleep-walking, especially during the waning of the moon. One evening he played at cards with some friends, and went to bed early. His servant told the guests that, from symptoms already familiar to him, he believed that his master would walk in his sleep that night; Forari was lying on his back, with staring but unconscious eyes, cold hands, and a slow pulse. At midnight he drew aside his bed-curtains, rose, dressed, put on his hat and sword-belt, went to the fire as if to warm himself, went to a wardrobe closet, came out again, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. The watchers held a lighted candle close before his eyes, but he took no notice of it, and did not seem to see it. He went down-stairs, out to the stable, stroked his horse, bridled it, and appeared confused when he failed to find the saddle. He mounted him, but gave up his intention of riding on finding the gate of the courtyard locked; he led his horse to a water-trough, and allowed him to drink,

tied him to a post, and returned into the house. Going into the billiard-room, he made a few movements with a cue, as if playing, then touched a few keys of a harpsichord, threw himself on the bed in his clothes, and slept soundly for ten hours. The servant cautioned the guests not to disturb him by any sudden noise during his strange unconscious wanderings, as it might injuriously affect his mind. A young lady, when nervously ill, was prone to walk about the house in a state of sleep, never falling over the furniture or other obstacles; her eyes were open, but she did not see in the ordinary way, for no winking or movement of the eye took place when a strong light was held close to her face. In a part of France where men are much accustomed to walk on stilts over swampy ground, a somnambulist one night walked across a swollen torrent on stilts; on awaking, he found himself too much afraid to recross the same torrent by daylight.

Riding, instead of or in addition to *walking*, is sometimes as amusing as it is wonderful, in connection with the unconscious freaks of somnambulism. A man, accustomed to attend a weekly market, one night rose from his bed, dressed, went to the stable, saddled his horse, mounted, and trotted off towards the market; finding a turnpike gate closed, he stopped; this obstacle had the effect of waking him. The London *Times*, some years ago, recorded the case of a butcher at Lambeth, who, one Sunday evening, fell asleep in his chair by the fireside. He was seen to rise from his seat, fetch his whip, put on one spur, and go to the stable, where, failing to find a saddle, he mounted an unsaddled horse. When asked what he was going to do, he answered (still in a state of somnambulistic sleep) that he was “going his rounds.” Although prevented from leaving the stable, he nevertheless continued on horseback for some time, carrying on a wrangle about toll with an imaginary turnpike-man, to whom he exclaimed, “Give us none of your gammon!” Even when removed from his horse, he continued for a time the movements of whipping and spurring.

Working, walking, doing, talking—there is a combination of two or three of these, sometimes all four, in the examples now under notice. A man dreamed that he saw a child fall into a river; he got up, threw himself again on his bed as if in the act of swimming, seized hold of a bundle of clothing at the corner of the bed, treated it as if it were the drowning child, held it with one hand while seeming to swim with the other, and put it down as if safely landed on the river-side; he began shivering and teeth-chattering, and said out, audibly: “It is freezing cold! let me have a little brandy;” and finally returned to bed again. A young military officer in the citadel of Brenstein was seen by his brother-officers to rise from bed in his sleep, go to a window, open it, clamber to a roof by the aid of the window-cord, seize hold of a magpie's nest with its young, descend to the room, wrap the young birds in a cloak, and go to bed again. Porati, an Italian apothecary, had a pupil named Castelli, who was much accustomed to somnambulistic influence; more than once the young man was seen to rise from his bed while asleep, go down to the shop, and serve out medicines to imaginary customers. Muratori relates that Giovanni Battista Negretti, servant to the Marchese Luigi Sale, was subject to somnambulistic attacks, during which he reperformed the duties of the day in a way at once amusing and surprising.

One evening, while sleeping on a bench in the kitchen, he rose suddenly, began walking about and talking, went into the dining-room, laid the cloth and other apparatus for dinner, and stood with a plate in his hand as if behind his master; after waiting some time, and the imaginary dinner ended, he put away everything, locked the sideboard, went to his master's bedroom, warmed the bed, locked up the house, and finally retired to his own bed—his eyes closed all

the time. On another evening he rose up asleep, got his own supper ready, ate it, went and drew some wine, and drank. It was observed, on these occasions, that he made much use of his arms, feeling his way rather than seeing. A bellringer one night rose up in his sleep, and, as if his companions were with him, prepared to go up into the belfry; after going out of the room and in again, he imitated the movements of a bellringer. A man, who ate and drank occasionally while in a somnambulistic sleep, evidently did not know the taste of what he was taking, for persons who watched him might change his food or drink without his perceiving it. One night he arose from bed, dressed, went to a *cabaret* or small wine-shop, asked for wine, received water, and drank it without noticing the difference. A young soldier, interested one evening by a discussion or reading with his comrades of a military combat, partook of supper, went to bed, and soon to sleep; in the night he rose, with eyes open, but asleep, and imitated with his arms a vigorous defence, rushed out-of-doors, and returned in a profuse perspiration.

Weinholdt notices the case of a musical student, who would arise in his sleep, go into the study, place a sheet of music in proper position on the pianoforte, and play the piece correctly; once his friends purposely turned his music upside down, but he detected and rectified it; on another occasion, he found a string out of tune, opened the instrument, tuned the string, and went on with his playing. A stonemason, working for a master in Kent, was told by him one evening to go the next morning to a neighboring churchyard, and measure the quantity of work done to a wall. He went to bed at his usual hour. Waking in the night, he was astonished to find himself dressed, in the open air, and in the dark. The church clock struck two, and then he knew he was in the churchyard. When a gleam of Summer daylight came, he found that he had measured the wall accurately with a measuring-rod, and properly entered the items in a book. This case is a very remarkable one, for the man "caught himself in the act" of somnambulistic working, and was as much surprised at it as any looker-on would have been. Gassendi notices the case of a man who rose in the night, dressed while asleep, went down to the cellar, drew wine from a cask, walked back, undressed, went to bed again, and knew nothing about it in the morning. Once, when he did this, he woke in the cellar, and found more difficulty in retracing his steps in the dark than he had when asleep.

Here we close. Our budget is by no means exhausted; but the above-cited examples will suffice to illustrate the Curiosities of Somnambulism, the faculty of thinking, verifying, calculating, walking, riding, working, writing, talking, singing, and playing during sleep.

AN ELEPHANT'S DEVOTION.

ONE of the elephants now belonging to Forepaugh's American Menagerie has a career as romantic as that of the hero of any novel. The one alluded to is very old. Years ago he was the property of an East Indian rajah, and had been in the royal stables no one knew how long. Long before Hastings dreamed of conquest, or even Clive had become a clerk in the East India House, this animal led a life of glorious ease under the tropical skies of his India home, by the waters of the sacred Ganges.

As the English assumed control, successive rajahs diminished in influence, but they all maintained imperial state from the subsidies furnished them by the English crown, and this elephant continued in their possession until his great age made him an object of reverence.

A garrison of English soldiers was established near the rajah's grounds—at first as a guard of honor, but afterwards

it was made a military post, with a regular army commandant and half-a-dozen English officers, with their wives and families.

One of the children of the post, a bright little fellow of five years, became greatly attached to this elephant. Regularly every morning he went with his ayah, or native nurse, to the inclosure where the elephant was kept, and fed him with bonbons and cake. The animal, in return, never failed to caress the boy with his trunk, and manifested the liveliest pleasure by trumpeting whenever his youthful friend made his appearance.

The Sepoy Rebellion broke out, and the rajah, at first faithful, finally became involved in its meshes. Soon after the Lucknow affair, peremptory orders were received from Nana Sahib to the effect that the rajah should massacre the garrison, and, with all the Sepoys he could muster, join the camp of that human tiger. The order was executed early one morning. The few English soldiers were speedily dispatched. The ayah and child were sleeping in a cottage some distance from headquarters, and, at the first alarm, the boy's father, a captain, dispatched an orderly to bring the child to the camp. Before he could get there, the camp had been surrounded, and the screams of the women and children, and the din and hubbub following, showed how English valor had been overmatched by numbers.

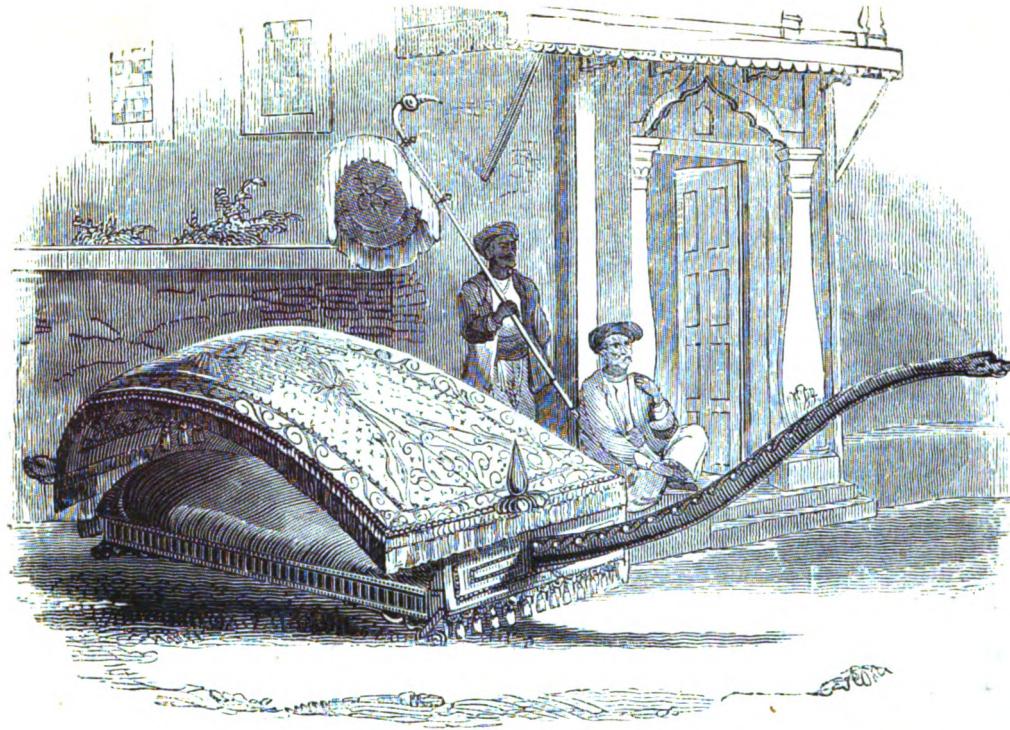
A party of Sepoys, seeing the soldier enter the cottage, pursued him, and he rushed into the place and secured a brief respite by barring the door. The ayah, rudely aroused from her sleep, snatched up the child and screamed for help. The Sepoys, with a beam for a battering-ram, dashed down the door and rushed forward, only to be met by the soldier, who with his Scotch broadsword struck down the two foremost of the band as they entered the door. The others hastily drew back, and, passing behind the cottage, fired its roof, thatched with rice-straw, and then waited with fiendish malignity for the flames to do that which they dared not attempt.

But, amid the crackling flames, the exulting yells of the Sepoys, and the screams of the ayah, a new actor made his appearance. The elephant, recognizing the voices of the ayah and the child, had snapped his chain, and, despite the exertions of his mahout, or native driver, had broken away from his control. With his head he had smashed down the gates of his inclosure, and he rushed toward the cottage. The sight of fire and the calls of the child repeating his name roused him to fury. He charged the Sepoys right and left, scattering them, dashing some to the ground and trampling them to gory shreds, tossing some in the air on his powerful trunk, and uttering the hoarse cry that always proceeds from the elephant's throat when enraged.

The soldier, rendered desperate by the prospect of speedy death and torture, seized the child, and, with the ayah, ran out of the burning cottage and took refuge near the animal. The sight of the sacred elephant interfering in this unexpected way in behalf of the party was too much for Sepoy superstition. They fell on their faces in fear, and the soldier, seizing the opportunity, was shrewd enough to take advantage of it. He guided the animal out of the way of the villainous Sepoys, and down the river some miles, where a garrison of English soldiers had withstood the attacks of the enemy.

From here the elephant was used to convey some of the fugitives farther still down the river. His romantic history and great age induced the general commanding to send him to England, and there Mr. Forepaugh purchased him and had him sent to America.

Twice every year the boy, now grown to be an officer in her Majesty's service, writes to Mr. Forepaugh inquiring after the friend who preserved his life in so singular a manner.



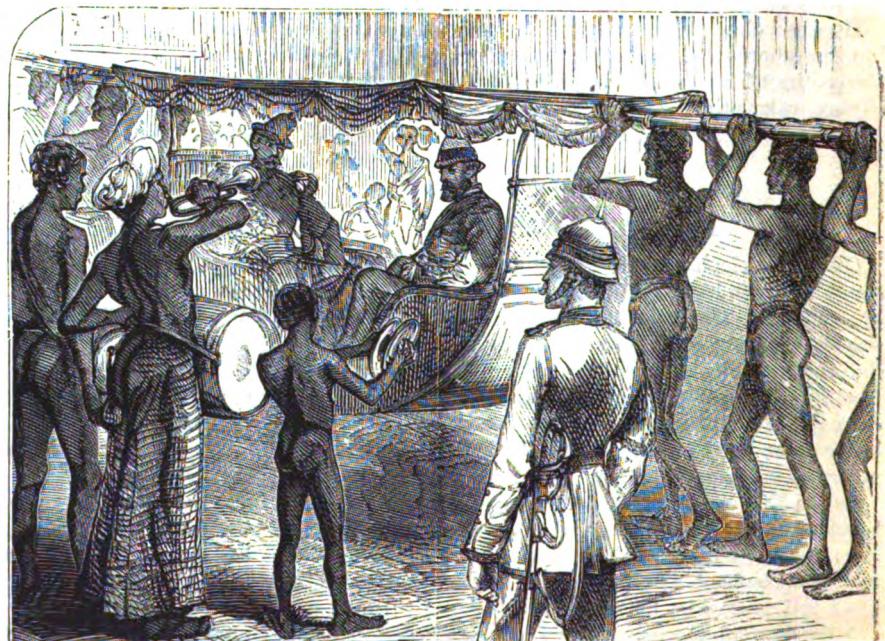
LITTERS, PALANQUINS AND SEDANS.—THE J'HALLEDAR, OR STATE PALANQUIN OF INDIA.—SEE PAGE 348.

What Finally Becomes of the Precious Metals.

"WHAT becomes of the precious metals?" asks a curious querist, and then proceeds to consider the question, and succeeds in throwing much doubt upon it, or, rather, leaving it in just as much doubt as before. The question, "What becomes of all the pins?" has been oftener asked, perhaps, and has been answered with about the same illumination. It is not easy to answer satisfactorily the question as to what becomes of the precious metals. That a vast amount has been extracted from the earth, since the days of Noah, there can be no doubt. An English writer, who, of course, must depend to a great degree on guess-work, estimates the total at not less than five thousand millions in gold and silver. Of this amount he thinks that three thousand two hundred millions have been produced since the discovery of America. The Christian world is credited with having had two thousand millions, most of which has been disposed of by shipwrecks, gilding, fire, and various other ways, as effectually, we might suggest, as many of our citizens have disposed of theirs by investing in stocks. He thinks this loss proceeds at the rate of sixteen millions annually, while the production he puts at forty millions, which is undoubtedly too low. One-half of the balance, three hundred and fifty millions, he thinks is held in the form of plate and ornaments. Of the balance of three thousand millions in the anti-Christian world, wastes and losses omitted, he thinks that over a thousand mil-

lions have been hidden in Asiatic lands in different ages of the world, and he continues "that it is well known that a thousand millions were thus hidden in India and China in the six years succeeding 1851: that is, during the time when wholesale murder and slaughter and wholesale robbery and despoliation were the business of the natives and their enemies."

One would think that China must be carpeted with gold leaf, paved with silver dollars, glittering with the precious metals, did he think only of the vast sums



LITTERS, PALANQUINS AND SEDANS.—A STATE PALANQUIN AT GOA.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—FISHERMEN VISITING THEIR TRAPS AT THE FALLS ON THE JAMES RIVER, OPPOSITE RICHMOND.—SEE PAGE 359.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN SALEM.

SALEM is the oldest town in New England except Plymouth, the first house having been built by Roger Conant in 1626, so that it celebrates this year the meridian of its third century. Two centuries and a half for an American city is great antiquity indeed, and the old town shows her claims as a venerable place. In 1628 John Endicott brought over settlers, and, in the following year, no less than eleven vessels landed emigrants at Naumkeag, which has now taken the scriptural name of Salem. This old place was the scene of the great witchcraft delusion towards the close of the seventeenth century, and no less than nineteen persons were executed on the rising ground still known as Gallow's Hill. It is a common error that witches were burned in New England, but, in fact, those condemned were hanged.

Salem was noted at an early day for its enterprising merchants and seamen. She engaged not only in fisheries and the coasting trade, but sent her light craft to France, Spain, Italy, and the West Indies. During the Revolution, Salem fitted out 158 privateers, which captured 445 British prizes. E. H. Derby, of Salem, in 1785, sent a vessel to China, opening a trade with that country which Salem monopolized for many years. Trade has been drawn to other ports, but Salem is still rich, thriving, and full of attraction to antiquarians.

One of the most interesting relics of old Salem is a small, worm-eaten, but carefully preserved, little church, built in 1634, and said to have been the first erected in New England. It is hardly more than twenty feet long by eighteen wide, perfectly plain, with the frame and rafters of decaying oak entirely exposed. A little, low gallery, originally reached by a ladder, runs across one end, over the entrance. It had long been used as a shop, a barn, and otherwise desecrated, until the Salem Athenaeum removed it bodily to its present place, to be preserved as a touching relic of the early days of the city. It is very appropriately used to contain engravings and silhouettes of the early notabilities of Salem, ancient furniture, and other relics of the past. In one corner stands a venerable spinet, in another a spinning-wheel of antique pattern; the first communion-table; quaint chairs and settees, and, not least curious, a great wooden mortar, made from the trunk of a tree, with the hollow burnt in. In this the old inhabitants, before mills were to be had, pounded their Indian corn into meal.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Trapping Fish on the James River, opposite Richmond, Va.

THE so-called Falls of the James river, opposite Richmond, are in reality a series of rapids, the wide shallow stream being dotted with islets of many shapes and sizes, and its current obstructed by countless rocks. The largest of these islands, which bears the euphonious title of "Belle Isle," was widely known during the War as a military prison-camp, where thousands of unlucky "boys in blue," whose "on to Richmond" aspirations had resulted in their involuntary arrival at the Southern capital, waited with more or less exemplary patience for the glad tidings of exchange.

A glimpse of this pretty islet is given on the left of our picture, and although the spot was not looked upon, in war time at least, as a desirable "Summer resort"—albeit the number of visitors spoke well for its popularity—the reader will readily see that in "these piping times of peace" it would make a pleasant site for a rural villa. The lofty bridge seen in the distance is that used by several of the railroads entering Richmond from the South.

The "Falls" are a favorite fishing-ground for the local dis-

ciples of Isaak Walton, as the stream abounds in perch, herring, and hickory shad in their season, but the subjects of our sketch are surely no followers of the "gentle angler," who would never have countenanced such a barbarous and unsportsmanlike proceeding as trap-fishing.

The busy fishermen of our picture are not capturing their finny prey for sport, however, and probably entertain quite as much contempt for the sportsman proper as he for them. Their mission is to supply fresh fish for the Richmond market, and gather unto themselves certain shekels in exchange therefor; hence they manifest a sublime disregard for all sentimental considerations, and care only for making a good haul and securing a satisfactory price for their scaly treasures.

The manner in which trap-fishing is carried on is so clearly shown in our illustration as scarcely to need explanation. The traps are formed by setting two posts in the bed of the stream, connecting them by a cross-beam, and laying planks with one end resting upon the bottom of the river and the other upon the beam, and so placed as to form an obtuse angle with the surface of the water. Small openings in this flooring permit the water to drain off, leaving the fish, who are borne upon the trap by the force of the swift current, floundering helplessly upon the boards. The fishermen moor their boats alongside the traps, and stand ready to seize the fish as they are left high and dry by the receding water.

The Falls furnish an immense water-power, which is utilized by many large manufacturing establishments, but they also form a serious obstacle to navigation, and to overcome this difficulty a canal has been constructed around the rapids. The city of Richmond is pleasantly and healthfully situated, and has "all the modern improvements in the way of gaslight, water, fine hotels, pavements, etc.," while from its historical associations it must always be a favorite resort for the tourist. It is connected by lines of steamers with Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, and is also on the main route of Southern travel by rail.

AFRICAN ADVENTURES.

WE set out one morning, while sojourning among the Caffre tribes, to hunt a flock of giraffes that had been seen in the vicinity. It was barely daylight when we started, after a hasty breakfast, fully intending to lunch at leisure on a giraffe steak, by no means a despicable delicacy, by way of making amends for the unceremonious nature of our matutinal repast. I rode a horse that I had christened Bryan, for the sake of an old friend—a horse so diabolically ugly, that one's first impressions were always decidedly in favor of having him sent out of the world at once, although a brief acquaintance proved him possessed of certain qualities, such as good nature, speed and intelligence, which more than atoned for his lack of beauty.

He was a great raw-boned creature, remarkable for his length of body, with a neck like a sheep, a coat that was a sort of grayish blue, each separate hair of which always stood on end, as if he had been terribly frightened in early youth, and had never recovered from the effects. In fact, he looked a good deal like a giraffe, and my companions declared that, if I rode Bryan, I should possess a great advantage, for the troop would let my charger approach them very closely before they discovered he did not belong to their species.

Out we all set, in remarkably good spirits, and for four miles we followed the tracks of the giraffes over a stony path, covered with little mounds, among which our beasts stumbled in a dreadful way. I was the first to discover the flock

at some distance in advance ; I gave a low whistle to warn my friends, but the quick ears of the animals caught the sound, and off they sped with a fleetness that was enough to make one dizzy. Away we dashed in a mad gallop over the stones and bushes, and I was about twenty yards from the hindmost of the troop, when Bryan stopped short, his legs trembling and his hair more erect than ever, in a sudden and ill-timed fear of the creatures. I dug my spurs into his sides in a cruel but effectual way, and turned him against the wind, so that he might not catch the peculiar odor emanating from the giraffes, which always frightens a horse unaccustomed to it. We partially surrounded the flock, Bryan taking courage at the sight of the other horses, which, accustomed to the sport, were perfectly submissive.

I fixed my eyes upon a superb male, that was dashing on with his tail curled like a gigantic corkscrew, making one leap to every three of my steed. Bryan was excited by this time, and on we dashed, regardless of the thorns that tore his sides and rent my clothing to threads. I fired once, but without any apparent effect unless to increase the speed of my victim. I paused, only to reload, and away we flew for miles, in a straight line, over the rocks and thickets, losing sight of my companions, each of whom had selected a giraffe for his special chase. Just as I was taking aim again, Bryan knocked himself against a thicket, and nearly upset himself and me—a delay which gave the giraffe an advance of a hundred yards. I was now near him again ; away went the animal like a ship under full sail. I was so close a dozen times, that I might have killed him if I could only have checked Bryan a little. But he had the bit in his iron mouth, and showed no symptom either of fatigue or terror.

At last we were running side by side. I aimed and fired ; the recoil sent my gun over my head, and nearly broke one of my fingers, but the giraffe fell to the ground with the most horrible outcries. In my haste I had put in a double charge of powder, but the giraffe was down, and Bryan, after one prodigious bound, stopped short. I dismounted, loaded my gun rather more carefully, despatched the poor beast, and waited for the rest of the party to come up. Several of the others had been successful, and we had a jolly luncheon under the trees, Bryan coming in for a great share of fun and admiration.

On our way back to the camp we encountered several fugitives from the scattered band, and immediately gave chase. We wounded a female, who fled with all the energy of despair, and in the blindness of her pain and fear drove her long neck into the fork of a great tree, where she was held a helpless prisoner, and became an easy victim. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the camp—a new resting-place that we had only established the day before—and sat down to smoke our pipes and talk over the events of the morning in all tranquility.

One of the men declared himself tired, and got into a baggage wagon for a little repose. It was not many minutes before he sprang out, spluttering the oddest German oaths and brandishing a very large stick, with which he dealt vigorous blows at something in the wagon. We all ran forward to see what was the matter. He had just killed a most enormous snake, full nine feet in length, of the real ophidian species. There the loathsome reptile lay, still writhing and twisting about, and the natives pronounced it to be one of the most venomous to be found in the country.

This was not pleasant, and as somebody suggested that the mate must, in all probability, be near, we began a search for it. Just as I was moving a pile of blankets that had been thrown down near the wagon, out started a snake larger than the one just killed, brushing my foot as he glided away. In spite of all our efforts, he gained a hole

near by and disappeared like magic. With that the natives began looking about, and soon announced the agreeable information that we had encamped near a den of the abominable reptiles. In almost every corner or branch of tall grass where they drove their sticks sharp hisses would be heard, and the disgusting serpents would crawl away, making the air a regular pandemonium.

We tired fighting them, but they flattened themselves so completely in the grass that it was almost impossible to strike them, and our efforts only roused their rage. The dogs rushed forward to the combat, but speedily retired ; and after a brief engagement, during which one of the dogs was bitten so severely that he died in spite of all the remedies employed by the guides, we decided that ensconcing ourselves close to the camp would be the wisest if not the most courageous plan. We built a huge fire in front of the tent where we slept, and before lying down on our grass beds made a careful examination of every corner lest some unpleasant visitor should have retired thither ; but there was nothing to be found.

In the middle of the night I was roused by a most fearful noise, and sprang up in all haste, as did everybody else, all crying out to know what was the matter. Half asleep as we were, we saw by the light of the pines, the German bounding out of the tent, yelling in every known language :

"Snake ! snake ! I'm killed ! I'm killed !"

I saw something dragging at his garments as he dashed into the firelight. A sickening horror came over me ; but in an instant, above the loud exclamations and the barking of the dogs, I heard a shriek of laughter from the natives. The unfortunate Dutchman had got a rope twisted about his body in his sleep, and waking suddenly from a bad dream believed himself in the embrace of a huge ophidian.

We all got back to quiet and bed at last ; but it was weeks before our Teutonic friend heard the last of his adventure, and he grew so sore about the matter that, for the sake of peace, we were obliged to forget it in his presence.

MISS MOLLY DIMOND.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.



HEN I was a little girl, and went to school," began grandmamma, folding her spectacles into their case, and leaning back in her chair, while the flickering firelight played over her bands of snow-white hair and sweet, placid face, making a picture we children loved to look upon, "there was one house, in passing which I always held my breath, and either crept quietly along close under the high hedge, or else ran as fast as I could, glancing over my shoulder

as I went. This house was a large, old-fashioned one, closely shaded by evergreens and standing well back from the street, or rather road, for it was a good way out of the village where I was born and brought up. A high hedge of lilac-bushes grew close behind the fence, only broken by the gate, from which a paved footpath led up to the house ; and in passing this gate, whether I crept or whether I ran, I never failed to cast one frightened glance toward the house, and, so glancing, rarely failed to see at one of the upper windows the tall stooping figure and white scared-looking face of a woman, wringing her hands and muttering through her pale lips, 'Oh dear ! oh dear me !' At least, those were the words I had always been told that she muttered ; but not one of

the village children, my informants, could tell why she thus mourned her life away, or, in fact, give any account whatever of her or hers, except that her name was Miss Dolly Dimond, and that the tall mulatto woman who sometimes came into the town, her head decked with a Madras handkerchief-turban, and great gold hoops glittering in her ears, was Zilpah, Miss Molly's servant and constant companion; and that old Jake Lovatt and his wife kept the house and cultivated the garden, and never spoke a word that could be helped to man, woman, or child. At home they could, or would, tell me nothing more than this, and so decidedly checked my advances to conversation upon this topic that I soon ceased to make them, and at last came to regard the strange, pale woman at the window as a sort of a spectre or walking corpse, while the image of Zilpah, with her turban and her ear-rings, mingled in my poor little brain with 'Arabian Nights' stories of afrits and ghouls, and all sorts of unholy creatures who pounce upon little children and carry them off to be devoured at leisure.

"I suppose now that my good mother and older sisters spared me the true story of Miss Molly and her horrible misfortunes, lest it should excite my fancy and terrify me too much; but if they could only have known the half-hints and dim guesses with which my mind was stored upon the subject were far more terrifying, and made a far more permanent impression, than even the dismal truth could have done.

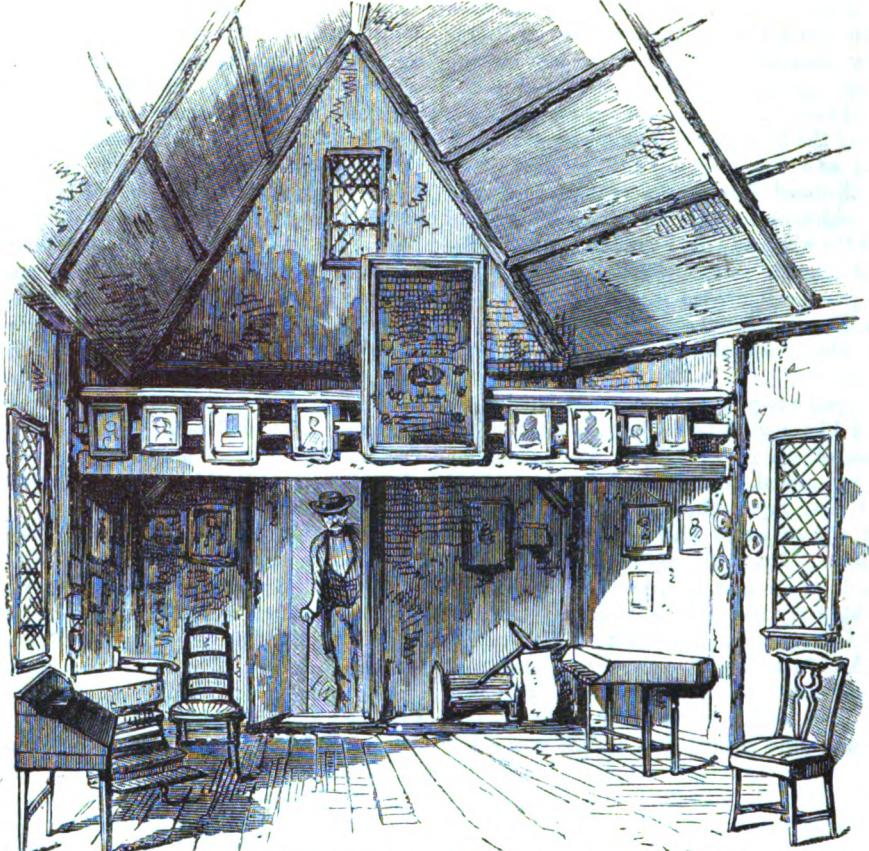
"It was a wild afternoon in

Autumn when I at last found it out, and certainly in a most singular fashion. I had been inattentive in school, and the teacher had obliged me to remain after the other children were dismissed and make up my neglected lessons. Full of wrath and shame, I was at last released, and, with some books under my arm, hurried along the homeward road through the gathering dusk, so busy with my own grievances and the 'unfairness' of the teacher that I hardly remembered my terror of the Dia-

mond-house, and was running past it more by instinct than from thought, when, just as I reached the gate, a tall, dark figure, its head fantastically wreathed with a fluttering kerchief, and its outlines hidden in a mass of white drapery, seemed to spring, shrieking, out of the very earth, and stand before me with outstretched and threatening hand.

"It was only Zilpah, of course, and I afterward knew that she had rushed hurriedly out of the gate with outstretched arm, beckoning and calling after old Lovatt, whom she wished to dispatch to the town upon some errand. But at the moment I could not, of course, know all this, and only heard that inarticulate and eldritch shriek; only saw the ghoul, the afrit of my dreams, come at last to seize upon and carry me to

that horrible and mysterious doom of which I had so often dreamed. With a shriek as wild as that it echoed, I started back, turned to fly, caught my foot upon a stone, and fell headlong, cutting my forehead so that the blood gushed over my face with, I suppose, a very alarming look; for my last recollection is of the ghoul stooping over



INTERIOR OF THE OLDEST CHURCH, SALEM, MASS.



EXTERIOR OF THE OLD CHURCH, SALEM.



ANCIENT WOODEN MORTAR IN THE OLD CHURCH, SALEM.



AFRICAN ADVENTURES.—“AWAY WE DASHED IN A MAD GALLOP OVER THE STONES AND BUSHES.”—SEE PAGE 358.

me with an exclamation of horror, and then gathering me into her arms. At that, a great black cloud swooped down upon my brain, and I fainted outright, for the first and last time in my life.

“When I recovered I found myself lying upon a little bed, covered with the gayest of patchwork-quilts, and bending over me was a kind and anxious face, in which I did not at first recognize the airt of my childish terror. Before I fairly did so, a voice as kind as the face said, softly :

“Bless the child, she’s coming-to at last !”

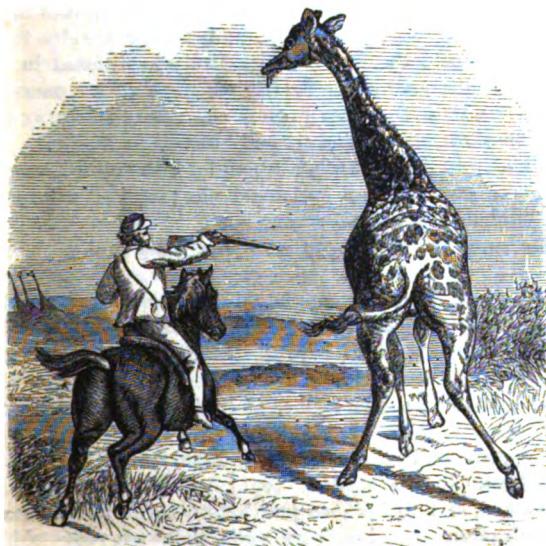
“Who are you, and where’s my mother ?” asked I, trying to rise upon my elbow, and falling back with a sick faintness upon me.

“Mother’s to home, and you shall go to her right off, little dear,” said the kind voice. “What’s your name, my pet ?”

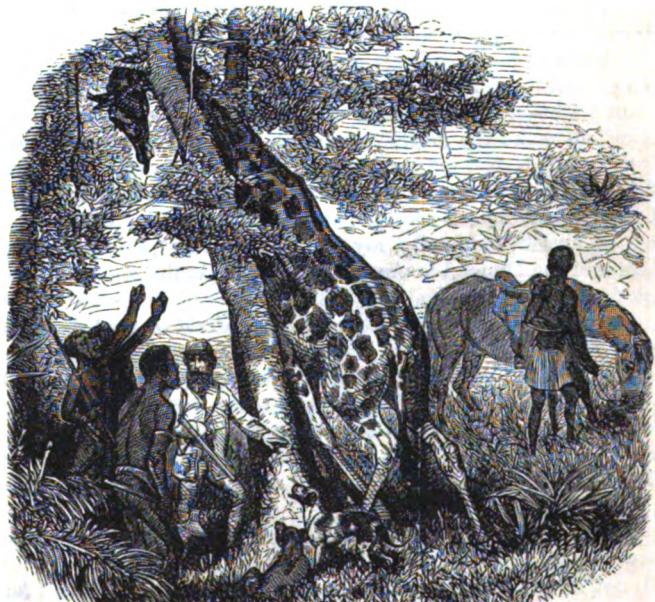
“I’m Bessie Warner, and my father is the doctor,” returned I, with a little pride ; “but what is your name, ma’am, and what house is this ?”

“My name is Zilpah, dear, and this is Miss Molly Dimond’s house ; she’s my mistress, you know.”

“Before I could reply, the door of the little chamber slowly opened and gave entrance to a tall, slender woman, whose bent figure and pallid face were but too familiar to me ; and yet, even in my first glance now, I perceived, as I never did before, the traces of a great beauty—an almost



AFRICAN ADVENTURES.—“AT LAST WE WERE RUNNING SIDE BY SIDE.”



AFRICAN ADVENTURES.—“A GIRAFFE DROVE HER LONG NECK INTO THE FORK OF A GREAT TREE.”

saintly sweetness and dignity frozen, as it were, upon those wasted features, and overspread by the look of settled horror and bewilderment which made that face so painful to look upon. As the door swung open, this figure walked slowly into the room, clasping her hands, and moaning softly :

"Oh dear ! oh dear me !" but whether in pity for herself or me, I could not at the moment determine.

"Who is it ?" exclaimed I, shrinking to the back of the little bed ; but Zilpah hastened to interpose, taking the new-comer tenderly by the hand, and saying :

"There, there, Miss Molly, darling ; you go right back to your own room, and wait for Zilpah. It ain't a bit of use for you coming here, and the little girl's scared of you, too ; so go back, like a dear little lady, won't you ?"

"But Miss Molly did not seem to hear a word she said. Pressing her clasped hands close to her heart, she leaned forward and stared at me, while a smile of surprise and delight broke like sunshine over her white face, utterly changing its painful expression.

"Why, Zilpah ! you naughty Zilpah !" exclaimed she, at last, in a girlish, or even childish, voice, "why didn't you tell me ? It's my own dear little Bessie come at last ! but where's the apple ?"

"She takes you for her sister, who—who died long ago, while they were little ; and her picture is taken with an apple in its hand ; and her name was Bessie, to be sure, just like you, dear. So, won't you speak a kind word to my poor little Molly, for the sake of the dead child she can never see, poor dear ?"

"Little Bessie—but where's the apple ?" whispered Miss Molly, putting one finger to her lips and looking perplexedly at me.

"I'll bring the apple to-morrow, if mother will let me ; and I believe I'll go home now, if you please," said I, mustering all my courage, and slipping off the bed at the side farthest from Miss Molly, who still stood gazing at me half with delight and half with bewilderment.

"Yes, she'll come again to-morrow, Miss Molly, dear ; and now you'll go back to your own room, like a pretty little lady, won't you ? and Zilpah will come in a moment."

"Yes, I'll go, and Bessie will come to-morrow and bring the apple," whispered Miss Molly, softly leaving the room.

"Lie down another minute, dear, and I will come back and take you home," said Zilpah, hurriedly, as she followed her mistress and, I suppose, saw her safely into her own room ; at any rate, she presently returned, bringing a warm shawl, in which she wrapped me, and then, taking me in her arms, carried me out of the house and to the road, at which point I rebelled and declared myself quite able and determined to make the journey on foot.

"So Zilpah gave me her hand, and as we slowly traversed the long, homeward road, a conversation sprang up in which I soon found myself telling her all the story there was to tell of myself, my family, my home, and at last, even my horror of the Dimond-house and of herself. At this she first laughed, and then looked very sad.

"I don't love to have little children afraid of me," she said, softly ; "but I suppose it's no more than natural, living as we have to. But, now, there's your home, and there's your pa coming this way ; he's been to see my poor Miss Molly often enough. You run along and meet him, and ask if you can't come in to-morrow and see us ; and if you do, I wish you'd think to bring an apple for Miss Molly, please."

"Why my mother consented to this visit, after all her previous reserve upon the subject of Miss Molly Dimond, I do not know ; but I suspect it was principally through my father's interference ; for, coming into the room suddenly the next morning, I heard him say :

"It won't harm the child, Susan, and it may do Miss Molly more good than all my drugs."

"So, as I prepared for school, mother brought me a big, red apple, and said :

"There, Bessie, as you come home you may stop and give this to Miss Molly Dimond, or to Zilpah for her ; but don't stay more than half an hour."

"That morning I neither crept nor ran past the Dimond-house, but, pausing a moment at the gate, looked up at its weather-beaten face as at that of an old friend. While I looked, Miss Molly suddenly appeared at her usual window, and, seeing me, threw up the sash and called :

"Bessie ! little Bessie ! have you got the apple to-day ?"

"Yes'm, here it is," I shouted in reply ; "but I must go to school first, and then I am coming to bring it in."

Miss Molly did not reply, but, looking out at me in that strange, bewildered way, began to softly wring her hands and moan. An instinctive feeling arose in my heart that if she grieved aloud and called to me again in that heart-broken voice I never should be able to refuse her summons, and, obeying it, should cast school and duty to the winds ; so, while there was yet strength in me to turn my back, I did so, and ran all the rest of the way to school. The day passed at length, but more slowly than ever a day had done before for me ; and, the moment I was dismissed in the afternoon, I hurried on my coat and hood, made sure that my pretty apple was safe in my dinner-basket, and set off for my visit.

Zilpah was at the gate, waiting for me, and, as I came in sight, smiled until all her white teeth gleamed in the afternoon sunlight, while she said :

"That's right, little missy ! I knew you'd come, and I told Miss Molly so. She ain't done much but fret for you all day long. I knew you'd come."

"But, for all that, I think she was at the gate to intercept me if I tried to go past."

So, smiling bravely in spite of my throbbing heart, I followed Zilpah into the house and up the broad old staircase to the door of the front chamber, at whose window I had always seen the drooping figure of Miss Molly. With the latch in her hand, Zilpah paused and looked keenly into my face, which was, I dare say, pale enough.

"Now, don't you go to being scared, child," whispered she, a little sharply, "or, if you be, say so, and don't go in, for that'll only do Miss Molly more harm than good. There's nothing to be scared at—that's true enough."

"And I'm not scared. Open the door, please," retorted I, bravely enough, and a little vexed. Still staring into my face, Zilpah nodded approvingly, and, taking me by the hand, led me into the room. Miss Molly was seated in a great arm-chair beside the hearth, where blazed a merry wood fire ; but as the door opened she rose eagerly, and, coming forward, smiled brightly and stooped to kiss me.

"Why, it is little Bessie, after all ! I thought I only fancied she was coming," exclaimed she ; and I replied, hastily enough, I am afraid :

"Yes, and I brought you an apple, Miss Molly—here it is !"

"She don't want the apple, Miss Bessie," interposed Zilpah, a little indignantly. "But she thought you would have one in your hand, so as to stand for the Bessie in that pictur'."

"She pointed as she spoke, and Miss Molly eagerly added :

"Yes, come and see them ; you and me, and all of them. Here is Bessie and the apple !"

I looked, and to be sure just before my head was the full-length picture of a lovely little girl, about ten years old, with long sunny hair and great dark eyes. She was smiling, oh, so brightly ! and in one hand she held up a great rosy-

checked apple, bigger and rosier, and more perfect than any apple I ever saw before or since. Next to this picture hung one of another little girl more slender and delicate than bright Bessie, and with rather a melancholy cast to her thin, pale face. She was seated in the lap of a mulatto woman whose features seemed so familiar to me that I turned inquiring eyes upon Zilpah, who immediately answered :

"Yes, sure enough, it's me, Miss Bessie, me and my darling, Miss Molly, here ! She wouldn't sit nor stand to be drawed no how, unless I was right there and held her. You see I was her nurse, and she was such a weakly sort of child, I always tended her night and day, and do still, for that matter."

"See ! Here's our papa, and mamma, and Rafe—dear Rafe, do you know where he's gone, Bessie ?"

"As Miss Molly spoke she led me across the room, and showed me the picture of a fine stately-looking gentleman, with light hair and blue eyes, his hat and gloves in his hand, and at his back an open window showing a great field with ever so many negroes at work among the sugar-canies growing in it. Afterward, when I heard poor Mr. Dimond's story, I thought what a terrible, although most innocent, piece of sarcasm it was to put that boastful background to his picture ! Next to him hung the portrait of such a handsome woman ! Pale and languid-looking—as women of these climates always are—but with such great dark eyes, and such a lovely little mouth, and such a wealth of soft dark hair rippling from her couch to the floor ! And the tiny jeweled hand, and the little arched foot just peeping from the hem of the gauzy dress ! Zilpah told me afterward that Mr. Dimond was so proud of his wife's beauty that he insisted upon that little foot being introduced, although it altered the whole style of the picture. The last portrait was that of a boy leaning on the neck of his pretty pony, and looking straight into the eyes of all who looked at him with such a merry fearless smile that I laughed outright in meeting it.

"Yes, he looks happy, don't he, Bessie ?" exclaimed Miss Molly, eagerly. "But, poor Rafe, I heard him cry out."

"And only think of Miss Bessie and the apple, dearie," interposed Zilpah, hurriedly ; and pulling me forward she held up my hand with the apple in it, just like the little girl in the picture. At that Miss Molly smiled, and answered eagerly enough :

"Yes, she came running to me with it, and gave it all to me—all, all—Bessie loved me, Zilpah !"

"And this Bessie loves you too, Miss Molly, and I wish you would be so kind as to take this apple just as you did that one !" exclaimed I, ready to cry, although I knew not why. Miss Molly put both hands upon my shoulders and smiled down upon me with that wan sweet smile of hers, so brilliant, and yet so sad, while she slowly said :

"I am glad you love me, little Bessie, although I know you cannot be really my little sister, and I will take the apple and keep it always, just as I do that one, and you shall often come and see me ; won't you, dear ?"

"If mother lets me, and I know she will if it does you any good," said I, shyly, and then Miss Molly kissed me again, and bid me good-by ; so I had to go, although I felt as if I had made a very short visit after all.

Zilpah walked home with me, having, as she said, an errand in the village, and no sooner were we fairly upon the road than I implored her with all the energy I possessed to tell me the whole story of Miss Molly Dimond, and her pictures, and her strange, frightened way of wringing her hands, and moaning, "Oh dear ! Oh dear me !" and being so—well, so different from other folks.

"I'm glad you didn't say crazy, as a good many do," said Zilpah, dryly, as I stammered out this last phrase. "And as for Miss Molly's story. I suppose you might as well have it

the straight way, as to pick it up here and there round the village, and get it all wrong."

"So, to begin, Miss Molly's father, Mr. Charles Dimond, was born in that old house, where she lives now, and from there to the West Injys, where he settled down in the island of Jamaiky, and finally married a beautiful young lady, the only child of my mother's old master. Miss Pauline was her name, and you saw her picture just now, so you know how handsome she was, and she loved her children most dearly, especially the boy who looked more like her than the others, and who was named after her father, Master Rafe, while the two girls, Bessy and Molly, were called after the Dimond relations.

"But though she was such a beauty, and so good to her own children, Miss Pauline never seemed to think that black folks had any feeling, or that their children were of any account to them or her either ; and, though she wasn't cruel herself, she never took the trouble to find out whether other folks were ; and she expected her orders carried out, if them that had to carry 'em out died in doing it. Mr. Dimond—we always called him 'Master,' without any other name ; but here he'd be called Mr. Dimond, like the other grand folks, I suppose—well, he was a real hard master, though, like Miss Pauline, he wasn't never cruel himself ; but he wanted such a load of work done ! Oh Lord ! such loads and loads o' work ! And he'd got an overseer from up North somewhere that was as keen after work as he was, and didn't stick to any way to get it done ; and if it wasn't, Lord, how he'd slash round amongst them poor niggers ! He didn't have nothing to do with us house-servants, and as for me, I was always well treated ; but when I'd go down to the quarters of an evening, I'd hear such stories and see such sights ! it would make my very blood boil, I'd be so mad. Then I'd go home, and make some excuse to tell Miss Pauline about it ; but as soon as she found out what I was after, she'd hold up that pretty little hand of hers, all shining with rings, and say :

"There, there, Zilpah ; that will do. I don't want to hear any of those horrid stories from the quarters. Of course the people have to be kept in order, and your master says Blodgett is an excellent overseer."

"One day master came to the room while I was telling something I'd heard that day from one of the field-hands, and, as he did not speak, I made bold to keep on with my story, hoping he might notice what I was saying. And, sure enough, he did ; for he came up close to where I stood, combing at Miss Pauline's hair, and, tapping me 'on the shoulder, says he :

"Look here, my girl—your mistress don't want to be annoyed with these stories, and I don't want the house-servants gossiping and breeding discontent among the field-hands. If you're so fond of the quarters, I shall send you down there to stay altogether—put you under Blodgett's care for awhile—you understand."

"Lord ! wa'n't I scared ; for I knew well enough he'd do it as soon as say it, if I maddled him ; and if I'd gone down there for one night, I'd never have come home alive. So that was the last of my tale-bearing ; and you'd better believe I kept away from the quarters, too, for what was the use of risking my own life when I couldn't do any good by it ?

"Then Miss Molly was born, and I nursed her day and night, as I told you, and that kept me pretty close ; so I did not know much that was going on until one day, when she was about eight years old, there was a great stir in the house on account of master finding that Sam, the butler, had drank most all of some mighty nice wine that had been sent him from Spain by a gentleman that visited us for awhile the year before. Master had counted the bottles and put them away himself, so he knew all about it ; and when Sam brought up another sort, and said there wasn't any



EARLY MORNING.—FEEDING THE KITTENS.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. KRETZCHNER.

more of the Spanish wine, he didn't need to be told where it had gone to. But Sam was stubborn, and wouldn't confess ; and so master said he should be flogged till he did. And, sure enough, he was flogged so that—well, Miss Bes-sie, I ain't going to tell you about it ; but it was awful bad, and what never should be done to any living creature, let alone a man.

" At last he said he took the wine, and then he fainted right off, and they thought he was dead ; but after awhile he came-to, and was sick abed for some days, and then came back to his work ; and glad enough we was to have him, for he was a real smart fellow, though awful ugly in his temper.

" About two weeks after that, master was took sick in the night, and before morning was so bad that they sent for the doctor, who first said he'd got the cholery, and that scared us enough ; but before night we was worse scared, for the doctor then said it wa'n't the cholery, but pison, and such rank pison that there wa'n't no cure for it, but poor master'd got to die.

" When that news went through the house, some of the servants set up a hollering and crying, and said they'd all be sold off now, and that master was a real good man to them, and all that ; and some others

looked sober and didn't say nothing, for they couldn't tell whether a change would be good or bad for them ; and others again said right out they was glad of it, for nobody else would drive 'em round so, and try to get so much work out of 'em as poor master had.

" I was in the sick-room myself trying to put some hot cloths on master's stomach, though he twisted and threw himself round so that I couldn't keep 'em on a minute, when Sam came in, bringing more hot water, and, when he'd set

it down, stood for a minute looking at master as if he felt dreadful sorry for him, and well he might be, for if ever I saw any one suffer tortures it was that poor gentleman, as the pison gnawed the very life out of his vitals. Sometimes he'd arch himself right up on his head and heels, and then he'd fling himself over on his stomach, and tear at the bed with hands and teeth like a wild beast, and such groans and such screams ! Oh, Lord ! it seems as if I heard 'em now, and his white fist—white as a sheet and then black, and swelled so you never could have known him ! Well, Sam stood looking at him a minute, and then went out of the room, with me after him, for I felt sick and faint, and as if I must get a breath of fresh air and a minute's rest. Sam didn't see me, and as we both turned into the dining-room he began to jump round and snap his fingers, and laugh so as to shake himself all over, though he never made a bit of noise about it.

" 'For the Lord's sake, Sam,' says I, stopping short at the door, and holding up both my hands, 'what do you mean by going on like that, and master dying, for aught we know, in the next room ?'

" 'Dying !' says Sam, looking over his shoulder at me, with the tears running down his ugly face.

'He ain't dying, Zilpah, but jest amusing of himself. Ain't he funny though, when he goes this way, and this way, and twists up his poaty face to look like this ! And then his nice red lips ; why they's getting as big and black as mine ! Lord, ain't it droll to see him !'

" And the horrid black wretch went jumping round and round the room, snapping his fingers over his head and laughing, till I thought he'd fall down in a fit. I looked at him a minute longer, and then something that wasn't myself



MISS MOLLY DIMOND.—"THEN MISS MOLLY KISSED ME AGAIN, AND BID ME GOOD-BY."—SEE PAGE 359.

seemed to speak out of my mouth and say: 'Master is dying of pison, and it's you, Sam, that has given it to him.'

"Then I turned and went back to master's room, and never left it again till he died, which was just at midnight, and may I never see such another death-bed or hear such shrieks of agony again !

"I didn't tell what I'd heard and seen, but others than me had thought of Sam, and had caught him as he was stealing off to the woods, and shut him up in the strong room at the sugar-mill. As soon as master was buried they tried Sam for murder, and he hardly tried to deny it. It was because of that flogging, he said, and he always meant to have his revenge, and now he'd got it, and didn't care what they did to him, they couldn't more than kill him.

"But they did, and I've always thought that of the two the case of them white folks was the worst, for they knew better, and had ought to have shown us poor ignorant niggers how to forgive and be merciful, instead of what they did, and that was to make Sam swallow a dose of the same pison he'd give to master, and then they shut him up in a great iron cage and hung it to a big tree, right at the end of the negro quarters, where he was in full sight of every man, woman, and child that went in and out, and there the poor wretch hung all that day and night, and screeched out his life just about sunrise of the next day.

"But even then Blodgett, the overseer, wouldn't have him taken down and hid under ground, but let him hang there in full sight of all those women and children till the flesh dropped from his bones, and nothing was left but the horrid, grinning skeleton.

"Before that, however, yes the very day Sam was put in the cage, with the pison forced down his throat, the folks began to talk, and then I heard, for the first time, of the plan all through the island for the blacks to rise and kill all their masters, and own the land they'd worked on so long and have the good of it themselves. I heard it, but I had heard it all before, and it had always died out with nothing but talk, or maybe a rising on one or two plantations, ending in some of the hands getting flogged or punished some other worse way, and the rest sinking right down deeper than ever; so I thought no more about it except to hope our folks wouldn't join in any such foolish doings, till one night when Sam had hung two weeks in his cage, and two or three of the weakly women had sickened and died of the horror and the pestilence in the air, I was waked out of my first sound sleep by a scream from Miss Pauline's room. At first I thought it was only one of the dreams that had pestered me so ever since I saw master die, but in a minute there was another and another, and the air flamed up all outside my window like sunrise, only brighter.

"I jumped out of bed, and just at that minute the door was burst in by two or three half-naked creatures, some men and some women, covered with blood, and carrying knives and hatchets, and one of them a sword that used to hang in master's dressing-room. It was he that rushed to the bed, hollering :

"Here's another whelp ! Finish 'em off—clear out the whole litter !"

"But, before he could touch her, I had caught my little darling from the other bed beyond mine, and, wrapping a shawl around her, rushed right past them all, and out of the room, but not out of the house, as I had hoped, for in the hall was a crowd of yelling devils, and among them—oh, misery!—was poor little Master Rafe, fighting for his life as brave as any man; but, Lord ! what could a child like that do among those creatures ? I never stopped to look, but, as we raced by, Miss Molly got the shawl off her head, and saw her brother struck down, and his blood gushing out upon the marble floor, and the scream she gave was mixed with the dreadful gurgling moan that ended his life. Before it was

well out of her mouth I got the shawl over her head again, and was inside the blind door that led from the hall to Miss Pauline's room, and, before they could follow, we were safe under the great sofa, with its chintz cover coming to the floor. The roaring devils thought I'd run right through, and out at the open window to the balcony, and out they rushed after me, leaving the doors all open, so that I didn't dare to stir, and hardly to breathe.

"From where I lay I could see poor Miss Pauline lying in her blood, just as she had sprung out of bed when they entered the room; and a little way from her, Miss Bessie, and through the open door of the hall a part of Master Rafe's poor mangled body, and then I thought of master in his grave, and I knew that the little shivering child in my arms, half-dead already with fright and confusion, was the only one left of all the family that had been just like our folks to me ever since I was born.

"Oh, Miss Bessie dear, I couldn't tell you, and I pray God you may never feel the sort of feelings that kept me company all those awful hours that I lay there, with the sight of those corpses before my eyes, and the smell of that innocent blood in my nostrils, and the poor trembling child in my arms. I do not know how long it was, but in the twilight of morning I crept out, and stole—oh, so softly!—through the window, and down to the garden, and, keeping well among the trees, got at last to the road, and at last made my way to the house of some friend of my own, whose name I never have told yet and don't want to now, though it's all over and past, thank God ! but those folks hid us and kept us, and helped us off at last to the coast, where some friends of my master's took us in charge, and gave us passage with them in a little schooner bound to the United States. I had often enough heard master tell of the old house where he was born, and how he was keeping a family in it to take care of it; and sometimes, just to plague Miss Pauline, he'd say he was going to sell out all his West Injy property, and take her to New England to live, and she'd shiver and turn down the corners of her pretty mouth, and say she'd never go where they had such horrible ice and snow, and no servants. Poor mistress, and poor master ! They never thought the old farm-house would turn out all that there was left in the world for the last of their children.

"But, as I was saying, I told the gentleman that brought us to the States about this place, and he left his own family with their friends in New York or Philadelphia, I forget which, and came up here with us and saw Lawyer Robbins, who had it all in his hands, and fixed it so that Miss Molly was allowed to be the heir and owner of all there is to the old Dimond Place, and we came right here to live along with Jake Lovatt and his wife, who was the folks master had put in the house when he was last here.

"After awhile, Lawyer Robbins told me that he had got appointed Miss Molly's guardian, and that he had recovered from the West Injy estate that would give her a little income besides what Lovatt gets from the farm for us, and he said his agent had wrote to know if there was any pieces of furniture or things in the house there that we cared particularly to have brought to the States. So I said, above all, bring the pictures, for they was all the family my poor little darling had left, and she'd ought to get acquainted with them.

"A good while longer passed, but at last the lawyer drove up one day in a wagon, with a man who he told me was the agent that had been down there looking after things, and sure enough they'd got the pictures, and some clothes, and Miss Pauline's workbox, and two or three other things that hadn't got smashed up with the rest that awful night.

"When Miss Molly saw the pictures she smiled, the first time since her fright, and after a while she began, very slow indeed, to talk, and to notice things, for since that night to the day the pictures came, she'd never seem to know what

went forward about her, and never had spoken except just to whisper : ' Oh dear ! Oh dear me ! ' just as she does now.

"The pictures, and my talk about them, seemed to fetch her back into the world in a manner, and at long and at last she got to be comfortable, just as you see her now. And so, Miss Bessie, that's all the story, and I hope I haven't scared you."

"No, Zilpah," replied I, slowly, "I am not scared, that I know of—but, wasn't it horrid ! And what did the slaves do to the overseer who used them so cruelly ?"

Zilpah paused, but the love of marvellous narration was strong upon her and she could not resist.

"The overseer!" repeated she, with her dark eyes glaring in momentary ferocity. "Well, he was a cruel man, and he deserved it, but it was awful, sure enough ! They shut him into the cage, with the bones of poor Sum, and then they made a great fire underneath, and burned him slowly, slowly, till there was nothing left of either. There, now I've scared you sure enough, but you needn't have asked that last."

But sick and faint with horror as I was I managed to hide my emotion from those at home, who, had they seen it, would have prevented my ever repeating my visit, and after that, many were the hours quietly passed with dear Miss Molly and her pictures, although I generally managed to avoid Zilpah, and to this day, I am ashamed to say, I never can heartily enjoy the society of my colored brothers and sisters as I dare say I should if I was a better Christian.

SEALING IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

THE structure of their bodies shows that the seals are intended to pass the greater portion of their existence in the water, for the body is elongated, and formed very much like that of a fish, while the limbs and feet are so modified that they greatly resemble fins, and are put to the same use.

In order to protect their bodies from the debilitating action of the element in which they live, they are thickly covered with a double fur, which, when immersed in water, is pressed tightly to the skin, and effectually throws off the moisture. In some seals this fur is extremely valuable, and is largely employed as an article of commerce. The fur itself is kept constantly lubricated with a fatty matter secreted by the skin, and is thus made waterproof. The more effectually to defend the animal from the icy cold water in which it is often immersed, and from the ice-fields on which it loves to climb, a thick layer of fat is placed immediately below the skin, and, being an excellent non-conductor of heat, serves to retain the internal heat through the severest cold. All the fat of the body seems to be pressed into this service, as there is comparatively little of the internal fat that is usually found plentifully in the mammalia.

Aided by the imperfectly developed limbs, the seals are able to leave the water and to ascend the shore, where they are capable of proceeding with no small rapidity, though in a sufficiently awkward manner, their gait partaking equally of the character of a shuffle and a crawl. When moving in a direct line, without being hurried, they bend their spine in such a manner as to give them the appearance of huge caterpillars crawling leisurely along the ground ; the spine is extremely flexible, so that the animal can urge itself through the water in a manner very similar to that which is employed by the fish.

Their clumsy, scuttling movements when on land form a curious contrast with the easy grace of their progress through the water. When the seals swim, they drive themselves forward by means of their hinder feet, which are turned inward, and pressed against each other so as to form a powerful leverage against the water, as well as a rudder, by means of which they can direct their progress. They are also assisted

in some measure by the fore-limbs, but these latter members are more employed upon land than in water, except perhaps for the purpose of grasping their young.

When they desire to leave the water, they rush violently towards the shore, and by the force of their impulse shoot themselves out of the water, and scramble up the bank as fast as they can. On taking again to the water, they shuffle to the edge of the bank, and tumble themselves into the sea or river in a very unceremonious manner, gliding away, as if rejoicing that they were once more in their proper element.

The food of the seals consists chiefly of fish, but they also feed largely upon various crustacea, and upon molluscs. Their powers of swimming are so great that they are able to urge successful chase of the fish even in their native element, and it has several times happened that captive seals have been trained to catch fish for the service of their owners.

The "whisker" hairs are extremely thick and long, and in many species are marked with a raised sinuous margin, which gives them the appearance of being covered with knobs. Their basal extremities are connected with a series of large nerves, similar to those of the lion's lip, and it is very probable that this structure may aid them in the capture of their finny prey. The sense of smell is largely developed, and the tongue is rough, and slightly cleft at its extremity; the reason for this structure is not known.

The brain of the seal is very large in proportion to the body, and, as might be expected from this circumstance, the creature is extremely intelligent, and is capable of becoming very docile when placed under the tuition of a careful instructor. The eyes are large, full, and intelligent, and the nostrils are so formed that they can be effectually closed while the creature is submerged beneath the surface of the water, and opened as soon as it rises for the purpose of respiration. At every breath the nostrils open widely, and seem to close again by means of the elasticity of the substance of which they are composed. The ears are also furnished with a peculiar structure for the purpose of resisting the entrance of water.

The true seals are found only in the sea, and at the mouths of various large rivers, and are wonderfully abundant in the polar regions. None of them are known to inhabit the tropical parts of the earth. Several species have been known to occur upon our own shores, more especially on the more northern coasts, and the common seal, *Phoca vitulina*, is found in great numbers around the northern British shores.

The teeth of the seals are very remarkable, and admirably adapted for seizing and retaining the slippery prey. The canine teeth are long, sharp, and powerful, and the molar teeth are covered with long and sharp points of various sizes, so that, when once caught in the gripe of these formidable weapons, there is but scant hope of escape for the fish.

Owing to the excessive shyness of disposition which characterize the seals, and the wary caution with which they retire from the sight of mankind, their domestic habits are very little known. Indeed, were it not that many specimens of the common seal had been captured and tamed, we should have but little information on the manners or the habits of those curious animals. There are many species of seals, which have been separated into various genera by different authors upon different grounds. Some, for example, found the generic distinction upon the absence or presence of external ears, others from the incisor teeth, and others from the molars and the general character of the skull.

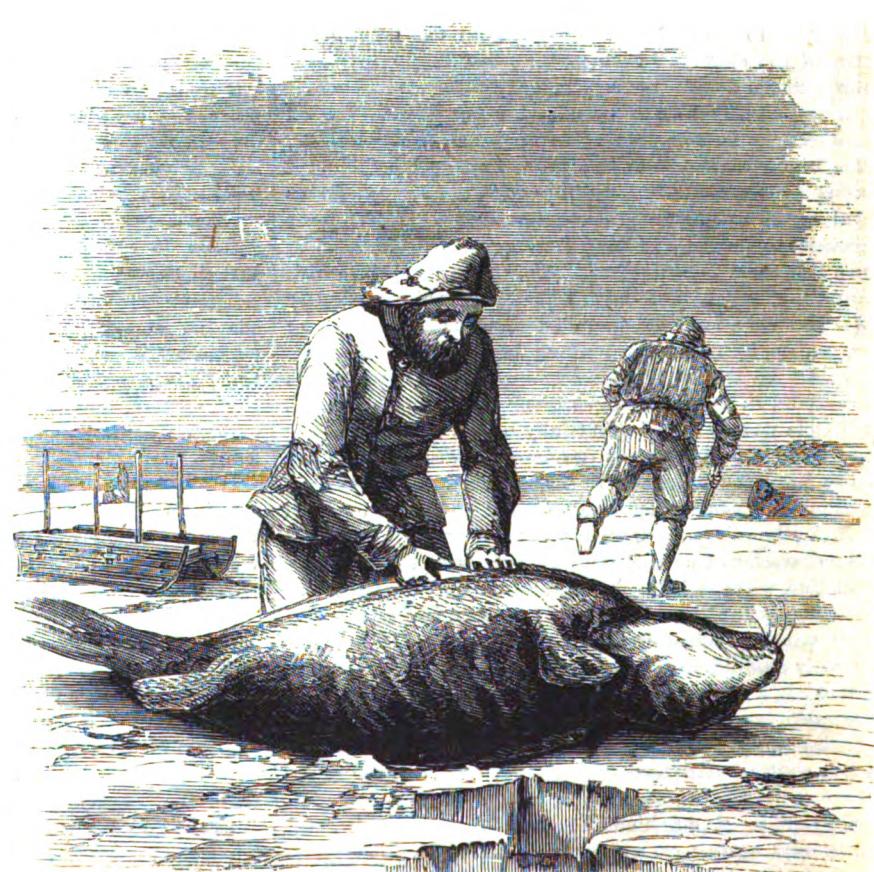
As soon as the ice in the bay begins to open and move, the sealers set out upon their fishing excursions after the seal. They usually start upon these expeditions in small schooners of twenty or thirty tons, in companies of ten or



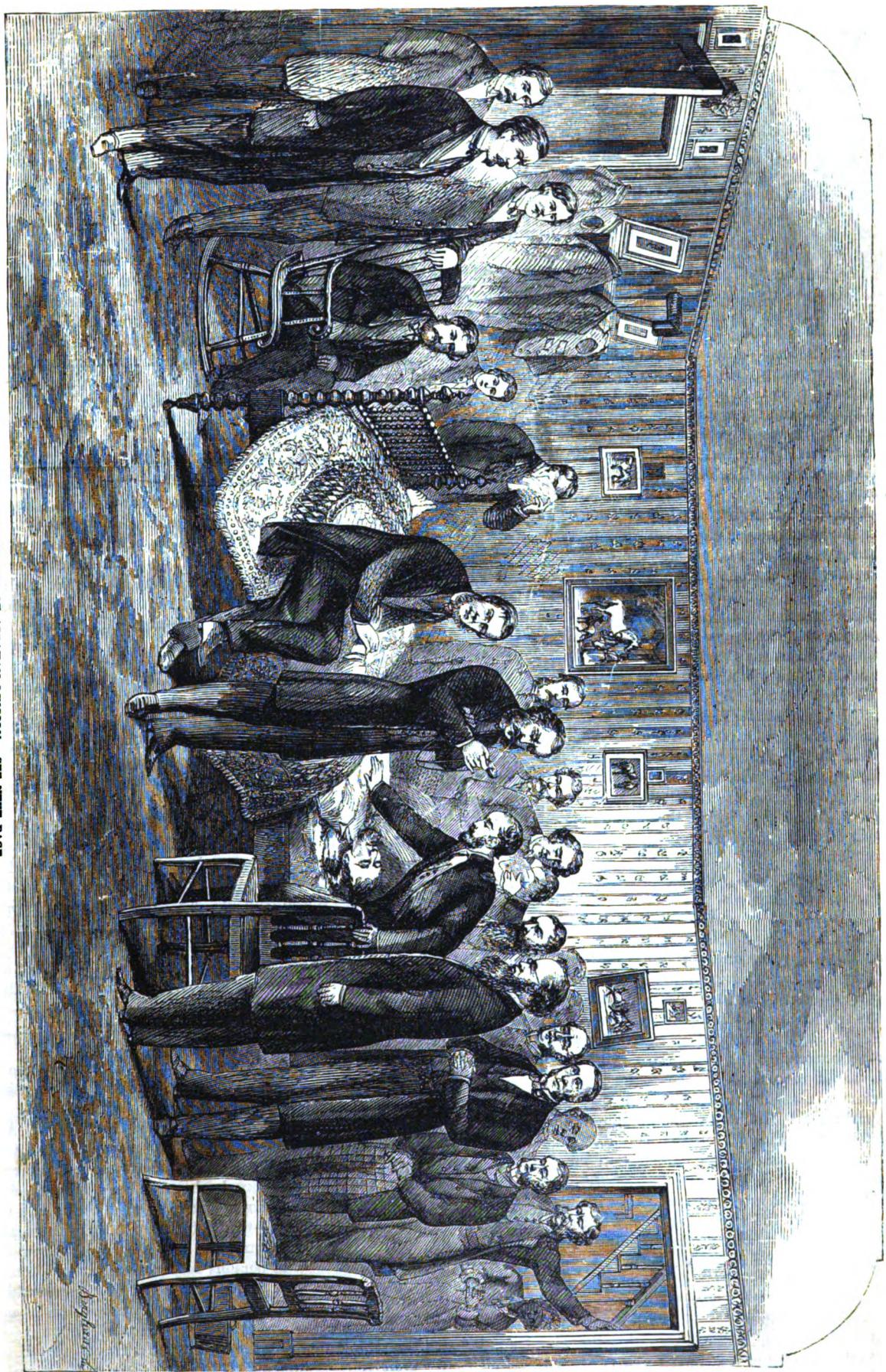
SEAL-FISHING IN THE BAY OF ST. LAWRENCE.

fifteen in a vessel. Working their way into the ice as far as they can go, they watch to find the indications of the presence of seal. Then, in little skiffs which will hold two men, they set out from the vessel, dragging the skiff after them upon the ice, and launching it into the open water when they come to it. The seals are killed when they rise to the surface by a blow with a club upon the nose, and are then skinned, with the blubber remaining upon the skin. The blubber is a layer of solid fat, some four inches thick, which lies just under the skin, and is the most valuable product of the fishery. The skin, with the blubber, is worth from four to five dollars, and finds a ready market in the ships bound for England. The inhabitants of the islands in the St. Lawrence go out in sledges during the day when the weather is favorable, and capture the seals in the same way. The fishing is not, however, without danger, for if any fisher happens to be caught upon the ice by a snowstorm there is but small chance of his being able to find his way home again. Many have been lost from this cause.

A whaler thus describes the mode : "The quick eyes of our captain discovered a huge seal lying on the top of one of these ice islands. Poor brute ! a bullet from my rifle terminated its existence ; a boat was lowered, and the monster brought on board. Others were now observed, and four boats were dispatched to effect their capture. Directly a seal was shot, we would at once pull in to the ice on which it was lying, and I was surprised at the marvelous rapidity and dexterity at which our men would skin, or, as it is termed, 'flinch' the beast. I had the curiosity to time a couple of men whilst performing this operation on a large seal. It was actually 'flinched,' and the skin thrown into the boat, in fifty-eight seconds ! In about two hours, we obtained fourteen seals ; but this is far above the average. After the skins are taken on board, the next operation performed on them is that of 'krenging,' which is stripping or cutting off any small portions of flesh that may be adhering to the blubber, which latter is then cut off from the skin, and this last process is called 'making off.' "



SKINNING AND TAKING OUT THE BLUBBER OF THE SEAL.



[From an original sketch made by an artist actually present, and never before published.]

ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



THE following striking description of the assassination of President Lincoln is from Walt Whitman's forthcoming book, and, as a specimen of word-painting, is remarkable for its vivid realism. The "good gray poet" was among the audience at Ford's Theatre on that ever-memorable night when baffled treason struck its last and deadliest blow, and his narrative of what he saw and heard possesses a peculiar interest.

He thus describes the terrible scene in all its strangely contrasting phases:

The day, April 14, 1865, seems to have been a pleasant one throughout the whole land—the moral atmosphere pleasant, too—the long storm, so dark, so fratricidal, full of blood and doubt and gloom, over and ended at last by the sunrise of such an absolute national victory, and utter breaking down of secessionism—we almost doubted our own senses! Lee had capitulated beneath the apple-tree of Appomattox. The other armies, the flanges of the revolt, swiftly followed.

And could it really be, then? Out of all the affairs of this world of woe and passion, of failure and disorder and dismay, was there really come the confirmed, unerring sign of plan, like a shaft of pure light—of rightful rule—of God?

But I must not dwell on accessories. The deed hastens. The popular afternoon paper, the little *Evening Star*, had spattered all over its third page, divided among its advertisements in a sensational manner in a hundred different places, "The President and his lady will be at the theatre this evening." (Lincoln was fond of the theatre. I have myself seen him there several times. I remember thinking how funny it was that he, in some respects, the leading actor in the greatest and stormiest drama known to real history's stage through centuries, should sit there and be so completely interested and absorbed in those human jack-straws, moving about with their silly little gestures, foreign spirit, and flatulent text.)

So the day, as I say, was propitious. Early herbage, early flowers, were out. (I remember where I was stopping at the time, the season being advanced, there were many lilacs in full bloom. By one of those caprices that enter and give tinge to events without being at all a part of them, I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of that day by the sight and odor of these blossoms. It never fails.)

On this occasion the theatre was crowded, many ladies in rich and gay costumes, officers in their uniforms, many well-known citizens, young folks, the usual clusters of gaslights, the usual magnetism of so many people, cheerful, with perfumes, music of violins and flutes—and over all, and saturating all, that vast vague wonder, *Victory*, the Nation's Victory, the triumph of the Union, filling the air, the thought, the sense, with exhilaration more than all perfumes.)

The President came betimes, and, with his wife, witnessed the play, from the large stage-boxes of the second tier, two thrown into one, and profusely draped with the national flag. The acts and scenes of the piece—one of those singularly witless compositions which have at least the merit of giving entire relief to an audience engaged in mental action or business excitements and cares during the day, as it makes not the slightest call on either the moral, emotional, aesthetic, or spiritual nature—a piece ("Our American Cousin") in which, among other characters, so called, a Yankee

certainly such a one as was never seen, or the least like it ever seen in North America, is introduced in England, with a varied fol-de-rol of talk, plot, scenery, and such phantasmagoria as goes to make up a modern popular drama—had progressed through perhaps a couple of its acts, when in the midst of this comedy, or tragedy, or nonsuch, or whatever it is to be called, and to offset it or finish it out, as if in nature's and the great muse's mockery of these poor mimes, comes interpolated that scene, not really or exactly to be described at all (for on the many hundreds who were there it seems to this hour to have left little but a passing blur, a dream, a blotch)—and yet partially to be described, as I now proceed to give it.

There is a scene in the play representing a modern parlor, in which two unprecedented English ladies are informed by the unprecedented and impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and therefore undesirable for marriage-catching purposes; after which, the comments being finished, the dramatic trio make their exit, leaving the stage clear for a moment. There was a pause—a hush as it were. At this period came the murder of Abraham Lincoln! Great as that was, with all its manifold train circling round it, and stretching into the future for many a century, in the politics, history, art, etc., of the New World, in point of fact the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any commonest occurrence—the bursting of a bud or pod in the growth of vegetation, for instance.

Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of positions, etc., came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one hundredth part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill—and then, through the ornamented, draperied, started and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet), falls out of position, catching his boot-heel in the copious drapery (the American flag), falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened (he really sprains his ankle, but unfelt then)—and so the figure, Booth the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bare-headed, with a full head of glossy, raven hair, and his eyes, like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back from the footlights—turns fully toward the audience his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, *Sic semper tyrannis*—and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage, and disappears. (Had not all this terrible scene—making the mimic ones preposterous—had it not all been rehearsed, in blank, by Booth, beforehand?)

A moment's hush, incredulous—a scream—the cry of murder—Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, "He has killed the President!" And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense—and then the deuge!—then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—the sound, somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed)—the people burst through chairs and railings, and break them up—that noise adds to the queerness of the scene—there is inextricable confusion and terror—women faint—quite feeble persons fall, and are trampled on—many cries of agony are heard—the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival—the audience rush generally upon it—at least the strong men do—the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with moral fright showing through their rouge—some trembling—some in

tears—the screams and calls, confused talk—redoubled, trebled—two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box—others try to clamber up—etc., etc., etc.

In the midst of all this, the soldiers of the President's Guard, with others, suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in—some two hundred altogether—they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets, and pistols, shouting, "Clear out! clear out!—you sons of b——!" Such the wild scene, or a suggestion of it rather, inside the play-house that night.

Outside, too, in the atmosphere of shock and craze, crowds of people, filled with frenzy, ready to seize any outlet for it, came near committing murder several times on innocent individuals. One such case was especially exciting. The infuriated crowd, through some chance, got started against one man, either for words he uttered, or perhaps without any cause at all, and were proceeding at once to actually hang him on a neighboring lamp-post, when he was rescued by a few heroic policemen, who placed him in their midst and fought their way slowly, and amid great peril, toward the station-house. It was a fitting episode of the whole affair. The crowd rushing and eddying to and fro—the night, the yells, the pale faces, many frightened people trying in vain to extricate themselves—the attacked man, not yet freed from the jaws of death, looking like a corpse—the silent, resolute half-dozen policemen, with no weapons but their little clubs, yet stern and steady through all those eddying swarms—made, indeed, a fitting side-scene to the grand tragedy of the murder. They gained the station-house with the protected man, whom they placed in security for the night, and discharged in the morning.

And in the midst of that night pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience, and the crowd—the stage, and all its actors, actresses, its paint-pots, spangles, and gas-lights—the life-blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drips slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

Such, hurriedly sketched, were the accompaniments of the death of President Lincoln. So suddenly, and in murder and horror unsurpassed, he was taken from us. But his death was painless.

The illustration on page 369, representing the death-bed of President Lincoln, possesses a singular interest from the fact that it is engraved from the only sketch taken by an eye-witness of the melancholy event it commemorates. The circumstances of its production are peculiar. The artist—a gentleman who had formerly been in the employ of Mr. Frank Leslie—was at that time in Washington, and resided near the house of Mr. Peterson, to which the dying President was taken, and in a rear room of which he breathed his last.

This gentleman heard of the assassination almost immediately after it occurred, and at once hastening to the house of Mr. Peterson, with whom he was well acquainted, gained admission, remained until the last, and, amid all the excitement and confusion of those terrible hours, instinctively seized his pencil and made the sketch in question—the original of our picture.

No other engraving of the martyr-President's death-bed can possess a tithe of the interest that naturally attaches to this, which has never before been published. To it the future historical painter must turn for information, if he would truthfully depict the last scene of that dreadful drama, so disastrous and far-reaching in its unhappy consequences. No other artist having been present at the death-scene, all other attempts to delineate it must necessarily have been largely imaginative, and our picture, therefore,

possesses very great historical value. The following description of the death-scene will serve to show with what fidelity the artist has depicted it:

As soon as the discovery was made that the President was shot, the surgeon-general and other physicians were immediately summoned, and their skill exhausted in efforts to restore him to consciousness. An examination of his wounds, however, showed that no hopes could be given that his life would be spared.

Preparations were at once made to remove him, and he was conveyed to a house immediately opposite, occupied by Mr. Peterson, a respectable citizen of that locality. He was placed upon the bed, the only evidence of life being an occasional nervous twitching of the hand and heavy breathing. He was entirely unconscious, as he had been ever since the assassination. At about half-past eleven the motion of the muscles of his face indicated as if he were trying to speak, but doubtless it was merely muscular. His eyes protruded from their sockets and were suffused with blood. In other respects his countenance was unchanged.

At his bedside were the Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, Postmaster-General and Attorney-General; Senator Sumner, General Todd, cousin to Mrs. Lincoln; Major Hay, M. B. Field, General Halleck, Major-General Meigs, Rev. Dr. Gurley, Drs. Abbott, Stone, Hatch, Neal, Hall, and Lieberman, and a few others. All were bathed in tears; and Secretary Stanton, when informed by Surgeon-General Barnes, that the President could not live until morning, exclaimed, "Oh, no, General; no—no;" and with an impulse, natural as it was unaffected, immediately sat down on a chair near his bedside, and wept like a child. Senator Sumner was seated on the right of the President, near the head, holding the right hand of the President in his own. He was sobbing like a woman, with his head bowed down almost on the pillow of the bed on which his illustrious friend was dying. In an adjoining room were Mrs. Lincoln, and her son, Captain Robert Lincoln; Miss Harris, who was with Mrs. Lincoln at the time of the assassination, and several others.

At four o'clock the symptoms of restlessness returned, and at six the premonitions of dissolution set in. His face, which had been quite pale, began to assume a waxy transparency, the jaw slowly fell, and the teeth became exposed. About a quarter of an hour before the President died, his breathing became very difficult, and in many instances seemed to have entirely ceased. He would again rally and breathe with so great difficulty as to be heard in almost every part of the house.

The surgeons and the members of the Cabinet—Senator Sumner, Captain Robert Lincoln, General Todd, Mr. Field, and Mr. Rufus Andrews—were standing at his bedside when he breathed his last. Senator Sumner, General Todd, Robert Lincoln, and Mr. Andrews, stood leaning over the headboard of the bed, watching every motion of the beating breast of the dying President. Robert Lincoln was resting himself tenderly upon the arm of Senator Sumner, the mutual embrace of the two having all the affectionateness of father and son. The surgeons were sitting upon the side and foot of the bed, holding the President's hands, and with their watches observing the slow declension of the pulse, and watching the ebbing out of the vital spirit. Such was the solemn stillness for the space of five minutes that the ticking of the watches could be heard in the room.

At twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock, in the morning, April 15th, gradually and calmly, and without a sigh or a groan, all that bound the soul of Abraham Lincoln was loosened, and the eventful career of one of the most remarkable of men was closed on earth.

The room, into which the most exalted of mortal rulers was taken to die, was in the rear part of the dwelling, and

at the end of the main hall, from which rises a stairway. The dimensions of the room are about ten by fifteen feet, the walls being covered with a brownish paper, figured with a white design. Some engravings and a photograph hung upon the walls. The engravings were copies of "The Village Blacksmith," and "Stable and Barnyard Scenes"; the photograph was one taken from an engraved copy of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The furniture of the apartment consisted of a bureau covered with crochet, a table, several chairs of simple construction, adapted for sleeping-rooms, and the bed upon which Mr. Lincoln lay when his spirit took its flight. The bedstead was a low walnut, the headboard from two to three feet high. The floor was covered with Brussels carpeting, which had been considerably used. Everything on the bed was stained with the blood of the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

The 12th day of February, 1876, was the sixty-sixth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. The 14th day of April, now close at hand, will be the eleventh anniversary of his death. Both dates should be suitably commemorated, for our brief history, as a nation, records no grander figure, no nobler model for the emulation of youth, than that of the flat boatman, lawyer, statesman, Chief Magistrate, and martyr—Abraham Lincoln.

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The Princess Shepherdess.

A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a very good king, who had the happiness to have a queen who was equally admirable. They were both under the protection of a very powerful fairy, who promised them a daughter of such matchless beauty, virtue, and accomplishments, that all the princes of the earth would strive to win her for a bride. When she was born there was fine music ringing through the air, and it was remarked that the roses appeared a month earlier, and remained in full bloom till the very last day of Autumn—a compliment paid to this charming princess, who was called Rosalie.

Up to her tenth year she grew more beautiful every day, when suddenly the good king, her father, was thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot. This had such a terrible effect upon the queen that she took to her couch, and rapidly passed away from a world that was insupportable since the lover of her youth had been taken away from her.

As she was bidding her daughter Rosalie farewell, the good fairy, who was named the Queen of Bonheur, suddenly appeared at her bedside, and said:

"My dear queen, I have always been a friend to you and

yours from your infancy, and have come now to take charge of this beautiful daughter of yours, who will be exposed to great perils till she has reached her sixteenth year, when she will be exposed to the perilous ordeal of being loved by a wicked giant who dwells in a neighboring kingdom. I have come now to tell you that I will take charge of the Princess Rosalie, and bring her up as a shepherdess, while your old ministers can govern the kingdom in her name."

The queen tenderly embraced her weeping daughter, and joined the Kingdom of the Blest.

The next morning Rosalie found herself in a most beautiful cottage, covered with roses, passion-flowers, and honeysuckles. But, instead of royal robes, she was dressed as a shepherdess. On her table was a pretty ivory crook, and a pretty little glass for her to drink her milk from.

As though led by instinct, she went into the neighboring meadow and found a flock of sheep. They gamboled around her as though they had known her from their tenderest days. Here she remained in that calm peacefulness which is the chief charm of rural seclusion, and three years passed as though it were a dream.

One morning, in the sultry month of July, she retired to a pleasant spot to rest awhile. Here she felt overpowered by the warmth of the day, and gradually slid into slumber. While she slept, the prince of that kingdom beheld her. He had been hunting since dawn, and had outstript his companions. He was astonished at the marvelous beauty of the lovely creature before him, and remained rooted, as it were, to the spot. Hearing the faint baying of the hounds at a distance, and fearing to rudely disturb the slumber of the enchanting girl before him, he hastily retraced his steps, and advanced with all speed to where the sounds of his approaching courtiers seemed to come from.

When he had regained their company, he set spurs his horse, and was soon in his own palace.

At the evening banquet his conduct was so strange and indifferent, that his parents, who tenderly loved him, inquired in vain what ailed him; but he quieted their apprehensions by assuring them that he had overfatigued himself in the chase.

Seizing the first opportunity, he retired to his own apartment; but it was not to sleep; the image of his unknown divinity rose before him. He paced his room till day broke, when ever-wearied nature asserted her sway, and he fell into a short but profound slumber. He dreamed that he was a shepherd, and that the fair object of his thoughts was his companion. He was pressing her milk-white hand, and



THE PRINCESS SHEPHERDESS.—"HE WAS ASTONISHED AT THE MARVELOUS BEAUTY OF THE LOVELY CREATURE BEFORE HIM, AND REMAINED ROOTED, AS IT WERE, TO THE SPOT."

gazing tenderly into the lovely depths of her beautiful blue eyes, when the entrance of one of his attendants aroused him.

His disappointment was extreme when he found that his glorious vision had all flown; but, while he made his toilet, he resolved to make his dream a reality.

To accomplish this he made his private squire his confidant. It was in vain that Mirsant—such was his attendant's name—endeavored to dissuade him from the course he had formed.

In order to accomplish his object, he announced his intention of giving a grand masquerade in the palace on the following night.

His own disguise was that of a shepherd. When the festivities were at their height he quietly slipped away from the festive throng, and ere his departure was noticed he was miles away from the palace.

Great was the consternation of the courtiers, and profound the grief of the king and queen, at this mysterious disappearance of their only child.

The next morning while Rosalie, the princess shepherdess, was sitting in the midst of her amiable flock, she was surprised to see the handsomest young shepherd she had ever seen coming toward her. As he drew nearer to her she was more and more astonished, for she had never, not even in her dreams, seen anything more beautiful than the being now before her.

He approached her with utmost reverence, and said :

"Fair shepherdess, are these your sheep?"

She said they were. One word led to another, and when they separated she was as much enamored of the young stranger as he was of her.

For three months they lived in this delicious paradise, for Mirsant, his squire, had provided him with a flock of sheep, which the prince told the fair Rosalie belonged to the king, which was indeed the truth. It is utterly impossible to describe the happy life these two young lovers led.

Prince Gracioso—such was the prince shepherd's name—had a hut about two hundred yards from the pretty little cottage of Rosalie, and when they had seen their flocks to their nightly rest they would roam about, or sit on the green sward,



COMING TO WOO.—“YOU'RE A LUCKY YOUNG LADY,” SAID BILL, WITH TEARS IN HER EYES, THE MOMENT SHE STOPPED LAUGHING ENOUGH TO SAY A COHERENT WORD.”—SEE PAGE 374.

watching the stars as they came out, one after the other, like little children come out to play. When it was time to separate, Gracioso would escort Rosalie to her cottage, and, after the most lingering and tender adieu, she would insensibly accompany her dear shepherd to his hut; but there would be another lovable parting, when he would return to see her safe within her abode. It was sometimes nearly morning ere they had courage to tear themselves apart.

In the meantime the grief of the king and the queen was very great at the mysterious absence of their beloved son, who, being the idol of the people, was equally bewailed by them.

One morning when Gracioso and Rosalie were seated on a

green bank, talking those sweet nothings that make up a lover's conversation, they were suddenly interrupted by a cavalcade of gallant knights, with a gorgeously attired band of musicians, who rode before them.

What was the surprise of Prince Gracioso when out of the brilliant throng his father and mother, the king and queen, came forth.

Rushing up to the prince, they embraced him tenderly, and, after the first transports of joy were over, they gently reproached him with his unkindness in not informing them of his safety. When they turned their attention to the shepherdess they were struck dumb with her surpassing loveliness. Nevertheless, the conviction that it was for the sake of a low-born lassie they had endured so much grief, and a natural fear that the infatuation would result in his sharing his future throne with an unknown woman, made them look very grave and forbiddingly upon Rosalie.

The innate dignity and womanly pride of Rosalie rose at their conduct, and, throwing down her crook and rising to

her full height, she said to the queen, whose countenance wore the most ugly frown :

“Madame, I was not aware till this minute of the rank of your son. I thought he was really the shepherd he appeared; but you may be surprised to learn that I am as nobly born as your son, for I am the Princess Rosalie, of the Kingdom of Flowers, and had the misfortune to lose my royal parents some years ago.



COMING TO WOO.—“‘LOUDEE, IF YOU PLEASE,’ SAID ‘SUSAN,’ PRESENTING HER EAR.”—SEE PAGE 374.

I was placed here by a benevolent fairy, who watches over our family, till I am sixteen, to avoid the persecution of a horrible giant who wished to marry me, that he might rule over my kingdom."

As she pronounced these last words, the good fairy who had befriended Rosalie came through the air in her magnificent chariot, drawn by two eagles, whose eyes were like stars of fire.

"What Rosalie has said is the truth; but she is more than a princess—she is the Queen of the Kingdom of Flowers! She can return to her palace and ascend her throne at once, for the cruel giant died about an hour ago, and the beauteous Rosalie has nothing to fear."

The king, the queen, the prince, and Rosalie, now entered the chariot of the good fairy, who touched with her wand the prince and Rosalie. Their rustic garbs immediately became splendid robes, and in a few minutes they descended at the palace of Queen Rosalie. Upon entering the grand hall they found the chief officers of state awaiting the arrival of their beautiful sovereign, for the good fairy had apprised them of the approaching advent of their long-lost queen.

All that remains to say is that the lovers were married the next day, and lived to a good old age, as happy as the day is long.

COMING TO WOO.



USAN, you'll make a smart, capable woman, if you git the right kind of a husband," said Uncle Jotham Kingsley, chucking me under the chin. "I know where there's a splendid chance for you—a *splendid* chance!"

"Where?" I asked, amused at Uncle Jotham's seriousness.

"Ah, up to Brasherville," answered Uncle Jotham, knowingly. "Jest say you'll consider the matter soberly, an' I'll send him down."

"Of course I'll consider the matter soberly," I answered, not having the faintest idea that Uncle Jotham would take me at my word.

But he did; for, about a week after his departure, I received the following letter, which, from its appearance generally, had most likely cost him a whole day's work:

"MY DEAR NIECE SUSAN—I take my pen in hand to inform you that i am well An' hoap theese fu lines will Find you injoyin' the Same great blessin. On Account of your great resemblance to my dear deceast wife, who you was named after, I feel a grait Interest in your welfair, an' would like to see you settled down an Doin wel. and i think a good Husban would be the Best thing for you.

"As You promised to' considur the matter Soberly if i would send Down a likly, respecktable man, i am goin to do so. His naim Is Calub Finch. Hes a widderer, an has 5 childurn. they're Smart, an You wouldn't have Any trouble with em. Hes got 80 akers of The best land in the whull of Brasherville, an 8 kows an severill horses. Hes goin to start a dary ef he gits married. now he don't have anybody to see to Things, an his houskeepin is goin to rack An ruin.

"ive told him all about You an I think youll suit him, only youre a most too young. Howsumever that cant Be helpt. He will come down the first of next week an there won't be nothin to Hender your makin a good bargin, if youve only a mind to. he was very kind to the late Missus

Finch, an' spared no expents when she was sick. hur doctor-bill amounted to Over 25 dollars. He got her the handsomest gravestone tharts ever been set up in the symetry.

"Hopin that you'll conclude to act for your intrest I, scribe mySelf Your affeckshunate uncle,

"JOTHAM KINGSLEY."

"To Mis Susan Spencer."

Dear me! I never laughed in all my life before as I did over that letter, with its awful spelling, and its capitals scattered in promiscuously, for all the world, Bell declared, as if he had shaken them out of the sand-box, and they had stuck wherever they happened to fall.

But the most laughable part of it was the idea that he had actually got a husband looked up for me, and was going to send him down to see me.

"You're a lucky young lady," said Bell, with tears in her eyes, the moment she stopped laughing enough to utter a coherent word. "Only think how kind he was to the late deceased 'Missus Finch'! If you should die, you'll have the consoling thought to cheer your last hours that he'll get you a 'han'some gravestone,' and that he will pay your doctor's bill cheerfully, even if it does amount to 'over twenty-five dollars.' You'll be attended to 'regardless of expense,' I haven't the least doubt."

"And the five children!" I said, gasping with laughter. "But they're smart, and that's one consolation."

"What a pity that you're quite so young!" said Bell, making an effort to recover her dignity, and failing signally in the attempt. "It's too bad that you can't have your age changed by an act of the Legislature to accommodate your expected Mr. Finch! That sounds splendidly, doesn't it? It'll look nice, too, when he has yon deposited by the late 'Missus Finch' in the 'symetry.' Dear, dear! who ever heard of anything *quite* so comical before?"

"But what's to be done?" I asked, as the real state of the case began to make itself apparent. "Here we are, left to keep house while mother is visiting. Next week Mr. Finch is coming—"

"Coming to woo!" sang Bell. "Mr. Finch coming to woo!"

"And I want to know what we're going to do with him?" I demanded.

"You're going to marry him, of course," answered Bell. "I advise you to fall to and 'begin to consider the matter,' as Uncle Jotham requested. Think it over prayerfully and well, and let the argument of the late 'Missus Finch's' gravestone weigh in Mr. Finch's favor."

"It's all well enough for *you* to laugh," said I, indignantly; "but if you were in my place, you'd think differently of it. How am I going to get rid of the wretch? What under the sun possessed Uncle Jotham to send him off down here? I never was so provoked in all my life, never!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Bell, after a silence of a minute or two. "He doesn't know how you look, and if I were to pass myself off for you, he'd never know the mistake. I'll be Susan, if you'll be Bell, and I'll get rid of Mr. Finch for you."

"If you only would!" cried I.

"I will," answered Bell, her eyes sparkling with anticipated pleasure; "I'm going to make Mr. Finch think that I'm deaf—deaf as a post. Oh my! won't it be jolly, though?"

Bell leaned back in her chair, and laughed till her sides ached.

Monday morning Mr. Finch came.

We took a good look at him from the window as he came up the path. He was a little man, with red hair, and no.

eyes to speak of. The poor gentleman had evidently got on his best Sunday clothes, and looked ill-at-ease in consequence. Perhaps his mission helped to make him nervous.

"From this time forth, as long as he stays, I'm deaf, remember," said Belle, warningly. "I shan't be able to hear anything short of a respectable scream."

I went to the door.

"Is this Miss Susan Spencer?" asked Mr. Finch, as he entered.

"Susan is in the sitting-room," I answered. "I'll introduce you. You are Mr. Finch, aren't you?"

"Yes'm; Caleb Finch," he responded, so solemnly that I wanted to giggle.

We took him into the sitting-room where Bell was.

"Susan," said I, in a loud voice, "this is Mr. Finch."

"I don't hear what you say," said "Susan," turning her ear toward me. "Speak a little louder, if you please."

"This is Mr. Finch!" screamed I, in her ear. I thought I must laugh, to see how horrified Mr. Finch looked.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Finch," said "Susan," with a beaming smile. "Take a chair—bring it close, if you please, because I'm slightly affected with deafness. How are the children?"

"Pretty well," answered Mr. Finch, taking a seat beside her.

"Louder, if you please," said "Susan," presenting her ear.

"Pretty well," answered Mr. Finch, in a fair war-whoop.

I managed to keep my face turned the other way, and had hard work to keep from screaming.

"I was much touched at what Uncle Jotham wrote about your kindness to your late wife," said "Susan," with a fond glance in Mr. Finch's face. "What did she die of?"

"Congestion of the brain," answered Mr. Finch, his voice about two octaves higher than its usual pitch.

"I didn't hear," said "Susan." "A trifle louder, Mr. Finch."

Mr. Finch repeated his reply in so loud a tone that he got red in the face with the exertion its utterance caused him.

"Ah!"

"Susan" comprehended at last.

"Is she always so?" he asked, turning to me, and wiping his face vigorously with a big red-and-yellow handkerchief.

"She isn't quite as deaf all the time," I answered, demurely.

Pretty soon Mr. Finch made another attempt at conversation.

"You have a very pretty place here," he shouted.

"Yes; groceries are pretty dear," responded "Susan." "You're right about that, Mr. Finch."

"Pretty place," exclaimed Mr. Finch, getting desperate. "Pretty place here!" and he waved his hand toward the garden and grounds.

"Yes, I know," answered "Susan," mournfully; "but it couldn't be helped, I suppose."

Mr. Finch cast a despairing glance at me. I had to leave the room. I could stand it no longer.

When I was safely outside the door I laughed till I could laugh no more. I could only chuckle in a kind of faint imitation of a laugh. I hadn't strength enough left for the genuine article.

As I sat there I heard Mr. Finch shouting in his highest tones to "Susan," who always had to have everything repeated to her. It wasn't long before he began to get hoarse, for she kept him busy. A dozen times, while we were eating dinner, I thought I must laugh; it was so comical to see "Susan," not a muscle of her face relaxing from its dignified look, holding out her ear for Mr. Finch to repeat his remarks in it. He couldn't have eaten his dinner, if he had had the best of appetites.

All the afternoon "Susan" kept him sitting by her. I could see the poor man, half-tired out, cast furtive glances at the clock.

At last he got up, and beckoned me into the hall.

"I think I'll be agoin' back," he said, with a sigh that indicated how great his disappointment was. "I come down, on your uncle's recommend, to make some kind of a bargain with your sister Susan; he never told me a word about her bein' so deaf."

"It's an unfortunate affliction," I said, feeling that he expected me to say something.

"Yes, very," answered Mr. Finch, with another sigh. "I hain't said anything to her about my intention, 'cause 'twouldn't be prudent for me to marry any one as deaf as she is. Beats all I ever see or heerd of!"

"I'm sorry," I said, working hard to keep my gravity.

"So'm I," said Mr. Finch. "She seems willin' enough. She's got a real kind dispersion; talked feelin'ly about the late Miss' Finch, an' appreciated my efforts to'd doin' justice to her mem'ry. But I don't feel's ef I'd orter say anythin' to her about what my intentions were. I don't s'pose you'd be willin' to come up an' keep house for me?"

Mr. Finch gave me a very insinuating glance, and looked hopeful.

"Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing," said I. "I'm too young, and, then, there's other reasons, you see."

"Yes, I s'pose so." Mr. Finch heaved a disappointed sigh. "I don't s'pose there's any use of goin' in to tell her good-by; you can tell her that for me. I may as well be goin'," he added, taking his hat. "Good-day."

"Good-day," I answered, and Mr. Finch took his departure.

A week after that my sides were lame and sore from the effect which Mr. Finch's visit had on them.

I got a letter from Uncle Jotham after Mr. Finch's return to Brasherville.

"I never heerd nothin' about your bein' deaf," he wrote. "Seems to me it come on sudden. It's a pitty, because Mr. Finch is a nice man."

Bell and I often laugh about the poor man. I hope the efforts he made to make her hear didn't injure his lungs. I've been afraid he'd go into a quick consumption.

The Reception of Columbus after his First Voyage.

It was April, 1493, a beautiful Spring day. Barcelona's walls were draped with banners; the ships riding in the port gleamed with the flags of Europe. From rampart and from stately ship flashed gleams of light, followed by the mimic thunder that silenced for the moment the sound of bells and trumpets, the glad cries of men. Then the great bell of St. Eulalia would send out its deep chime, to be answered by the musical tones of Santa Maria del Mar.

There was something imposing in all this gladness. The city was celebrating a festival without a name, a feast never to be renewed.

Columbus was riding toward the Casa de la Deputacion, not solitary, as when a poor beast bore him sad and disheartened toward the Convent of La Rabida, but environed with the pomp reserved for monarchs. Catalan troops with fife and drum led the joyous line, followed by the haughty martial guards of Castille; then on a splendid steed rode the great Admiral, in sumptuous attire.

Seven Indians in a dress never before witnessed, with anklets of gold and coronets of feathers of unimagined beauty, bore rare birds from their native isles. The crews of the successful ships followed with golden crowns, rich idols, strange birds, animals, and plants.

Then came the banner of Spain, and behind it that of

Columbus, inscribed: "Por Castilla y por Leon, Nuevo Mundo hallo Colon."

In the Casa de la Deputacion, in a Gothic hall newly adorned, two new thrones had been erected, over which waved thirty standards, taken from the Moors at Malaga

"Don Cristoval Colon, our Admiral and Viceroy of the lands of India, rise."

"The queen and king, my sovereigns, have, after God, aided and favored me; may it please their highnesses to give me their hands to kiss?"



THE RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AFTER HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

and Granada. Here sat Ferdinand and Isabella, *kings* of Spain. When Columbus entered, they rose amid the *vivas* of the assemblage of the proudest nobles of Spain. As he bent the knee in reverence, Isabella at once prevented him, saying:

"Sir Admiral," said Ferdinand, "that were a mark of vasalage; ye shall here have but marks of honor. Be seated, Don Cristoval." Columbus kissed the hand of Isabella, and took his seat amid the grandes of Spain. The triumph of that day was undisturbed by the clouds of the future.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



N the first floor of a large hotel in the Rue Royale, at Paris, resided the Count and Countess de Montgomery. The count was a personage of rank, and the possessor of considerable property, maintaining a numerous retinue of attendants, and an almoner, who formed part of the establishment. On the second and third floors of the same hotel the Sieur d'Anglade resided with his lady in a style of considerable respectability. The two families lived on the most amicable terms. It so happened that on one occasion the count and countess invited these neighbors to accompany them on a visit to one of their country-seats. The invitation, at first accepted, was, for some unexplained reason, subsequently declined when the count and countess were just on the eve of their departure. Many of their numerous suite accompanied the family, and amongst these was the priest-almoner, Francis Gagnard. From some presentiment, it was said, pressing on the mind of the count, they returned to Paris the day before they were expected, and in the evening they received a visit from the D'Anglades. On the following day the unwelcome discovery was made that the count's strong box had been opened with a false key, and completely plundered. Its contents were thirteen small sacks with a thousand silver livres in each. In addition to these were near twelve thousand livres in gold, some double pistoles, a hundred louis d'or of a new coinage, called *au cordon*, and a pearl necklace worth four thousand livres. The whole had vanished.

The Lieutenant of police, having been consulted, at once pronounced the crime to have been perpetrated by some one within the house, and seems to have conceived and manifested a violent prejudice against the D'Anglade family. On observing this, they immediately demanded that their apartments should be examined, and a strict search was made, their very beds having been ripped up, but nothing whatever was found to implicate any one in the floors which they inhabited. In an attic, however, which had been used as a kind of lumber-room, there were discovered, in an old trunk filled with parchments and rubbish, seventy louis d'or *au cordon*, wrapped up in a paper on which a genealogical table was printed, both of which Montgomery claimed, although the coin had no peculiar mark, and was in general circulation. From this moment the suspicions entertained by the lieutenant were adopted by the count. He loudly avouched the honesty of all his servants, and invidiously adverted to the theft of a piece of plate from the Sieur Grimandet, a former tenant, the D'Anglades at the time living in the hotel. These suspicions were strengthened by the fact that it was known that D'Anglade had expensive habits, and that on their desiring him to count the coin he was observed to tremble. His trembling was the agitation of innocence under an accusation false but plausible. After this the small room, in which the almoner, a page, and a *valet de chambre* slept, was subjected to a close search, and here, in a recess in the wall, were found five sacks containing a thousand livres each, and a sixth from which two hundred had been extracted. The D'Anglades were committed to prison, and it seems, by the law of France, the prejudiced police-lieutenant who committed was the judge by whom they were to be tried. D'Anglade appealed to the parliament against the foul prejudgment, but he appealed in vain. It would appear that Count Montgomery had his misgivings, for he ordered his almoner, the priest Gagnard, to say a solemn mass for the detection of the culprits. The almoner

was examined as a witness at the trial, though what was the nature of his evidence does not appear; satisfactory proofs were wanting to inculpate the accused. The public eye was upon the judg. and, without plausible proof, even a prejudiced judge shrank from pronouncing judgment. But he had an alternative, which at that time unhappily was legal. What the witnesses failed in proving, the torture might goad the accused to confess; they therefore put D'Anglade to the question, ordinary and extraordinary—they tormented him even to the verge of death, and then, covered over with wounds, his back dislocated, his whole frame shattered, all in ruins save a noble nature, they bore him back to prison beseeching God to manifest his innocence, and to pardon his inhuman persecutors and his inexorable judge. Although they failed in proving his guilt, they sentenced him to restore the amount which had been stolen, and to serve for nine years chained as a galley-slave. From this last degradation he was saved by death, for he sank in his dungeon at Marseilles, having received the sacraments. His poor widow and orphan, stripped of everything, even of the bed on which they lay, were banished from Paris and its precincts, and cast upon the world, forsaken and heartbroken.

After the death of D'Anglade and the utter desolation of his family, their innocence was clearly demonstrated. Anonymous letters traced to an Abbé de Fontpierre, who was a member of a thieves' society, showed that one Belestré was the principal in the crime. Belestré accomplished the crime with the assistance of Francis Gagnard, the inmate of Montgomery's house, and his trusted almoner.

Gagnard and Belestré, both natives of the town of Mons, had been associates from infancy. The former was the son of a jailer; he had journeyed to Paris as an adventurer, and was eking out a mere subsistence by saying masses at the church of Saint Esprit, when Montgomery admitted him on his establishment. The return he made was the furnishing his friend Belestré with wax impressions of all the keys he found there. It turned out that Belestré was a still greater villain than himself, having been in the army, from which he deserted after murdering his sergeant, and was afterwards prowling about the dens of Paris, alternately a gambler, a beggar, and a bully. Gagnard left the service of Montgomery after the conviction of D'Anglade, and, following his criminal bent, soon found himself in prison, and, strangely enough, in the same cell with Belestré, arrested about the same time on a different charge. In the meantime the contents of the anonymous letters having much impressed the authorities, it occurred to them to interrogate the count's late almoner and his fellow-prisoner as to the robbery in the Rue Royale. They were first examined apart, and an immediate prosecution was the result. The Abbé gave most important evidence. He deposed that, he heard Belestré say, "Come, my friend, let us drink and be merry while D'Anglade is at the galleys."

"Poor man," said the almoner, "I can't help being sorry for him; he is a good sort of man, and was obliging to me."

"Sorry!" said the other, with a laugh, "sorry for the man who has saved us from suspicion, and made our fortune!"

A woman, named De la Comble, deposed that Belestré frequently showed her a beautiful pearl necklace, which he said he had won at play. Upon Belestré there was found a document, in Gagnard's writing, alluding to the anonymous letters, and advising him, by some means to rid himself of the Abbé de Fontpierre. In addition to this, it was shown that Gagnard, who, on entering the count's service, was almost destitute, and who could have saved but little from his salary, had on leaving it a profusion of money, which he lavished in feasting and debauchery. Belestré, also, was proved at the same period to have purchased an estate at Mons, where his father was a humble tanner.

Madame d'Anglade completely cleared up the paltry suspicions by which her husband had been sacrificed. The criminals made a full confession of their guilt. But the mind of the judge was all intent on vindicating the prejudices in which he never should have indulged.

The Raphia Palm of Madagascar, and the Caryota Palm of Malabar.

THE palm is all in all to the Malgash tribes. From the tavooulo, with its delicate and strengthening pith, to the palm, giving a salt which many prefer to that of the sea, what services does not palm render them!

The Raphia stands in the first rank, a majestic and elegant tree, giving wine, sago, and a beautiful textile fibre. The wood builds their houses, the leaves thatch them, or, rather, tile them; but the negroes never use the timber till they drain out all the wine, or *bourdon*, as they call it—one of the strongest palm-wines known. The fruit resembles a pine-cone, whence some call the tree the pine-palm. Its almond-shaped kernels, when fermented, give a perfect brandy. The clusters of fruit are sometimes four and a half feet long, so that there is no lack of material. The fibres, used for manufacturing cloth, are very fine, but strong.

The Caryota is a Malabar palm, and one of those known from ancient times, as Dioscorides describes it. Its spathes are very large, pendant, and spring from between the leaves. Its flowers in Summer, in the rainy season, and its spathes distil the sugary lymph from which the *toddy*, a well-known East India palm-wine, is prepared. Its trunk contains an enormous quantity of edible pith—very nutritious when prepared like sago. It is known in the East by various names—beralamado, jiruba, evimpannah, and burasawar. The wood is not useless—making good boards and planks.

THEODORE HOOK'S PUNNING.

Hook was admirable in what he terms, "the very plums in the *pudding of conversation*"—punning, which he treats in this mock-profound manner :

A punster (that is, a regular hard-going, thick-and-thin punster) is the dullest and stupidest companion alive, if he could but be made to think so. He sits gaping for an opportunity to jingle his nonsense with whatever happens to be going on, and, catching at some detached bit of a rational conversation, perverts its sense to his favorite sound, so that instead of anything like a continuous intellectual intercourse, which one might hope to enjoy in pleasant society, one is perpetually interrupted by his absurd distortions and unseasonable ribaldry, as ill-timed and ill-placed as songs in an opera, sung by persons in the depth of despair, or on the point of death.

Admitting, however, the viciousness, the felonious sinfulness of punning, it is to be apprehended that the liberty of the pun is like the liberty of the Press, which, says the patriot, is like the air, and if we have it not we cannot breathe. Therefore, seeing that it is quite impossible to put down punning, the next best things we can do is to regulate it, in the way they regulate peccadilloes in Paris, and teach men to commit punnery as Caesar died and Frenchmen dissipate—with decency.

The proverb says "wits jump," so may punsters, and two bright geniuses *may* hit upon the same idea at different periods quite unconsciously. To avoid any unnecessary repetition or apparent plagiarisms, therefore, by these coincidences, we venture to address this paper to young beginners in the craft—to the rising generation of witlings; and we are led to do this more particularly from feeling that the *types* in

punning, as well as in everything else, firmly believes that which he for the first time has heard or read, to be as novel and entertaining to his older friends, who have heard it or read it before he was born, as it is to himself, who never met with it till the day upon which he so liberally and joyously retails it to the first hearers he can fall in with.

For these reasons we propose, in order to save time and trouble, to enumerate a few puns, which, for the better regulation of jesting, are positively prohibited in all decent societies where punnery is practised; and first, since the great (indeed, the only) merit of a pun is its undoubted originality—its unequivocal novelty—its extemporaneous construction and instantaneous explosion—all puns by recurrence, all puns by repetition, and puns by anticipation, are prohibited.

In the next place, all the following *traveling* puns are strictly prohibited :

All allusions upon entering a town to the *pound* and the *stocks*—knowing a man by his *gait* and not liking his *style*—calling a tall turnpike-keeper a *colossus* of *roads*—paying the post-boy's charges of *ways* and means—seeing no *sign* of an *inn*; or replying, sir, you are *out*, to your friend who says he does—talking of a *hedger* having a *stake* in the *bank*—all allusions to *sun* and *air* to a new-married couple—all stuff about village *belles*—calling the belfry a *court of a peal*—saying, upon two carpenters putting up a paling, that they are very peaceable men to be *fencing* in a field—all trash about "*manors* make the *man*," in the shooting season; and all stuff about trees, after this fashion: "that's a *pop'lar* tree"—"I'll turn over a new *leaf*, and make my *bough*," etc.

Puns upon field-sports, such as racing being a matter of *course*—horses *starting* without being *shy*—a good shot being fond of his *but* and his *barrel*—or saying that a man fishing deserves a *rod* for taking such a *line*; if he is sitting under a *bridge* calling him an *arch* fellow, or supposing him a nobleman because he takes his place among the *piers*, or that he will *catch* nothing but cold, and no fish by *hook* or by *crook*. All these are prohibited.

To talk of yellow pickles at dinner, and say the way to *Turn'em Green* is through Hammersmith—all allusions to eating men, for *Eton* men, *Staines* on the table-cloth—*Egg-ham*, etc., are all exploded; as is all stuff about *maids*, and *thornbacks*, and *place*; or saying to a lady who asks you to help her to the wing of a chicken, that it is a mere matter of *a pinion*—all quibbles about dressing *hare* and cutting it—all stuff about a merry fellow being given to *wine*; or, upon helping yourself, to say you have a *platonic* affection for roast beef; or, when fried fish runs short, singing to the mistress of the house, with *Tom Moore*,

"Your *sole*, though a very sweet *sole*, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me,"

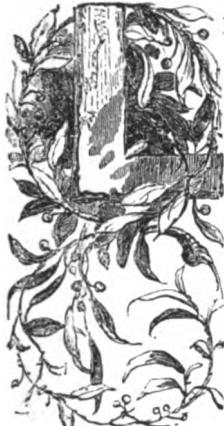
are entirely banished.

At the playhouse never talk of being a *Pittite* because you happen not to be in the boxes—never observe whatever a *Keun* eye one actor has, or that another can never grow old because he must always be *Young*—never talk of the uncertainty of *Mundane* affairs in a farce, or observe how *Terry*-by well a man plays Mr. Simpson—banish from your mind the possibility of saying the Covent Garden manager has put his best *Foot* forward, or that you should like to go to *Chester* for a day or two; or that you would give the world to be tied to a *Tree*, or that *Mr. Macrealy* is a *presentable* actor—all such stuff is interdicted.

In speaking of Parliament, forget *Broom* and *Birch*, *Wood* and *Cole*, *Scarlett* and *White*, *Lamb* and the *Leakes*, the *Hores* and the *Herons*, the *Cooks* and the *Brins*; such jumbles will lead into great difficulties, and invariably end, without infinite caution, in an observation that the conduct of that House is always regulated by the best possible *Manners*.

LEAD AND ITS USES.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY.



LEAD is a metal which has been known from the most remote antiquity. The earliest Greek authors called it *molybdos*, the Latins *plumbum*, and the alchemists named it *Saturn*, because it devoured all other metals during its calcination. The sign now used by astronomers to indicate the planet Saturn was employed as the mystic symbol of lead in the parchment manuscripts of the Middle Ages. The rage for adventure, which the brilliant exploits of Pizarro and Cortez excited in Europe, had not abated at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and on the 14th of September, 1712, Louis XIV. granted to Anthony Crozat, Secretary of the Household, the exclusive privilege of commerce in the district of country now embraced in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, and Illinois—with the proprietary of the mines and minerals he should discover in the country, reserving the fifth part of all bullion of gold and silver, and one-tenth of the produce of all other mines. This was the origin of the explorations in search of ores in a part of the United States which has since yielded such enormous quantities of metal and coal. It is not necessary to trace the history of the early adventurers. They surmounted many obstacles, and endured great hardships, and paved the way for a higher civilization over a vast tract of country, at that time occupied by savage tribes or abandoned to wild beasts. The early miners, in their search for lead, were not guided by scientific knowledge, but by the results of experience. They dug pits over a wide extent of country, and when they found a surface deposit they sunk a well, mounted a windlass, and worked at the place until they had exhausted the pocket, or were driven out by the inflowing water. (See fig 1.)

Sometimes a miner would hit upon a cave, the sides and top of which would be composed of the richest crystals of *galena*, and from which he could obtain as much as \$20,000 worth of lead. Such good fortune was not, however, very common. This early style of mining for ore did not add to the safety of traveling over the country. In the course of time there were so many pits, wells, and abandoned claims, that whole counties were honeycombed, and it was exceedingly hazardous, even in the daytime, to attempt to traverse the country, as the mouths of the pits were often concealed by bushes or covered with rank grass. The ownership of the mines was often a matter of dispute, and the scene of well-contested claims was perpetuated in history by such names as "Hard-scrabble Diggings," which, in the quaint humor of the West, would be given to a settlement. No money was wasted in the construction of furnaces, as it was altogether uncertain how long the mines of any region would yield a paying ore, and it was necessary to have such light structures that they could be either abandoned or removed at slight cost. A plain wooden shanty, with a tall smoke-stack, and a log-cabin to store the ore, was all that was required. (See fig. 2.)

The material for these structures could be obtained on the spot, and they were located as conveniently to the mines as possible. The miners would bring the ore in strong wagons drawn by ox teams, and sell it to the owners of the smelting furnace. They could always obtain ready cash for good ore, and it soon became an understood fact in the towns on the Mississippi river that when a purchaser, wearing a slouched

hat and a suit of clothes colored with the characteristic red earth of the mines, presented himself at any store, he must be treated with unusual respect, as he would be certain to pay down the cash for whatever he wished to buy. It was rather the style in those early days to have considerable red mud on one's shoes, and the same shade on one's coat, as a passport to credit.

The ore obtained in Missouri is known as *galena*; it is the chief source of lead for all parts of the world. When perfectly pure, *galena* contains 86.57 per cent. of lead, and 13.43 per cent. of sulphur. It is generally contaminated with other substances, so that an average yield of 80 per cent. would be considered highly satisfactory. The sulphide of lead (*galena*) occurs in cubes, or modifications of cubes, sometimes in very handsome clusters, possessing a beautiful lustre and lead-gray color; easily broken, and with a specific gravity of 7.7. When in contact with metallic zinc, *galena* is readily decomposed by acids. The reaction with zinc and hydrochloric acid may be employed with advantage for assaying *galena*, particularly the common American variety, which contains no heavy metal besides lead. The details of the process are as follows: Weigh out thirty or forty grains or more of the finely powdered *galena*. Place the powder in a tall beaker, together with a smooth lump of pure metallic zinc. Pour upon the mixture six or eight cubic inches of dilute hydrochloric acid, which has been previously warmed to forty or fifty degs. C. (104 or 124 degs. F.), cover the beaker with a watch-glass or broad funnel, and put in a moderately warm place. Hydrochloric acid fit for the purpose may be prepared by diluting one volume to the ordinary commercial acid with four volumes of water. For the quantity of *galena* above indicated, the lumps of zinc should be one inch in diameter by a quarter of an inch thick; they may be readily obtained by dropping melted zinc upon a smooth surface of wood or metal. The zinc and acid should be allowed to act upon the mineral for fifteen or twenty minutes, in order to insure complete decomposition. Any particle of *galena* which may be thrown up against the cover or sides of the beaker should, of course, be washed back into the liquid. It is well, moreover, to stir the mixture from time to time with a glass rod. When all the *galena* has been decomposed, as may be determined by the fact that the liquid has become clear, and that no sulphurated hydrogen is evolved, decant the liquid from the beaker into a tolerably large filter of smooth paper, in which a small piece of metallic zinc has been placed. Wash the lead and zinc in the beaker as quickly as possible with hot water, by decantation, until the liquid from the filter ceases to give an acid reaction with litmus paper; then transfer the lead from the beaker to a weighed porcelain crucible. In order to remove any portion of lead which may adhere to the lump of zinc, the latter may be rubbed gently with a glass rod, and afterwards with the fingers, if need be. Wash out the filter into an evaporating dish, remove the zinc, and add the particles of lead thus collected to the contents of the crucible. Finally, dry the lead at a moderate heat and weigh. As soon as the richness of the ore is ascertained, the smelter has it broken up into small pieces, and mixes it with a weighed portion of limestone or other flux (see fig. 3), and it is then thrown into a reverberatory furnace (see fig. 4), where the reduction takes place.

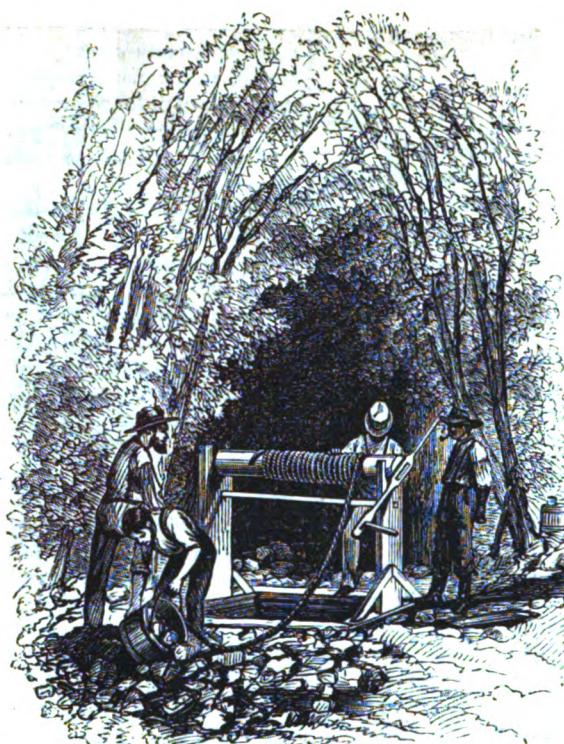
A reverberatory furnace is exclusively employed for the reduction of lead ores, having a bed of about 10 ft. by 8, and formed generally of old slags of former operations. It is well depressed in the centre, and at the lowest part a tap-hole is formed for the running off of the metal. A series of openings are pierced through the sides for the admission of air and convenience of working.

Usually 12 to 30 cwt. of ore are mixed with 1-30th of lime—the openings are closed as soon as the charge is introduced,

heat is got up, and the mixture stirred from time to time. After two hours any rich slags of former workings are thrown in, and, as these will at once yield their lead, the taphole is opened to draw it off.

The lead thus obtained, in most cases, requires refining, or, as it is called, "improving," as it may contain silver, antimony, copper, and other admixtures. The refining process is generally conducted near the sea-board or in large cities, and not in the wilderness. Lead is also obtained from *galena* by what is called the precipitation method, which is based upon the behavior of metallic iron at a high temperature towards *galena*; for if these two substances are heated together the result is the formation of sulphide of iron and metallic lead. Accordingly, the precipitation method consists in smelting the *galena*, previously freed from gangue, with granulated iron, obtained by pouring molten cast-iron in a thin stream into cold water. The operation is carried on in a shaft furnace; the result is the formation of metallic lead and a lead matter, consisting essentially of sulphide of iron, undecomposed *galena*, and sulphide of copper. Sometimes iron ores and slags are applied, in which case the oxygen of these substances aids the desulphurization.

The lead ores of Missouri contain very little silver, that of Mine la Motte yielding only 00.0027 per cent. It would not pay to attempt to separate so small a quantity of silver directly, and a concentration method was invented by Pattinson, in 1833, for overcoming the difficulty; this is founded on the observation that, when a certain quantity of lead that contains silver is melted in iron pots, and the fluid mass allowed to cool uniformly, then ensues a formation of small octahedral crystals, which do not contain any silver at all, or are a great deal poorer in silver than the original alloy, while the portion of the metal remaining fluid is found to contain an increased quantity of silver. It is clear, therefore, that if the crystals first obtained are again melted and cooled uniformly, another concentration will be obtained, and that the operation can be repeated until a lead is obtained rich enough in silver to admit of its extraction by subsequent process. A later method than the one invented by Pattinson has been introduced, which is founded on the property of zinc not to form an alloy with lead, and also in the ob-



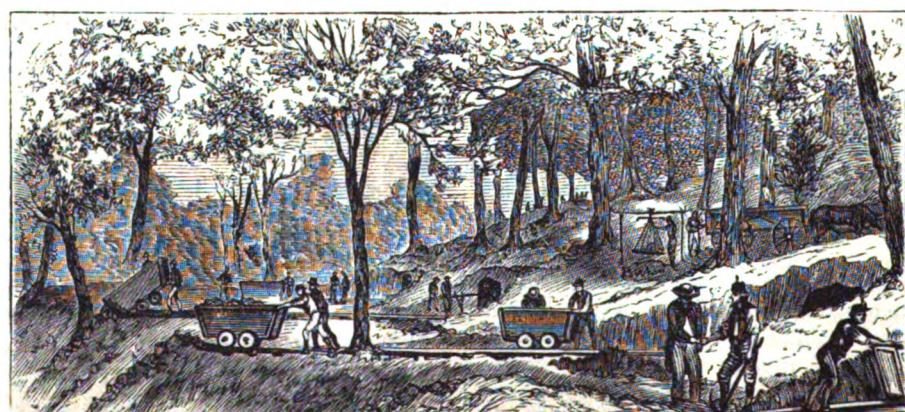
LEAD AND ITS USES.—SINKING THE SHAFT IN A MISSOURI LEAD MINE.—SEE PAGE 379.

servation that when lead containing silver is melted with zinc and allowed to cool, the zinc rises to the surface, carrying all of the silvers with it. The zinc can be subsequently readily separated from the silver by distillation, or by superheated steam.

It is thus that lead is obtained, and it now remains to relate something of its properties and uses. Few metals have contributed so largely to the progress of civilization, to the dissemination of knowledge, to the study of our own and other worlds, to our defence in war and our comfort in times of peace, as lead. The astronomer could not have penetrated the heavens, and had revealed to him the far-distant planets, without the lead-glass to give him the achromatic lens. The microscopist depends upon the same peculiar glass for his powerful objective, with which to detect the most minute forms of life. Thus, in all of the researches on light, we are indebted to lead for our chief implements, and, without the lenses it affords us, Astronomy and Microscopy would still have been in their infancy.

The flint-glass prism, in the hands of skillful men, has given us the Spectroscope, which unveils the heavens and proclaims the constitution of the stars. By means of this instrument we weigh the sun, and determine the substance of which it is composed, and can say of what elements the stars consist, even of those the light from which requires countless ages to travel to our earth, where we perform the dissection.

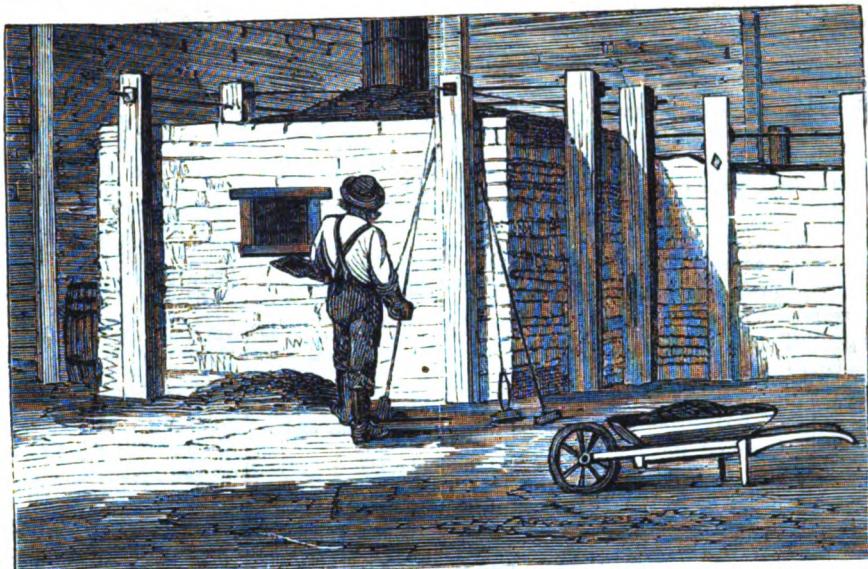
As soon as gunpowder was invented, and an improvement in fire-arms became possible, the leaden bullet was introduced to protect us against our enemies in war, or to provide food for us in times of peace. The introduction of lead rendered it possible to manufacture movable types with which to print our books, and it must be confessed that without these types there would have been no beginning to the making of books, and the dissemination of knowledge would have been attended with great difficulties. If we examine our oil-colors, we shall find lead; if we study the tip of lucifer-matches, an oxide of lead will reveal itself. We find that water is conducted into our houses through leaden pipes—our plumbing, as the name indicates, is dependent upon it. The physician often prescribes lead in some form; the metal-



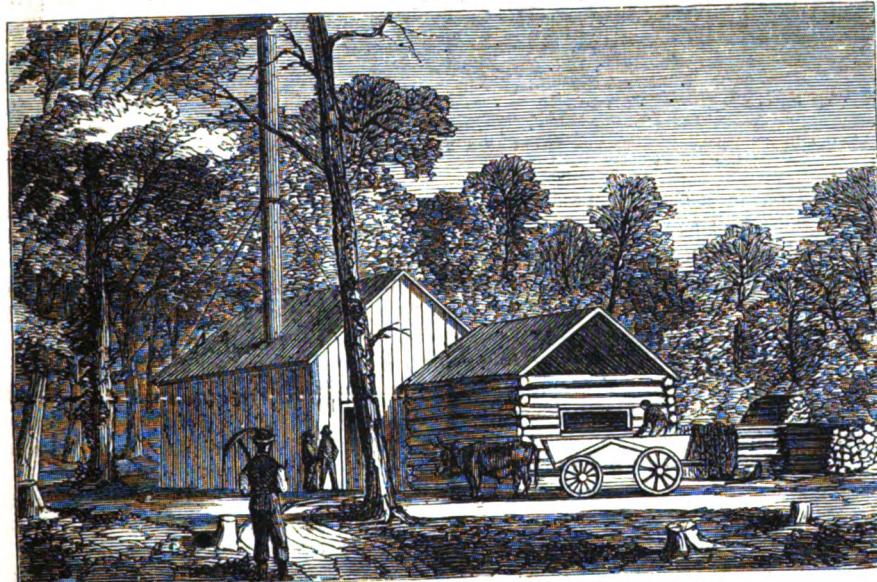
LEAD AND ITS USES.—ENTRANCE TO THE MINES.

worker wants it for alloys; but perhaps the most important use of all remains to be told, and that consists in the application of lead to the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Around sulphuric acid cluster a vast number of industries, the deprivation of which would clog the wheels of nearly every manufacture, and put back the march of civilization more than one hundred years. Fortunately, sulphuric acid does not readily attack lead, and this acid can, therefore, be made in leaden chambers, and partially evaporated in leaden pans, ready to be finally concentrated in platinum or glass, for the innumerable purposes to which it is now applied.

Lead is a bluish-white metal,



LEAD AND ITS USES.—PORTION OF THE SMELTING FURNACE IN A MISSOURI LEAD MINE.



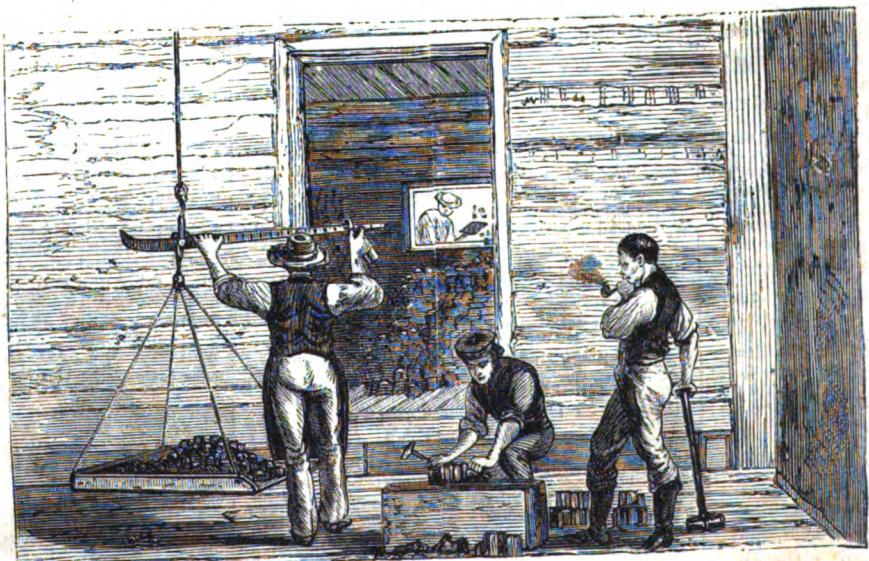
LEAD AND ITS USES.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE SMELTING FURNACE.

so soft that it can be scratched by the finger-nail. It is malleable and ductile, but not strong. Pure water acts upon it, and also water holding in solution nitrates and chlorides. Solutions of phosphates, sulphates, and carbonates form a coating on lead and protect it. The best solvent for it is nitric acid. The oxides of it are known as litharge and red lead—white lead is its carbonate, and the sugar of lead its acetate—and we have many other salts less familiarly known, but which add to the uses of this important metal. We must close by saying that lead is a violent poison, and its use about the house should always be well guarded. Water which has been left standing in contact with it

should not be used in cooking, and wine, vinegar, and other acid liquids must not be preserved in leaden vessels.

INDUSTRY.

THERE is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the northwest passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

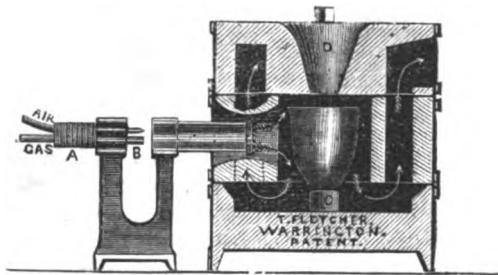


LEAD AND ITS USES.—BREAKING AND WEIGHING THE MINERAL.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THERE was never a time in the history of the world when so many investigators were at work in Nature's laboratory, surrounded by their crucibles, retorts, lenses, limbicks, and mechanical contrivances, as at the present age, and although much rubbish is thrown out with the pure ore from mine and pit, and it is sometimes difficult to separate the precious metal from the dross, yet it cannot be denied that the progress of our knowledge in all directions is highly satisfactory, and the task of recording scientific progress is rendered more difficult from an embarrassment of riches rather than from poverty of material.

GAS FURNACES.—The problem of using gas for fuel has been solved on a manufacturing scale by Siemens, and his famous furnace is now adopted by iron-masters and glass-blowers, but a contrivance for use on a small scale, and employing illuminating gas as fuel, has long been demanded. The want appears to be in a measure supplied by Fletcher, who has invented a gas furnace so contrived that the gas and air can be blown in proper proportions, producing a heat sufficient to melt a crucible full of cast-iron in ten minutes, and steel in thirty minutes, from the time the gas is lighted. The construction of the furnace will be readily understood from the accompanying figure.



In a work describing the present condition of the domestic industries of Russia, M. Weschniakoff states that not less than thirty millions of wooden spoons are annually made in that country, the industry having its great centre in the district of Somenow. Poplar, aspen, maple, and box are the woods used for this purpose, and the cost of the spoons varies from about \$5 to \$20 per thousand. The first operation consists in cutting the wood into the proper lengths, and making these up into bundles; the latter are sold in the markets, and are often procured from long distances. The second stage is that of forming the bowl of the spoon; the third shaping the handle; and the fourth and last, dyeing them of a yellow color.

GOLD is valued at \$146 per cubic inch. At this rate a cubic foot of the precious metal, which contains 1,728 cubic inches, will be worth about \$252,288. The entire quantity of gold now known to be in existence is valued at about \$3,000,000,000, so that if it were welded into one mass it could be contained in a cube the side of which would not measure over twenty-three feet.



IMPROVED BUNSEN-BURNER.—In consequence of the low pressure of gas in the day-time, trouble is often experienced by the retreating of the flame in the ordinary Bunsen-burner. President Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, has overcome this inconvenience by constructing a burner of a bore, rather large compared with its height, and the drawing in its upper edge into the form of an open-ended thimble. A burner, thus modified, gives a perfectly non-luminous flame, with a gas pressure varying between 1.5 and 0.1 inch of water, and cannot be made to retreat by the most violent handling.

A MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY is about to be established in London, the objects of which are:

To simplify mineralogical nomenclature.

To determine and define doubtful mineral species.

To study the paragenesis of minerals.

To record instances and modes of pseudomorphism, with their accompanying phenomena.

To measure, determine, and illustrate forms of crystallization, especially the irregularities and peculiarities of particular planes, or of crystals from particular localities.

To discuss systems of classification, and to establish a natural system.

To collect, record, and digest facts and statistics relating to economic mineralogy.

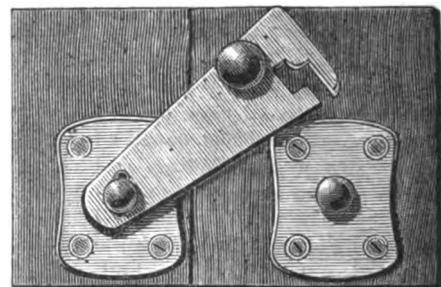
To promote the exchange of specimens; and, generally,

To advance the science of mineralogy.

ARTIFICIAL MADDER COLOR.—The beautiful Turkey red, which was formerly produced from the root of the madder plant, is now made artificially from the noisome coal-tar of the gas-house. Concealed in the tar is a substance called anthracene, for which, hitherto, only very limited uses were known. A European chemist has discovered a way by which the anthracene can be converted into alizarine, and an exquisite red color suitable for dyeing can be produced. It is thought that the natural asphaltum of California and

Trinidad also contains enough anthracene to make it profitable to be worked in the manufacture of Turkey red.

BROWNING'S PATENT SELF-ACTING LATCH.—One of the best—because it is at once the most efficient and withal the simplest kind of bolt that we have for some time seen—is the ingenious invention of Mr. Browning, which is figured below, and which has been recently patented. But, besides its simplicity, it has a special advantage, viz., that any attempt to open it from the outside renders it more securely fastened than it was before, while it registers the attempt made to open it by an alteration in its position.



THE CLIMATE OF THE NORTH POLE IN PAST AGES.—Professor Nordenstkiold has contributed a valuable paper on this question to the *Geological Magazine*, in which he says that we now possess fossil remains from the polar regions belonging to almost all the periods into which the geologist has divided the history of the earth. The Silurian fossils, which McClintock brought home from the American Polar Archipelago, and the German naturalists from Novaja Semlja, as also some probably Devonian remains of fish found by the Swedish Expeditions on the coasts of Spitzbergen, are, however, too few in number, and belong to forms too far removed from those now living, to furnish any sure information relative to the climate in which they have lived. Immediately after the termination of the Devonian age, an extensive continent seems to have been formed in the polar basin north of Europe, and we still find in Beeren Island and Spitzbergen vast strata of slate, sandstone, and coal, belonging to that period, in which are imbedded abundant remains of a luxuriant vegetation, which, as well as several of the fossil plant remains brought from the polar regions by the Swedish Expeditions, have been examined and described by Professor Heer, of Zürich. We here certainly meet with forms, vast *Sigillaria*, *Calamites*, and species of *Lepidodendra*, etc., which have no exactly corresponding representatives in the now existing plants. Colossal and luxuriant forms of vegetation, however, indicate a climate highly favorable to vegetable development. A careful examination of the petrifications taken from these strata shows also so accurate an agreement with the fossil plants of the same period found in many parts of the continent of Central Europe, that we are obliged to conclude that at that time no appreciable difference of climate existed on the face of the earth, but that a uniform climate extremely favorable for vegetation—but not on that account necessarily tropical—prevailed from the Equator to the Poles.

THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The American Geographical Society will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary this year. When it was founded, in 1850, there were but three geographical societies in the world, whereas there are now forty-eight, distributed over all parts of the globe. The New York Society proposes to purchase a building in the upper part of the city, in which to put its valuable library and collections and to provide a place of resort for distinguished travelers and scientific men who may visit the country. The new building will have many of the features of a modern club-house.

SPANISH INNS.

The inns of Spain are of three sorts: the fonda, or hotel, where board and lodging are supplied—but these are found only in the large towns; the posada, or house of rest, where the hotel only provides a shelter, salt, and a bed, if your rank demands such a luxury; the venta, or wayside wine-shop; and there is yet a fourth institution called a ventarillo, which is a mere shanty of brushwood, on granite boulders, where a few bottles of aguardiente, or white watered wine from the skin, can be bought. The posada is sometimes called the parador; and at night the interior of one of these places is indeed a study for the painter. There is a long, vaulted room, dark and windowless; there is a batch of mules put up for the night at one end, which is called by courtesy the stable; along and around the walls of this cavern, for such it is, lying or crouching on the pitched and dirty door (the stable-liquor is flowing down the middle!), are seen the travelers put in for the night; two men, with oil-lamps, are the guards or stablemen; there is a small charcoal fire where the traveler can cook what he has brought with him; there are two or three women frying their bunuelos, or oil-cakes, over it; a troop of cavalry soldiers, their horses picketed at the end of the vaulted apartment, are lying, some on wooden shelves and ledges in the wall which serves for beds, some on the pitched floor fast asleep, in their swords, spurs, and full accoutrements, even their knapsacks not taken off. A more motley assembly, writes a traveler, I have never beheld than is found in the interior of the parador at night; but, let me add, I have never, in the best American hotels, met with one quarter of the courtesy which is extended by all to all. "Will you eat with me?" "Do have an orange!" "Will you share my rug, it is very cold?"

CAUTION IN PROSPERITY.

MING TSONG, an Emperor of China celebrated for his wisdom and prudence, was accustomed to say, "A state is to be governed with the care and constant attention that is required of a person managing a horse. I have often," said he, "traveled on horseback over very rough and mountainous countries, and never got any hurt, always taking care to keep a steady rein; but in the smoothest plains, thinking the same precautions useless, and letting loose the reins, my horse has stumbled and put me in danger. Thus it is with government; for when it is in the most flourishing condition the prince ought never to abate anything of his usual vigilance." And thus also, extending the application of this familiar but striking illustration to all mankind, we would say, it is with the private affairs of men of all stations, from the great lord to the laboring husbandman, from the wealthy merchant to the poor mechanic; and let every one keep a steady rein when all seems fair and even with him. He is pretty sure to do so in the presence of danger and difficulty, when his faculties and energies are all kept awake, and generally strengthened in proportion to the difficulty to be overcome. Indeed, let any man take a review of his past life, and he will find almost invariably that where he has most failed will be when he allowed himself to be lulled into security, when he suspected no crosses, and was prepared with no caution, when in easy confidence he had dropped the reins on the neck of his horse, who seemed to tread on a smooth sward or a macadamized road—but tripped and fell! To take another illustration, it is the same with "ships that go down to the great deep." It is not generally while the storm is raging, tremendous though that storm may be, it is not while sailing along the perilous shore, or tracking her way through labyrinths of unknown islands, or the ice-mazes of the polar regions, that the ship is most liable to wreck or founder. No! the catalogue of shipwrecks and maritime calamities is swelled for the most part by such as were carelessly sounding over Summer seas, with all sails set, and all hands on board joyful and confident—by such as were sailing through channels and straits so familiar to them that the lead was left idle at the main-chains, and no precaution deemed necessary; by such as from the furthest regions of the earth were within sight of their own country, by such, even as the *Royal George*, were tranquilly anchored in their own ports, with all the crew given up to the enjoyment of that festivity or repose which nothing seemed likely to trouble.

A BREATHING CAVE.

In the range of mountains in Western North Carolina known as the "Fox Range," a most singular phenomenon exists. It is a "breathing cave." In the Summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person can't walk against it, while in the Winter the suction is just as great. The cool air from the mountains in Summer is felt for miles in a direct line from the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted upon the current from the dead carcasses of animals sucked in and killed by the violence. The loss of cattle and stock in that section in Winter is accounted for in this way: They range too near the mouth of the cave, and the current carries them in. At times, when the change from inhalation begins, the air is filled with various hairs of animals; not frequently bones and whole carcasses are found miles from the place. The air has been known to change materially in temperature during exhalation from quite cool to unpleasantly hot, withering vegetation within reach, and accompanied by a terrible roaring, gurgling sound, like a pot boiling. It is unaccounted for by scientific men who have examined, though no exploration can take place. It is feared by many that a volcanic eruption may break forth there sometime.

ENJOYMENT OF HEALTH.

HEALTH is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes: with common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden; but, if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects.

CARICATURES OF GOOD-BREEDING.

GOOD-BREEDING and refinement, or rather the externals of these qualities, are generally considered as wholly precluding those vulgar manifestations of ill-temper, rudeness, impertinence, and similar feelings, which the unsophisticated display with such perfect frankness. But it does not thence follow that the well-bred and refined have not their little spites, little envious feelings, little assumptions of consequence to gratify; indeed, they do gratify them very freely; all the difference lies in the manner; for there is a finish, a delicacy of touch, in the polite impertinence of the well-bred, which the under-bred may envy, but must never hope to attain. The slight that can be conveyed in a glance, in a gracious smile, in a wave of the hand, is often the *ne plus ultra* of art. What insult is so keen, or so keenly felt, as the polite insult, which it is impossible to resent?

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A LITTLE boy, returning from the Sunday-school, said to his mother, "Ma, ain't there kittenisms for little boys? The catechism is too hard!"

IT is said that some people have what is called "spontaneity," and some haven't, but nobody ever sat down on a pincushion yet without manifesting something surprisingly like it.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman, while dancing the polka. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

A YANKEE speaker, at an anniversary meeting, mournfully said: "One by one our friends are passing from us into the land of shadows." "Well," exclaimed an old lady, "you wouldn't have 'em go two by two, or all in a huddle, would you?"

"WHAT beautiful teeth Mrs. Robinson has!" remarked Mrs. Smith, before her niece, a little girl of five or six.—"Oh!" cried the child, "they are not so beautiful as yours, auntie!" "Do you think so, my dear?" "Why, yes, auntie; yours have got gold all round them!"

A YOUNG lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear miss—I send you bi the boy a bucket of flowers. They is like my love for u. The nite shade menes kepo dark. The dog fenil menes I am your slave. Rosis red and posis pail, my love for you shall never fade."

A PRUDENT Kentucky father with a marriageable daughter, found it impossible to keep the *bouux* from the house, so he furnished her with a music-box which plays "Home, Sweet Home!" at ten o'clock, P. M., precisely. The *bouux* are all gone, and the house closed up, in five minutes after.

AT an exhibition of amateur theatricals, when the *Richard III.* of the evening cried, "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" a would-be wag called out—"Wouldn't a jackass do just as well?" "Certainly," responded the actor; "please step up here immediately." The interrupter hastily retired.

A YOUNG blacksmith wrote his advertisement, stating that all orders in his business would be promptly executed; but it came out, "All others in this business will be promptly executed." On seeing this fearful notice, an old blacksmith threw up his hands and exclaimed—"Has it come to this, after thirty years of honest toil?"

THE refined style, so as not to shock people's nerves, was invented by the boudoir journalist, Adolphus de Creme. He thus writes of a recent event: "A Missouri man has, we regret to record, coaxed a boy to take sulphuric acid, and a crowd, we rejoice to promulgate, coaxed the man to play pendulum from the branch of a shady tree."

AT a juvenile party, a young gentleman, about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him: "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

A PARISIAN butcher named Boissel, while sitting in his shop the other day, was very much irritated at receiving the following letter, handed to him by a boy: "My first is a vegetable (bois); my second is a mineral (sel); my whole is an animal!" He chased the bearer of the missive, but the boy, who had doubtless been warned, succeeded in making his escape."

FONTENELLE was very fond of salmon. He was dining out one day in Paris, when a very pretentious guest at the table, upon hearing the author ask for a second plateful, exclaimed, "Oh, ho, M. Fontenelle, I didn't know philosophers liked good things so much?" "Probably," was the philosophical reply, "the gentleman is under the impression that God made good things only for fools."

ESTABLISHING A FINE CREDIT.—"We frequently see it stated," said Mr. Odish, "that such and such men started from extreme poverty, coming into the city in the first place without a coin of money, and rising by their own exertions. When I first came, I had to borrow money to get here, and I've been borrowing money ever since. It is a great thing at sixty to have established such a wonderful credit."

ROBERT COLLYER tells this story in a recent lecture: He was at a children's party, one Christmas Eve, and, seeing a little boy sitting in one corner, who was not dancing, he approached him, and asked why he did not join the others and dance. "I'm not danthing," said the boy solemnly, "because I don't think danthing ith the great end of life." "Now, you know," added Mr. Collyer, "if that was my boy, I should think he was meant for a minister, but I should be sorry for the church that had to take him."

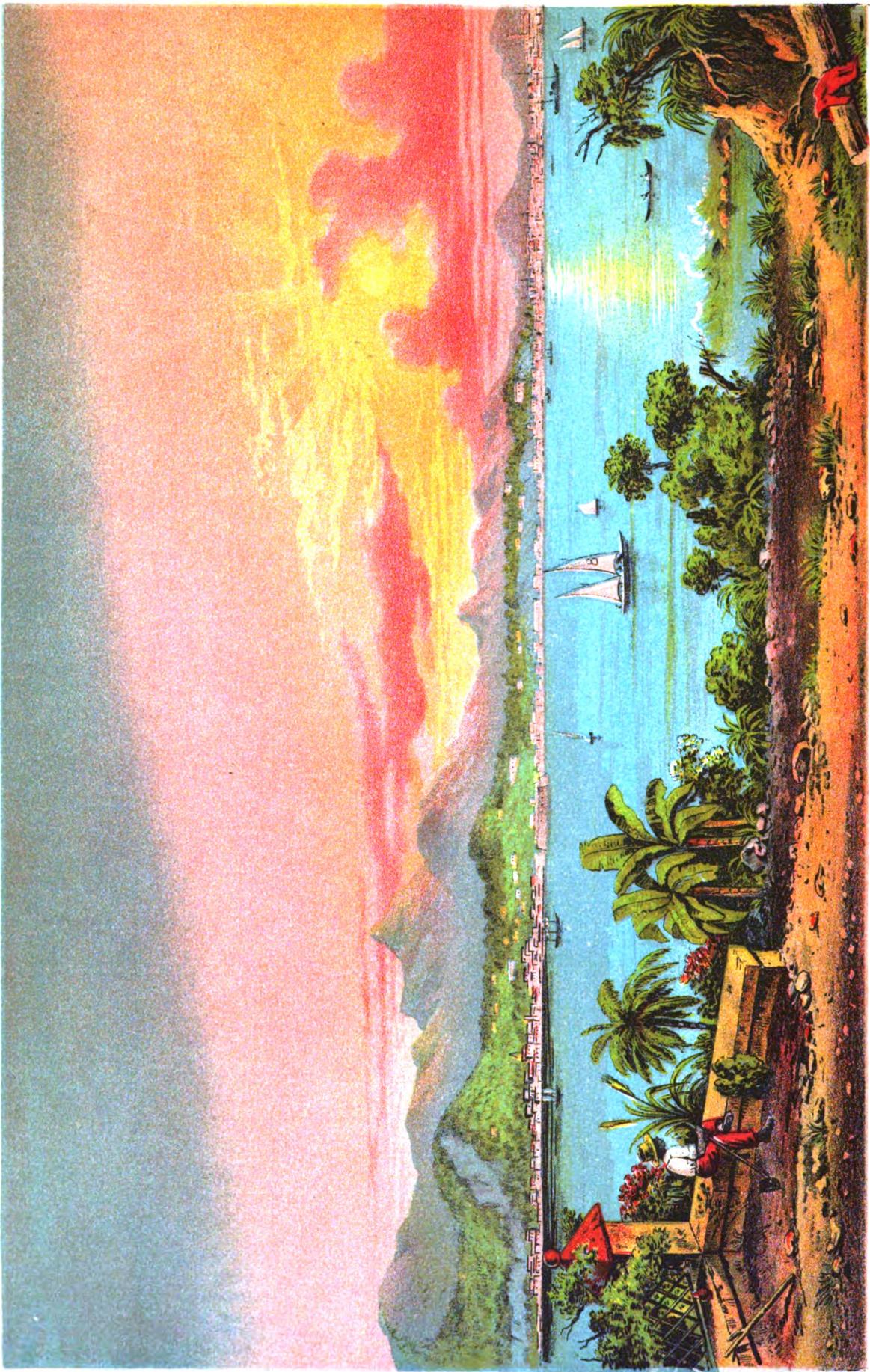
BAOUR-LORMIAN, the Gascon poet and academician, had a great detestation of Napoleon I., notwithstanding having received at his hands a pension of six thousand francs. "It appears to me," said a friend one day to whom Baour was vilifying his patron, "that you might have refused the pension." "Refused it! Ah, you don't know the tyrant! Refused it! Why, the first month he said to his secretary, 'Has Baour touched his pension?' 'Yes, sire,' replied the man. 'Good,' said the tyrant. 'If I had refused it, he would have had me shot like the Duc d'Enghien. Ah, you don't know him!'



THE RAPHIA PALM, OF MADAGASCAR, AND THE CARYOTA, OF MALABAR.—SEE PAGE 378.

WHEN we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labor they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Caesar, Henry the Fourth of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities—were all re-

nowned as hard workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short, how hard they worked.



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